

*Batture* kindled into life on the arrival of the fleet from Home, and in the evenings of summer as the sun set behind the *Cote à Bonhomme*, the natural magnetism of companionship drew the lasses of Quebec down to the beach where amid old refrains of French ditties, and the music of violins and tambours de Basque, they danced on the green with the jovial sailors who brought news from the old land beyond the Atlantic.

"Pardon me, gentlemen, for keeping you waiting," said the Governor as he descended from the Bastion and rejoined his suite. "I am so proud of our beautiful Quebec, that I can scarcely stop showing off its charms to my friend Herr Kalm, who knows so well how to appreciate them. But," continued he, looking round admiringly on the bands of citizens and *Habitans*, who were at work strengthening every weak point in the fortifications: "My brave Canadians are busy as beavers on their dam. They are determined to keep the saucy English out of Quebec. They deserve to have the beaver for their crest, industrious fellows that they are! I am sorry I kept you waiting, however."

"We can never count the moments lost, which your Excellency gives to the survey of our fair land," replied the Bishop, a grave, earnest-looking man. "Would that His Majesty himself could stand on these walls and see with his own eyes, as you do, this splendid patrimony of the crown of France. He would not dream of bartering it away in exchange for petty ends and corners of Germany and Flanders as is rumored, my Lord."

"True words and good, my Lord Bishop," replied the Governor, "the retention of all Flanders now in the strong hands of the Marshal de Saxe would be a poor compensation for the surrender of a glorious land like this to the English."

Flying rumors of some such proposal on the part of France had reached the colony, with wild reports arising out of the endless chaffering between the negotiators for peace who had already assembled at Aix la Chapelle. "The fate of America will one day be decided here," continued the governor, "I see it written upon this rock, whoever rules Quebec will sway the destinies of the continent! May our noble France be wise and understand in time the signs of Empire and of supremacy!"

The Bishop looked upwards with a sigh: "Our noble