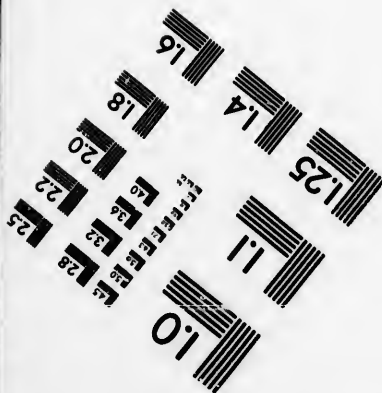
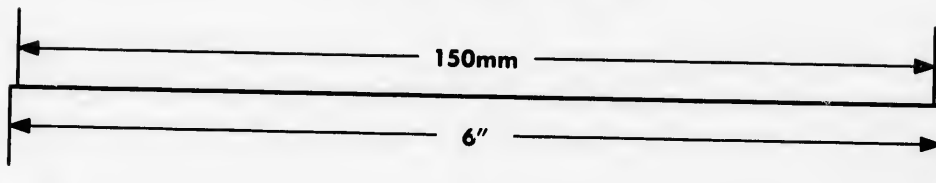
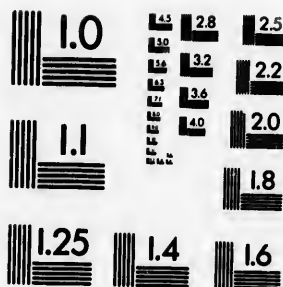
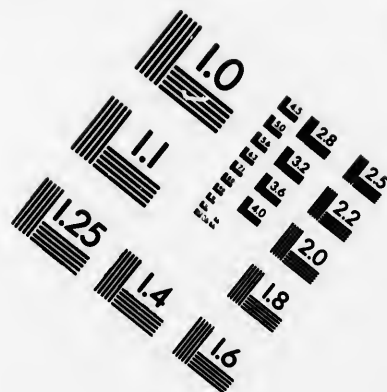
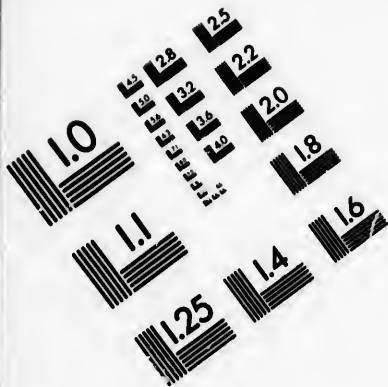


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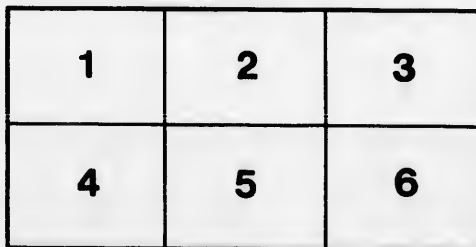
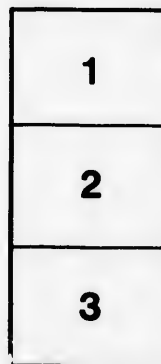
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ST. CASTINE;
A LEGEND OF CAPE-BRETON.

Of the rocks, sea and sky
Of the wild wave foam—
Of the man by Genoa's harbor—
Of the Redman's bow—
Of the ancient memories and
Of the Minotaur's soul— No, No,
Of the Ghost— and the supernatural scene.

BY WILLIAM CHARLES BIRNWOOD.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY THE AUTHOR,

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Wm. W. Phelps.

St. Castine.

LEGEND OF CAPE BRETON.

CHAP. I.

"What can he tell who treads thy shore?
What legends of thine olden time?"—THE GAZETTE.

On the afternoon of a beautiful Summer day, about a hundred years ago, a frigate with dark hull and taunt, taper spars, were undulating cloudily beneath, lay under the shadow of a high cliff that jutted into the sea. The mainmast fell heavily against the mast, although there was scarcely wind sufficient to give pressure to the helm. Her mould was clear and beautiful, and a narrow white streak running from stem to stern, stood in relief against the open ports, whose blood-red tinover the gun appeared like a serpent's mouth when open. She bore no flag at the peak, but the emblazoned sails of France floated from the mast. There was no stir on her decks, though from the manner in which her sails were brailed up, it was evident her canvas could fall at a moment's warning.

To the South and East the whole wide ocean expanded to the view and nought met the gaze but one unruffled mirror, bounded, in the far distance, by the obscure and smoky horizon, but where the heavens met the wave, no eye could tell, they blent together—for the waters lave the skies and swell, as if they would the dun clouds sever. The obscure line of horizon was here and there broken by a white sail in the far distance, or nearer, by a dark hull beneath its snowy wing. To the North, and towering high above the frigate's truck, rose a rugged cliff, or rather an accumulation of cliffs, piled on each other in chaotic disarray, and the line of coast to the North East presented the same iron-hound appearance as far as the eye could reach. Along the foot of this natural rampart, the ocean, by a continual undulation, called "undertow," broke in one long line of foam which distinctly marked the run of the coast for miles. To the North West of the frigate there were two small islands, situated directly in the mouth of a harbor which lay immediately in their rear and on the point forming the right side of which arose the battlemented ramparts of a large and strongly fortified city, imperfectly seen from the vessel owing to the vapor rising from the intervening sheet of water, occasioned by the action of the sun upon it. Strong fortifications appeared at several other points around the harbor, and the largest of the two islands already referred to, contained a very strong battery. Between the two islands at the promontory spoken of, and the city, lay a large fleet, consisting of vessels of all sizes, the leviathan-like hulls of eleven line-of-battle

ships towering high above the rest.

On the deck of the frigate three or four officers were pacing up and down with impatient and hurried gesture, while ever and anon each would glance nervously in the direction of the city. They continued a conversation which had been going on, in a low tone:

'It is a dangerous game—it cannot end well. In fact, it is little short of madness—and, were Boscowen now to heave in sight and, on boarding us, find things as they are, I would sooner be storming that fort there than be in somebody's shoes.' This was remarked by a square-built ruddy-complexioned man, of about forty; his weather-bronzed face had a soured expression, bespeaking that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick." His uniform in the old style, *à l'esp* sea-blue cloth coat, small fall-down collar, no lappels, preposterously large cuffs, immense brass buttons, and breeches and gaiters, betokened him to be a Lieutenant.

'No by Jovè!' responded a slightly built, effeminately handsome young man, also in a Lieutenant's uniform, but dressed with the utmost neatness and precision. 'They say,' continued he, 'that the wisest men are the greatest fools under these circumstances. But Johnston, *mon ami*, do you not think there is more in it than you and I see through. An affair *par amour* is all very well, when it does not risk your commission on one side, or your neck on the other; but there are few devotees of the Cretan Goddess who would pursue a chase with these difficulties to contend with—and least of all Captain Henry Beauclerc. No, no, there is more in it than you or I dream of—and as first Lieutenant, you should look to it in time.'

'Tush! tush,' replied the other with a slight frown, although at the same time with a look as if some vague and undefinable suspicion had just arisen in his mind,—'you talk nonsense. Beauclerc is the last man in the British service whose faith, honor or loyalty I would doubt, and I do wrong in allowing you to breathe the slightest hint intending to impeach it—but since we have gone so far, let me know what it is you doubt, and your reasons for doing so.'

'Oh, *pardonnez moi*, my good friend. Since you are up in arms so quick, I shall not favor you with my opinion on the subject further than that there is no man in the service whose loyalty I put more reliance on, than Capt. Beauclerc,' and that we are now on most important duty calculated to do the service and our country an unlimited, or rather an unspeakable amount of good. So, ho, friend Grove, I have no wish to jeopardize my commission, although some I could name are not so chary of theirs.'

The first speaker's looks bespoke curiosity and vexation, as if a desire for a suspicion to be started, was struggling with a wish that he himself should not start it, or appear anxious that the other should. At length he said—

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'Come, come, Johnston, we know each other too well for this nonsense. You are already rather deep in my confidence, and may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. As you say, there may be a possibility of something being wrong, and there can be no question but that it is my duty to be on the look out, and should our suspicion be unfounded there can be no harm done by being over vigilant.'

'Most sagely said, and wisely resolved, *mon cher ami*. Well then, where, I would first ask you, is H. M. ship Minerva?'

'What a question!'

'Never mind—answer me as though you were cross-questioned by a whole bench full of attorney generals. I shall from your answers, sum up the evidence afterwards.'

'Well, under the guns of the Light House battery.'

'And why is she not captured?'

'Because she bears French colors. And from the very daring of her being there—as they would never imagine an English frigate would fancy such a situation.'

'Beh!' replied the other, 'well, where is her Captain, the Hon. Henry Runnington Beauclerc?'

'O, as to his exact whereabouts, at this particular moment, by Jupiter you have me there—somewhere, I suppose, between this and Louisburg. Perhaps in that city, making love, et cetera, to his *belle amie*—or perhaps tucked up at the foreyard arm of the prison ship as a spy.'

'And how does he escape being discovered and arrested either as prisoner or spy?'

'By his ingenuity, I suppose. But a pitcher may go often to the well, but be broken at last. Every tree between this and the city bears a rope and a running knot.'

'And what is the ostensible reason assigned for such eccentric conduct in a person of his situation?'

'The ostensible reason assigned to me by him, is that his sister is a prisoner at the House of Duchambon, the Governor—having been taken with the lady of Sir Francis Millward, and the knight himself—but we know she is as much his sister as she is mine, and that he meditates to carry her off.'

'Very well—now I will sum up. A captain of a British ship of war falls in with a French *damoselle*, and cannot obtain an interview from her, and for this purpose, runs the vessel under his command, under the guns of an enemy's fort—leaves her in the charge of a subordinate officer, and goes on shore, with no other disguise than being muffled up, from our inspection, with a boat cloak. He runs the chance of losing his ship—his commission—his honor, and his life. And yet he would do all this for the purpose of seeing *une jolie fille*! Beh! In the second place are we going to suppose that the French are so stupid, and such a

set of ninnies as not to know a French craft from an English one, by her rig, her mould, the manner she is worked, at cetera? If so, they deserve all the thrashing they get—and more too—.' He paused, and then added abruptly, 'Grove, you have been long a Luff.'

'Too long,' muttered Grove, abstractedly.

'You will be promoted the first vacancy.'

'No, by Saint George—some 'honorable' cub will be shoved over my head.'

'Don't believe it—they want fighting men—practical seamen—in such times as these.' You are on the list for promotion, min, take my word for it—and the first vacancy will prove to you that I am correct. And I also'—he muttered between his teeth.

At this moment a cloud of white smoke curled above the island battery. The Lieutenants exchanged glances; there was deep meaning in their eyes. Ere they had time to speak, the deep boom of a cannon broke the silence and reverberated among the cliffs in a continuation of unintermitting echoes.

'That was a broad hint to be off,' said the first Lieutenant sowlly, and fixing his eyes, keenly on the face of the other, as if watching for the expression of countenance his remark would bring up. Johnston replied, an almost imperceptible smile passing over his features—

'You risk His Majesty's ship by staying—of that there is no doubt. I know how I should act—but I cannot dictate to you, of course. That shot was aimed at us, and well aimed, for it has cut away the tackle falls.'

'What a falsehood!' muttered the other under his breath.—'it was a signal gun.—But, by Saint George! that's a good idea, they can be cut.' He added aloud—'but the Captain, Johnston—'

Johnston shrugged his shoulders and walked forward.

He turned round at the break of the poop, muttering in a low voice, as he saw the hesitating and undecided look of the first Lieutenant:

'—it!—all men are scoundrels! Only place him in a situation where he may be tried and tempted—only ascertain his price—only discover his ruling passion or ambition—and then his principle will be thrown to the winds; or if not, they say such a one acts from principle; but that desire that men may think he acts from principle, is his inducement to act so. His egotism prompts him to become hypocrite. All men are egotists—all men are hypocrites. Even the very man who despises egotism, is egotistic enough to think he despises it, and that men believe so. Here is a scoundrel now who would desert his captain, from whose hand he has received every favor, because his self-love prompts him to believe he will be promoted to his place. Then egotism come to my aid, and says 'meet treachery with treachery—and visit on the head of the traitor the punishment so richly deserved. But the question is, do I act from principle—which would prompt me to inter-

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ave him disgraced, I shall succeed him. Ha! —

At this moment the hoarse command of the first Lieutenant, to get the
ship under weigh, was re-echoed by the boatswain and his mates.

'Hillo' cried Lieutenant Johnston, springing forward; 'avast!
men! What the devil are you doing? Our orders were to remain
here till the Captain came on board.'

The first Lieutenant looked thunderstruck—he could not account for
so conduct of the other. He went up to him,—

'Johnston, this is rather extraordinary! What do you mean by tak-
ing the command of the ship from me?—You yourself recommended
our standing out to avoid the enemy's fire.'

'I beg your pardon—I said it would endanger her safety to remain
in our present exposed position—but I never dreamt that you would
infer from that, that I should hint our disobeying the Captain's strict
orders, and thereby be guilty of mutiny. We must obey.'

'But circumstances alter cases. The exigency of this affair compels
me to take rather unusual steps, for the safety of H. M. Ship depends
upon my doing so. You will find it more to your interest not to in-
terfere when I work the ship.'

I cannot join in such an unparralled act of mutiny,' replied the other
looking up at the top-man shaking out the sails. 'We are bound to
obey orders, not enquire into them. I cannot stand by and keep silence
while a thing of this kind is being enacted. Command me in any
thing else, but not in abetting mutiny.'

'Yes, but you admitted that our position was dangerous, and that it
was our duty to prevent anything happening to the frigate. You, in
fact, first started the idea'

'Aye, but I did not say we should disobey orders, although we might
consider them wrong.'

'Things have gone too far now, sir; Mr. Johnston, as your superior
office, I command you to obey my orders.'

'Then, Lieutenant Grove, having received Captain Beauclerc's or-
ders, which are diametrically opposed to yours, I consider it my duty,
in the instance to disobey you!'

Grove's face reddened to the temples with passion, and he thundered
out—

'Mutiny! by——! Consider yourself under an arrest, then sir!
I am master here.'

The other curled his lip, folded his arms, and was about ordering the
men down, when the anger of the exasperated Lieutenant overcame him
and he levelled a tremendous blow at the young man, when his arm was
arrested by a grasp so powerful that his dislocated arm fell useless by
his side.

With a savage exclamation of pain he looked up, and bowed him down,

a man, whose olive complexion and black plume bespoke him a Mic-
chieftain. His proportions were gigantic, his height being about
feet three inches and his breadth of chest and shoulders correspond-
His raven hair fell thick over a high forehead, and a curvid nose, bi-
brows, and eyes that gleamed with each changing shade of light, g-
a Gladiator-like expression to his features. He wore a scarlet jac-
braided with horsehair, a blue cloth cap and plume, and was arm-
merely with a scalping knife.

A canoe lay by the frigate's side, in which were two Micmacs.
had approached her unnoticed, till challenged by the entry at a
gangway, when a countersign was given and the chief sprang on deck
unobserved by the disputing Lieutenants.

The officer, with his left hand, mechanically grasped his sword, and
the Indian warrior, smiling haughtily, took a paper from his breast, the
address of which the lieutenant no sooner read than he eagerly grasped
and became absorbed in its contents, while with folded arms and a look
of calm indifference, the warrior stood regarding him.

CHAP. II.

But there's a deathless name—
A spirit that the smothering grave shall spare,
And, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn,
And, though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me,
By e'll the fiery stars! I'd pluck it on me!—N. P. WALLIS.

We unveil the curtain of the past, and behold a mighty fleet lying
motionless, like sleeping leviathans, on the bosom of the waers.
fleet—a host was there, which those waters had not borne for twenty
years before, nor for one hundred subsequently. The gallant war ships
have rotted on the waters—the gallant hearts within them are dust and
ashes; but though the mists of time have veiled the warrior-names of
the thousands in that fleet, 'then burning with high hope,'—one im-
perishable name stands forth, triumphant and alone—traced in unfading
characters in the adamant records of his country's history.

On the deck of a seventy-four gun ship, at whose peak flew the
'meteor flag of England,' and around which lay a fleet, while over them
hung, like a shroud, a dense dripping fog, that veiled heaven from their
view, a weather-beaten man, of about fifty dressed in a rich naval uni-
form, carelessly adjusted, stood talking with another person, whose
small and delicate features, and slight, but exact, and symmetrical pro-
portions, bespoke anything but that strength and power of enduring
fatigue which he possessed. The latter wore the dress of an English
General of the period, and an expression of ennui or weariness of mind
was on his features. The former was the naval commander-in-chief
Admiral Boscawen—the latter General Anthon.

Leaning against the rail of the quarter-deck, his eye fixed on the bank of fog to the North, as though it would transpierce the gloom and view what lay beyond, but evidently lost in deep thought, was another person, whose face was still youthful, although the traces of deep study, and that restless energy which wears out the physical system and leaves its scars upon the brow, were written on his broad high forehead. He was well built and tall: his features strongly marked and defined, and there appeared no extra flesh, so that the muscles were clearly traced and prominent. His eye was the only remarkable feature of his countenance. Its color was dark hazel, and its expression mild and benign, but, eve and anon, it would flash and gleam like a ray of lightning, as though in unison with the thoughts that flashed successively through that heroic dreamer's mind. His countenance was one of those so rarely met with corresponding with that of Manfred, who wore the form, but had no sympathy with breathing flesh; the source of their ambition was not his. It bespoke that lingering longing after immortality which made him indifferent as to the means whereby he attained it. One of those men who are sure to distance their competitors, place them in the line of life you will. Aiming not at mediocrity, but at perfection, they never fall short of the former, even if they reach not the latter.

He also wore a general's uniform.

'Amherst,' said the Admiral, 'we have every disadvantage to struggle with—we grope our way with our eyes blindfold, we fight with our hands shackled—we run the chance of going on the rocks the first move we make—of putting the enemy on his guard, or shoaling, should we even make the harbor, from want of knowledge of the soundings and coast. Oh! this eternal fog!'

An exclamation of bitter impatience burst from General Amherst's lips, and he exclaimed,

'Cannot you risk something?—it is galling beyond measure to lay here inactive for weary days, when we might be gathering undying laurels for Old England. You are an experienced seaman and navigator, why not by your own knowledge, aided by charts, make a bold push for where you consider the harbor's mouth to be? Only land us—land us on Cape Breton somewhere, and I will do the rest.'

The Commander-in-chief smiled. 'It is because I am an experienced navigator, General, that I do not allow the fleet to stir. A well might you attempt to pick your way through a labyrinth at night, or for us to enter Louisburg with such weather. There are a thousand chances to one that we should every slip, be stranded. Even with a blue sky, I would hesitate, as I have not the correct soundings of the harbor—I am unacquainted with the coast, at the best.' Amherst made an impatient gesture, and then turned to the other officer, whose eye was still gazing dreamily on the north, and who was paying no attention to

the remarks going on around him. Amherst addressed him abruptly. The other made no reply; he merely looked round, smiled, and resumed his original position. A gloomy silence followed, broken only by the hum of the seamen forward.

Suddenly, the deep, startling sound of a gun close beside them, echoed on the air; a puff of wind from the west swept away the curtain of fog, and the frigate *Miurva*, described in the last chapter, was made visible not a cable's length from them.

Wolfe uttered an exclamation of joy.—'Tis the *Minerva*' he exclaimed, and approaching Boscowan, he said something in a low tone, to which he replied—

'Yes, certainly—let him come under my lee for orders.'

In a few moments a boat from the flag ship boarded the frigate, whose head was turned northward again—and scarcely had the boat returned when the chasm in the fog bank closed up with fog as dense as ever.

'Why did he not run under my lee?' demanded the Admiral angrily, of the officer in charge of the boat.

'I don't know, sir; the frigate seemed in a state of great confusion.'

Wolfe interrupted what the Admiral was about to say. 'Now, General Amherst,' he said, after having read a paper delivered to him by the officer of the boat—'you want information. I will give it to you. The garrison of Louisburg dream not of our approach; they are short of provisions; five line of battle ships under de la Mothe, have just sailed for France—the reinforcement of Indians from Canada have not yet arrived; Castine, chief of the Abenakis, has been affronted by the Governor, and blind security prevails in the city.'

Amherst looked as though he could not credit his senses. He drew a deep breath, and said,

'Wolfe, you will be the greatest soldier of your age. You have certainties to fight on; and it is ever thus. But how in the name of heaven have you derived this?'

Wolfe did not regard the question, but addressed Boscowan.

'There, Admiral,' he said, 'there is a chart of Louisburg, and the soundings accurately marked. It extends to the three miles on each side of the harbor.'

The Admiral eagerly grasped this, to him precious document, exclaiming—

'Wolfe, Wolfe, how came you by this? you must have spies in Louisburg, or deal with the devil!'

A deep flush passed over the young general's face. He replied haughtily—

'I place not the signification on that word spy which the world does, and still the word jars harshly. In war we must not stand upon nice points in ascertaining the state of the enemy's camp; and I consider the man who gains a victory by having, singly and alone, obtained the in-

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ormation that led to it, infinite'y superior to him whose brnte strength
erely contributes to it, conjunctively with others. But the man who
ould fight foremost with his fellows in the day of battle, might shrink
rom entering an enemy's camp, unaided and alone, at dead of night,
nd there obtaining that knowledge which may lead his countrymen to
ictory, and prevent them from sustaining, through ignorance and want
f information, inglorious defeat. And must such men—such heroes—
be stigmatized with the name of spy?

'A dangerous game, though, by Jupiter!' said Boscowan, who was
ntentively studying the chart just given him, 'but no matter for that;
I can now act more boldly since I have certain information to go upon.
O! that the fog would clear up!'

'But, Wolfe,' said General Amherst, 'how come you by this infor-
mation, so desirable at the present moment. The Minerva has not
surely been in the harbor of Louisburg?'

'I obtained it for the reason that it was desirable,' answered Wolfe,
but I myself am ignorant of the means used in getting it. I saw, how-
ever, ere we left port, that the want of this knowledge would bring us
to a dead halt, and therefore took steps to procure it in time.'

Wolfe then advanced to the officer who had charge of the boat that
boarded the Minerva and asked him in a low tone.

'Did the Captain give you that paper himself?'

'No, sir, said the officer, 'I did not see the Captain. The first
Lieutenant gave it to me; and the second Lieutenant gave me this paper
which he cautioned me to give into no hands but yours.'

He took it, and read as follows:

'For General Wolfe. Capt Beauclerc has been left in Louisburg.
The Minerva is in a state of Mutiny; the first Lieutenant contemplates
treachery, and cannot be trusted. Look to it in time. D. J.'

H. M. S. Minerva. Under arrest.

'Good heavens!' exclaimed Wolfe, 'Beauclerc left in Louisburg
alone!—he struck his forehead with his open hand,—but should they
harm him—should one hair of his head fall to the ground—I will not
leave one stone of Louisburg upon another that shall not be overthrown!
O, Harry Beauclerc, this is my doings!'

CHAP. III.

'Twere strange to say what shook that pious man—
Who look'd not lovingly on that divan.—THE CORSAIR.

Change we the scene. Within a richly furnished chamber, of a palace, if we can so term a pile of buildings, whose fortifications presented more the appearance of a feudal castle, situated in the North end of the city, two men conversed in earnest and impassioned tones, on a subject that appeared to them of vital interest. The one was a man of middle height, with light hair and blue eyes, apparently about 35 years of age. His features had nothing expressive in them, and his aspect was rather unobtrusive than otherwise. He wore a rich uniform, and massive gold epaulettes. The other was a tall Chieftain. The olive complexion, black brows, curved nose, and gladiator-aspect, announced him to be the same we have seen on board the *Minerva*. He wore the same dress, but pistols were now at his waist, and a heavy sabre by his side. Over his dress he wore a rich mantle of furs, for the evening had become chill, as the sea breeze had swept the fog into the harbor. 'In any case, we have nothing to fear,' said the first-described personage; 'but to provide against the worst, Chief, will your tribes from Canada soon be here?' 'Brother,' he was about to say, but his lip curled at the word, and he substituted—'Governor; I saw one of our tribes, who came with the swiftness of the moose, in advance of the approaching reinforcements from Canada, and he said that the forests shook beneath the tread of a thousand warriors who were marching for Louisburg, and whose hearts were thirsting for revenge for the wrongs inflicted on their Micmac brethren by those butchers who once massacred the Saviour.*—Fear not for them, they will not fail you.'

'Well, Castine, what of this frigate?' She has been lying there for some time, and through your request, I have given orders that she should not be molested. It is well known she is English—but from your saying you had a great object in view, by leaving her there quietly, I have taken no trouble about the matter. Are you not afraid they may, by some possibility, obtain information regarding our present state? Some of them may get on shore, at night, perhaps—but—' he ground his teeth—' were I to discover them, hanging would be too good for a spy!'

A momentary tremor shook the Indian Warrior from head to foot, it passed instantaneously, and his thin chiselled lip curled disdainfully, as if in derision of his own physical weakness.

'Governor, if that frigate is left there, a large fleet will shortly join

* The Count De St. Raymond induced the Abenakis and Micmacs of Cape Breton to believe that the English crucified the Saviour.

—would you not sooner see the whole enter Louisburg than be ?

'A richly-freighted convoy?' enquired Duchambon, for it was he—
'They will be richly freighted,' said Castine slowly. And the Governor rejoined—

'Then be it so—your cunning in these things is unequalled—secure them if you can, and command me in every thing—but mark me, here, or Micmac, if you play me false—if you show the white feather, by St Denis Montjoye, I will not leave one of your tribe to mark another's grave !'

The Indian laughed, or rather his white teeth were bared as if in laughter, but no sound escaped him.

'Threaten not me, Duchambon,' he sternly said. St Raymond, whose mind was as superior to yours as you setting sun is to the lamp whose artificial light will be substituted in its stead—he done so, and on the day of battle, a thousand right-arms as strong as mine,' and he raised his clenched hand, with a gesture of fierce disdain—'were wanting at his side! We fight as the allies of the French king—not as his slaves !'

'Thou the ally of Louis Bourbon!' said Duchambon with a sneer. The Indian drew himself up to his full height—

'Yes! by the Great Spirit!—his ally while you so please, and his equal here, and hereafter. Wherein is he my superior ?'

Duchambon saw he had gone too far—for the degenerate Micmac of to-day forms no criterion whereto judge of, the fiery spirits of their forefathers. Haughty as the knights of old, and easily affronted, it required deep policy, and the most soothing and conciliatory tone in the French Governors, to keep them under the banner of France. Duchambon was about to make a conciliatory reply, when a third party entered the room, at whose sight the warrior's outstretched arm fell to his side, and whose menacing aspect instantly changed to that of respectful attention, if not submission. This was a young female of about eighteen. Her features were cast in Nature's most perfect mould; the contour was French, and the complexion brumette. The rich, peach-like tint of the cheeks, the soft dark eyes, and long silken eye-lashes, and beautifully pencilled dark brows, combined to render her supereminently beautiful. But it was the expression of that soft, child-like countenance—it was the soul flashing in those dark eyes, and breathing through those rich red lips, and dilating nostril, that showed those well chiselled features in their glorious perfection. It is said that a sight of the grand and the beautiful, in Nature, will make a poet—I do not mean a versifier—a poet—but what is there in Nature of the grand and glorious, that can approach the human face, when portrayed in the heavenly expression of a beautiful woman's countenance? If that makes not the poet—if that fills not his soul with thoughts of the un-

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earthly—the sublime—there is nothing in material nature that will. But I have dreamed day-dreams enough—let us on with narrative.

At her entrance, the Chief turned round, his eye met the lady's, and he changed countenance. A rich deep blush mantled the face of the intruder, but ere a word was spoken, there entered by the same door another party, whose hand was cordially grasped by the Governor the moment he entered. This was a young officer, of well-proportioned form and features, but on whose expression there lurked that evidence of deep thought, and knowledge of human life and character, which enabled him to read the very thoughts, as it were, and to search men's hearts with his glance. But it was a dark sinister expression, almost forbidding.

As he entered, the eyes of the lady met those of the warrior, and she turned instantly on the person just described, as if directing upon him the attention of Castine. The Indian's eye followed her's, and rested on the form of the officer, but his gaze was met with one, so significant so full of meaning, nay even menacing, from the latter, the Micmac Chief's glance, brave as he was, felt instinctively to the floor.

The Governor addressed him as Colonel Lamarcque, and their first greeting over, he advanced to the lady's side, and continued, it would seem, a conversation that had been going on previously, but had been interrupted by her entering the room where her uncle, the Governor was talking to the Micmac.

At this familiarity the dark eyes of Castine flashed fire, and his brow became livid. His scowl felt on La Marcque, and there was death in it. The lady became pale, and endeavored to avoid a conversation with the latter, while, he either did not see, or saw with utter indifference, the frown that had momentarily convulsed the fine features of the Indian warrior. Once he turned round, and looked at Castine, and his look was then not of defiance, but that of deep contempt and boundless superiority.

The Governor saw nothing of this little scene, but, fearing he had offended the chieftain, and knowing what weight they attached to trifles, he said to him—

'Brother, five days from this, I give a great ball—all the warrior chiefs of Louisburg will be there; you also, if you will, may attend—and can wear the uniform of a Marischal of France.* I will provide it for you, if you have it not.'

In a moment the chief calmed himself. An imperceptible smile stole over his features—but he merely bowed his head, saying, 'I have it, your Excellency, but shall wear the dress of the Micmac.'

With dignified aspect and slow steps, he turned and left the hall,

* Tecumseh was permitted by the Commander-in-chief, to wear an English General's uniform during the Canadian war.

ing on Lamarque, as he went, a glance which, in another person, would have curdled the blood at his heart—but this man either saw it, or possessed a talismanic charm which repelled all threatened evil. As the chief withdrew, Duchambon rang the bell for his secretary, and as he done so, Lamarque fixed upon him his dark piercing eyes, and said—

‘Who was that?’

The lady became as pale as ashes, and sat hurriedly down.

‘Who was that?—why don’t you know him, Lamarque?’

‘Yes!’ said the Colonel, in his deep-toned voice—‘but I ask, nevertheless’

‘It was Castine, Chief of the Abenakis and Micmacs,’ answered Duchambon carelessly, and he commenced dictating a letter to his secretary.

Lamarque smiled, and muttered, ‘fool!’ At that moment the report of a canon fell heavily on the ear. Duchambon gave a look of enquiry, and the Colonel responded—

‘A signal to me from the Island Battery,’—adding to himself—‘and a signal of treachery somewhere’

With a look of unconcern, he walked across the room to the window and overlooked the city and harbor, and continued the former conversation.

‘And your Excellency invites that fellow Castine to your house?’

‘I do, my nephew—that-will-be. Ah, ma belle amie, you blush at that—you run away: well stay then, mademoiselle, I will not tease you,’ said Castine here, he said, addressing Lamarque, ‘because a week ago, I sadly affronted him, and you know how easily that can be done, and what harm it might occasion—and think it a cheap way of winning such a haughty devil back. It is as well—at least, far better to have him on our side than otherwise.’

‘Nonpareil of Governors!’ muttered Lamarque scornfully, and still looking out of the window. ‘They think him handsome, this Castine;’ he added—‘do you also fall into that belief, Mademoiselle Duchambon?’

The lady had recovered her serenity, and replied calmly—

‘I do—I consider such as he to have been the Son of Thetis, or the sculptured Gladiator of Rome—but beauty is a matter of individual taste.’

‘Yes,’ mused the Colonel, ‘the beauty of the Son of the Morning—the Satanic beauty of the Fallen Angel, he possesses. Ha!’—he added in a deep tone,—‘I thought so!—That suspicious vessel has communicated with the shore, and is now getting underweigh.’

‘Le Diable’ exclaimed Duchambon starting to his feet. He went to the window where Lamarque was standing in time to see the white sails of the frigate fall simultaneously, from the truck to the wa-

ter's edge—they caught the passing breeze, and the gallant bark heaved over, and went proudly on her way, like a sea-gull flitting o'er the face of the waters.

CHAP. IV.

“———Speak to me!
For I would hear, yet once before I perish,
The voice that was my music!”
“I have o'er gone the earth in search of thee,
And never found thy likeness!”—MANFRED.

There was once, a Baron in France, who became satiated with refined and civilized life and manners, as displayed in the Parisian world, and went forth from his native land in search of that indescribable something which our aspirations and restless longings sigh for—the something we know not what, but which each of us have felt, and which prompts men to say, —‘I find it not in this sphere of life, I will try some other.’ He may try—but the content he seeks for is never found—the aspirations are never quenched but by the damp of the grave—the restless ambition never sleeps, but in the night of death.

The Baron was of a long line of ancestry. He had wealth, and a position in life—but he was discontented—and he sought in other lands that which he could not find in his own.

He crossed the main, where the mariner of Genoa had crossed two centuries before, and he reached a beautiful land, where the Indian Warrior alone had trod, till within a short period of his landing there. He became Chief of those Warriors—they revered him as their tutelar God*—he led them to battle and the chase—the banquet and the feast—he married one of their nation—a beautiful woman of the Abenakis—and remained with them a year. The Baron's name was St Castine—the country he landed in was Acadia—Nova Scotia—then a Province of France.

But satiety followed the French noble even here. He wearied of this premature mode of living, and sighed again for the fair faces, and fair scenes he had left behind him in Sunny France. He quitted Acadia, and again sought his childhood's home, leaving behind him a woman by his Indian bride.

Arrived in France, he was lionized for a time, as coming from a land then considered almost as inaccessible to Europeans, as if bounded by the River Styx. He married a beautiful French lady, to whom he had become devotedly attached, but she died, in giving birth to a son—and disgusted with life, the Baron again left France, and sought his former

* See La Hontan—quoted in Haliburton's Nova Scotia, Volume 1, page 75

the gallant bark he
sea-gull flitting o'er
come in the wilds of Acadia, where he remained till his death, many
years after His child was left to be brought up and educated by his
wife's brother, an officer in the French Sovereign's service.

The boy was kept in ignorance of his parentage. He bore the name
of his maternal uncle, and remained in France till his fourteenth year,
when his uncle died, leaving him to the care of his sister, who was mar-
ried to an English Knight. To England then the youth went—and
here his history, for the present closes. His father's estates in France
had been appropriated to the Crown, and his uncle had never claimed
them in behalf of the heir, having other projects in view.

* * * * *
me satiated with re 'It is ungenerous to detain me,' said a soft female voice, in a be-
in the Parisian work eeching tone, 'for, if detection took place, the consequence to me
of that indescribab would be worse than death' It was a bright star-light night in summer,
ings sigh for—the then not a breath of wind stirred the leaves, and that rushing sound,
f us have felt, an from which poets first took the idea of the music of the spheres, and
here; off life, I, w which is only heard when every leaf is stirless, and nature's very still-
seeks for is neve less fills the ear with a giant voice. The speaker stood in an orchard
by the damp of, th of fruit trees attached to the Governor's house, and by her side stood
e night of death. he Micmac Chieftain Castine.

ad wealth, and*ran 'But what evil can arise from your remaining a little longer; you
d he sought in othe know how seldom these golden moments occur—and how many weary
oa had crossed eyes that contain all the light that shines on earth for me. Withdraw
ad, where the ffo that light, and you withdraw the light of my life, and leave my soul in
short period of h utter darkness.'

ors—they revere 'But I know you not—and even now, if you tell me false—shall I be
and the chase— been with a Micmac!—'

intion—a beautif There was a movement in the shrubbery, and they both started—but
year. The Ba they did not see in the approaching obscurity that there was a listener
was Acadia—no concealed there; one, who if we had not seen Castine in converse with
the niece of the Governor, we should have said was he. In height, in
He wearied of feature, in expression of countenance, in dress, there was not the least
the fair faces, and est distinction, between that man concealing himself in the foliage, and
He quitted Aca she one conversing with the lady. They were each the counter-part of
behind him a so the other, and earthly eye could scarce mark the difference.

The lovers saw nothing, but the maiden remonstrated against being
detained longer.

'You have met me here accidentally,' she said; 'we are literally
as if bounded by unknown to each other, and it is infatuation, if not worse, should I re-
to whom he had main.' She marked the upbraiding look which rose to his countenance,
h to a sou—and and continued—'Tis true, we know each other to a certain extent—
ought his former you have perilled your life for mine, and saved mine; that led to our
me 1, page 75 first knowledge of each other. Since then I will not conceal from you,
that I have wished you had been placed in a different sphere of life, and

that fewer barriers existed to prevent our knowing each other better—
 Accident, or design on your part, has since thrown us together repeat-
 edly, and when I told you hope was useless, that my uncle had design-
 ed my hand for another.—and that, independent of this, the idea could
 never be entertained, knowing you to be what I then considered you.
 You begged as the greatest boon I could bestow, that I would tell you
 who the party so selected by my uncle was—having first ascertained,
 through my weakness and incautiousness, that that selection had not
 my concurrence—I pointed him out to you this morning—and done
 wrong by so doing—for I saw the deadly glance you gave him when he
 entered the room—and I shall ever feel myself guilty, should ought arise
 between you and him. But for us—we come not of one race—of it
 otherwise, I like not such dark mystery.'

'But, since the Aborigine pleases you not, 'returned' the other, I
 again tell you I am not that I seem.'

'But what are you then—and why in that barbarous disguise?'

'Suppose I were a nameless wanderer, knowing neither my name,
 descent, or race?'

'A flush crossed the damsel's brow.

'Better than one of such a tribe—even that,' she said; again a low
 rustling movement was heard in the shrubbery, but unnoticed by the
 parties, so absorbed were they in each other. She continued—'but
 why not reveal *what* you are then?'

'I dare not,' he said, smiling—'I dare not, even to you, dearest.'

'There can be no love without confidence,' she resumed, 'and your
 professions are worthless—you love me not.'

'Oh! heavens!' he exclaimed, 'love you not! What has that love
 not incurred! what danger, what death have I not tempted by indulg-
 ing in it? Name, life, and that dearer than life—honor—all—all I
 have perilled in gratifying my restless desire to see that face again,
 which was the day-dream of my boyhood. And to what end?—that
 you may tell me I am dark and mysterious, and a nameless wanderer,
 and therefore not for you—to tell me, that you are designed for another.
 You know me not!—we are strangers!—O, lady, it is not so! Your
 image has been enshrined within my heart of hearts, sleeping and wak-
 ing, day and night, in battle and in festival, for weary weary years—
 The scene around us is glorious. How glorious is the Universe, the
 dark blue heavens and the myriad stars sing a voiceless harmony—but
 all the Universe is a powerless mass of machinery, till animated by the
 immaterial Spirit of the Maker. He is the vital principle—as the soul is
 to the body so is he to the Universe. The body is also an insensate
 machine, till animated by the living, thinking, soul—and as the body
 is animated by the soul, so has my soul been animated by thy image
 there impressed. That has been its vital principle—the spring of all its
 actions—the source of all its hopes, and fears and regrets. It has been

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the soul within my soul—the life of my own life—and, cherishing this
 image, I shall see that which I have worshipped as my soul's deity, for
 days, and months and years, torn from where it is enshrined, and claimed
 as another's—no longer to be mine. Oh! Henrietta! love you not!

The maiden started at that name—the blood forsook her cheeks. Old
 memories, 'like dreams forgotten long ago, came thronging back again.'
 Old recollections, and visions of childhood's hour, came in vague con-
 fusion to her mind. The voice of the warrior recalled associations
 that were familiar in their very vagueness, and an overpowering sense
 of some mysterious revelation about to be made, almost took away her
 sense of where she was, and with whom. Childhood's hour was recal-
 led—and with it a thousand dim, dreary recollections, which assumed as
 many vague and fantastic shapes. They had, as they conversed, gra-
 dually approached the lower end of the walk, and were now invisible in
 the obscurity.

They had scarcely left the spot when a third party approached, steal-
 ily and cautiously. It was a Micmac. He stopped—gave a hurried
 glance around, and then advanced rapidly to the shrubbery, where the
 other was concealed.

'I have come, Castine,' he said, 'at the hour appointed—what are
 your commands?'

The person addressed looked cautiously round, and replied—

'The niece of the Governor must be carried off, to-night, Frantzwa.
 You are aware of the Governor's having insulted our whole race in me
 —and I dare not revolt from him, for he holds a hostage in his hands
 for our faith and loyalty, who is dear to me, and may not be sacrificed.
 But I, also, will have a hostage—one dear to him—and then he dare not
 act rashly or I will retaliate. She was here a moment ago, and one
 with her that I well know:—but, after all, he is a lion in a lion's robe.
 They are pacing the walk to and fro, now, and will presently be back.
 Speak not—stir not, but watch quietly and obey my slightest signal—
 Twice she scorned the Micmac within this hour—let her reap what
 she has sown!'

The lovers had turned, and came slowly back. He still in his im-
 passioned strain plead the force of his love—

'Henrietta! since I saw you first, you have been the day dream of
 my existence. I have cherished the memory of your face, within my
 heart, as the sculptor who sees but for once the glorious de Medicis,—
 as the painter who looks upon the Madonna of Raphael, and dreams of
 it forever. You say you know me not—and perchance you say true.—
 But when a child, I saw you—since grown to womanhood, I have seen
 you once again—and now I have perilled life and health to see you
 once more.'

A tone of his voice 'struck the electric chain wherewith she was
 darkly bound,' and she murmured—

'O! Henri!'—I know you now— I remember—

With a wild exclamation of joy, the seeming chieftain caught her in his arms, but, scarce had they taken one passionate embrace, and while the tears fell like rain from the young girl's eyes, the gaze of both fell upon *another Castine*, the very counterpart of the one on whose arm the maiden was leaning, who confronted them with folded arms. His deep, abrupt, expressed the terror and surprise this sudden apparition occasioned.

CHAP. V.

O, I can smile and murder while I smile;
And cry 'content' to that which grieves my heart—
And frame my face to all occasions;
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school—
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

SHAKS. RICH. III.

The first thought that struck Duchambon, on going to the window, and seeing the frigate underweigh, was treachery on the part of the Indian, and he uttered an imprecation. Recovering himself he added— 'But it is too late now to prevent her escape, and I may as well make a virtue of necessity, and tell the chief I did not wish to mar his plans by ordering her to be chased, which, if I did, would show him that I suspect treachery. Let her go; she will not go far, if Castine be true. But I must find him,' and saying which, he precipitally left the hall—Lamarque was left alone, for Mademoiselle Duchambon had retired before.

The Colonel looked musingly after him—his brow became contracted it thought, and to those thoughts he gave utterance, in low muttered words:

'That man is as unfit to be a diplomatist or soldier,' he said, 'as I am to be subordinate to him. He is of those, place him as high as you will, the strong downward tendency of whose nature would bring him below his original position—I, on the contrary, was formed to look up—to mount—and mounted Ambition's ladder I have—but not yet high enough. I must overstep him. I must marry his niece for money—I must be Governor of Louisburg, and General of France, for Ambition. So far no man has aided me—I have carved my own way—no man has known my thoughts—no man ever shall—for with that event, would come the downfall of my dreams. My first object then is to remove Duchambon. That can be done easily now. I have detected him in communication with the English—I find him permitting an enemy's vessel to remain unmolested under the guns of Louisburg. He affronts

allies, the Indians, that they may revolt—and then, allows an Indi-
 to dictate to him with regard to this vessel, for the purpose of ma-
 e embrace, and while it appear he wished to conciliate him. Bah! I never was deceived.
 the gaze of both fell poor fellow!—poor Duchambon, you are shallow. Then, this
 one on whose arm lieutenant of the English frigate writes Duchambon that he will give
 folded arms. His up the ship, if he will make him Captain, as he has disobeyed his
 and the lady by a superior's orders, and will be tried for the offence, should he remain in
 s sudden apparition British service—also, that the Captain of this vessel is now ac-
 the spy in Louisburg. This I have suppressed—I have gained
 formation for my own purposes from it—but were I to give it to
 Duchambon, he would produce it as evidence that he was not in com-
 munication with the English for the purpose of betraying the interests
 France—but that he might get the commander of this vessel to be-
 tray the interests of the English. It was fortunate he had not sent it
 ashore by the party representing Castine, or I should never have pos-
 sessed it—but wisely he gave it to the master of a fishing vessel run-
 ning in for the harbor. Of course I will answer his letter, in Ducham-
 bon's name, refusing his offer most distinctly—or he may send
 other such missive, which *may* fall into the Governor's hands.
 How he came to leave the harbor without an answer to his villainous
 letter, is yet to me a mystery—but I will ascertain—as I never leave
 matters in doubt long. This is sufficient to overthrow Duchambon,
 however, were he as cunning as he is stupid. The next step to be at-
 tended to, is this spy Captain. I have my eye on him also, poor fool—
 I shall let that affair rest, till the night of the Ball. The fellow con-
 templates supplanting me—but death to his hopes!—he copes with me
 who never yet was foiled by mortal man! There is another I also must
 attend to—Duchambon believes him true—but I know he contemplates
 treachery—for one of his race never forgives an insult—and well I
 know he broods now over his supposed wrong. He is deep as Lucifer,
 and possesses all the cunning of the Indian, with the courage of the
 European. But Mongiel that he is, he has an eye on him also, that
 never slumbers in its watch. I must marry Duchambon's niece—that I
 may secure her uncle's consent, without which she would bring nothing
 before overthrowing him, and then hold a Council of officers—show
 them the proofs of Duchambon's treachery, and have him superseded,
 if the pleasure of the French Court is known. The Commissary-
 general comes next in turn as Governor—but I have a hold on him he
 can't dream of—and then, William de la Marquette, you are Governor
 of Louisburg. First I must attend to the Chief Castine—I saw him
 last night, prowling round the Governor's house—and fancy he requires
 a hostage for the one I possess. Ha—it is well I possess one—for off
 goes his head, by St. Dennis, should the Savage fall off at the moment
 of trial! I honor the fellow's deep cunning, and calm courage, though
 it is in unison with my own. In fact, he often obtains information

of things transpiring, or that will transpire, when I am at fault. He " and
 a blood-bond that is never at fault. Let him once scent his prey. As he t
 he never goes off the chase--he follows to the death--and nothing c As he t
 divert him from his path. The removal of Duchambon, therefore, I m an apic
 doubly sure of. For, should my plan even fail, Castine's thirst for the tr
 vengeance will not: and what the brain of Lamarque cannot compass, h his h
 knife of the Micmac will. And yet, I think not he wishes for D aloud
 Duchambon's life, for he has already had him in his power--but mere rets, a
 wishes to show him, as Achilles once done, when the king of Me He rump
 rash act "made the boldest Greek his foe," the loss he sustains by t ly after
 defection of the Micmacs, in the hour of danger and of battle. A ho; his lo
 tage for the hostage he leaves, I know he seeks.'
 "The day was beautiful--one of those of which the elegant Church check
 says:

"Sweet day! so calm, so bright!
 Bridal of Earth and Sky!

Heaven's dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 When thou, alas! must die."

One of those days peculiar to Cape Breton, and which has caused tra The m
 vellers to compare her sky to that of Italy. Lamarque stood at the ope You sa
 window, and gazed upon the scene that has not a feature left, save th is noth
 immeasurable sky on whose bosom floated not a solitary cloud--th there fo
 blue immensity of space--which men call heaven. Lamarque gaze He nod
 too, on that mighty waste of waters that rolled their giant waves wid You k
 and deep beneath him, just as they did on the Morning of the Creation lter ova
 and just as they will do when the hand now writing is chilled in death We b
 when the strong-throbbing heart, that prompts the movements of the ters tha
 hand, is dust and ashes, and its possessor's name forgotten. But for th am aw
 rest of that scene, not a vestige remains. Beneath Lamarque lay a Lamarc
 orchard of fruit trees, and beyond that, ran the paved streets of Louisb now the b
 burg, crossing and intersecting each other in every direction. "Thos and adde
 streets were thronged, for 'there the hum of busy nations ran, in mu tienne's
 mured pity or loud roared applause'--and around and beyond those heavy pu
 arose the lofty battlements and cannon-crested ramparts of that proud arcque's c
 City which "rose a Sea Cybele fresh from Ocean, adorned with he His doo
 tiara of proud towers, a Ruler of the Waters and their motion' An oom, 'a
 what is there now, to mark that Empire City of the West? The ploug ult. But
 has gone over Louisburg; her parapets and palaces are dust--and th perhaps the
 very mould which her sepulchres is scattered on the winds of heaven ave no fur
 What remains? The soil the horse's hoof, rude stranger, spurns Practised
 around." I never stood on Colonna's cliff, nor in the Coliseum amid wherev
 the desolation of that Rome "which was Almighty hailed," but I can indow, an
 analyze the feelings they produce--for I have stood on the grass cover doud--
 ed ramparts of Louisburg, and gazed on the gloomy ocean till an hun Ho, oh,
 dred intervening years would roll like mist away, and I "repeopled the you set you

" and saw the scene that Lamarque gazed on from that open casement. As he turned from the window, the shadow of a man flitted under it amid the trees. The lynx eye of the officer caught the movement, the truth flashed like lightning to his mind. It was Castine! he exclaimed passionately. He smote his brow with his hand, and added—' Fool—madman! that I was—to have spoken aloud! But there is one remedy—and but one. He shares my regrets, and the grave reveals nothing.' He rang a small hand bell that lay on the table, and almost immediately after a man of middle stature, and a heavy, downcast look, entered; his low forehead and the preponderance of skull behind, bespoke a natural character as plainly as if it were written. A deep scar on his cheek added to the natural ferocity of his look. The Colonel addressed him.

"Lajeuniois, you have served me many years, and never failed me. I have work of the last consequence for you; will you fail me now?"

The man lifted up his sinister aspect and smiled darkly. "You say you will not—well, Lajeuniois, do you know the grave reveals nothing—and that when one finds out too much, they sometimes die there for their excess of knowledge?"

He nodded. "You know this?—well, scoundrel, do you also know that I hold a dagger over your neck and can hang you at any moment! I please?" "We both hang, Monsieur; I am around your neck;" but he added in a louder tone, "I am aware of it, Monsieur."

Lamarque mused, and then said with an abstracted look: "Do you know the Indian Chief, Castine?" he mused, as if talking to himself. "That fellow knows too much, he should be silenced." "Yes, Lajeuniois, I owe you wages unpaid—here it is," and he handed him a heavy purse. The assassin smiled darkly, and, after consulting Lamarque's countenance by an enquiring glance, he left the room. "His doom is sealed"—said Lamarque calmly, as this man left the room, "a slot hound is on his track whose scent after blood is never at fault. But he, also knows too much, and I must charm his tongue—perhaps they may fall by each other's hand—if so, the better. I shall have no further trouble."

Practised from childhood, as all the Micmacs are, to crouch unobserved wherever woods afforded concealment, Castine had remained at the window, and overheard all. He left his hiding place, and laughed aloud—

"Ho, oh, M. Lamarque," he said, as he glided through the orchard, "you eat your blood hound on me; and you have planned it well."

whichever falls, you shut the mouth of a fearful witness against y
But you 'have failed—that man shall be secured by my people, and
reproduced when required. You communicate with the English, t
and meditate treachery against the Governor; so be it--the more o
union, the better for my purpose. I must now look to this brother
mine: he will be here doubtless in the evening, to see his ladye-love,
that he loved in France when a child; or Monsieur Lajeunois will
taking him for me.'

He went down the garden walk, and concealed himself. The sce
which followed we have narrated in the last chapter, and its results mu
be reserved for the next.

CHAP. VI.

Gehenna of the waters, thou Sea Sodom,
Thus I devote thee to th' Infernal Gods,
Thou and thy seed, forever!—DOGE OF VENICE.

If a thunderbolt from the skies had fallen at their feet, the lovers cou
not have looked more astounded than at this sudden appearance of the
fear-dreaded Indian warrior. The prejudice of the English against the
Indians, whom they accused of the most cold-blooded atrocities, wa
deep and bitter--and a look of burning hatred rose to the face of th
lady's lover. The silence was broken by the intruder, whom we sha
call the true Castine--pointing to the lady, and saying:

'She is mine--and must depart with me! Come!

Terrified, she clung to her lover's side, while the latter answer
fiercely, and with flashing eyes:

'Hound!--Savage!--begone! What is this lady to thee? Go, f
thou valuest life; delay, and thy blood be on thy own head!' The
speaker trembled with passion, and his words came thick and hissing
through his clenched teeth.

Calmly the Indian Chief answered--

'You have not your father's coolness in danger brother--practice
must teach you that You have worn a lion's robe, why not have
imitated the lion's voice and mien as well? Have you disgraced
Castine, while representing him, by such bursts of passion as these?
Why the meanest of the race whose chief you now represent, would
cry shame on such emotion betrayed.' This was said sneeringly
--he then added in a voice of thunder, and with a ferocious scowl--
'Who are you, then, that dare assume the name of Castine without
his character?'

The stranger had recovered his serenity of look and voice. He re-
plied:

'I am one that bandies not words with such a hireling dog as Du-

ambon's paid sworder.—But,' he added, 'let this lady go safe to her home, and then, Castine, if you be indeed he, I will answer all your queries in the manner that likes you best.'

Castine glanced at his sabre, and the stranger nodded his head.

'Ah,' said the former, in a satisfied tone, 'I merely wished to know if you were indeed the son of Castine—I see you have the same dauntless mood—and that is enough. Between you and I there can be no spilt blood'—

'As you please, sir,' said the stranger, haughtily; 'but if you have no business with me, you can have still less with this lady.—Go on! sir Micmac! that I may see her home!'

'Oh, pardonnez moi,' replied Castine, who was speaking in pure French—'that lady is mine, and must go with me. But keep cool,' he added, as he saw the storm that was lowering on the stranger's brow: 'we may yet arrange amicably'

'Between us, Savage, there can be no compact,' retorted the stranger, in an impatient tone. 'This intrusion may cost you dear—wise in time, and depart.'

'Not so, son of Castine,' returned the Indian smiling: 'it will not cost either of us dear—strong would be that arm which alone could quell Castine beneath the green wood tree! But why *between* shall there be no compact? Is there such a vast difference, then? that if you will not listen to reason, this lady must go with me.'

'Take her, then!' cried the stranger in a voice of fierce defiance. He drew his sabre, placed his left arm around her waist, and advanced towards the Governor's house.

A look of chagrin arose to the chieftain's countenance: 'Your rashness will ruin us all,' he said planting himself in front of them, but with his arms still crossed. 'Fool!' he continued, 'were I to place my hands on my mouth and give our war-whoop, twenty tomma-hawks could flash over your head in a less number of seconds! You are completely at my mercy, and I can dictate my own terms. I will not spill your blood, neither will I molest this young girl, although she has scorned the Micmac—but you must agree to my conditions, otherwise I shall not release her: Nay, frown not, that will avail you little. No disguise is impenetrable to me—I *know you!* Ha! you start—you turn pale at that!—you recollect that you are within the walls of Louisburg, where the power of the great King George is but too felt! But fear nothing. I will not betray you. You are completely at my power, and must come to terms. I know your perchance better than you know yourself. Your enemies are mine, Son of St Castine—and my friends are yours. Be wise, and act as a man, not as a child.'

'Hireling sworder! why do you call me son of one of your hated race!—Race of murderers and blood-drinkers!—drunkards on English blood!—'

'Ha!' interrupted the Indian, laughing; 'then you do feel an interest in l'Anglais?'

The stranger saw he had gone too far; he changed color for a moment, and then added—

'I know not, villain, why you thus dog my steps; but let this lad depart safe, and then do with me as you will. You expect a reward for this scalp—is it not so?'

The niece of Duchambon had fainted on the stranger's arm.

'No! brother!' he answered; then added in a harsher tone—

'This delay arises from your madness in not hearing me. No more listen. The hopes of a life-time would be blasted; were it to resign that woman. But I will not deprive you of her, although I shall think it is Castine who has taken her—and if you take her they will think it to have been Castine. You doubtless have an assylum to which you can conduct her—he said this with marked emphasis—and you will follow my directions, I will provide you with men and money to take her to-night, in the character of Castine, under the very eye of the governor. I shall be with you—and whatever may happen you have a friend in the chief of the Abenakis not wholly powerless.'

'Do you know me?' asked the stranger.

'Yes,' responded Castine, 'my eye has been upon you for the two days, in every step you have taken since you first entered the city of Louisbourg.'

'Then,' returned the other, 'if you know me, you must also know that I have now no assylum where to take her—and even had I, would not put your scheme in execution without her sanction—which I know she would not give. But you see her state, prevent me from taking her to the house, and I will return instantly and conform with you.'

'You pledge your honor?' The other nodded, and Castine answered—

'It is a matter of utter indifference to me, as she will not suffer from the power of Castine, without her uncle's guard-house, that in the heart of the forest.'

He walked slowly away, and the stranger, half supporting Henrietta Duchambon, led her down the orchard with two her uncle's mansions.

The other nodded, and Castine answered—

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CHAP. VII.

"He there, Patroclus, and with thee the joy

Thy hopes once promised of subverting Troy—

Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid." &c. — ILLIAD, in book

"He, wronged by Corinth, how to save

Her sons, devoted to the grave!

No—though that cloud were thunder's worst,

And charged to crush him—let it burst!" — SAXON OF COASTS

The stranger supported the Governor's niece to the house, whilst she patiently awaited his return. He came; and with a fierce stature, addressed the Micmac—

Now, chief butcher of a race of butchers—receive the penalty of insolence—he drew his sabre, but let its point fall, as he saw the Indian did not prepare for a defence, but still stood with his arms crossed—'Villain, you escape me not thus'—he thundered out—you are an object in thus dogging me—you have fattened on English blood—you pant for mine—receive it!—or spill thy own vile life

The Micmac smiled—'No Saxon blood warms your veins,' he calmly replied. 'It is that of the proud Norman—and scorn not mine, for in doing so you asperse your own!'

The stranger's eye sparkled—and his lips quivered with anger—'Hound of a Savage!' he exclaimed, 'what dark meaning do your words convey? You know me for an Englishman, and hence your aspersions for my blood.'

'I know you for a Norman,' replied Castine calmly—'I know you for the son of a Norman, born in France, and educated in England. The brightest days of your life are connected with the scenery of France—answer, is it not so?'

The other replied not, and Castine continued:

'Between us, brother, as I have already told you, there can be nothing but peace. I know you well; I know your mind, and it is identical with mine. You wish the overthrow of your proud city, and all within it—so do I. You wish to take off the Governor's niece: I also have that in view—'

The other checked him by a passionate gesture, and Castine resumed: 'If my mood and speech be rough, forgive it: I was brought up in war's rough school. But it is the truth, and being so, why should there be enmity between us? But there is a stronger bond of union than this—Son of Castine. We

come of one sire; and our very similarity, in looks and disposition, is alone sufficient proof of my assertion! You look astonished—your sabre falls from your hand, but listen! We have no time to spare. You have borne my name and character in the presence of the Chiefs

of Louisburg—do so, for a time longer; your sure safety depends on

it. Attend this ball, to which Duchambon invites you, and fear nothing—I will be at your side should danger arise. Be on the most friendly terms with the Governor, and speak not with any others, particularly an officer you will distinguish by the name of Lamarque. In return for your thus acting, I will guarantee to the English King the services of the Indian warriors, during the approaching siege. You start at my knowledge—but I knew it long since. Think you the Micmacs who took you on board the English ship mistook you for me! No, by St. Denis! the Micmac has sharper eyes; you played your part well—but you could not deceive them. They were my directions. The English fleet are now approaching Louisburg—ere an English foot has landed, I will make you master of the city. Be tranquil on the night of this banquet—be well armed, but be silent until you hear my voice. After that you will have nothing to fear for the dawn shall see the red cross of St George floating from the battlements of Louisburg.

At this moment a Micmac approached and whispered to Castine. He listened and turned to the stranger: 'The warriors from Canada are on their way, and are about to enter Louisburg, prepared to fight for Duchambon. I must see them instantly, and before he can see them, or all will be marred—one fearful doubt remains—' he turned to the Indian, and addressed some words to him in his native tongue; the other replied by shaking his head, giving him to understand he did not know.

Castine placed his hands over his mouth and gave a peculiar sound, and two Micmacs sprang from the adjoining underwood. He turned to them, and said in his native tongue: 'Follow him,' nodding to the stranger, 'wherever he goes, but conceal yourselves; and should an attempt be made on his life, prevent it, and seize the person who attempts it. Secure him on your lives, and bring him to me.' The Indians nodded, and retired.

'I must go,' said Castine, addressing the person he claimed as brother; 'but do as I have directed—and we shall have both achieved our ends. Learn this whoop, and whenever you are in danger, this cry will call friends to your side.' He then showed the other, who stood gaping, as if in a dream, the war-cry of the Micmacs, wrung from his hands; and then stopped one moment, exclaiming, as if talking to himself—'if they should happen to be the Mahawk!' He turned to the other, uttering the word 'remember,' and disappeared amid the trees, and the stranger remained alone, for the other Micmacs had retired. He stood, for a moment, like one bewildered, pressed his hand to his head, and exclaimed: 'Gracious Heaven! It is impossible!—and is it thus, and under such circumstances, that I have discovered the secret of my birth? In assuming the character of the celebrated Castine too, whom I supposed to be in Canada, I thought I had tak-

rites you, and fear not an impenetrable disguise. I little dreamed that I should confront
 rise. Be on the march; well, now for action—let me think——
 t with any others, pa A low sound of crashing leaves reached him. He paused, and in
 name of Lamacque, o other moment a man sprang from among the foliage, and buried a
 to the English King, gger in his side. It was Lajeunois.

CHAP. VIII.

"In Coran's bay is many a lattice bright,
 For Seyd the Pasha makes a feast to night."

"Ho!—treachery! my guards! my scimitar!
 Accursed Darvise! these thy tidings! thou
 Some villain spy!—seize—slay—I know him now!"

THE CORRAIR.

The knife of the assassin shivered to the hilt in his hand, and the
 anger turned calmly round and caught him by the throat. He
 as about to question him, but ere he had time to do so, two Mic-
 macs sprang forward, seized Lajeunois, and despite an attempt of
 the stranger, whom we shall call the younger Castine, to detain him,
 they forced him out of his hands, and hurried him off. He owed his
 safety a shirt of linked mail which he wore beneath his dress.

The Governor's house was brilliantly illuminated, and lit up the
 enery around with a wavering, unsteady light. Every room was
 thronged, and the rich uniforms of the officers, resplendant with gold,
 flashed in the light of a hundred chandeliers, and in relief, if we can
 speak, to the snow-white dresses of the beautiful women who
 decked that fair scene. The rich, deep music of a military band,
 rose in loud bursts above the hum of voices that tended, in conjunc-
 tion with the dazzling light, the flashing jewelry, and the gorgeous
 dresses, to bewilder and turn dizzy a beholder. Conspicuous for her
 beauty, and fascinating manners, the niece of the Governor, was the
 presiding deity of the scene. All paid court to her, but the one
 who assumed to himself the exclusive right to do so was Lamacque,
 who, arrayed in the rich regimentals of Chasseur-a-cheval, and de-
 corated with the badge of Knighthood at his breast, stood beside her,
 whispering in her ear words that fell unheeded and unnoticed. Her
 eyes wandered to and fro over that vast assemblage of the titled and
 the powerful, and seemed to find nothing whereon they might rest.

Suddenly the hum of voices ceased, and the general attention was
 for a moment arrested by the entrance of one, who wore the native
 dignity of a king. His proud and graceful bearing together with the
 extreme beauty, as displayed in the Hungarian contour of his face,
 his black moustache and brows, and the eagle-like glance of his eye,
 won from the crowd a burst of admiration. He wore a rich dress of

scarlet, slashed with black velvet, and a plume of heron feathers
snow white save the tips, which were dyed red; waved on his head.
He advanced slowly up the room, and the Governor hastened to meet
him, and welcomed him with seeming cordiality. To the extended
hand of the latter, however, he merely bowed, and then with a per-
perilous glance, he scanned the inmates of the room.

The interest in him did not last long. New arrivals were taking
place, and new events claimed the attention of the assemblage.
Dechambon, in the meantime, advanced to his niece, and whispered
in her ear—'Should Castine offer to dance with you, on no account
refuse him—it might affront and exasperate him beyond my power
to remedy.'

With a gratified look she assented. At this moment, Lamarque
was leaning against the side table, lost in deep thought; he said in-
ternally—'Castine and Lejeune died last night—Lejeune's slaves
the Micmac, and the Micmac's followers slew him. So far, good—
two troublesome characters out of the way. Two more must be re-
moved to-night—the one by intrigue—the other, by force.'
He went to the hall door; a soldier stood there in a recess, with
his bayonet drawn.

'Should you here me, say loudly, *la Minerve*, you will stand in
this door way, Vallabon, and allow none to enter or depart. Re-
member—the moment that word *La Minerve* falls upon your ear,
spring to the passage, and make it good with your life.'

The soldier made a military salute, and assented. Lamarque saun-
tered slowly back into the ball room, and gazed, with an apparently
abstracted look on the gay and exciting scene around him. Henri-
etta Dechambon was standing, surrounded by a group of ladies of
her own age, engaged in merry chat; she, however, took no part
in the conversation, but stood gazing with seeming inattention on
on what was passing. She looked agitated and wan, but her ex-
sive, almost dazzling beauty, was rather increased than diminished
by this expression of lassitude, yet apprehension of impending evil.
While standing thus absorbed, Lamarque, with that grace peculiar
to the courtiers of France, approached her side, and requested her
to dance with him. Almost unknowing what she did, she refused.
The pencilled brows of the Colonel, momentarily contracted—but,
sinister smile followed, and he fell back into the crowd—his basilisk
eye fixed upon her.

Scarce had Lamarque retired, when the person wearing the dress
of the Indian chieftain, advanced to where she stood, and made a
similar request. A crimson glow overspread her face, and her
agitation became so great, that Lamarque's penetrating eye imme-
diately told him, that this had not been their first interview. The
chieftain was accepted, but as he was about to take her hand,

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voice whispered in his ear,—'Look to your safety—the e is y t time.' He started, and looked around—but on none of those chattering and laughing around him, could he fasten the whispered words. Vexed at his inattention, he again extended his hand again to take that of Henrietta Duchambon, when, with a calm untroubled voice, Lamarque interposed, and said, in a low deep tone—'Pollute not her hand with your touch, villain! there is contamination in the touch! Traitor, bate with thy equals!'

Astonished beyond measure, the simu- tle Indian turned to the speaker. His eye fell upon Lamarque and his brow darkened with a terrific frown. Plunging his hand in his bosom, he grasped something spasmodically, but, with the exclamation—'No—not here,' he withdrew it, and made a vigorous effort to master his emotion. 'Did Duchambon ask guests to be insulted?' he asked bitterly. He restrained, he put upon his feelings, was too much, and his voice trembled. Lamarque, with a sneering laugh, replied: 'Complain to him then, if without objection he shall not do so,' rejoined the other, 'if you will follow me into the orchard below.'

Again the French Colonel laughed tauntingly. 'O, no, my friend,' he said, 'I disgrace not my shield by measuring swords with such as thou. By the gibbet and the hangman shalt thou die, and not by the sword of the soldier.'

He calmly watched the effect of his remarks: it was fearful. The chief's face blanched for a moment, and then became livid; the veins on his forehead swelled out like whipcord, a convulsive shudder shook him from head to foot. Again a voice, whispered in his ear—'Be-gone! there is yet time'—but he either heard or heeded it not: his brain reeled, and his eyes became visionless, so terrible was the emotion which shook that strong man.

Lamarque retained his perfect composure, gazing calmly on the storm of passion his words had evoked. The seeming chief saw that his emotion was observed, and, with a tremendous effort, he suppressed his anger, and, in a voice thick and husky, exclaimed—

'Dastard! poltroon—you would murder me by numbers! Does human spirit, far less the laws of honor and chivalry, prompt you to seek assistance in your vengeance? If I have offended you, to you will I be amenable.'

With a beseeching glance, directed to Lamarque, the young girl seconded this appeal to his sense of honor and humanity. It was in vain—that soft glance was addressed to a cold blooded demon, who never knew the words. He regarded her with a bitter sneer—and then elevating his voice till it swelled up like gathering thunder, he said—

'Captain Henry Beauclerc, of His Britannic Majesty's Frigate la

Minerva, (the last two words were fearfully distinct, and were heard by the sentry at the door.) 'I accuse you of being a spy and traitor—so breathless was the silence—then turning to a group of officers, he continued—'and Messieurs, I here accuse Geoffrey Duchambon, Governor of Louisiana, of abetting this treachery and of being in communication with this English spy.'

No words can describe the astonishment occasioned by this announcement—and the swords of the officers flashed forth from their scabbards in all directions. Beauclerc saw himself betrayed—and he placed his hands to his mouth and uttered the Micmac war-cry. There was no response, and he exclaimed: 'Betrayed by all!' when the voice again whispered—'Fool! it is too late!—Castine is a prisoner in the hands of his foes the Mohawks!'

'Die then! Beauclerc!' he thundered; 'but die as becomes an Englishman!' In a moment the sword of Lamarque was at his breast. It flew back blunted, and Beauclerc hurled him headlong to the floor, where Henrietta Duchambon had already fainted. 'Harm him not!' exclaimed the Governor—'he shall have a fair trial;' but his words were unheard—his efforts unavailing. Twenty swords already flashed over his head—but without avail. Like a lion at bay he fought on, trampling his foes under him, as he went, till he reached the door.

'Vallabon!' shouted Lamarque fiercely, from the floor.

He reached the door—but the sentry rushed before him, and with the butt of his musket felled him to the floor.

'He wears nail,' said the soldier, confusedly—and it was useless to stab.

CHAP. IX.

"He slept in calmest seeming—for his breath
Was hushed so deep—Ah, happy if in death!
He slept—who o'er his placid slumber bands?
His foes are gone—and here he hath no friends;
Is it some seraph sought to grant him grace?
No—'tis an earthly form with heavenly face."—THE CORSAIR.

Stretched on a rough bench, within the massy walls of one of the military cells, used as a prison for felons and perpetrators of the worst species of crime, lay Henry Beauclerc, apparently asleep. Nature seemed to have become exhausted, and succumbed under the protracted toil and exertion which his mental and physical system had recently borne. Heavy fetters were on his wrists, and the damp gloomy vault was feebly lit by the flickering ray of a smoky lamp. It was near midnight. His sleep seemed broken and disturbed,

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er ever and anon, a smothering moan would escape him, as if his
 spirit wrestled with the spirit of a vision. As he slept, the door of
 the cell noiselessly opened, and a man, dressed as a common soldier,
 cautiously entered. His dusky features, however, proclaimed him a
 native of Cape Breton. He looked around, and then went to the door
 —and immediately after a female figure, whose face was concealed in
 her cloak, glided in, and approaching the sleeping prisoner, stooped
 over him, and gazed on his face. As she gazed, tears fell from her
 eyes—her face approached closer—their breath mingled, and her raven
 tresses mixed with his, and she imprinted a passionate kiss on his clam-
 my brow. 'Thrice,' said the Indian soldier, 'I warned him in the
 ball-room—where I found entrance in a Lieutenant's uniform. He
 disregarded them. I now, in the capacity of sentry, have found
 means to see him again—even in his confinement—and bear a mes-
 sage from my Chief, which I must deliver. By your having placed
 confidence in me, you are entitled to offer him his liberty—and it is
 even to one he refuses now—' he ran on in this strain for some time,
 but the female appeared to pay no attention;—her whole soul seemed
 absorbed and concentrated in one deep earnest gaze on that sleeper's
 face. He started, and opened his eyes, and they fell full on the coun-
 tenance, wet with tears, which bent sorrowing over him.

'Oh! I am still dreaming!—it is yet a dream!' he exclaimed, in a
 responding voice. Then the reality bursting upon him, he started up,
 exclaiming—

'It is impossible!—can it be!—Henrietta!'

'Yes—yes,' she replied in a low tone—'I have come, aided by this
 good man, who at first I was afraid to trust, but who seemed instinc-
 tively to understand the nature of the assistance I required—I have
 come to offer you the last chance of escape from an ignominious
 death that remains. I overheard a conversation between my uncle
 and Colonel De Vallabon, in which he said it would be imperative on
 him to execute both you and the Indian Chief, to do away with the
 suspicions thrown upon him by Lamarque. He said that a fair trial
 would be given for reasons which I could not hear, I was so agitated—
 but that the result must be your condemnation, as his own safety de-
 pended on it. The moment de Vallabon left, I sought my uncle and
 beseeched him on my knees, to extend clemency—but he was inexor-
 able; I entreated him to afford you the facilities of escape—and he
 laughed at me. He said his life or yours was the question, and he
 would not sacrifice his to save any man's—far less an English one.'

Beauclerc ground his teeth—'why did you plead for me, lady?' he
 exclaimed—'what can I now be in your eyes. Forget me—remem-
 ber me not, as though I had never been. I blench not from my fate
 —I reap the harvest I have sown—and I kneel the more to you. I
 bet my life upon the cast, and I will stand the hazard of the die.'

'Oh! Henry!' she cried—'Forget you! For whose sake was that you risked your life?—for me, worthless as I am! And shall I forget and forsake you in the hour of peril and of death?—should I do so, may heaven forsake me, in mine!'

'And why, dearest,' returned Beauclerc, 'do you venture on such a step as this—knowing the dangers you encounter by so doing?'

'Because,' she replied—'unless your escape is effected, death—ignominious and terrible death—is your certain doom—and shall I through fear or false modesty, let the only chance for your escape pass by, without availing myself of it? With the aid of this man, now disguised as a French soldier, we can accomplish it. Assume my dress, and I will take yours and remain in your place—he will guide you through the dungeons and darkness to a place of safety, as we do as at noonday—while I they dare not injure, when the discovery takes place.'

An indignant expression arose to the English Captain's face—he replied:

'Sooner let a thousand lives like mine perish, than that you should be placed in such a situation! No, I have staked my life, well knowing what I did, for a certain purpose. That purpose has been accomplished—you have told me that you love me—I have seen you once more—and that is enough. My life I calculated on losing when I played this dangerous game—but I shall die happy, knowing I am beloved by Henrietta—I shall die fearlessly, and as becomes a British sailor.'

'No, no—O, no!' almost shrieked the young girl—'You shall not remain—you shall not remain to be dragged fettered to the scaffold, to be hooted by an infuriated and brutal mob on your road to the gibbet and the grave! O, my God forbid! O, no—no. Had you died on the battle-field—had the waves of the ocean been your shroud, I would perhaps have borne it—but if you remain here, I will not survive you, for I could not struggle against such a fate in this cold world alone.'

Beauclerc smiled; 'You talk in vain, Henrietta,' he mournfully said: 'I would not receive life on such terms though the gift would last forever. I will take my chance.'

'And destroy us both!' she cried passionately; 'me they dare not harm—and if you escape, we may meet again—but remain here, and we shall never meet—or, if we do, it will be beyond the portals of the grave.'

'We shall meet THERE then, dearest,' he replied smiling mournfully. The quick sharp challenge of the sentry interrupted him. The latter stood at the door way, and steps were heard approaching. The lady became pale, and her eye hurriedly sought a hiding place; the cell afforded none. The sentry again asked: 'who comes there?'

For whose sake was I cocked his musket. With a rapid step, a man advanced—the
 s I am! And shall I lower his bayonet, and, bending forward, demanded:
 of death?—should I The counter'gn?'
 The other gave it, and Colonel William de la Marquette entered.

CHAP. X.

you venture on su Hound of the Temple! Stain to shine Order! let go the maiden!—It is
 ater by so Joing? anhoe commauds thee!"—ЛВАНОВ.

s effected, death— At his entrance the lady shrieked, and Beauclerc made a violent
 a doom—and shall port to burst his fetters. It was in vain—and he fell back exhaust-
 for your escape pa The French Colonel turned fiercely to the sentry—
 of this man, no Villain! how does this happen?
 sh it. Assume What happen? asked the Micmac soldier, with the utmost sang
 place—he will guid
 ce of safety, as wi
 the discovery take

Captain's face—h Explain for the presence of this lady, villain!

man that you should There is nothing to explain, Monsieur. She gave the counter-
 ny 'ife, well know gn as you have done—and showed me the Governor's ring—and I
 poza has been ac mitted her. She said she came on a message from his Excellency
 I have seen you the prisoner.

ed on losing when 'Blind fool!' muttered Lamarque, advancing towards Henrietta
 by, knowing I am uchambon—'Lady!' he exclaimed fiercely, 'what do you here? Is
 becomes a British fitting that the relative of Duchambon, and the affianced bride of
 amarque should be alone in a felon's prison at dead of night?'

— You shall not She shrank from him with a look of aversion and scorn, mingled
 ed to the scaffold with fear, but her agitation was too great to permit her to make an-
 r road to the gibber.

. Had you died Death to thy soul! French hound! what is it to thee!' thundered
 a your shroud, I Beauclerc, making a tremendous effort to break the shackles—
 I will not sur- Leave the cell, villain! or, I call the Heavens to witness thy blood
 fate in this cold on thy own head! You think me powerless, now—but mark mel
 llain Frank! a day shall come when the wealth of France would
 il to save thee from the hand of THAT AVENGER I shall
 ing, leave behind me! Recreant dastard! unfetter me, and the
 iden is thine, if thou canst defend her!'

he mournfully The French officer turned partially towards the fettered Briton—a
 the gift would aer, scornful and bitter, curled his lip, and pronouncing the single
 ord—'Spy!' in a low, hissing whisper, he seized the betrothed of
 Beauclerc in his arms, and, despite her resistance, bore her up the
 steps

they dare not The Englishman uttered a cry like the roar of a wounded lion—
 e portals of the He dashed his chained hands against the floor—and ground his
 teeth til the foam stood upon his lips. Then, in a voice that would
 ave startled the dead in their slumbers, he cried—

ling mournful-
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 ng place; the
 comes there?'

'Wolfe! Wolfe! where are thou!—thou hast deserted me
and I perished unaid!'—and his head fell fainting to the floor.

CHAP. XI.

Yea! this man's brow, like to a tragic leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume!—HENRY IV.

Patience—aye, patience!—hence! that word was made
for beasts of burden, not for birds of prey;
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine—
I am not of thine order.—LORD BYRON.

The Micmac sentry returned to the cell where the fettered Englishman lay on the floor almost in a state of insanity—his momentary stupor had passed off, but a fit of deep sullen dejection and outburst of passion. The sentinal approached him and said in a tone which contained an expression of scorn—'And is this the man in which you English warriors bear up against defeat and danger? Do you tremble at captivity and death and bemoan your fate with the loud wail that betokens the weak coward mind. A man should scorn adversity—and scorn to betray it to his enemies—let a woman weep and cry in such a situation, but not a warrior. Nay even the woman of our race would not so act in the presence of their foes. No—at the stake and under the most fearful torture, they hook at the triumph of their victors and let not one word expressive of suffering or defeat pass their lips.

'The prisoner looked up bitterly—
'Pratest thou?—fool!—he exclaimed with that expression that bespeaks hope less despair—

'What can the petty tortures of the stake and the scalping knife be in comparison with the torture of the soul. The agony of our physical nature is not that of the spirit.'

'I know that you have much to grieve for,' replied the Indian, who was the same called Frantzwa by Castine in the garden—'But your case is not hopeless. But suppose it was, what then?—the more difficulty and the more danger, the more a brave man should laugh at fate. Let his soul be untamed, and his spirit unsubdued, though death and ruin stare him in the face!'

Stung by the reproof of the Micmac, which was consonant with that stern Roman stoicism they ever evinced, Beauclerc answered passionately.

'You talk you know not what! it is not death I fear, Savage—were a thousand, the fiercest of your tribe around me, armed with the most cunning implements of torture, and howling for my blood,

... hast deserted me
... ng to the floor.

... would not unman me as has that scene which you have just wit-
... ossed.'

Is that all ? said the Micmac composedly.

All ? re-echoed Beauclerc. Is it not enough ? What, to see
I held dearest on earth, dearer than my own life, dragged from my
presence by a reptile whom I could crush beneath my feet, had I my
freedom, while I lay here like a helpless infant, powerless and un-
able to resist my wrongs except in womanish and unavailing threats,
is not enough that I shall in a few hours be dragged handcuffed
to the veriest felon and my dying pangs derided by the rabble
and scum of Louisburg. Is it not enough that I who never fell in
glorious and honourable battle, must at last die like a dog on the
pillows ? and he gnashed his teeth with a gesture of fierce despair.

'No !' returned the Indian calmly 'it is not enough to make you
forget that you are a man and a warrior.'

'Tush ! Savage, talk not of patience, I lay here while my affianced
side is exposed to the machinations of a demon in human form, un-
able to give her aid. I lay here a prisoner and useless, while my
countrymen are whetting their swords for the conflict and for victory,
and I cannot aid them, not even with my knowledge, which would
avail them much. They may now be dashing on the rocks, through
the machinations of the enemy, while I possess information that
I could save them and cannot give it'

The Indian smiled ; 'others can give it' he replied. 'You allude
to the beacon light being removed from its original place, two miles
farther along the coast I know it all, and more ; but my news is evil
as well as good, and your mind is too weak to bear more ill news.'

This sarcasm touched the English officer. He answered fiercely.

'Do you come with your tannits, villian, to add to my other cau-
ses of regret !—Yes !—but, like the ass who kicked the dying lion,
you say that when my arms are shackled, and my spirit bowed down
which you dare not say, were I breathing the free air of heaven, un-
dered and at freedom. You are a false slave—or why did you not
kill that villian Lamarque, when you saw him triumph over a fallen
hero ?'

The Indian answered calmly—'For good reasons, and I will give
them to you. I was ordered by my Chief, to give you information,
and, after having done so, to hasten on and afford the same to other
parties—and not to fail doing so, whatever danger lay in the way. I
was hurried on with his message, but arrived in Louisburg too late to see
you before going to the Governor's Ball. I instantly assumed the
dress of a Lieutenant, and entered the room amid a crowd of officers,
without being observed. I foresaw the storm that was brewing, and
as you may recollect, warned you to withdraw—but it was in vain—
you were infatuated. After your imprisonment, I obtained a soldier's

... of,
... HENRY IV.

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uniform, and, knowing Mademoiselle Duchambon's anxiety in your behalf, sent in by her maid saying 'I had a message of the utmost consequence with regard to you.' I was admitted, and told her that your safety depended on my seeing you to-night, and that there was no way of doing that, but by her obtaining me the Governor's ring, which you know is the pass into State prisons. At first she appeared mistrustful—but her anxiety to see you being so great, she at length said—'Wait till midnight, and I will accompany you there.'

She then questioned me, if I would lead you safely from Louisbourg, should you be able to effect your escape, all which questions I satisfactorily explained. At midnight, we came—she had the ring which I showed to the sentry at the door, telling him that for certain reasons the governor wished I should take his place; and, after giving him some money, which the lady gave me, he went away, quite glad at being relieved. I could then have liberated you, but saw that the young lady was determined to remain in your stead. For this there was no necessity. I therefore waited until you should refuse, thinking I could put my scheme into execution, after she went, and not involve her in any danger. The unexpected entrance of that scoundrel, Lamacque, however, spoiled all. Now you blame me for not having resisted him. What good would this have done? In the first place it would have prevented me from delivering Castine's messages—and secondly it would have put it out of my power to assist you—while I myself should have lost my life, without doing you the slightest good.

'True, true,' muttered Beauclerc, despondingly; 'but why not carry your first plan into effect now?'

'Because,' returned the Micmac, 'I overheard Lamacque say, at the top of the steps, that the guards should be doubled; and I see that there are now two additional sentries outside. And now are you prepared for worse news?'

'Worse there cannot be!' replied the Englishman, in that tone of settled defiance of fate, which always follows the first paroxysm of passion or despair; 'You cannot tell me worse than my own thoughts predict.'

The Indian eyed him narrowly, as if to detect whether this stoicism so congenial to his own feelings was real or assumed. He seemed satisfied by his scrutiny, and said slowly—

'As Mademoiselle Duchambon and Lamacque passed me on the steps, I overheard him say in a contemptuous tone, 'On the day this spy-lover of yours winds up his career on the scaffold, lady, I shall make you my bride. Your refusal will avail you little—and your uncle dare not, for he is in my power.'

A convulsion seemed to shake Beauclerc's frame, and he demanded eagerly:

'And what said she in answer?'

'Her voice died away in the distance,' said the Indian; 'but I heard the words: 'Never, infamous wretch! Death a thousand times before that!'

Beaulerc's eyes sparkled, and he remained silent.

'And now worse news,' continued the Indian, as if testing the strength of the prisoner's fortitude:

'Yes, worse. The chief officer you left in the *Minerva*, has betrayed his Country and you; I have the proof of his treachery in correspondence with Lamacque. That also will tell against him at the trial. You do not remember that I was one of those with you on the day that you boarded the *Minerva* in my canoe. I carried the first correspondence. And now worse! Castine, after leaving you, went to meet his own warriors, as he then thought—leaving me to secure Lajeuniois, from whom, by the way, we have learned some strange facts regarding M Lamacque; Castine's supposed friends, however, proved to be the Mohawks, and, before he saw his mistake, he was captured. Of course, he did not and could not aid you on the night of the ball, when you gave our war-whoop. But he does not despair of you do, although his case is as desperate. On the contrary, he bids you word—'to fear nothing. That he will be at your trial—the Mohawk cannot hold Castine prisoner long in Cape Breton—and that he will have witnesses there of which Lamacque and your other enemies little reck. To make no rash attempt at escape, but to wait patiently. He says that if he escapes from the cunning of the Mohawk, how much more cause have you to hope? He risks his life, of course, in coming to Louisbourg to rescue you: for the Mohawk, the first place, will demand him of the Governor—and Duchambon, if himself will have to arrest him in his own justification; and worse than all this, he exposes himself to the machinations of the deadly de Lamacque—who now firmly believes him to have been slain by his butcher Lajeuniois. But having promised to be with you at your need, should a thousand dangers face him, he will not fail you now—for Castine never deceives a friend.'

'But, Frantzwa,' said Beaulerc, who had now become tranquil, 'how came Castine to take such an interest in me? and how did he become acquainted with my movements from the first?'

'Castine knows everything,' replied the Indian; 'he has emissaries everywhere who give him intelligence of all that transpires. His father taught him to write, and he often corresponds with parties in France. It was shortly after receiving one of those letters that he first saw you, and his first exclamation, on seeing you, was: 'that must be he.' At that time your face was dyed, you wore moustachis and Castine's dress, and looked as like him as it was possible. But the day is dawning, and I must find means to get out.' He then add-

ed abruptly—'Will you give me that ring on your finger?'
'Take it,' said Beauclerc, abstractedly, 'I shall never want it more.'

CHAP. XII.

"But all unknown his glory or his guilt,
Those only told that somewhere blood was spilt;
And Fazzelin who might have spoke the past,
Returned no more—that night appear'd his last."—LARA:

After the fashion of glorious old Ariosto, we leave one part of our story to take up another—but in this particular only does the resemblance hold good—would that it went further!

After the Lieutenant commanding the *Minerva*, had submitted the document we have spoken of, to the hands of the French skipper running in for the harbor, he stood out to sea, till he fell in with the British fleet, as we have already described. The nature of Grove's plans are not known, and we can only judge from his acts as to what his intentions were. When boarded by the officer from the Flag Ship, he immediately turned the Frigate's head northward, fearing the results of the note given by the second Lieutenant to the officer of the boat, and which he was afraid of taking from him, supposing it would make matters worse. He remonstrated, however, with Johnston, who remained inexorable—which led to that confusion on board the frigate spoken of by the officer to the Admiral, on his return to the flag ship. He had stood in for the land but a short distance, when a vessel under all sail, and also running in for the harbor, was observed to leeward, attempting to double the point forming the southwest side the bay. Shortly before this ship had been espied from the *Minerva*, she had been passed by a French schooner from Louisburg, the captain of which doubtless mistaking the stranger for the *Minerva*, had, as he passed close to windward, thrown a sealed letter on her deck. Capt. Hocquhart looked at it and without opening it, placed it in his pocket.

'Now,' thought Grove, 'a splendid opportunity offers to retrieve my character, for doubtless this craft bears despatches of consequence to the Admiral—I must capture her; she shows a good set of teeth too. But how will it be, if the French have accepted my tender?—ha, I must think of that, and ascertain if there are despatches on board first.'

'Lay out, there! men,' he cried; 'run out lower and topgallant-stu'n'sails; beat to quarters, Mr James, and order the guns to be double-shotted.'

The frigate was going free, all the sails drawing, and the increased impetus, produced by the additional canvass, caused her to bound over the waters like a thing impelled by the principle of life; the tanit spars

bent forward, and the white spray dashed over the bows with a sound that was music to the mariner's heart.

The French vessel evinced no disposition to escape, and in a short time the frigate was alongside—the light sails were taken in, and they ran on nearly yard arm and yard arm. The strange vessel proved to be a sloop of war of twenty-four guns.

Grove jumped on the hammock-nettings and, holding on by the mizen shrouds, hailed—

‘Whatship is that?—and where from?’

‘The Alcide—from France,’ was the answer.

‘All right,’ said Grove, ‘she bears despatches.’ The French Captain now hailed:—‘Is it peace or war?—when we left France war had not been declared.’

‘Peace—peace,’ replied Grove; then turning, he added—‘Stand by, men—be ready—but don’t fire, on your lives, till I order you!’

‘Is that the Minerva?’ now asked Hocquhart, the French Captain.

‘Yes!’

‘Then here is a letter for the officer commanding,’ saying which he rolled the letter round a musket bullet, and threw it on the deck of the Minerva. Grove became pale: he looked round to see if he was observed—then hastily picked it up and glanced it over. It was Lamareque’s refusal to the tender of his services.—He became crimson to the temples, and tore the letter into fragments.

‘Fire!’ exclaimed Grove; in a moment an explosion shook the frigate from the keelson to the truck; a cloud of smoke and flame burst from her side, and an iron shower was poured into the sloop-of-war. When the smoke rolled away, the Alcide’s foretopmast was hanging in the slings, and the main yard was shot in two. But the Captain was a gallant fellow, and cleared away his ship for action in an incredible short space of time, but ere he could get her manœuvrable, the Englishman put his helm down, and passing under the enemy’s stern, poured in his starboard broadside, gun by gun, as he went—then, bearing away he laid his ship alongside, receiving the Frenchman’s broadside, as he passed, hauled his wind, and poured in his weather guns, which had been reloaded, as he crossed the Frenchman’s forefoot—then came to the wind, and laid his main-pennil against the mast, as if conscious that the work was done. The Alcide had kept before the wind from the time that the first shot had been fired.—And, during the action, L’eu^t Johnston stood at the break of the quarter deck, looking earnestly on, but taking no part in it.

* Fact—Only substitute the name of William Howe for Grove. See ‘Letter from Louisburgh, during the Siege. By an officer.’

The effects of the *Minerva's* last broadside was disastrous; when the French vessel again became visible, the ensign of France had disappeared, and the *Alcide* was a complete wreck. Three loud cheers burst from the crew of the Englishman: in a few minutes the French ship was boarded, and the 'meteor flag of England' flew triumphant at her peak.

On board the *Alcide* were found, as the lieutenant had conjectured, despatches of the last moment, from the Count de Saint Raymond in old France, to Euchambon, Governor of Cape Breton.

'This will do,' said the English officer, as he glanced at them; 'with these I can make my peace with the Admiral—and a better excuse for not coming under his lee I could not have than that I saw a French ship of war, which he could not see for the fog, and gave chase, fearing we should lose her, were I to delay waiting for orders:—and now that this fellow is out of the way, I have nothing to fear.'

His hopes were well founded. When he fell in again with the fleet, Boscowan was but too happy that he had secured such a prize, together with the enemy's despatches, to blame him much for having disobeyed orders. Wolfe, however, was not so easily satisfied. He demanded sternly why he had deserted the captain, and left him alone in *Louisburg*. The other replied—'Of two evils, we had to choose the least—that of losing the captain, or losing the frigate. The batteries had commenced firing on us, and I stood out to sea, sooner than risk the ship on my own responsibility, in hopes of meeting the fleet, and receiving orders on the subject. I did so—and was about to run under the lee of the flag ship, when this French vessel hove in sight, and I at once pursued and captured her. Now I am ready to obey the Admiral's instructions.'

'Ah, ah—' said Wolfe, drily and doubtfully—'that is your story—now, where is Lieutenant Johnston?'—I wish to have his.

Lieutenant Grove became violently agitated—but, with an effort, he overcame it, and called for Johnston. The latter answered not. His name was passed fore and aft—the ship was searched from end to end, but no Johnston could be found—he had disappeared.

'Among the killed or wounded, perhaps,' said Wolfe.

'No,' said the doctor, shaking his head.

'Then he has fallen overboard, during the action,' said Boscowan, and, poor fellow! there is an end of him.'

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CHAP. XIII.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France,
For ere thou canst report I will be there ;
The thunder of my cannon will be heard !
So hence!--KING JOHN.

The British fleet lay at the entrance of Gabarus Bay, detained by contrary winds. The Garrison of Louisburg were still in ignorance of the near approach of the foe. The mysterious disappearance of Lieutenant Johnston had not been accounted for, and, although every search had been made, nothing could be discovered to account for his absence. Grove was in high favor with Admiral Boscowan, in consequence of the information he had procured him—but Wolfe looked upon him with distrust and suspicion.

On the evening of the second day after their arrival off Gabarus, Wolfe and General Lawrence, were leaning against the railing of the quarter-deck, watching listlessly, a bark canoe that was making its way towards the Flag Ship from the shore. Wolfe seemed lost in reverie ; so great, in fact, was his abstraction, that Lawrence observed it, and remarked :

'Wolfe, what is the matter?—you look dull : have you seen a ghost, or have you had a presentiment of death?'

'No,' replied the young General, 'I do not believe in spiritual visitants—yet I cannot deny,' he added, 'that a most unaccountable event took place last night, and, though I confess it is extremely foolish, it weighs heavy on my mind.'

'What was that?'

'You will laugh at me, but, Lawrence, there is more between heaven and earth than our philosophy dreams of. As I was leaning on the rail here, yesterday evening, as I am now, these words fell as distinctly on my ear as if the speaker had been beside me :—'Wolfe ! Wolfe—where art thou, and why wilt thou not aid me !' The voice was familiar—I know it well.'

'Tush ! nonsense man—disordered imagination—that's all. The ear retains words as the eye does scenes that have taken place—or as the memory does events. I do not give the least credence to anything of the sort.'

A pause ensued, and Lawrence, wishing to change the conversation, remarked :

'It is astonishing how these frail barks can live in a heavy sea ; and yet they do it. See how lightly that little thing surmounts the waves skimming over them like a stormy petrel.'

'As well,' replied Wolfe, 'as a man-of-war's gig. They are sad cut-throats those Indians, though, Lawrence, and if we take Louisburg we must make a clean sweep of them. O, for a change of wind—that I might once more see the city ! I am in agony till I know the

fate of poor Harry Beauclerc. He was my bosom friend, Lawrence; he saved my life, at the risk of his own, in the battle of Culloden—and, good Heavens! my folly has lost him his!

'Nonsense, Wolfe,' said the other General; 'how can you have done so?'

'Because, it was through a chance word I let fall, wishing for information, that he ventured on such a dangerous mission. O, I will never know happiness again should anything happen in consequence of my indiscretion.'

The canoe approached the side of the flag-ship—and the sentry at the gangway challenged. One of the Indians, instead of giving the countersign, asked for Wolfe. The sentry was about to order him off, when the future hero of the Plains of Abraham interposed, telling the marine to allow him to approach, and Frantzwa, the Micmac, sprang to the deck.

'You are a bold fellow,' said Lawrence, 'to place yourself in such a hornet's nest—know you where you are?'

'I AM a bold fellow—and know where I am,' replied the Micmac, in broken English.

The officers laughed—and Lawrence continued:—'And do you forget the scalps of all the murdered Englishmen you have sold to the Governor of Louisbourg?'

Frantzwa made no answer, but, turning round to the group of officers, among which now stood the Admiral, he demanded sternly—

'Which is Wolfe?'

'You Indians have great penetration,' said Amherst, sarcastically; 'see if you can pick out Wolfe yourself.'

The Micmac turned his eyes from Boscowa to Amherst, from him to Lawrence, glancing at all the officers till his eyes fell on Wolfe—he immediately exclaimed—

'That is he—I know him because he looks like a warrior.'

'Then I do not?' said Amherst.

'No!' answered the Micmac bluntly, and elevating the corners of his eyebrows in a supercilious manner.

Amherst bit his lip, and Wolfe advanced: 'Well, Indian,' he asked; 'what wouldst thou of Wolfe?'

'Do you wish tidings of Capt Beauclerc?' inquired Frantzwa, fixing his eyes intently on the General's face. A terrible suspicion burst upon Wolfe—a withering fire flashed across his brain and convulsed his brow, as the thought burst upon his mind that his friend had been butchered by the Savages. He grasped his sword-hilt, and exclaimed, in a voice trembling with emotion:

'Dog! what tidings do you bring of him?'

'Good,' said the Indian calmly, 'I see you have an interest in him.'

'Well, then, Castine, the great chief of the Abenakis and Micmacs,

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— you word that, two days ago, he could have offered you the
ices of nine hundred warriors—and that to-day he can offer you
the aid of his single arm. They had entered Louisburg before
had the opportunity of conferring with them, and he was prevented
in doing so afterwards by his being made a prisoner by his foes, the
hawks.

'Damnation ! what care I for this !' echoed Wolfe—' tell me of
underc !'

'I am coming to it ;' replied the Micmac, who remained perfectly
equil ; 'Beauclerc has been taken as a spy ; he is in prison now—
to-morrow morning he will be tried—to-morrow evening he will be
executed.'

'No ! by the Light of Heaven !' broke in Wolfe, 'I will make
Louisburg a heap of ashes first, and stake the embers with the blood
of all within it !'

The Micmac continued :—' Castine would have made him master
of Louisburg—he would have rescued him but for his own unfortunate
capture. Still he has hopes that he will influence the result of the
trial. Should that fail, his only hope is in you—and should you de-
sert him, then the Great Spirit aid Beauclerc !—for he has none
other left !'

Wolfe paused for a moment—then suddenly exclaimed—' Dog ! it
is some infamous trap—some wily snare to betray us !'

'Do you know that ?' said Frantzwa, presenting a diamond ring.
Wolfe became violently agitated—but he replied in a voice hoarse
with emotion : 'It is Harry Beauclerc's—it is one he has worn since
childhood. But, villain,' he continued fiercely, 'you may have mur-
dered, and then robbed him of this.'

'Then,' replied the Micmac, 'I will remain with you—place me
in confinement ; till we ascertain whether what I have said be true or
false—and if false, do with me what you please.'

'That will do,' said Wolfe, who immediately turned to Boscowan :
Admiral Boscowan, he said, 'will you show a flag of truce to be-
come to demand the surrender of Captain Henry Beauclerc, in return
for any two prisoners we possess ?'

'Oh, I suppose so,' said the other, 'but I tell you beforehand, it is
useless. If the Indians' tale be true, no power on earth can save
him. They will hang him as a spy, although the whole fleet were in
Louisburg.'

'What and shall we let him perish without making one effort to
save him?' exclaimed Wolfe upbraidingly :

'Oh ! no ! no !' said Boscowan, touched by this appeal—' Captain
Beauclerc, take the first cutter, and carry a flag of truce to Louisburg.
You will have to take arms and provisions, for you will have a long
haul. Demand Captain Beauclerc of the Governor of Cape Breton,

and offer him a prisoner of equal rank in exchange. 'Tell him, if he refuses, that we shall show no quarter to all the prisoners we take.'

'Trust not that man with such a mission,' whispered Wolfe.

'Tut—tut, Wolfe, that is a foolish prejudice you have against Grove,' returned the Admiral—'you could not select a better.'

'Wolfe muttered an imprecation, and exclaimed—'There is only one course left then.' He turned to Grove, ordered him into the boat, then ordered the Micmac, Frantzwa, to follow, and went back. The Indian approached Bencowan, and whispered: 'Trust not to the beacon light at the entrance of the harbor. The Governor said recently, should ever a hostile fleet approach Louisbourg, he would move the beacon two miles to the N. E.' Before the admiral could question him further, he leaped into the boat, which lay alongside, really manned. In a moment, a subordinate officer, with heavy boots on, a drooping hat slouched over his eyes, and enveloped in a black cloak, followed; the lieutenant gave the word to shove off, and the boat was soon lost in the obscurity.

CHAP. XIV.

See—I take the earth to 'h' like foresworn Aumerle,
And charge thee with as many villain lies

As may be halloed in thy treacherous bow;
From sun to sun: there is my honor's pawn—
Engage it to the trial if thou darest.

ADM.—Who asks me next?—by Jove! I'll throw at all—
I have a thousand spirits in one breast
To answer twenty thousand such as you!—SHAKE. RICH. II.

Immediately on Lamarque accusing the Governor Duchambon of treachery to the French King, he assembled a council of officers, laid the main points of the case before them, and attempted to substantiate what he had asserted. His sagacity had foretold him truly as to the result. Duchambon's lame stammering defence only excited a smile in the officers comprising the court of enquiry, and he was declared suspended as Governor of Cape Breton, until the pleasure of the French Ministry was known. As the officers came to this conclusion, a scrap of paper was handed to the Governor. He glanced at a moment, and then addressed the officers: 'Messieurs,' he said, 'I am innocent of the ridiculous charge preferred against me by your viper—but he has not obtained his object. He thought by my overthrow to obtain the office which I have the honor to hold—for, gentlemen you cannot but be aware that I deny the authority of this Court to try me. You may remove me from the Government—but the act will be one of rebellion, and on you rests the responsibility. But Lamarque intends to become Governor of Louisbourg—but I enter my protest against that, and here proclaim

Colonel William de la Marquette a traitor to his God, his country and his liege—and will prove my assertion within twenty-four hours before any tribunal—or maintain it with my life.'

For a moment, Lamarque looked appalled. But it was only for a moment. With a calm smile, he rose to his feet, and in a clear, deep voice, said: 'Messieurs, this is a mere silly piece of bravado on the part of M. Duchambon—more fitting for the tents of our ancestors than the Council Chambers of men of sense and reason. Let him specify the charges against me—let him name them—produce his witnesses and prove them. I, William de la Marquette, stand here, ready and prepared to meet all such charges, and to defy all accusers ready to hurl back their calumnies in the teeth of my villifiers—my loyalty was so great, I would not concur in the treason of Duchambon, although I was about to become his near relative. I am not the Government of Louisburg. I seek only to be useful to my country in whatever capacity I can render my sovereign the most service. Specify the charges.'

'No,' said Duchambon: 'I charge you with this—to-morrow I will prove my words. In the meantime, Messieurs, you cannot refuse to enter my accusation.'

The officers held their heads together, and consulted for a moment. They came to the decision that Lamarque should be placed under arrest—until further explanation.

Messieurs de Drucourt, and Provost, the Commissary, were elected to administer the Government.

The scrap of paper handed in to Duchambon bore these words:

Lamarque seeks to supplant you—accuse him, in turn, of being a traitor to his God, his country and his liege! To-morrow I will prove him all this.

CASTINE.

Lamarque, as well as the ex-Governor was consequently placed under arrest, until the investigation should take place, on the following day, which was to acquit or condemn the former. It was the next day set apart for the trial of the English Captain, Beauclerc. As Lamarque walked slowly from the council chamber, he said to himself:—

'Tush! what have I to fear from this? It is merely Duchambon's last resource, as he thinks that by throwing an odium on me thereby weakens my testimony. But he can produce nothing under heaven in the shape of evidence. He does not even believe what he asserts. Those words, 'traitor' and so forth, were general terms, and he used them accidentally, and not from anything he has covered with regard to me. There were but two in this world who had my confidence—they are both in the sleep of death, and I am not afraid that the grave will release them to help Duchambon out of his difficulty. The English Lieutenant is the only person

whose testimony could injure me, and I shall take good care that never lands in Lousburg. Were all my acts and motives exposed should stand a bad chance certainly; certain death would be the consequence; but this I need not fear. No no; to-morrow I shall be acquitted, and this English spy condemned. The effects of this will be, that there will be no obstacle left with regard to this Duchambon—for I hold her uncle's written consent. As for Monsieur the Commissary and de Brucount, they will not long prevent me becoming Governor of Louisburg;—no, no, messieurs—ye are governours so easily!

CHAP. XV.

"O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these pultry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pince, threatens more
Than Bargas, the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck an eagle's blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me.

KING HENRY VI.

The day of trial came. The streets of Louisburg were thronged with its busy population—for the most intense excitement prevailed. First, the prospect of the trial and execution of an Englishman, awakened all the propensities for blood and glutting their eyes, not to say dying agonies—a fellow being which that mighty God and intellect Lord of the Creation—Man—possesses. Is he not a noble and majestic being? Yes—wisely! The beastly bloodhound will worry or war with its kind—but the human bloodhound—formed after the mode of the Immaculate Deity—and proud of his little authority, arrogates to himself the attributes of that Almighty Creator, wrests the thunderbolt from His hand, and after exacting blood which make the angels weep, bear their infamy to heaven, and look up for the approving smile of the Universal God. Some of these little reptiles who delight in calling themselves the lords of earth and sea, sets himself up as such, as an ant mounts to the highest pinnacle of its eminence, claiming adoration from its surrounding fellows. Another denies his right of arrogating this title to himself, and first accuses him of a crime called high treason, and third, and last Judgment, and assuming the prerogative of God, who alone can give life and death, adjudges that the recusant shall die. It was said by a mighty one of old, in a case where the death penalty pronounced, 'he that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone.'

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As man fancies himself without sin, and, for a difference of opinion in his brother, he sentences him to death. A purth a justs the rope around his neck, and throws the support om beneath him—and, as the blood-shot eyes protrude in their agony, and the writhing features blacken in convulsion, and the swollen tongue lolls out articulating the death-rattle, the crowd below feast their gaze upon the scene, and shout and cheer in joyous exultation. As these creatures replete with God-like attributes, gaze on the scene from which the Angels turn away sick and shuddering—while the rabble yell with delight, and pollute the face of heaven with their stinking breath—the murderer stands forth and exclaims—"So perish all the reptiles who refuse to fall down and worship the reptile that we worship!"—and a Soul is sent headlong to the Eternal Presence—the breath of Life breathed into the nostril of Man by God, is extinguished BY MAN—the Life which he CANNOT GIVE, he destroys;—and the dens of vice, and the haunts of sin, and the charnel houses of infamy are emptied of their vile denizens, and a holiday is given to the loathsome rabble, that they may look on this soul being hurled to the invisible world, that they may cheer their inhuman delight till the air of heaven is rendered noxious with their breath—as they witness that life destroyed which their united efforts could not re-obtain! God! why sleeps thy thunder in the cloud—why is the scalding sea silent in the earth—why is the earthquake hushed, when the earth witnesses such a scene—that earth which thou hast made—and made for man—created in thy image!

The prospect of viewing such a scene, was one cause that produced this unusual stir. Another was the accusation made by La Harque against the Governor—and the still more remarkable charge brought against the former by Duchambon, which, by its summary and abrupt nature, resembled more those brought against one knight by another, in the days of chivalry, and minstrelsy, than the formal legal process pursued by the more enlightened descendants of the old-time swashbucklers.

It is a revolting sight to look upon thronged streets. To see the inmates of a large city—male and female—high and low—the lordly aristocrat and the blackened sweep—the victim of vice—the pick-pocket—the pander to infamy, and the beggar. All, in one promiscuous crowd, presents an appearance which causes human nature to shudder at the littleness, and blush at the vanity of man. For, a player in the scene, he imagines it his theatre for life, but a few years will on—and those comprising the scene are succeeded by a new generation of pickpockets and panders—villains and fools—aristocrats and beggars. They arrogate to themselves the title of Lords of all below, and scarce appear on the stage—when lo! they sleep with

their fathers, and another face springs up. And so will it be till the end of the chapter.

But there is no use in moralizing. In reading a work of this kind I generally skip over all the moralizing, and go on with the narrative parts. I suppose my readers do the same; consequently there is no use in writing what will never be read.

Suddenly a lane was opened in that dense crowd, and a guard of soldiers came marching on through the opening they had made—the steel-fronted caps and firelocks glancing in the sun. In their centre stood Henry Beauclerc, heavily ironed. The olive-complexion, which he had produced by a certain dye known to the Indians—was now removed, and his face was pale and wan—but there was an air of defiance and fearlessness on his lip and eye. He was dressed in the uniform of a British post-captain. As the rabble caught sight of him a suppressed cry, like muttered thunder ran through the streets—but no other demonstration was made. Onward marched the guard, and onward swept, jostled and fought, the crowd, until they reached the North Barracks—in a room of which the prisoner was to be tried.

The chamber was filled to suffocation—a double line of soldiers stood at each side—and in the centre was the clerk's table. At the head of the room, sitting in judgment, were the Commissary Provost and M. De Drucourt. On each side of them were ranged seats, filled by officers of both army and navy. On one side of the Commissary and his colleague, stood Duchambon, and the other Lamacque. The former was agitated and pale—but Lamacque was perfectly composed, and laughed and talked to those near him with the utmost *gaieté*.

The prisoner and his guard at length entered. A buzz of excitement ran through the spacious hall, and an angry manifestation on the part of that dense crowd was evident. It is a fearful sight to see the savage looks of an excited mob—and their muttered hoots, and exclamations low, but deep. Beauclerc entered, with a calm, composed mien, as if there was not the slightest grounds of apprehension. He was, indeed, pale; but that arose more from his want of sleep the two preceding nights than from any other cause. He threw a cold and haughty glance between contempt and defiance around, and then took his stand in front of his judges.

The formalities of this court-martial were gone through, and as the prisoner denied nothing, he stood convicted of being a spy, and liable, by martial law, to the death penalty. M. Provost, closed his winding up charge, by saying: 'By the law of nations, a prisoner taken in honorable war is respected by his captors, and either exchanged for one of equal rank, or released by negotiation or cessation of hostilities. But by the same law of nations, the enemy, taken when acting the part of a spy, and traitor, is subject to death—and on your

Henry Beauclerc, I pronounce the sentence of death—and, in the name of his Catholic Majesty, Lewis XV., command that you be taken from hence to the prison you have left—and thence to the place of execution, to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul!

A murmur ran through the crowd. The extreme youth, beauty, and gallant bearing of the prisoner, had wrought a change in the audience in his behalf—so capricious a thing is that hydra-headed monster, a mob—and a buzz, amounting almost to pity, was now heard around.

The English officer turned his head slowly towards his Judges, and said in a low but perfectly serene voice: 'God's will be done!—but would that I had died on the battle-field. There is one boon I wish to ask,' he continued, turning to Duchambon,—'that is that I may be permitted to speak with you, for a few moments, alone.'

'No!' interposed Lamacque, thinking he was about to ask a last interview with Henrietta,—'No; Duchambon is himself a prisoner, and must not confer with him.'

'And you, also, are a prisoner,' said a deep, stern voice which made the color leave the Colonel's face,—'and cannot dictate!' All eyes turned to the door, whence the words proceeded, and the Chief, St Castine, walked deliberately into the centre of the room. Lamacque gazed on him with a searching glance, as if to discover whether there was deception in this—and said between his teeth—'What! does the grave yield up its dead to give testimony against me! Beshrew the trembling hand that did not strike the dagger home!' Still he remained perfectly calm.

Castine took his stand beside the prisoner. Now that they stood together the resemblance was not so striking; the likeness that had existed when Beauclerc wore moustachios, the Micmac dress, and had his face dyed, was no longer visible; yet in cast of countenance, in height and figure, there was no difference—but the complexion of one was European and fair; the other's was bronzed to the hue of olive by nature and the sun.

'Why do you interrupt the proceedings of the Court?' enquired M. Provost, sternly.

'I come to give my evidence in this case,' responded the Micmac Chief.

'In behalf of whom?'

'The prisoner!' replied the Indian.

Lamacque interposed: 'I deny his right to do so, M. le Commissary,' he exclaimed—'for I accuse him also of treason to the King of France and Cape Breton—and of an attempt to betray us, and to desert to the English with all his tribe. I command his instant ap-

prehesion in the name of his Catholic Majesty, and will, here and now, prove his treason beyond a doubt.

'But, Messieurs,' broke in the Micmac warrior, 'I am yet untaunted—and until I am, my evidence is good, and I must be heard. Le Chevalier Lamarcque can doubtless accuse people of treason—but let him beware on whom the stain is to be fixed!'

Lamarcque laughed.

'Yes,' continued Castine—'It is he who has accused this officer of being a spy, because he was accepted before him; it is he who has accused the Governor Duchambon with false dealing, because he seeks the Governorship of Cape Breton; it is he who proclaims me a traitor, because I have fathomed his infamous schemes; he has not included murder in any of his charges—that remains for me to do. Now will you deny me the right to become accuser in turn, when I stand here ready to prove this man all he has asserted us?'

'It is necessary the Micmac be heard,' said Duchambon; 'for his evidence is indispensable in proving my accuser what I yesterday pronounced him—a traitor.'

Duchambon's friends loudly seconded this appeal, and the Commissary nodded to Castine to proceed.

'Then he must answer my questions,' said the Chief—'for out of his own mouth will I convict him.' He turned to Lamarcque—

'You say you know the prisoner?'

Lamarcque, assuming a look of the utmost scorn, replied not. Castine turned to the Bench of officers: 'Messieurs,' he said, 'it is unnecessary this man answer me—otherwise my evidence will avail Monsieur Duchambon nothing.'

'Do not, by your silence, Colonel Lamarcque, give rise to any unfavorable suspicions,' said de Drucourt; 'you had better answer his questions.'

'O, it is not through fear but scorn, that I decline answering,' said Lamarcque; 'I care not for the suspicions of any man—nevertheless I will answer him; yes, I do know the prisoner.'

'Ah, Well, do you also know this man?' pursued Castine, motioning with his hand to a person behind him. Lajeunesse came forward, and Lamarcque's lip trembled—but he sternly answered—

'No!'—then added to himself: 'Fate is surely leagued against me to-day: who would have dreamed of this fellow's appearance! Ha! I see it all! Castine spared him that he might produce him as a evidence against me. Fool that I was!—I should have made sure.' Castine looked at him steadily:

'You know him not?'

'No!'

'Y-o-u, l-i-e!' said Castine, in a voice deep and distinct: 'you do know him—and I know you!'

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Lamarque's face crimsoned, but he retained his haughty look—
 mongrel!—half-blooded slave!' he cried—'what know you of
 ?'
 A death-like stillness prevailed through the vast assemblage.

At the term mongrel, Castine's eye flashed, and his nostrils disten-
 d—but the stoic triumphed over his nature, and almost instantane-
 ly he regained his natural calmness. He continued:
 'You call yourself Lamarque?'

'Yes!—William de la Marcque,' said the officer proudly.
 'Is it your real name?'

The Colonel's cheek became a shade paler—but he retained his
 composure. Turning to the presiding officer, he said: 'Am I to be
 impelled to answer this man—what right has he to put such ques-
 tions, which can throw no light on the case at issue?'

'It is necessary,' said the Indian, 'and I appeal to the Com-
 missary.'

'You must answer him,' replied Provost.

'It is my true name, then,' answered Lamarque.

Castine again, with fearful calmness, exclaimed—

'Y-o-u l-i-e!'

The falling heavens would not have disturbed that man's equan-
 nity; his only answer was a smile—but his cheeks were pale as
 ashes, save one small spot, which glowed like a coal of fire. His lips
 were dry and parched, and a slight foam was on their corners.

'Am I to stand thus to be insulted by this slave, Messieurs,' he
 said, turning to the officers, 'and for no end?'

'No,' said the Commissary, sternly—'What is your object, fellow
 that you accuse him of concealing his name?'

'My object, M le Commissaire, is to prove this man in a false accu-
 sation of innocent men—a murderer—and a traitor. And to do this I
 must have free liberty of expression.'

'So be it, then,' said the Commissary, throwing himself back in
 his seat, with a look of intense anxiety.

The Indian turned to Lamarque, who was, indeed pale, but show-
 ing no other evidence of agitation.

'You call yourself de la Marcque,' he said—'your real name is
 Anton!'

A shudder passed over the French officer—and he took
 a step nearer the Micmac.

'You call yourself highly hofu,' he con-
 tinued—'you are the son of a soldier of Hanover. You call your-
 self a man of honor—you deserted from the Duke of Cumberland at
 the battle of Colloden, and joined the Scottish prince, young Charles,
 after his defeat you went into the French service, and for a fearful
 time, you were sent to the galleys at Toulon;—thence you escaped
 from Louisburg—where, by your consummate cunning and fiend-like
 hypocrisy, aided by treachery of the blackest dye—by murder and

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by falsehood, you have arrived at your present height—and you still aim higher. Ha! do I know you, Jerome Danton?

Scarcely a breath was drawn in that immense assembly for some time after the deep words of the Indian fell on the meeting—the silence was broken by the Commissary sternly asking Castine—

'Whence have you learned these damning facts concerning M. de la Marcque?'

The Indian pointed with his thumb to Lajennois who stood behind him, saying:

'His own assassin.'

A low hissing imprecation passed Lamacque's lips.

'And know you, savage, the punishment due you, should your charges against him prove to be false?—pursued the Commissary.

'Well,' returned Castine—and I stand here prepared to bear the worst torture you can devise shall I not be able to prove my assertion. Let him deny its truth, or that he knows this man'

'I have stated that I know him not,' said Lamacque calmly—and I deny his villainous falsehoods—falsehoods so gross and base faced that the fiend of the bottomless pit would blush to utter them—I defy him to the proof. More Messieurs I cannot say.

'Come hither, sirrah, said the Commissary addressing Lajennois—do you know Colonel de la Marcque?'

The assassin with a sinister smile, answered:

'Yes.'

'What do you know of him, sirrah?'

'All that the Indian has said,—and much more.'

The deathlike pallor of Lamacque's face became appalling. He fixed his basilisk eye on Lajennois, as if to intimidate him—but had lost its power.

'Prove, then, first, what the Indian has said,' exclaimed de Droucourt sharply.

'He denies being a murderer—a traitor and a galley slave. I will prove him the first—Castine there, the second—and the brandid fleur-de-lys on his shoulder, the third!'

The officers appeared thunderstruck—for the charge was made so far so boldly, and its truth or falsehood could be too easily proved for the accuser to have ventured on such an assertion, had he not been assured of its truth. Lamacque himself, for a moment, seemed paralyzed; he looked hurriedly at the door, but he caught Castine's fierce eye watching him, and his natural firmness instantly returned. De Droucourt whispered again with the Commissary, and then said—

'Now, sirrah, we can falsify the whole of your fabrications, by ex-

ent height—and you joining the shoulder of the accused. Colonel Lamacque, satisfy the Court thus, that you are innocent.

‘Danton?’
 ‘No! By the Eternal!’ exclaimed Lamacque, drawing his sword, and the foam standing on his pale lips—‘he that mistrusts the honor of Lamacque I defy to mortal combat, and will send him to meet his doubts before another and a higher tribunal!’

Lajeunois laughed; ‘The honor of Lamorriciere is untainted, I believe,’ said he; ‘but the word honor and Jerome Danton, the man who stands before me, are very different things—for he is a double-edged and twice-turned traitor. Wo to him if taken by the English! the honor of a galley-slave! Pah!’

De Drucourt turned to the Commissary and whispered: ‘We must allow this investigation to go on; it sullies the whole honor of France. We must confine Lamacque and try the case secretly, and in the meantime pronounce judgement on the Englishman.’

‘And on the Micmac,’ said the Commissary; for, in the first place, he feels satisfied of his guilt, and in the second, it will remove one powerful witness against the Colonel, who is by far too dangerous a character for us to proceed to extremities with.’

De Drucourt raised his voice, and addressed the Court: ‘Messieurs,’ he said, ‘this proves nothing in defence of the prisoner. Colonel Lamacque may be guilty or innocent of these charges; but in either case it can avail the prisoner nothing. We remind our sentence of death against the English Captain, and Sullian St Castine, Chief of the Abenakis, for having conspired against His Majesty of France, and the persons administering his Government in Cape Breton.’

Castine started, and then exclaimed:

‘And is sentence to be thus pronounced against me! Without form of Trial—without proof—and my defence unheard. Who asserts or dares to charge me with treachery?’

‘Sullian St Castine,’ said the Commissary in an impressive tone, ‘will you, on the honor of an Indian Warrior, on the honor of the name of Castine, deny the charge of conspirating against the French Government in Louisburg?’

In our day, this species of evidence would not have been permitted against the prisoner, but the Lords of Louisburg had their own notions of justice, and had no annoying interference or legal quibbling as to their mode of administering it. Castine paused a moment, and then, in a clear distinct voice, answered:

‘No!’

‘Then, by your own showing, you stand condemned,’ said de Drucourt—let the sentence of the Court be carried into effect.’

‘I foresaw this,’ said the Indian calmly, turning to Beauclerc, and

striking with the hit of his dagger a peculiar blow on the other's forehead, which caused them to fly open :

'And since we must die, brother, let us die together—and as men of the same shades. Farewell, brother! we die together!' He grasped Beauclerc's hand, and, ere the guards could prevent him, placed a dagger in the Englishman's hand, and grasped one firmly in his own.

'Close the door!' echoed Lamarque sternly, who seemed the only one not taken by surprise at the conduct of the prisoners: 'and the guards, ready—present!' The double line of soldiers cocked and levelled their muskets, and Beauclerc, who did not possess the fiery impetuosity of the Son of the Forest, exclaimed: 'It is useless, brother—let us meet our fate calmly.'

'What! and die by a French hangman!' echoed Castine, in bitter scorn; 'Sooner—'

Ere he had time to conclude his sentence, or strike a blow, the door flew open, and an officer entered, breathless: and was stained with dust, and seemed travel-worn and exhausted.

'Messieurs!' he exclaimed, on entering, 'the English fleet are in Gabarus Bay—an armament sufficient to lay Louisburg in ashes.'

De Drucourt and the Commissary became pale and speechless, but Lamarque thundered fiercely:

'Villain! say not so—if your leaders blench in this extremity, there are men who can defend Louisburg to the last. The English shall not feast the fishes of the flood before they shall enter Louisburg!'

'Because you fight against them with a halter round your neck,' said Castine, sneering.

Beauclerc's eye flashed like gleaming lightning, and a look of triumph, such as lit up the dying face of Patroclus, knowing that his Achilles would avenge him, passed over his countenance. A dead silence reigned through the crowded hall, when a naval officer entered hurriedly:

'Monseigneur le Commissaire,' he exclaimed, 'an English boat, bearing a flag of truce, is approaching the town—shall it be permitted to land?'

The Commissary consulted De Drucourt by an enquiring look, and then answered;

'Certainly—a flag of truce must be respected by the Law of Nations. Yes.'

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CHAP. XVI.

"Thrice is he arm'd that bath his quarters just:
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."—*HENRY VI.*

While the Court was in a state of silent expectation, a Micmac glided through the crowd, and advanced to the side of Castine. It was Frantzwa.

'All is lost!' he said in a whisper. 'The renegade Lieutenant of the Minerva comes to treat for Beauclerc's liberty—and in him there is no hope.'

'None!' said Castine despondingly: 'but he is another witness against Lamacque—he can prove his treachery,' he added quickly.

Lamacque's quick ear heard the words—and after a moment's pause, he turned to the Commissary:

'Had I not better, Monsieur,' he said, 'go and treat with the people bearing this flag of truce, than allow them to make their business public before such an audience as this?'

Provost turned upon him a look of scorn, unperceived by the Colonel, and then turning to De Drucourt, whispered, 'Had we not better allow him, and let him avail himself of the chance to escape, and thus rid ourselves of him forever. He is a prisoner, to be sure, and therefore no fit agent—but I would sooner permit him to escape than have to deal with the machinations of such a fiend incarnate.'

'I perfectly agree with you,' whispered De Drucourt in return, and then added aloud: 'Go, then, Colonel Lamacque, and demand of the enemy bearing this flag of truce, their object and intentions.'

Castine looked as though he could not credit his senses.

'Then this villain escapes!' he exclaimed passionately. 'Are the charges I have brought against him of no avail?—must I die, and he live—die unavenged?'

'Peace! sirrah!' said de Drucourt, 'what is it to thee?' He then addressed a general officer standing by him—'Victor, attend immediately to the defence of the city; send reinforcements to all the out-works—particularly to the Island, Crown, and Lighthouse batteries. Put Duchambon's plan of removing the Light into execution, and call in the Indians. Take what measures you deem necessary until this trial is over—when I will join you.'

Lamacque had seized his hat, and was making for the door, when, with the bound of a lion, Castine sprang before him exclaiming: 'Not so shalt thou escape, dog!—I have periled my own blood that thou should be shed—nor shall it fall to the earth in vain!' But nothing ever took Lamacque by surprise. He had for some time intended movement, and quick as lightning, beckoned to the guards to be ready. The dagger of Castine gleamed for a moment on high, but

ere it could descend, the arm and the weapon felt powerless to his side—a soldier behind striking the arm with the but end of his musket. Lamarque walked calmly out, while Castine seized the soldier with his left hand, throttled and flung him beneath his feet, making a desperate effort to reach the door, to which there was now an indiscriminate rush of the frightened spectators. Ere he could effect his purpose, he was overpowered by the soldiers, who crowded upon him and in less time than the scene has been described, stood beside Beauclerc, heavily ironed.

Follow we the steps of Lamarque. On leaving the Court House he walked hurriedly through the streets to the water side. A boat bearing a white flag, was just landing at one of the piers. Two of the crew only sprang to the wharf, and then the officer commanding (who was no other than our friend Grove) ordered the coxswain of the boat to lay off. His companion was the officer who had left the flag-ship with him; his features could not be distinguished. He had scarcely landed, when the Micmac Frantzwa, walked slowly past him, scarcely satisfied, turned, and whispered some words to the English officer—who disappeared as he saw Lamarque approach. Lamarque walked down to the pier: 'The Micmac will inevitably die by the hands of justice this evening—Lejennois I must find means to remove and the only dangerous evidence is this English Lieutenant now standing before me—can I easily pick a quarrel with him—and he must indeed be well versed in the trade of the red right arm, should he escape my skill? No—no—I will not attempt to escape. Where could I escape to?—those Micmacs would dog me to the death to avenge Castine. No, I must fight the quib through. The Commissary is evidently afraid of me—Beauclerc and Castine will be executed this evening—Grove's turn comes next—then Lajenois—after which who dare accuse me of a charge to prove which there is not a living witness left? This iron brand on my shoulder, alone will tell against me—and so I must remove, should I cut out the very flesh—Duchambon must follow—and then Henriette—you are mine. Messieurs de Drucourt and Provost, next—O, do I why should I turn faint-hearted now?—after having surmounted so much!

He advanced to the end of the wharf. As the Lieutenant of the Minerva and the other officer, who still kept his hat slouched over his eyes, met Lamarque, the latter, with mock civility, took off his hat and bowed. 'I can bear a flag of truce to the Governor of Cape Breton,' said Grove addressing Lamarque—'and wish to see him in private. You would do us a great service if you would go with me to his quarters, while I will follow this officer to the Governor's presence.'

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Lamarcque approached close to the Lieutenant; his hands in his pockets—surveyed him from head to foot with a supercilious glance, and then deliberately spit in his face.

The Englishman reddened to the temples and almost gasped for breath, at this strange and sudden insult. He was about to demand explanation, when Lamarcque interrupted him with a sneer, and said, pointing to Grove's sword,—

"There is only one course, Monsieur."

But one! re-echoed the Englishman, growing desperate as he saw the evident object of the other. He drew his sword, and as he did so, a smile of gratification lit up his face.

The other English officer folded his arms beneath his cloak, and muttered between his teeth—'Now whichever falls, one more villain will be added to Satan's kingdom—looked calmly on.

In a moment their swords crossed—and the combat began; but it was evident the Englishman was no match for the other: The colonel fought with a small, straight sword, the Englishman with a cutlass—and the former kept him retreating backward towards the side of the pier. The conflict ended in a few moments. As the lieutenant's heavy cutlass descended in what is called 'St. George's cut,' Lamarcque caught it on his blade; as he made the lunge, and with a turn of his wrist passed his weapon through the English officer's breast, hurling him, with his knee, at the same moment, far over the pier into the dark waters below.

His head rose to the surface—and he uttered a faint cry for mercy.

"Yes: such mercy as you showed Johnston," said the other Englishman, leaning over, but without making the slightest effort to save him.

"Johnston!!" yelled the drowning miscreant wild with terror—"yes, I pushed him over when we boarded the Alcide!—O, mercy—mercy!"

"Seek it from God, then, traitor!" said the other officer—and, as he turned away, the drowning wretch's voice mixed with the gurgling waters; and he sank to rise no more.

"Now, Frenchman," said the muffled officer, as he turned to Lamarcque—

"Now, that job is over, be kind enough to lead me to the presence of the Governor."

Lamarcque laughed sneeringly: "Do you wish to lead the sword exercise also?" he said.

"I would learn you a lesson that would last your lifetime," returned the officer, "only I require your services to enable me to see the Governor."

"To tell him of my exploit!" said Lamarcque, tauntingly, "you

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 trample 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' said Beauclerc, 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

The Judges looked astounded at his return. A tall man, dressed in a cloak, followed him in. Lamarque turned to him, and whispered—'Allude not to me'—the other replied by an unintelligible le.

'Well?' said the Commissary, in a tone of anxious enquiry. 'This is the bearer of the flag of truce,' said Lamarque, turning to the English officer; 'he comes with proposals for the surrender of Louisburg.'

Proposals for the surrender of Louisburg? exclaimed the Commissary with a forced laugh—'O, ho! friend—then return, and tell those on whom you serve and who sent you; that Louisburg will not be so easily taken. Think you the city reared by Louis le Grand, will be taken up, by his descendants, without a blow being struck in its defence? Believe it not.'

'I come not with terms for the surrender of Louisburg,' said the English officer, in a deep, stern voice; 'they will be made all in good time,' he added quietly.

'Then why do you come?' asked De Drucourt, harshly; 'and are you not afraid at having placed yourself in our power?'

'No!' said the English officer, scornfully; 'I am not afraid—for I dare not violate the Law of Nations. And, in answer to your question, of what I came for, I will tell you; I come to demand the instant release of Captain Henry Beauclerc, of his Britannic Majesty's service—and to claim one Jerome Danton, now within these walls, a deserter from the English standard—in return for which, the English Commander-in-Chief will deliver up to the French Government Louisburg, four of the Prisoners highest in rank, taken in the *raid* by the Minerva.'

A profound silence reigned through the Court House, and all eyes were turned upon the spot where Lamarque lately stood—he had disappeared!

De Drucourt made a passionate exclamation, but the Commissary interrupted him, by a wave of his hand, and addressed himself to the English officer—

'This Captain Beauclerc was not taken as a prisoner of war, and is therefore not subject to the law of exchange. He was taken as a spy, and by the usages of all nations, the penalty of such a crime is death, and the party cannot be benefited by the usual negotiations relating to prisoners taken in honorable war. With regard to your other demand, it is equally impossible to concede it. Colonel de la Marquie, whom you call Danton, is under the protection of the *Ouï-flamme*, and the service of his Catholic Majesty, and cannot be given up.'

A breathless silence followed, which was broken by the English officer and to (the English officer) said, in a deep, stern tone, which made Beauclerc's

'Be it so!' he said, in a deep, stern tone, which made Beauclerc's

heart bound within his, and the blood throbb'd to his temples—' He
 so!—and for your information; I will now give you some in return
 Should the prisoner, Beauclerc, now standing before you, die—should
 one hair of his head fall to the ground,—in twenty-four hours thereafter
 this city that now rears its lofty battlements proudly to the face of
 heaven, shall be a heap of smouldering ashes! Those ashes shall
 be staked not only with the blood of all your warriors, but of every
 living thing now breathing the vitid air within the walls of Louis-
 burg! Nothing into whose nostrils is breathed the breath of life
 shall escape! Not a stone of Louisburg shall be left upon another
 and the plough and the harrow shall go over where she now stands.
 And the pilgrim who visits the green fields where the proud city of
 Louis le Grand once stood shall exclaim, as he gazes mournfully on
 the scene of her desolation—'Lo! the result of the folly and the ob-
 stinacy of the last Governor of Louisburg!' I swear not to th
 in vain—but, unless Beauclerc is delivered to me—as this shall happen
 so help me Gbd!

A terrible pause took place, while the Commissary and De Dru-
 court consulted together in low whispers. The Commissary at length
 said:

'Who are you, then, that take upon yourself to make such threats?
 The English dare not order such indiscriminate slaughter. What, in
 the event of our having to capitulate, no quarter to be allowed?'
 'No quarter—none!' returned the English officer, and he turned
 to leave the hall.

'Stay!' exclaimed the Commissary; 'deliver up the Captain and
 first Lieutenant of the *Alcide*, and take the prisoner! Lamarcque we
 cannot give.'

The officer turned to Beauclerc, and took his hand with a joyful
 congratulation.

'You are free,' he said—'M. le Commissaire, you will have to give
 us a guard, to protect us to the boat, from insults of the populace.'
 Beauclerc did not return the proffer, nor participate in the joy of
 his deliverer—but said, despondingly: 'I will not go—I remain, and
 share the fate of Castine.'

An exclamation of disappointment and chagrin burst from the
 English officer:

'Madness!' he exclaimed—'Do you throw that from you which I
 have perilled life to obtain?' Then turning to the Commissary, he
 added: 'Deliver me this prisoner ~~also~~, and I will give up in exchange
 two officers of the *Alcide*.'

'No! by the soul of St Louis!' exclaimed De Drocourt, 'that
 villain must die!'

'You are wrong,' whispered the Commissary—'get rid of him, and
 we bring not a prisoner's head on our heads by his death. The Mier-

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nce cannot accuse us of his death in this case—and we can make
believe the English took him for the purpose of putting him to
ture for his depredations on them.'

'As you will,' said De Drucourt peevishly—and the Commissary
ered into negotiations for the release of the four officers of the
rench sloop taken by the *Minerva*. In the meantime, the fetters
ere knocked off the wrists of the prisoners, and the strange officer
hisspered to Beauclerc, in a voice that fell with a familiar tone on
e ear of the latter;

'A boat is waiting for us at the King's wharf—every moment we
e is a chance of failure and ruin. You have nothing now to detain
ou—and delay with us, is death!'

'I have still somewhat to detain me,' returned Beauclerc; 'but
fore I take any step, I would fain know my deliverer.'

'That is of no consequence now, said the other—'but if you wish
repay the interest which I have shown in you, hasten from Louis-

urg.'

'There is a party I must see before going,' said Beauclerc, in a
etermined tone. 'Think not of my safety. Hasten on board with
astine, and leave me to my fate—for I will not go till I have seen
er.'

Castine, who overheard this conversation, whispered something to
his faithful attendant, who went out before them. Beauclerc's deliv-
er looked at him reproachfully—still shrouding his features in his
cloak.

'Beauclerc,' he said, in an upbraiding tone—'I did not expect this
of you. You will sacrifice your friends, in your madness, as well as
yourself! You know they will not desert you—and your fate must
be theirs.'

The three—Beauclerc, Castine, and the English officer, were now
outside the Court House—the two latter endeavoring to lead Beau-
clerc away. At this moment Frantzwa approached Castine, and said
something in the Indian language, adding in French—'I fear to tell
him—do you inform him of it?'

'Of what?' exclaimed Beauclerc, with an alarmed accent, as if a
revelation of some evil had struck his mind.

'He says,' said Castine, slowly, 'that Lamarque has fled to the
Brown Battery, of which he had charge, intending to fortify himself
here, and defend himself against his enemies to all extremities.'

'He is not safe from my vengeance there!' interrupted Beauclerc
with a passionate gesture.

'Nor mine!' continued the Indian calmly—adding: 'And ere he
went he made the attempt to take with him Henriette Duchambon
force—and she resisting, he became so exasperated, and was so
enraged of being pursued and taken before he reached his asylum,

that he murdered her, swearing that, since he had lost her, she should never be Beauclerc's.

'God of my fathers!' cried the English Captain—his head fell back on the strange officer's shoulder.

'Now,' said Castine, hurriedly—'let us convey him to the boat—there was no other way to save himself and us from ruin. Haste, haste!'

The officer led the way—Frantzwa and the Chief half leading half supporting Beauclerc to the boat.

Castine looked upon the convulsed features of his half-brother and then said, as if speaking to himself—'Woe to de la Marquette, Beauclerc survives—his days are numbered.'

The liberated prisoners and the officer who had treated for the liberty, had scarce left the Court House, when a note was placed in the hands of the Commissary. He ran his eye rapidly over it, and exclaimed—

'Fiends of Death! who would have dreamt this!'—then turning to the officers and Court, he added, in an impassioned manner, 'Messieurs! you saw that officer muffled in a cloak, who just left the room—well! I will give the man who captures him, dead, £500 or alive, £1000!'

A moment's silence followed these startling words—and then a universal question of—'Who is he?' arose from all sides. The Commissary paused, and then said, in an impressive tone—

'It was General WOLFE!'

An immediate hustle took place, throughout the still crowded hall. The officers buckled on their swords, and seized their hats in all directions—and a general rush was made to the door.

The letter was from de la Marquette—stating that he had shut himself up in one of the isolated forts, where he would defend himself against all and every enemy, to the last—adding that the officer who was treating for the ransom of the English Captain, was no other than General Wolfe.

Wolfe had scarce left the Court House—he was surrounded by a French guard, for the ostensible purpose of protection—when a word was given for his being pursued—and a hundred bloodhounds set loose upon his track. Did they overtake him?

No!—Such was not the fate reserved for immortal Wolfe—hero-victor of Louisburg and the deathless conqueror of the Plains of Abraham! When, breathless and exhausted, the officers came crowding to the piers, the boat was far in the offing. An officer, covered with decorations, leaped into a skiff, and in a few seconds headed a line of battle ship. In a moment after, an hundred volumes of smoke burst over the calm waters of the harbor, and as many the

ere opened their voices—and the sea was torn into foam by that iron
power that fell thick and heavy around that little boat. It was too
late—the crew stood up—and an English cheer was heard far in the
distance.

CHAP XVIII.

A thousand hearts are great within my breast.
They've tied me to a stake—I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—SHAKESPEARE.

" Minnie's hand
Touched, with the torch, the train;
'Tis fired'
The spire, the vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
The turban'd victors and the Christian band,
All that of living or of dead remain,
Hurli'd on high with the shiver'd fan,
In one wild roar expired!
The shattered town, the walls thrown down,
The waves a moment backward bent—
The hills that shake although unrent,
As if an earthquake pass'd—
The thousand shapeless things all driven
In blood and flame athwart the heaven,
In one tremendous blast.—BYRON.

Ten days after the events we have narrated took place, the
scene of those transactions presented a vastly different appearance.

Where the Minerva lay in the first chapter of this work, Boscowan's mighty fleet now reposed on the bosom of the waters. The guns of the Light House battery were silent—for the cross of Saint George waved proudly above. The English had effected a landing, at the creek of Cormoran, and the tent of Wolfe was pitched out of the range of the Crown Battery. No assault on the city had yet taken place—but several skirmishes, in which many lives had been lost, had occurred, generally to the discomfiture of the enemy.

The defence most unremittingly conducted against the English, was that of the Grand Battery, the guns of which were never silent day or night. And, on the morning that our history again opens, a general assault on this fort was contemplated.

From the flag staff of the fort, flew the Royal banner of France, and beside it, to gratify the vain pride of the chief defender of the place, waved an embazoned shield, with the arms of Lamorieciere—a family to which this man would claim no relationship. Within the fortifications a garrison of five hundred men, commanded by Colonel Lamareque made good the fort against all the cannonading that had yet taken place. This fort was situated about half way between the North East head of the harbor and the city—that city

whose cannon-crested battlements still reared their heads proudly on high, as if in haughty defiance—looking as though impregnable, and able to resist the attacks of an united world. Across the harbor ran a heavy iron chain, to prevent the advance of the English fleet, and inside of this barrier, five line of battle ships were moored, head and stern across—presenting a broadside which, with the fire from three hundred pieces of heavy ordnance, mounted on the ramparts and bastions above, would have annihilated any foe who would have been so fool hardy as to have boldly approached. The Island Batteries, together with that of the Light House, had been carried by Wolfe, and their guns were now turned upon the city.

Nearly within range of the Grand Battery, lay Wolfe's encampment. In front of it, drawn up in line, stood three hundred soldiers, waiting the word to march. On their right, a party of about fifty seamen, with scaling ladders, and armed with cutlasses, stood, under the command of an officer whose tall commanding figure, and handsome features are well known to us—it was Beauclerc. Terrible was the change wrought in the appearance of this man. His face had become pale and haggard—and his hair of even blackness, was now mixed with grey. An expression of hopeless, moribund despair, blent on his countenance with an excessive desire for vengeance, giving to him an appearance altogether different from his former frank, open countenance.

Beside him stood his half-brother, dressed in the Micmac costume, and wearing on his head a plume of white feathers. In his eye and curling lip, the gladiator looked forth, as it did, on the day of his capture. And well might it have been said—Woe to him, in that day's battle, who crossed the path of Castine.

On the left of the troops of the line, who were now being marshalled under the command of Wolfe, a party of Artillerymen, with a few pieces of cannon, went slowly forward, until they deemed themselves within range of the Battery, the fire from which had slackened its commander, wishing to decoy them further forward, before opening his fire prematurely.

In front of the English camp, seated on a magnificent Andalusian charger, which he had brought across the Atlantic, General Lawrence gazed on the scene before him—the horse and rider as motionless as a statue cast in iron.

Beauclerc took Castine's hand—'Brother,' he said, 'farewell—for ever. I have lived to see this day—of this day have I dreamed, waking and asleep—and once within the walls of your fort, my work on earth is accomplished. Will you swear, that should I fall, and my revenge not attained, you will finish what I have left uncompleted?' Wolfe fixed his eye on the Micmac, who replied, as he returned his grasp—'I swear it by the God of my fathers!'

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Enough!' said the Englishman—'Lamarque, your chance is a slim 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 this evening's sun will shine on the lifeless corpse of Beauclerc—dawns 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 into 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 refuse—'

A heavy peal of artillery on the left drowned, with its rolleyed thunder, 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 Grenadiers.

'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 discharge shook the air as with an earthquake's voice. Full one third of the attacking party fell, with their backs to the field 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, fearlessly, paced the platform—his head bare and his sword drawn—who appeared to be giving orders to those with a

'It is Lamarque I said Castine, with a strange smile;—dog! thy days are numbered!'

It was too late for a second discharge of artillery.—but the muskets had commenced their ceaseless roll, and well and unbroken was that roll sustained—as well if they were but exercising on parade—for it was a calm eye and no trembling hand that directed the movements of the French. Death flew with every bullet, and the ranks of the besiegers were thinned to one half of their numbers. Still the dauntless British cheer rang on; and far in advance of his men, his hat on the point of his sword, waving them on, strode the heroic Wolfe.

The scaling party reached the works; they plant their ladders—the snow-white plumes of the brothers float first to the attack, like the banners of their party—the maddening war-shout of the assailants mingle with the French "Vivas," and the stunning crash of battle—the hand of the foremost brother grasps the outworks—when lo! that white crest flutters, sinks, and disappears!—o'erwhelmed beneath the rubbish and ruins that were being hurled down upon the besiegers' heads from above. A man, whose pale face and basilisk eye there was no mistaking, had leaped over the platform, and, as Beauclerc's hand grasped the outworks, had stretched himself forward and discharged a pistol full on the Englishman. Then, with a sneering laugh, that rung on the air like the arch-demon's jeer of scorn, he drew back, exclaiming—

'So much for your vengeance!'

Beauclerc fell back, his mouth filling with blood—he turned his entreating eyes upon Castine, exclaiming in a broken, husky voice:

'I have fallen!—your Oath!—Remember!'

'I REMEMBER!'—shouted the Micmac warrior—springing to the parapet, and uttering the wild war-cry of his Tribe. Frantzwa and a few British seamen followed. The musketry played incessantly on them from the loop-holes, and one after another of the gallant fellows went reeling headlong down beneath that deadly fire. But a giant's strength and a fiend's wrath seemed to animate Castine—his dilating nostril, and flashing eye, and bare right arm, on which the veins and muscles swelled like whip-cord, made him appear the complete impersonification of the Minstrel-God whose mighty Ægis hurled back Patroclus' spear when threatening the wall of heaven-defended Troy. The barricade was too high to scale, and De Lamarque knew it.

'Fear not!' he cried to his men; 'show no quarter, for those island dogs will show none to us!—so fight the main through!'

'Speak for yourself,' cried an old serjeant, who saw that ultimate success was out of the question—'to you, perhaps they will show no quarter—but to us they will!'

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Mutineer! echoed Lamarque, 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 tiers were intimidated, and discharged their pieces with renewed

meantime, Castine's slight tomahawk 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 Beauclerc'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 both shot down—one falling on each side of him. Hot work—by the life! 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 reform of the fort. The defenders ceased firing and looked at each other. Lamarque turned his deadly eye upon them, and yelled—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. Lamarque stood calm, with a cocked pistol in each hand, and his sword in his mouth. He dropped the sword, and said in his usual stern 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 makes 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 bodies of its defenders and assailants, went flying towards the blood-red 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-

ter, and Louisburg had fallen. No sooner had the Grand Battery been taken than its guns were turned upon the city, and after a heavy cannonade, and the destruction of all the outworks, the French commandants were reduced to terms, and capitulated.

On the fall of Beauclerc, in front of the Grand Battery, Wolfe instantly came to his side; the ball had passed through his lungs, and he was bleeding profusely at the mouth, but was not insensible. The British General, with manifestations of the deepest sorrow, ordered two soldiers to bear him to the camp, expressing his belief that the wound was not mortal, and that by timely medical aid, he could be restored.

'No,' said Beauclerc, faintly—'I die here. Remove me not, it is useless—and I do not wish to survive. I only wait for the stroke of victory from Castine, which will bespeak the accomplishment of vengeance, and I die content.'

Wolfe was about to remonstrate, when two men fell from the platform of the fort, beside them, and the next moment a bursting volley like the voice of a volcano, in its fury, rent the air, and a thousand blackened fragments went whirling to the skies in a cloud of smoke and fire that shut the heavens from their view.

'Gallant Castine!' exclaimed Wolfe, his eye flashing brighter than the light of battle—that thunder-crash heralds him on high!—ashes are scattered on the winds, and on his remains no worm shall prey, Beauclerc! you are fearfully avenged—but dearly has it been bought!

Castine himself answered 'Not so—Wolfe'—he said: 'I have escaped, and Beauclerc is avenged.'

Surprised beyond measure, the English General turned round, and beheld the Indian warrior beside him, his right arm streaming with blood, and his face blackened and begrimed with powder and dust.

'Castine! by what miracle have you survived?'

'Simply,' replied the warrior, 'because this faithful fellow,' turning to Frantzwa, 'has sharp eyes, and saw the train that Lamarque was about to fire, just in time to hurl me off the platform; he leaping down beside me—I fell on the dead bodies, and my fall was broken—enough could recover the explosion took place.'

'Has Lamarque died?' faintly enquired Beauclerc.

'Had he a thousand lives, he would not have out-lived that thunder-blast,' said Castine, smiling.

'Then I die content,' replied Beauclerc, extending his hand towards his half-brother, who, instead of taking it, raised him gently from the ground, saying—'O, no, brother, you die not yet—let me bear you to the camp—where I will give you news that will revive you more than all the cordials leech ever sold.'

'What—what?' enquired the other eagerly,

had the Grand Battery, and after a few works, the French could not stand. The Grand Battery, Wolfe through his lungs, was not insensible. The greatest sorrow, ordering his belief, that medical aid, he could

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'You will know in good time,' said Castine, bearing him slowly on the scorched and corpse-strewn field.

'Now,' said Wolfe, 'to remove the cannon from the heap of rubbish, this fellow Lamacque has made, in that devil's dance of his, must be our next job—and then to turn them against the citadel—have the Monsieurs will not like that much, eh?'

The sailors gave three cheers, and commenced getting the remaining cannon into order.

The halls of the late Governor's house were again illuminated and decorated in the same style as they were on the night Beauclerc was slain. In all respects, save one, that scene seemed to be enacted over again. The same gaiety prevailed, the same rich music of a military band rose in deep bursts above the hurrahs of voices, but the forms of those mingling in the gay scene were not French—they wore the jacket red and the beautiful cockade, the Naval uniform of Britain. This was one marked difference; another was that at the mast-head above the house, the Union Jack, instead of the Oriflamme, flew. Boscowen, Wolfe, and Duchambon, stood conversing by themselves, while the gay and busy scene was enacted around them.

'You have your liberty on parole, M. Duchambon?' said Wolfe, because at a festival like this we could hardly spare with you; national differences, in this instance, shall not be allowed to mar domestic and individual happiness. You are the only person in Louisbourg whose parole I have taken

Duchambon bowed in acknowledgement; and Wolfe turned to the admiral.

'This is a strongly fortified city, Boscowen,' he said; 'and, if defended by trained British troops, would be impregnable against the rest of the world. But it must be destroyed.'

'Why so?' demanded Boscowen; 'we hold it now—and can fortify it.'

'Until the next Treaty of Peace,' said Wolfe, smiling; 'the next treaty and it will be ceded back to the French again. No, no—by no means. I now that we have it in our possession, we will put it past the power of the French dogs ever to render it again what it has been—a nest to harbor their privateers and Indian butchers, when annoying our merchantmen and butchering our troops. No, no—I will send a company of Sappers and Miners to-morrow to begin at one end or the other, and blast into ashes all before them until they reach the other. Besides, I have sworn that the plough and the harrow shall never enter Louisbourg, and as I have sworn, so shall it be.'

'I dare say you are right,' observed Boscowen, musingly; 'but politicians sometimes, in which they lose sight of the money, time, and blood expended in conquests—in fact, of everything except their

own personal aggrandizement, and for once we take upon ourselves to act without their interference— and they cede Louis back, they will find but a heap of ashes— and the guests are fast bombing— where are the principal parties?

'O, they are not— the Captains and I will be here shortly; and I fancy Duchambon can produce the other party when the proper time arrives.'

'By the bye, how is Beaucherc?' asked Missoway, 'he was badly wounded— was he not?'

'Pretty bad, but he is nearly recovered. That devil Mareque, who is the master's kingdom with a vengeance, acted well. He was afflicted with the blue devils for some time, but Castine, who by the way, is a devilish fine fellow, gave a piece of us we were the merits of which he soon recovered. He was fearfully savage at first, for the deception, but the informant was too good for him to remain in a bad humor long. Ha!— when they come, now M. Duchambon, do your part.'

At this moment Beaucherc, wearing a rich naval uniform, entered accompanied by Castine, in his usual magnificent costume. A loud welcome ran round the room on their entrance. Beaucherc glared around—

'The wine good,' he said, with a smile, 'but I order it under different circumstances than I did the last time.'

At this moment Duchambon led in Henrietta at another splendidly attired, spotless white, and the lovers met for the first since parting in prison. Their feelings we will not attempt to describe— nor prolong a tale that has already exhausted the patience of its readers, by dwelling on it further.

'Now,' said Missoway, after a short conversation had taken place between the lovers— now for the consummation of all your wishes learned from Fraizwa, all of this romantic tale, the relationship, prison scene— all from first to last— by the way, talking of Fraizwa, I must take him into my own service— he is a noble fellow— from him I learned all the necessary particulars, and he is now on our hands to remain in Cape Breton. I made arrangements with Duchambon that the final scene of this affair of war should be consummated tonight. Castine told you that I suppose I had made you acquainted with his design, which was that if he had not used some precaution, he would have laid siege to your own safety, and never allowed you to leave Louisbourg. How say you, sir Captain, are you content— and can you prevail on this arrangement also? Our friends may disagree—'

This book is complete.

V. P. J.

