

airs they had all but forgotten, yet Canadian soldiers had brought back the songs to France after three centuries. He is the same Captain Papineau who wrote that fine protest to his cousin Bourassa of Montreal." They are both descendants of Louis-Joseph Papineau.

"Bien! mes enfants," commenced Grandpere Nadeau—Everybody stopped talking and drew closer.

"My family at one time lived at St. Ann de la Perade further down the river, on the Seigneurie of the de Lanaudieres—such a fine family. I remember my grandfather well and all he used to tell me of the old times.

"To-night, out of compliment to these officers, I will tell you stories of how well we Canadiens served the English once we found we were to live together."

"Well, you know at the battle of the Plains of Abraham our good General Montcalm was killed, everything went wrong without him, and the English took Quebec. Then we found that if we Canadiens went quietly about our own business we were safer in our possessions than under bad Frenchmen like Bigot.

"Just sixteen years of peace and the Bostonnais took to quarreling with Old England, and Mon Dieu! they wanted us Canadiens to join them. 'Non Merci, Messieurs,' we said. We knew those neighbours to the South, and had some old scores to settle. They were not like the English from England, but were more cunning and hard, and they spoke of our faith as something abhorrent to them.

"We poor habitants had not much knowledge of the grand people of the Chateau St. Louis, but the Governor always made our Seigneurs and the priests his friends. Every Seigneur was born an officer, they loved the military life, and the honours they got, but best of all they loved Canada, whether French or English.

"Eh! bien, to make a long story short, the Americans were too strong for us at first and came in by Lake Champlain and down the Richelieu. Fort St. Jean and Fort Chambly couldn't keep them in check, and there was no hope of saving Montreal. The news that another army was coming down the Chaudiere River to take Quebec nearly drove the Governor wild. It was too late in the season to look for any help from England, but the Governor was going to get to Quebec as long as the St. Lawrence flowed to the sea. With eleven small sailing ships, three hundred men and a quantity of powder they slipped away from Montreal just before the Americans entered the city.

"All went well until Sorel was reached, but the Americans were already there with one ship they had captured and armed with a cannon. The ships from Montreal turned back to La Valtrie. Then came anxious days, bad weather, and wind against them. Finally the Governor called all the ship captains together to consult them. There were two fine French-Canadians among them. One captain said he was sure he could get the little fleet safely past Sorel, but Captain Jean-Baptiste Bouchette thought the Governor had better start for Quebec without attracting too much attention. So it was arranged that only a few men should accompany the Governor on the perilous trip.

"MARK what I say now, li'l Pierre, Canada was saved to the English by the brave undertaking of five Canadians, for there was no officer in command at Quebec who could have taken the Governor's place, and had his powers. Captain Bouchette was a young man, but he knew the river well and was called 'la Tourtre,' 'the wild pigeon,' because of his swift sailings."

"An open rowboat was almost covered with flannel wherever it was thought the oars or anything would make a noise. All the men dressed like habitants—not so bad a thing to wear, is our etoffe du pays, a sash to pull tight, and a bonnet rouge to draw well down over one's ears. Into the boat the men got that dark, wet early November night. All alone out on that big river was not a very com-

fortable thing, but getting past the Islands near Berthier was the worst time of all, for the 'Bostonnais' were camping all along the shores and their fires threw a glare so far out on the water that the men in the boat expected every moment they would be seen. They could hear the 'qui vives' of the sentries and answering calls.

"In the narrowest channels they all lay down in the bottom of the boat to make it appear as if adrift. At other times when oars could be heard they did not dare row and the slow current made every minute seem like an hour, so to keep the boat moving the men paddled it with their hands. Captain Bouchette gave his orders by tapping the man in front of him on the shoulder and whispering, and he passed the order on in the same way. Nine miles of this misery was endured until the river opened out again, and when daylight came they landed to sleep at a safe place. The rest of the journey to Three Rivers was just pull, pull, pull, watching the shores, landing at any manor houses within safe reach of the river for a few hours' sleep and to hear the latest rumours, and then back to the boat again.

"It seemed good to them to see the spires and houses of Three Rivers. They landed and went to the house of M'sieur Tonnancour, another trusted Seigneur. There the Governor met a few officers who consulted him anxiously, for the Americans were advancing rapidly down the river from parish to parish.

"The first thing the household knew some American soldiers rode up to the house to arrange for billets. There wasn't a moment to lose. Captain Bouchette walked into the dining-room ahead of the soldiers, and tapped the Governor with pretended



The scene was like a painting of an old master.

familiarity on the shoulder, ordering him out, and the supposed habitant humbly followed him.

"They reached the boat without being recognized and rowed for their lives, one man the less now, as the Sieur de Niverville thought it would arouse suspicion if he were seen leaving his Three Rivers home again. The Sieur de Tonnancour had just managed to get up through the American lines around Quebec, and the men in the boat knew their greatest danger might be as the rock of Quebec was in view."

"After Three Rivers the St. Lawrence commenced to be a tidal river and it made a big difference, if the flood tide was against them. The villages on either side still looked so safe, but the bells of their churches sounded more like tocsins to those six men than peaceful summons to all wayfarers to stop and hear mass.

"M'sieur de Lanaudiere had to see his own dear Ste. Anne fade from his view, not knowing what fate might befall his home, but he had undertaken a sacred trust to get the Governor to Quebec or perish with him. Perhaps la bonne Ste. Anne, the patron saint of his parish was guiding him." Bonhomme

Nadeau here crossed himself reverently. "Below the de Lotbiniere's manor at Point Platon there was an English sloop cruising about. The men in the boat hailed her joyfully and the crew lost no time in getting the Governor and his companions on board. The boat that had served them so well was taken in tow and on they sailed past Cap Sante, St. Nicholas and Cap Ronge."

"The people of Quebec could hardly believe the news that the Governor had got safely by the Americans. The bells of the city were pealed for joy, and in a few hours after his arrival the garrison felt the greatest confidence that they would hold out until the spring. They had not to wait so long, for by New Year's Day one American General was killed and the other wounded and discouraged. That trip was a pretty fine thing for us Canadians to remember. The English Governor believed in and trusted our race, and he was well repaid." There was a general murmur of assent.

"Yes," said Rene St. Maurice, "and another Charles de Lanaudiere of my generation is an officer. He went over with the 22nd Regiment. That makes a good continuation of that family's services to Canada."

Then turning to Captain Cameron, he said in English: "By the way, Cameron, you might almost claim Captain Bouchette as a townsman of yours as he was given a grant of land where Toronto now is, but he made Kingston his home while in the Lake Naval Service during the early years of Upper Canada."

"I will tell you one more tale of the Canadians outwitting the Americans of those times," announced Grandpere Nadeau.

"There were some important letters to be sent through from Montreal to the Governor shut up in Quebec that winter, and who do you suppose was chosen to carry them? Louis Papineau, who afterwards became the father of Louis-Joseph who made the 'Papineau War.' But Louis was only a young fellow himself then, and with a companion named Lamotte he walked all the way down on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. The Americans never suspected the two Canadian youths were such trusted agents of the English. When they got opposite Quebec they did not know how they were going to cross the big river full of ice. The Americans at Point Levis would soon get them from one side and the English might take them for enemies and fire on them from the Quebec side.

"CREE-YEE! they hit upon a funny plan to make themselves invisible by putting their white shirts on over, instead of under their other clothes. Then they got down on the ice and crawled across that mile wide river on their hands and knees. Who can say the Canadians are not brave and resourceful? Why should they have taken all those risks?" The old man proudly threw back his head with its long grey curls.

"No one says they are not great fighters. The only thing is, we want more French-Canadians," answered Captain St. Maurice.

"By Jove," said Captain Cameron, "how history repeats itself. After a snowfall in France, our men covered themselves in white and crawled out on to 'No man's Land.'"

The English speech being repeated to the old man, he said: "They must have heard of Louis Papineau!"

"Perhaps they had, bonhomme, perhaps they had," said Captain St. Maurice, smiling.

"Tell him of the old Canadian 'tump line' method being used to carry up supplies to the trenches, that will please the old fellow," said Captain Cameron.

"I will tell you of them to-morrow night," said the old man.

Everyone rose, said good-night, and sorted themselves out, for the gathering of relations for the grandfather's fete had to be put up in every cottage.

The two officers walked up and down in the fresh air before going to Madame Marois's. "We couldn't" (Concluded on page 21.)