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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.

IV.

BIRCH AND MAPLE.—(Continued.)

Cary Singleton and his men had a sterner duty to perform by the maple trees. They cut them down and of the trunks constructed a number of rafts wherewith to transport the baggage and provisions of the army across the St. Lawrence.

At the same time the Indians of the party were detailed to build birch-bark canoes. With their long knives they swept around the slender trunks, making an incision as regular and precise as any surgeon might have done on a human limb destined to amputation. The first circle was made about one foot from the ground, the other about three feet from the branches where the tree began to taper. This was to secure slips of about equal length. They then ran down their knives longitudinally from the edge of one circle to the edge of the other circle, making four or five sections according to the size of the tree. This was to obtain slips of about equal breadth. They next inserted the point of their knives under the layer of bark, and with rapid action of the arm pulled off slip after slip. As these slips fell upon the ground they rolled up in scrolls, but other Indians as quickly unrolled them, stitched them together with light thongs of moose or buckskin and sharpened them at the two extremities. In this way, three men could build a good sized canoe, within two hours. There remained only the process of drying which was not indispensable indeed, but contributed to the lightness and safety of the craft.

So soon as the first canoe was made, Cary Singleton launched it, and, accompanied by two men, made the reconnaissance which so much frightened the gossiping washing women. He did not approach the north shore as near as he had intended, for fear that the women might give the alarm and betray his design, but he saw enough through his glass to enable him to report that the secluded basin, sheltered by dense trees, and known as Wolfe's Cove, would be a favorable place for the landing of the invading army. Accordingly after three days devoted to the repose of his troops, and the replenishing of his stores from the neighboring farm houses, Arnold, on the night of the 13th November, undertook to cross the St. Lawrence. He was favored by darkness and a storm, and from ten in the evening till four in the morning, by the aid of thirty birch-bark canoes and a few rafts, he was engaged in the hazardous work. Backwards and forwards the fragile vessels plied silently over the broad bosom of the river, bearing a freight of taciturn armed men on the point of whose muskets literally trembled the fate of Canada. As the morning dawned the whole of the Continental army, with the exception of 160 men who were left at Levis, was safe in the recess of Wolfe's Cove, and Arnold had won another stake in the lottery of war.

V.

ON THE RAMPARTS.

Very early that same morning, Zulma Sarpy drove into Quebec, accompanied by a single servant. As she neared the city, she caught a glimpse of the rebel troops surging up the gorge of Wolfe's Cove and forming in groups on the fringe of the skirting wood. They could not as yet be seen from the city, although the authorities had, an hour or two previously, been apprised of their landing. The sight wonderfully exhilarated the girl. She was not astonished, much less intimidated by the warlike view. Rather did she feel a thrill of enthusiasm, and a wild fancy shot through her mind that she too would like to join in the martial display. She stopped her horse for a moment to make sure that her eyes were not betraying her, and when she was satisfied that the men in the distance were really Continentals, she snapped her whip and drove rapidly into Quebec in order to enjoy the malicious pleasure of being the first to communicate the fact to her friends.

In that anticipation she was not disappointed. Her story at first was not credited, because a glance at the Heights of Levis, across the river, revealed the presence of troops there. But when she insisted and detailed all the circumstances, the news spread with rapidity. From one street it passed into another; from Upper Town it flew into Lower Town, and according as the news was confirmed by other persons coming into the city, the people grew wild with excitement and crowded to the ramparts to satisfy themselves.

Pauline Belmont had never been very intimate with Zulma Sarpy, both because they had been separated for many years during the school period, and because their characters did not match. The timid, retiring, essentially domestic disposition of the one could not move on the same

planes with the dashing, fearless, showy mood of the other. Intellectually they were not equals either. Pauline's mind was almost purely receptive and her range of inquiry limited indeed. Zulma's mind was buoyant with spontaneity and there was a quality of aggressive origination in it which scattered all conventionalities as splinters before it. Pauline was likely to lean upon Zulma, listen with admiration to her brilliant talk, ask her advice and then smile, fearing to act upon it. Zulma, on the other hand, was not inclined to claim or exercise patronage. She was actually too independent for that, and in regard to Pauline, more particularly, she rather preferred bending as much as she could to her level. In the few months after Zulma's return from France, the girls had occasionally met, but they would probably have seen more of each other, had they not both been retained a great deal at home by the seclusion of M. Belmont and the infirmities of Sieur Sarpy respectively.

On the present occasion Pauline was one of the friends upon whom Zulma called, and naturally her first business was to acquaint her with the landing of the Continentals. She was surprised to find that the intelligence caused a deathly pallor to spread over the features of her companion.

"The siege will begin in earnest, and we shall be cut off from all the world," murmured Pauline. "And my father has not yet returned."

"Is he outside of the city?" asked Zulma.

"Yes. He went away yesterday, promising to return early this morning. His delay did not alarm me, but now from what you tell me, I fear he may get into trouble."

"Do not fret, my dear. It will take several days before the city is invested, and your father's return will not be interfered with. Besides, he is not a militant, I believe."

Pauline drew a sigh, but said nothing. Zulma resumed:

"I am sure he is neutral like my father, and such will not be annoyed."

"I wish I could be sure of that, but—," and Pauline suddenly checked herself as if fearful of giving expression to her suspicions.

"But you must remember, my dear, that these Americans are not so black as they are painted. They are men like others and true soldiers are always merciful," added Zulma.

"Indeed! Do you think so? I hardly know what to say about them. Father says very little of late, but there is a friend of ours who speaks of them in terms of the deepest contempt."

"He must be an ultra loyalist."

"He is a British officer."

"A British officer? Why, Pauline, I thought your father kept aloof from British officials."

"O, but this one is really a Canadian and speaks French like ourselves," said Pauline blushing.

"That makes all the difference," replied Zulma, with a pleasant laugh that was slightly tinged with sarcasm. "I declare I should like to know this specimen."

"You know him, dear."

"Impossible!"

"He has spoken to me of you."

"Indeed!"

"And is a great admirer of yours."

"You mock me!"

"You can't guess who it is?"

And little Pauline brightened up with childish glee at having gained this slight advantage over her companion.

"You puzzle and excite me, darling. I can't guess. Tell me who it is."

"Lieutenant Hardinge!"

"Lieutenant Hardinge?"

Why was the cheek of Zulma suddenly touched with flame? Why did her blue eye darken as in a lurid shadow? And her lips—why did they contract into marble whiteness, without the power of articulation? There was a pause of deep solemnity. To Pauline it was perplexing. She feared that she had said too much, both for her own sake and that of her friend. But she was soon relieved of her misgivings by the touch of Zulma's hand laid upon hers and a deep penetrating look which showed better than any words that the latter understood all and generously sympathized with her friend.

"Of course," she said with a laugh, "if you borrow your ideas from Lieutenant Hardinge, you cannot have much of an opinion of the Americans, and I suppose it would be loss of time for me to controvert that opinion."

"Fortunately the result of the war does not depend on the notions of two girls like ourselves," retorted Pauline with an argumentative spirit which was quite foreign to her and which made her companion laugh again.

"Never mind," said Zulma. "Let us do something more womanly. Let us go and look at these new soldiers."

"Very well, and I may hear something of my father on the way."

They stepped out of the house and joined a

crowd of men, women and children wending their way to the ramparts. When they reached the walls they found them already lined with people talking and gesticulating in the most excited manner. Some spoke aloud, some shouted at the top of their lungs, some waved their hats, some fluttered their handkerchiefs attached to the end of their walking sticks like flags, and some openly beckoned a welcome to the rebel host. There stood Arnold's army spread out before them, deployed into a loose double column on the Plains of Abraham. They had brushed their clothes, furnished their arms and put on the best possible appearance. They were not more than seven hundred in number, but by a judicious evolution of the wings were made to appear more numerous. Some of the officers looked very smart, having donned the full dress uniforms which had not been used since the expedition left Cambridge two months previously.

Pauline and Zulma occupied a favorable position in the midst of a large group where they could see everything and hear all the commentaries of the crowd.

"Why don't the Bastonnais come on?" said an old Frenchman dashing his blue woollen bonnet to one side of his forehead. "They are imbeciles. They don't understand their chance."

"You are right," answered another old man near him. "If the rebel General only knew it, the gates are not properly manned and the stockades only half made up. He could rush in and carry the city by a *coup de main*."

This conversation was striking, and later in life Zulma used to say that it expressed what was true. If Arnold had made a dash upon Quebec that November morning, it is asserted by Sanguinet and others, that he would have carried it. Thus would he have been immortalized and the world would have been spared the most dastardly traitor of modern times.

The foregoing dialogue took place to the right of Zulma and Pauline. The following was held on their left, between two Englishmen—a tavern-keeper and a sailor.

"If our commander made an attack on these raganuffins he would sweep them into the St. Lawrence," said the sailor.

"Or capture the most of them," said the tavern-keeper.

Here was a contrary opinion to the foregoing, and yet it too has been expressed by subsequent historians. The Quebec garrison was fifteen hundred strong and well supplied with arms and ammunition. The American army was only seven hundred in number, ill accounted and poorly armed. The British had a base of operations and a place of retreat in Quebec. The Continentals had no line of retreat but the broad St. Lawrence and a few birch-bark canoes which a dozen torches could have destroyed. Who knows? A great opportunity of fame was perhaps lost that day.

"I wish they would sally forth against the Americans," said Zulma to Pauline. "But the shadow of Montcalm is upon them. Had the Marquis remained behind his intrenchments we should never have been conquered by the English. If the English would now only follow his bad example." And she laughed heartily.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL CURIOSITIES THAT SHOULD BE SHOWN IF POSSIBLE AT THE CENTENNIAL.

A blue-bellied Yankee from Maine. A little Concord from New Hampshire. A green 'un from Vermont. A section of Plymouth Rock from Massachusetts. A handful of earth (if it can be spared) from Rhode Island. A treu bleu from Connecticut. A New York politician who doesn't want to be boss. A Jersey foreigner. To know who's found little Delaware. Free coal and iron from Pennsylvania. Mary's lamb from Maryland. A Virginian who is not a descendant of Pocahontas. A North Carolina corn-cracker. A South Carolina Ku-Klux. A Georgia fire-eater. From the other Southern States—Some truly lo'il secesh, an honest legislation, defunct carpet-baggers *ad lib*, and some free niggers. From the Western States—A wind bag and rag baby, Allen's fog-horn, two or three tons of repudiated bonds, a Kansas grasshopper, a modest Chicagoan. From the Territories—An honest Indian agent and some "good" Indians (packed in ice), also a few border ruffians in wooden overcoats. From the Pacific coast—Very hard cash without any chin music, a perennial straw-berry, a careful and scientific farmer, a public-spirited citizen, a bloated monopoly, and some respectable assassins and stock sharps. From Canada—A thistle. Mexico—Maximilian's bloody shirt. South America—A choice assortment of assassinated Presidents and *pro-nunciamentos*, and some mongrels to represent the effects of emancipation and amalgamation. From England—A first-class privateer and a real live duke (one of Mme. Tussaud's). France—A financial system, the unpaid bill for Louisiana, a Communist. Germany—A stringent press law. Spain—A Bourbon and some stuffed dons. Italy—A Pope's nose. Turkey—A sick man—Holland—A native orange. Belgium—A Brussels belle. Scandinavia—An ancient mariner. Denmark—A rotten statement of the Schleswig-Holstein affair. Russia—Some free serfs and Polish exiles. Ireland—A poor law. From Africa—An enlightened nigger. China—The Burlingame treaty and coolie slaves. Australia—A treadmill with convicts at work. Fiji—A missionary done brown. Hawaii—A leper. The Moon—A delegation to admire our free institutions.

HEARTH AND HOME.

DO NOT BLAME HIM TOO MUCH.—Until we can read the heart of another without doubt, and know all the circumstances of his life, all the many links in the chain of accidents that has surrounded him, we should not blame him too much or be too wrathful to him. What he has done may be bad; but we cannot tell why he did it or how he may have repented the doing. A moment of strong feeling, an hour of wrath, may turn the feet upon the downward road so hard to retrace.

Pity the fallen wretch, and heal his wound, if you can. If not, cover him decently with the mantle of charity, and forgive him his sins. For we believe that, of all people who need pity, foremost stand those who have done evil deeds. The good find consolation in their own consciences for any sorrows; but the wicked who, doubtless, set out in life meaning to be as good as the best,—who sometimes seem to have been the victims of demons bound on their eternal destruction—must be very wretched. Moreover, they must often be amazed as they look back, and remember how once they hoped to be great, and honourable and true, and of good report! What boy or girl has not such aspiration?

When a soldier goes to war, and instead of returning crowned with laurels and triumphant, is brought back crippled and maimed, how we pity him—how tenderly we hold him in our thoughts; and we suppose that often in the battle of life one who meant to be a Christian in its fullest sense meets enemies against whom he does bitter battle before they maim his soul and cripple all his good intentions.

Pity the wicked, and not for their sakes only, but for your own; for in a certain sort of righteous hate for evil-doers the heart may grow very hard, and to keep it soft and tender until it ceases to beat should be our prayer. And though we may be better than many, dare we be Pharisaical enough to doubt that if there be angels, they daily and hourly find cause to pity us for our many faults and failings, and that without forgiveness there were little hope for any here or hereafter?

MUTUAL AFFECTION.—It would be vain to attempt to deny that one of the chief desires of our sex is to be well married, and it is a desire which none can blame; for, if matrimony has its cares, it has its pleasures also; and much, very much, of its unpleasantness has its rise in the want of conduct either in the wife or in the husband. There seems to be more importance in affection, as a means of matrimonial happiness, than in anything else. So long as there is a real and great affection subsisting between the parties, scarcely any evil—not even that terrible one, excessive poverty,—can inflict upon either of them a pang more than he or she would feel, if enduring the same evil in an unmarried state. It is, therefore, most important that those who marry from affection, should keep it unimpaired; as to those who marry without feeling affection, and merely for gain or convenience, it is not to be wondered at, and is not at all to be regretted, that in perpetual broils, and unavailing discontent, they receive the just punishment of their dissimulation and hypocrisy.

But those who have been affectionate, sometimes cease to be so. When the novelty of ardour and youthful love has passed away, and given place to domestic and every day realities; when the faults to which love was blind, become apparent and disagreeable in the husband, it is but too commonly the case that we throw off that affection, both in fact and in appearance, which is at once the best safeguard of our conjugal virtue, and the surest pledge of our conjugal happiness.

It is from this that much domestic unhappiness springs, and it is to an erroneous notion of our own rights. We think the affection of our husbands an arbitrary tribute due to us, forgetting all the while that the duty of affection is reciprocal. We cannot be deceived as to the reality of our feelings, and if he find himself despised by us, or even indifferent to us, he will speedily entertain a like feeling for us; and, from the moment that he does so, our sway over his heart is lost for ever, and should circumstances prevent him venting his rage in violence, still we shall become sensible of our error, when it is too late to repair it.

LITERARY.

GEORGE A. LATHROP, a son-in-law of Hawthorne, is writing a biography of Hawthorne.

LIONEL TENNYSON, eldest son of the poet, has passed his examination in theology and mechanics at Cambridge University with credit.

In France, where every newspaper article must have a signature, the responsibility is frequently avoided by paying some noted duellist to affix his name.

MR. THOMAS KEBLE has placed in the hands of a relative of the Archbishop of Dublin the task of bringing together for publication and editing the scattered reviews and essays of his uncle, the late Rev. John Keble.

It is stated that Mr. Forster, just deceased, has bequeathed nearly the whole of his property to Lord Lytton, the son of his own friend, the late holder of that title, better known as Sir Edward Bulwer. The legacy is understood to be of much higher value than might have been expected.

THAT charming old book, Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler," has lately been reproduced in facsimile from the first edition, which is now very rare and to be found only on the shelves of collectors. The type, the binding, even the blue and red sprinkling of the leaf edges, is given.

THERE is in the press a selection of "Letters from Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and the author of 'Orion,'" of which the greater number have never hitherto been printed. The work which will also contain Mr. R. H. Horne's "Recollections of Contemporaries," has been edited by Mr. S. R. Townshend Mayer.