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OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS:

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-76.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK II.

THE THICKENING OF THE CLOUDS.

XIV.

AN EPIC MARCH.

The next day Cary Singleton sat with Zulma and her father in a room of the Sarpy mansion. A great fire glowed in front of them and at their side was a little table bearing cakes and wine. Cary sat at one angle of the chimney, Sieur Sarpy at the other, and Zulma occupied a low chair in the apex of the semi-circle. After many topics of conversation had been exhausted, and the young officer had been made to feel quite at home, Sieur Sarpy demanded an account of Cary's march with Arnold through the forests of Maine.

"I have heard something about the hardships of that expedition," said he, "and I know enough about the nature of our woods and prairies to understand that yours must have been a particularly trying fate."

"We have a great deal of wood country in Maryland," replied Cary, "but nothing like this in your Northern climates. I am strong and healthy, but there were many times when I almost despaired of reaching Quebec in safety."

"Where did your army organize?"

"In Cambridge, at the headquarters of Gen. Washington."

"When?"

"In the middle of August."

"What was your definite object?"

"Well, when war against Great Britain became inevitable, we had to prepare ourselves for the worse. The battles of Lexington, Concord and Breed's Hill threw us on the defensive. But we could not be satisfied with that. We must act on the offensive. Congress then resolved to attack the English in Canada."

"The English?" exclaimed Sieur Sarpy.

"Yes, the English," said Zulma, turning towards her father with animation of look and gesture. "The English, not the French."

"Precisely mademoiselle," resumed Cary with a smile and a profound bow. "The French in Canada are our brothers and have as much reason as we have to detest the British yoke."

"Alas!" murmured Sieur Sarpy, raising his eyes to the ceiling and striking the arm of his chair with his palm.

A look from Zulma caused Cary to pass rapidly over this part of his narrative. He continued to say in general terms that Congress, having determined to invade Canada by way of the Northern lakes, judged it expedient to send a second expedition by way of the South, along the Kennebec river.

"It was a beautiful morning in September," he said, "when we marched out of Cambridge, under the eye of General Washington. Our first stopping place was Newburyport. There we took to the water. Eleven transports conveyed us to the mouth of the Kennebec. Two hundred boats were awaiting us there, constructed by carpenters who had been sent ahead of us for that purpose. This place was the verge of civilization. Beyond it, for hundred of miles in the interior, was the premlal forest. An advance party having been thrown forward for the purpose of reconnoitering and exploration, the main body proceeded in four divisions of which our corps of riflemen held the van. After a pleasant march of six days we came to Norridgewock Falls."

"Norridgewock?" asked Sieur Sarpy, as if speaking to himself. "I think I remember that name."

"No doubt, you do, sir. It is a consecrated name. It recalls a great and good man, Father Ralle."

"Ah, I remember. It was about forty years ago, and I was very young, but I recollect with what horror the Superior of the Missions at Quebec heard of the massacre of the saintly apostle of the Abnakis."

"Who murdered him?" inquired Zulma.

"The English settlers in Massachusetts," replied her father with emphasis. "A party of them fell suddenly on the settlement and killed and scalped the missionary and thirty of his Indians."

"The eyes of Zulma flashed fire, but she said nothing."

"Yes," said Cary, "the foundation of the church and altar of the Norridgewocks are still visible, but the Indians have disappeared and desolation reigns over the scene of blood. At these Falls we had our first portage."

"I know," said Sieur Sarpy smiling.

"For a mile and a half we had to drag our boats over the rocks, through the eddies, and at times even along the woods. The boats were leaky, the provisions spoiled. We had to call oxen to our aid. Seven days were spent in this fatiguing work. When we arrived at the junction of Dead River with the Kennebec, one hundred and fifty men were off the rolls through sickness and desertion."

"Was the weather cold?"

"Not in the first part of our journey. The sky was balmy, the sun shone nearly every day, the water-courses were filled with salmon trout, the trees were magnificent in their autumn foliage, and the tranquil atmosphere of the landscape was soothing to our wearied limbs. But in the middle of October, the scene suddenly changed. All the leaves of the forest had fallen, the wind blew chill through the openings, and suddenly there appeared before us a mountain covered with snow. Our commander pitched his tent at the foot and unfurled the Continental flag. One of our officers ran up to its summit, in the hope of seeing the spires of Quebec."

Sieur Sarpy smiled again and shook his head.

"That officer should have given his name to the mountain," said Zulma laughing.

"So he did. We named it Mount Bigelow."

"And what did he see from the top of it?"

"Nothing but a wintry waste, and desolate woods. From this point our sufferings and dangers increased until they became almost unbearable. Wading fords, trudging through the snow, hauling boats—it seemed that we should never cross the distance which separated us from the head waters of the Chaudière. A council of war was held, the sick and disabled were ordered back to the rear, and to add to our discouragement, Colonel Enos, the second in command, gave up the expedition and returned to Cambridge with his whole division."

"Traitor!" exclaimed Zulma with characteristic enthusiasm.

"But the rest of us pressed on, spurred by the energy of despair. Seventeen falls were passed, and on a terrible October day, amid a blinding snowstorm, we reached the height of land which separates New England from Canada. A portage of four miles brought us to a small stream upon which we launched our boats and floated into Lake Megantic, the principal source of the Chaudière. We encamped here, and the next day, our commander with a party of fifty-five men on shore, and thirteen men with himself, in five boats and a birch canoe, proceeded down the Chaudière to the first French settlements, there to obtain provisions and send them back to us. They experienced unprecedented hardship. As soon as they entered the river, the current ran with great rapidity, boiling and foaming over a rocky bottom. They had no guide. Taking their baggage and stores to the boats they allowed themselves to drift with the stream. After a time the roar of cascades and cataracts sounded upon their ears, and before they could help themselves, they were drifting among rapids. Three of the boats were dashed to pieces, and their contents lost. Six men were thrown into the water, but were fortunately rescued. For seventy miles falls and rapids succeeded each other, until at length, by a providential escape, the party reached Sertigan, the first French outpost."

"Saved!" exclaimed Zulma.

"And how were they treated there?" asked Sieur Sarpy with much curiosity.

"As friends. I am thankful to say that our wearied men received shelter and provisions from the French inhabitants who freely accepted our Continental scrip which they regarded as good money. But for their aid we should all have perished."

"The rest of the army did not follow at once?"

"It could not. We had to wait for provisions from our commander, else we should all have perished. We eat roots raw which we dug out of the sand on the river bank. We killed all our dogs for food. We washed our moose-skin moccasins, scraped away the dirt and sand, boiled them in the kettle and drank the mullage which they produced. When the first flour and cattle reached us from Sertigan, the most of us had been forty-eight hours without eating. Refreshed in this way, encouraged by the friendship of the French inhabitants, and reinforced by a band of forty Norridgewocks, under their chiefs Natanis and Sabatis, to serve as guides for the remainder of the journey, we took up our march again and reached Lewis two months after our departure from Cambridge."

"It was an epic march!" cried Zulma rising from her seat and pouring out wine into the glasses on the table. Sieur Sarpy pledged his guest in a bumper of Burgundy. And the compliment was deserved. That march of the Continental army was one of the most remarkable and heroic on record.

(To be continued.)

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1875—AIDA—VERDI—GENERAL CREMER—SMALL BIRDS—AMNESTY.

PARIS, April 4.—Do you want fresh proof of the wonderful vitality and prosperity of France? Here it is. It is decided to hold a Universal Exposition at Paris in 1778. The matter is taken up seriously. It will be confided to a Commission for a study of the details, according to the usual French spirit of order and symmetry, and within a comparatively short time the programme will

be published. The project is to make the greatest exhibition of the kind ever held.

The musical event of the season will be the opening of the Italiens by Léon Escudier, and the production, for the first time, of Verdi's *Aida*, under the direction of the great composer himself. Verdi has already arrived and is boarding at the Hotel de Bade. He is said to have promised another work to be represented in Paris next winter. His interpreters of *Aida* are the famous quartet which sang his "Requiem Mass" here, about a year ago. Two of them are at present in the city, but Mme. Waldman, the contralto, and Signor Masini, the brilliant tenor, will not leave Cairo before the 15th. They will reach Paris on the 17th, and sing on the 26th.

Verdi is, of course, the hero of the hour, and all sorts of anecdotes are circulating about him on the boulevards. He is known to be singularly modest and retiring. One day, at some solemnity during which a cantata of Verdi was executed, King Victor Emmanuel, approached the composer respectfully, and said in a loud voice:

"I am happy to salute in you one of the masters of art."

"Say pupil, sire," was Verdi's reply. "One must never be satisfied with what he finds, so long as he is conscious of what he seeks."

General Cremer, who died of pulmonary hemorrhage, at the age of 35, in the last stage of consumption, was followed to the grave by a crowd estimated at over 100,000. The hearse left his poor lodging—95, Rue de Paris, Belleville—utterly bare of undertaker's ornaments. On the coffin, however, were laid the sword, uniform, and decorations of the young General, who showed a good front to the Prussians at Nuits, and on other Burgundian battle-fields. The chief mourner was his brother of the 56th Line. Comparatively few of the thousands attending could force their way into Père Lachaise cemetery. M. Gambetta, the discoverer of Cremer's military ability, was absent at the Budget Committee, but many Senators and Deputies, among whom were M. Floquet, Colonel Denfert, M. Rochereau, Greppo, Clemenceau, Challe-mel-Lacour, Schoelcher, and Pellétan attended. Garibaldi's aide-de-camp, Bordone, pronounced the funeral oration.

It is stated that more than 6000 pictures have been sent this year to the Salon. The names of many ladies appear among the exhibitors of painting and sculpture.

A new subject for an international treaty has been discovered. Among the subjects discussed at the recent session of the agriculturists of France was the role which little birds play in agriculture. A resolution was passed, requesting the Government to procure an international protection for these winged auxiliaries of the farmer and gardener.

The excitement caused by the matrimonial engagement of Mlle. de Gontaut-Biron, daughter of the French Minister at Berlin, has taken a still more angry character since the Prussian papers deny that she ever served her father with those citations known as *actes respectueux*. She is to be married to a renegade Frenchman, who bears the illustrious, if not honored name, of Talleyrand-Perigord.

The question of amnesty for the leaders and abettors of the Commune has been settled, in some measure, to the general satisfaction. The Government showed wisdom and moderation. The Keeper of the Seals and the Minister of the Interior referred to the principle from which the Government will not depart in this matter, namely, that there shall be no amnesty, but as many individual acts of clemency as possible. The law must subsist and remain entire: it must lose none of its authority, and the authors and accomplices of the Commune must owe their safety only to the exercise of the right of pardon which belongs to the head of the State, and to the indulgence of society. It is in these terms that the question has been stated by the Government, and there was a majority in its favor, both in the Senate and in the Chamber of Deputies. M. Ricard, Minister of the Interior, said to the Amnesty Commission: "We have no interest in being implacable, but we are unwilling to alarm the country. . . . The Republic must not bring back those who remain hardened in their ideas and in their hatred of society and of the laws of the country. When men are amnestied, opinions are amnestied, and we do not wish to amnesty the opinions of the Commune."

This language, which has the merit of being frank, had also the merit of being inspired by a very just, very liberal and very conservative sentiment, and the Minister urged the Commission to hasten their labours, in order that the country, which is disturbed by this discussion, may be tranquillised. It has been arranged that the report shall be brought in before the Easter vacation. It is time to put an end to all the useless talking that has been caused by this unrealisable and dangerous utopia of a total amnesty.

FRICASSÉE.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

Dom Pedro is the constitutional sovereign of an empire larger in extent, as the following table will show, than the whole of the United States, excluding Alaska. According to the latest accessible returns the relative importance of the chief empires of the world in regard to territorial extent is as follows:—

	Square kilometers.
Russian Empire.....	21,665,726
British Empire.....	20,595,082
Chinese Empire.....	10,290,600
Brazilian Empire.....	8,515,848
United States (without Alaska)....	7,838,300

Over the vast dominions of the House of Braganza in America Dom Pedro was installed as Emperor by the abdication of his father, Dom Pedro I., in 1831, and at the early age of six years. He was declared of age July 23, 1840, crowned July 18, 1841, and married September 4, 1843—when but eighteen years of age—to a Sicilian princess three years his senior, Theresa-Christina-Maria, a younger sister of Queen Christina of Spain. Their only living offspring is the Imperial Princess Isabella of Brazil, born July 23, 1846, who was married at the age of eighteen to H. R. H. the Count of Eu, a son of the Duke of Nemours, and a grandson of Louis Philippe, King of the French. The Imperial Princess has one living child, a prince born at Rio Janeiro in October last. In the full vigor of life (he has just passed his fiftieth year), of Herculean mould, standing over six feet and three inches in his stockings, with a well-proportioned frame, hardened and developed from his earliest youth in all manly and athletic exercises, Dom Pedro on horseback at a review might be fairly matched as an ideal emperor with the late Nicholas of Russia himself. But he is also one of the most accomplished and one of the most conscientious of the rulers of men. From his earliest years he showed a rare passion for study, and made great progress especially in the exact sciences, in the military art, in mechanics and in natural history. He is a fine linguist, speaking and writing French, Spanish, English, German and Italian, as well as his native Portuguese.

Dom Pedro has labored hard to promote immigration into Brazil, and therefore he has thrown all the weight of his convictions and his example against the institution of slavery. In 1871-72 Dom Pedro made a visit of eight months to Europe, during which time he devoted himself to the order of a private student to the investigation of everything that could tend to the advantage of Brazil. He astonished specialists in every European country by his minute and fresh acquaintance with their own subjects, and everywhere made the strongest impression by his intellectual ability, his amenity, and his utter freedom from pretensions of all kinds. The Emperor and Empress are at present on a visit to the United States with the view of being present at the opening of the Philadelphia Exhibition, on May 10th. Dom Pedro is in the meantime paying a flying visit to California, while the Empress remains in New York. We learn that the Imperial couple propose extending their tour to Canada, but to make sure of this, Montreal should take the lead, and like other American cities, should extend them a courteous and pressing invitation. Which of our citizens will move in the matter?

LITERARY.

A literary rustic wrote to Carleton for "Victor Hugo's great novel 'L'ame as a Rabble.' He had evidently only heard it spoken of."

Ex-Governor Dix, although eighty years of age, translates Latin poems, and turns out of bed at four o'clock in the morning to go duck shooting.

Among the manuscripts possessed by the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg is a Koran copied by the Caliph Ommay, the third after the Prophet Mahomet. It is 1,500 years old.

The life of A. T. Stewart is to be written by General James Grant Wilson, author of a life of Pitt-Rivers, and well-known to the reading public as a literary man.

The large public library opened at Rome on Victor Emmanuel's 50th birthday, being at the same time the 25th of his eldest son, contains 600,000 volumes which belonged to the suppressed monasteries.

The first volume of the "Life of Swift," which Mr. Forster published shortly before his death, is the only portion of his materials that he had embodied in a narrative form, and his work must consequently remain a fragment.

Hans Christian Andersen's books, MSS. (single poems), and MSS. of distinguished persons in his possession, together with other miscellaneous items, will be sold by auction at the end of April for the benefit of the Andersen's Children's Home.

It is said of Heinrich Heine, whose biography has just been published in London, that having been born on the 13th of December, 1797, he willfully put forward the date to the 1st of January, 1800, in order to give an undervalued patron the opportunity of saying: "You are one of the first men of the century."

There is a gentleman living at Bath, in England, who possesses a literary treasure—a large portion of Sterne's Journal kept for Eliza. This curious record describes all his dinner engagements, parties, and, with a truly Shandean frankness, confides to the fair one many matters not usually set down in a journal. This relic was found in a plate warmer.

EDMUND YATES always writes his novels from dictation, while he walks up and down. His secretary is a man of staid demeanor. On one occasion, when about to commence, Mr. Yates asked, "Where did we leave off?" "Where we were pressing her lips, sir," replied the staid secretary, with perfect gravity. It was only a matter of business, after all.

It is now settled, we are informed, that the Copyright Commission shall consist of the following gentlemen—Lord John Manners, the Earl of Devon, Sir Charles Young, Sir Henry Holland, Sir John Rose, Sir Louis Mallet, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, Sir Julius Deane, Mr. Daldy, Mr. Herschell, Mr. Jenkins, Dr. W. Smith, Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, and Mr. A. Trollope.

ARTISTIC.

SIR NOEL PATON's great picture, "The Man of Sorrows," that has been so favourably noticed by the Scottish press, is to be brought from Edinburgh to London.

At a meeting of the Byron Monument Committee, it was resolved that the statue should be in Sicilian marble, and that an application should be made to Mr. Diarrell, the president of the committee, to exercise his influence to obtain permission for its erection in the Green Park, facing the house in Piccadilly in which Byron lived for some years.