

by the arquebuses of Maisonneuve. At length they reached the first spur, almost in a body, there being no stragglers to speak of. Here the Captain **cried** "halt," and a breathing space ensued, during **which** the men had the opportunity of admiring the **beautiful** panorama spread out before them. Directly at **their** feet lay the white city, with its multitudinous **towers** and steeples gleaming in the pale sunlight; beyond, the frozen belt of the St. Lawrence, and far on the edge of the horizon, the grey outlines of Rouville and Rougemont standing like wardens over the chained waters of the Richelieu and Yamaska.

A tightening of shoes, a bracing of **sashes**, and the men were ready for the further word of command. It came loud, and clear:— "To the Pines!"

There was an immense simultaneous rush, shoulder striking shoulder, and the snow was thrown up like spray, as the fellows made off in a spurt over the broad plateau. For a while they all kept well together, but gradually science, speed and stamen made a break in the solid body, forming a long straggling line, with intervals of daylight, between. Some fell, others broke a shoe, others slackened their pace, and others stopped short to catch their wind. A good half kept right on, and at their head were two who seemed to be running neck and neck. The taller man was a little in advance, however, when at length The Pines were reached. The twain were **Rollo and Laclede**.

Here there was a halt of ten minutes. While the stragglers came in, "pocket pistols" were produced, pipes were lit, and the hills reverberated the shouts