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OUR CENTENNIAL STORY.

THE BASTONNAIS:

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

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

BOOK III.

THE BURSTING OF THE TEMPEST.

ZULMA AND BATOCHÉ.

The old soldier made his appearance at once. He held his cap in his hand, his head was bowed, and he appeared slightly disconcerted.

"You have returned, Batoché," said Zulma cheerily, rising and advancing towards him.

"I have returned, mademoiselle."

"You are not offended with me then?"

"Mademoiselle!"

"Batoché, I am delighted to see you."

The old man looked up, and satisfied that the welcome was sincere, said:

"I had walked nearly two miles, thinking of all you had told me, and forgetting everything else. Suddenly I remembered something. I stopped. I reflected. I returned at once and here I am."

Zulma burst out laughing:

"What did you remember, Batoché?"

"That perhaps you might desire to send an answer to the note which I brought. Excuse me, mademoiselle, I was young once. I know what girls are."

And his little grey eyes twinkled.

Zulma laid her hand upon his shoulder, and with a half-serious, half-jesting caress, replied:

"They call you sowerer, Batoché. How could you thus divine my thoughts? Listen. It is an hour since you left me. During that time I have been occupied reading the note and reflecting upon it. I ended by deciding on answering it at once. But where was my messenger? I thought of you, and was expressing regret at your departure, when you were announced."

Batoché's face beamed with pleasure. Not only was he satisfied with the result of his sagacity, but it afforded him the keenest joy to be able to render a service to Zulma after the semblance of altercation which had taken place between them. In the strife of generosity the old soldier was not to be outdone, and he was rather flattered to believe that, if any thing, the balance was to be in his favor. He gave expression to none of these thoughts, however. He contented himself with observing that, as the afternoon was advancing, and he must reach Quebec by nightfall, it was desirable that Zulma should make as little delay as possible.

"Certainly, Batoché," she replied. "If you will sit down a moment, I will write a few lines."

He did as he was desired. Zulma went to her writing-table, spread out her paper and with great deliberation proceeded to her task. She wrote with a firm, running hand, and as from an overflowing mind, without stopping to gather her thoughts. No emotion was perceptible on her features—no distension of the eye, no flush of the cheek. She looked like a copying clerk, inditing a mechanical business letter. This circumstance did not escape the observation of Batoché. His knowledge of human nature led him at once to the conclusion that such wonderful self-possession must be the key to other admirable qualities, which, joined to the spirit she had displayed in her defence of Captain Bouchette, convinced him that he was in the presence of one who, when occasion required, would be likely to play the part of a heroine. And what added to his silent enthusiasm was her matchless beauty as she sat opposite him, her shapely bust rising grandly above the little table and curving gracefully to its task, while the head, poised just a trifle to one side, revealed the fair white face upon which the light of the window fell slantingly. For such wild, solitary natures as that of Batoché the charms of female beauty are irresistible from their very novelty, and the old hunter's fascination was so great that he there and then resolved to cultivate Zulma's acquaintance thoroughly.

"Who can tell," he said to himself, "what role this splendid creature is destined to act in the drama that is opening out before us? I know she is a rebel at heart. That proud white neck will never submit to the yoke of English tyranny. She is born for freedom. There is no chain that could bind those beautiful limbs. I will have an eye over her. I will be her protector. Her friendship—is it only friendship?—with the young Bastonnais is another link that attaches me to her. I will follow her fortunes."

Zulma finished her letter with a flourish, folded it, addressed it, and, rising, handed it to Batoché.

"I did not keep you waiting, you see. Deliver this at your earliest opportunity and accept my thanks. Is there anything that I can do for you in return?"

Batoché drooped his eyes and hesitated.

"Do not fear to speak. We are perfect friends now."

"There is something I would like to ask, mademoiselle, but should never have dared if you had not suggested it."

"What is it, Batoché?"

"I have a granddaughter, little Blanche."

"Yes."

"She has been my inseparable companion from her infancy."

"Yes."

"Now that the war has broken out, she is much alone, and that troubles me."

"Where is she?"

"In our cabin at Montmorenci. Pauline Belmont desired to keep her in Quebec during the siege, but to this I would not consent, because I could not see her as often as I wished."

"Let me have the child, Batoché. I will replace her grandmother as well as I can."

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart, mademoiselle, but that is not precisely what I meant. I could not part from her for good, neither would she leave me. All I ask is this. I may be absent from my hut for days at a time. You know what military service is."

"Military service?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, I am a soldier once more."

"You mean..."

"I am enrolled among the Bastonnais."

"Bravo," exclaimed Zulma. "Whenever you have to absent yourself from home fetch Blanche to me."

How little either Zulma or Batoché suspected what strange events would result from this incident.

VI.

THE BALL AT THE CASTLE.

On the evening of that same day, the 1st December, there was high festival within the walls of Quebec. A great ball was given at the Castle to celebrate the arrival of Governor Carleton. There was a twofold sentiment in the minds of all guests which enhanced the pleasure of the entertainment—gratification at the Governor's providential escape from all the perils of his voyage from Montreal to Quebec, and the assurance that his presence would procure a gallant and successful defence of the town against the besiegers. The attendance was both large and brilliant. Never had the old Chateau beheld a gay scene. The French families vied with the English in doing honor to the occasion. Patriotism seemed to revive in the breasts of the most lukewarm, and many, whose standing had hitherto been dubious, came forward in the courtliest fashion to proclaim their loyalty to King George in the person of his representative.

But M. Belmont was not one of these. When he first heard of the preparations for the ball, he grew very serious.

"It is a snare," he said, "set to entrap us."

A day or two later, when he received a formal invitation, he was so truly distressed that he fell into a fever.

"Happy madely," he muttered, "I shall now have a valid excuse."

Pauline nursed him with her usual tenderness, but could not extract from him the cause of his illness. She had heard, of course, of the great event which was the talk of the whole town, but never suspected that her father had been invited, and it was, therefore, with no misgiving that she accepted, at his solicitation, Eugene's offer of a trip to the Sarpy mansion, the particulars of which have already been set before the reader. A few hours after her departure, Batoché suddenly made his appearance with the startling intelligence that the Bastonnais would return the next day to begin the regular siege of the town, and the anxious father commissioned him to set out and bring back his daughter at once. In the course of the same evening, Roderick Hardinge called and was very much concerned to learn the absence of Pauline, but was partially reassured when M. Belmont informed him of her expected speedy return. Roderick's visit was short, owing to some undefined constraint which he observed in the conversation of M. Belmont, and it was perhaps on that account also that he omitted stating the reason why he particularly desired to speak to Pauline. We have seen that he was waiting at the outer gate when she drove up in the early morning accompanied by Batoché and Cary Singleton.

As soon as they found themselves alone and safe within the town, Roderick said abruptly:

"I would not have had you absent to-day for all the world."

Pauline noticed his agitation and naturally attributed it to his fears for her personal safety, but she was soon undeceived when he added:

"You must by all means come with me to the ball this evening, my dear."

"To the ball?" she asked with no feigned surprise, because the events of the preceding day and night had completely driven the recollection of it from her mind.

"Yes, the Governor's ball."

It was in vain that she pleaded the suddenness of the invitation, her want of preparation, and the great fatigue which she had just undergone. Roderick would admit no excuse. His manner was nervous, excited, and at times almost peremptory.

"And my father?" she urged as a last argument.

"I saw your father last night. He complained of being unwell and evidently cannot come."

The slight emphasis which Roderick, in his rapid utterance, placed on the word "cannot" was not lost on his sensitive companion. She looked up at him with a timorous air.

"And what if my father will not let me go?" she asked almost in a whisper.

"Oh, but he will. He must, Pauline."

Her eyes were raised to his again, and he met them frankly.

"Let me be plain with you, my dear. If you will not go to the ball for my sake, you must go for your father's sake. Do you understand?"

She *did* understand, though for a few moments she had no words to utter. After advancing a few steps, she took her hand out of her muff, laid it in that of Hardinge, and without raising her eyes, murmured:

"I will go, Roddy, for his sake and yours."

This preliminary being satisfactorily arranged, Hardinge accompanied her to the door of her home, and after advising her to spend the day in resting from her emotions and fatigue, promised to call for her early in the evening.

He did so. To his surprise he found her cheerful and without the least sign of weariness or reluctance in her manner. She was arrayed in a rich and most tasteful costume which gave a splendid relief to her quiet, simple beauty. To his further surprise he found M. Belmont in an agreeable mood, though still ailing. He was pleased to say that he quite approved of his daughter attending the ball, and especially in the company of Roderick Hardinge.

"This is another instalment of the reparation which I owe you, Roddy," he said, with a smile.

"I confide Pauline to you to-night, and I do not know that I would do the same for any other young fellow in Quebec."

Of course, no more was needed to put Hardinge in the most exuberant good spirits, and when he drove off with Pauline, he hardly knew what he was doing.

The ball was opened when they reached the Castle. The Governor who had led in the first dance, or dance of honor, took part in a third and fourth, mingling freely with all the guests, apparently disposed to secure as many friends for himself and his cause as possible. During this interval, Pauline and Roderick glided into the hall almost unnoticed, but it was not long before they were called upon to take their part in the dance, and at once they attracted general attention. Nor was there cause to wonder at this. The young Scotchman looked particularly handsome in his dazzling scarlet tunic, while Pauline, in her rich robes of crimson satin and sprigs of snowy jasmine twined in her simple headress, revealed a warm, ripe, glowing beauty, which was a surprise even to her most intimate friends.

After a time, the Governor took up his position on the dais at the extremity of the room, directly in front of the Chair of State and under the violet fringes of the canopy. The Royal Arms flashed triumphantly behind him, while on the panels of the walls, to the right and left, his own cipher was visible. Those of the guests who had not yet been presented to his Excellency, seized this opportunity to pay their respects. Roderick and Pauline were of the number. As they approached the foot of the throne, they were joined by de Cramahé, the Lieutenant-Governor. This courtly man bowed profoundly to both and said:

"Lieutenant, I have a duty to perform, and you will please allow me to perform it. I desire to present mademoiselle and yourself to his Excellency."

So saying, and without waiting for a reply, he urged them forward to the Viceroyal presence.

Carleton received Pauline with the most deferential politeness, and added to the compliment by a kindly inquiry concerning the health of her father. Pauline trembled like a leaf at this phase of the interview, and timidly looked up to assure herself that the Governor was really earnest in his question. But his open manner dispelled all doubt and thus, to the infinite relief of the girl, the sole drawback to her thorough enjoyment of the evening was removed.

Then her companion's turn came.

"Lieutenant Hardinge," said de Cramahé.

"Hardinge?" replied the Governor, extending his hand and bending his head to one side, as if trying to recollect something in connection with the name.

"Yes," rejoined de Cramahé. "Your Excellency will remember. He is the young officer whose exploits I recounted to you."

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed Carleton. "I do remember very well. Hardinge is a familiar name to me. This gentleman's father was a brother officer of mine under Wolfe. Yes, yes, I remember every thing."

And taking Roderick's right hand in both his, he added aloud, so that the promotion might be as public as possible:

"Captain Hardinge, I have the honor to congratulate you."

(To be continued.)

REVIEW.

Mr. Benjamin Sulte has published a pamphlet entitled *Mélanges d'Histoire et de Littérature*, containing four short papers of varied interest. Mr. Sulte is a prolific writer, who is always entertaining and has done much towards popularizing the historic and legendary lore in which the annals of the country are so fruitful. He does well to collect his writings in durable form before they are completely lost in the newspapers and magazines in which they originally appeared. He thus sets a good example which our literary men, of both languages, should imitate.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY still continues to publish a number of useful and instructive papers on a large variety of subjects. The editorial department is especially well done, being evidently in the hands of careful, thoughtful writers. The publishers complain that many of the papers copy their articles without credit. This reminds us of a recommendation we made once before that the editors might advantageously publish every month a fly-sheet of extracts which would be cited largely and thus prove advantageous to the magazine.

Belford Brothers, Toronto, have reprinted the Visitor's Guide to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, authorized by the Centennial Board of Finance and approved by the Director General. It is the only guide book sold on the Exhibition Grounds. The work is a handsome little volume, well printed, with a map of useful information neatly distributed and furnished with two maps—one of Philadelphia, and the other of the Exhibition Grounds. We recommend the Guide to all those visiting the Centennial Exhibition.

ST. NICHOLAS for July makes a feature of the national holiday. Its tribute to it includes several contributions,—stories and sketches, poems and pictures, puzzles and paragraphs. All the American flags of history, from the "Rattlesnake," and the "Palmetto" of 1776 to the Stars and Stripes of the present, wave out at us from two of the pages: the "Boston Boys" who gained their right to the "Common" are remembered in a poem and shown in a drawing; and on the "Centennial Page," the events of the century that are most worthy of record are duly recorded, and some of them pictured.

Oliver Wendell Holmes contributes to the July ATLANTIC an amusing and spirited poem, "How the Old Horse won the Bet," which forms an excellent pendant to the famous "Quebec Horse Show." The Centennial Exhibition is treated suggestively by an anonymous writer; and Mr. W. D. Howells, in "A Sonnet of the Centennial," presents a vivid picture of the variety of the affair. T. B. Aldrich adds to the number a very graceful poem, "The Night Wind," and H. H. Mrs. Pratt, Kate Putnam Osgood, and Celia Thaxter, stand with him in the lists of poets.

SCIENCE for July though not entirely given over to Centennial topics, contains much that will be of peculiar interest to the American public. The accounts of the signing of the Declaration are very conflicting, and Col. Higginson's "Story of the Signing," in this number, is a concise and reliable review of the subject. "A Centennial Lady," by Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison is a delightful, illustrated sketch of Sally Fairfax, Gen. Washington's pet and friend. This is a rare piece of magazine writing, and embodies portions of Sally's journal, written in the quaintest of language.

In the GALAXY for July Prof. Siddons continues his series of anecdotes of eccentric and noted people he has met, and Mr. Richard Grant White has a linguistic study. Another article which will be appreciated by literary men and students is Mr. Hudson's sketch of the great Cyclopedias in the various languages of the world. There are the usual number of short stories and poems, of which last those by Mrs. Fanny Barrow and Mr. W. C. Richards are uncommonly good.

The weekly issue of ARTHUR'S JOURNAL has terminated. It will hereafter appear as a monthly only, the size being changed so as to make it, when bound, a more convenient form for the book-shelf; and the price, in obedience to the popular demand for cheap literature, reduced to three dollars per annum, or twenty-five cents per number. The new series opens with a strong table of contents, including the first of Julian Hawthorne's long-looked-for papers on London Suburban Life, and stories and articles by Albert Rhodes, Christian Real, Junius Henri Browne, Wirt Sikes, Albert F. Webster, Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, E. L. Youmans, Constance F. Woolson, Edgar Fawcett and others. A story by George Sand, one of the latest of this author's productions, is begun. The magazine in its new form is varied and attractive in its contents, and altogether gives promise of a popular success. As a monthly, it will doubtless more nearly meet the wishes of its subscribers than in its former weekly issue.

LITTINGCOTT'S MAGAZINE for July commends itself to particular notice by the appropriateness of its leading contributions. Besides the regular article on the Centennial Exhibition, and a "Glimpse of Philadelphia in July, 1776," by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, both handsomely illustrated, there is a long Centennial poem, entitled "Psalm of the West," by Sidney Lanier, which contrasts most strikingly with the conventional odes usually associated with such occasions. Mrs. Hooper's account of "The Markets of Paris" is a readable paper on a capital subject, and an "Episode of the Revolution" is a curious and romantic bit of family history, in which several of the most notable personages of the period figure more or less prominently. In fiction we have the conclusion of "Leann Dundas," and of Edward Kearsley's "Thee and You."

OUR PICTURES.

All our illustrations are separately described. There remain only two pictures connected with the Turkish difficulties, and another relating to an outbreak in Morocco. The events at Salonica and Constantinople have already been fully represented in our columns.