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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.

III.

THE UNREMEMBERED BRAVE.—(Continued.)

Batoche continued:
 "Bouchette has committed a great crime. He has been guilty of treason against his countrymen. He must perish. There are hundreds who think like me, but are afraid to strike. I am not afraid to strike. He will suffer by my hand. The only question is the mode of punishment. Murder is repugnant to my feelings. Besides, it would not be politic. The man was perhaps sincere in his devotion to Carleton, though I believe that he rather looked to the reward. But if sincere, that ought to be considered in mitigation of his sentence. Furthermore, he is a friend of M. Belmont and that too shall count in his favor. I had intended to seize him and deliver him as a prisoner of war to the Bastonnais."

Sieur Sarpy made a solemn gesture of deprecation.

"Are you serious, Batoche?" he asked.
 "Serious?" said the old man with that wild strange look characteristic of his preternatural moods.

"Bouchette is safe."
 "Not from me."
 "He is well guarded."
 "I will break through any guard."
 "But you cannot enter the town."
 "I can enter whenever I like."
 "When inside, you will not be able to come out."

"The weasel makes an invisible hole, which is never filled up."

Zulma listened with riveted eye, set lip and distended nostril. Sieur Sarpy smiled.

"You will kidnap Bouchette?"
 "I will."
 "And fetch him to the American camp?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, what of that? Bouchette is no friend of mine. I know him only by name. How does all this concern me?"
 "Precisely. That is just what I have come for."

Sieur Sarpy looked at his curious interlocutor with renewed interest, not unblended with concern.

"I have come from, and in the name of, M. Belmont. He knows of my plan and has tried to dissuade me from it. But in vain. He might warn Bouchette or betray me to the garrison, but he is too loyal to France for that. He respects my secret. This, however, does not prevent him from striving to help his friend. He said to me: 'Batoche, if you must make a prisoner of Joseph Bouchette, go first to Sieur Sarpy and ask him whether he would receive him in his house on parole. He would thus be relieved of much unnecessary suffering, at the same time that he would be out of the way of doing you further mischief.' After some hesitation, I accepted this proposal of my friend, and here I am to communicate it to you."

"I do not accept," said M. Sarpy curtly and decidedly. "I would be ashamed to have a countryman of mine a prisoner in my house. If I took part in this war, I should do so openly, but so long as I remain on neutral ground, I will not allow my premises to be violated by either party. If Bouchette deserves to suffer, let him suffer to the full."

"Then he will suffer to the full," said Batoche rising rapidly and seizing his cap.

"No, he will not," exclaimed Zulma also rising and facing the old soldier. "M. Bouchette did only his duty. He has his opinions as you and I have. He has been faithful to these opinions. He has done a brave deed. He has shed glory on his countrymen instead of disgrace. Who constituted you his judge? What right have you to punish him? M. Belmont keeps your secret? I am surprised. I will not keep it. I do not consider it a secret. Even if it were, I would violate it. Promise me that you will desist. In the name of France, in the name of honor, in the name of religion, I call upon you to abandon your project. If you do not, I will this moment leap into a sleigh, drive to Quebec, find my way within the walls, seek M. Bouchette and tell him all. What do you say?"

During this impassioned harangue, the face of Batoche was a study. First there was surprise, then amazement, then incredulity, then consternation, then perplexity, then utter collapse. It was evident that the old soldier had never encountered such an adversary before her. The animated beauty of the speaker no less than her stirring words magnetized him, and, for a few moments, he could not reply, but his native cunning gradually awoke and he said slyly:

"Very well, mademoiselle, but what would the young officer say?"

Without noticing the covert allusion, Zulma answered promptly:

"The American officers are all gentlemen. They

admire bravery and devotion wherever they see it, and they would not take an unfair advantage of any enemy. But that is neither here nor now. Answer me. Do you persevere in your intention or not?"

"Mademoiselle, Joseph Bouchette owes his liberty to you," said Batoche, and, bowing, he walked out of the room. Sieur Sarpy attempted to detain him, but without success. He went as silently and swiftly as he had come.

An author has said that a wonderful book might be written on Forgotten Heroes. Joseph Bouchette was of them. By piloting the Saviour of Canada in an open boat, from Montreal to Quebec, he performed the most brilliant and momentous single service during the whole war of invasion. And yet his name is hardly known. No monument of any kind has been raised to his memory. Nay more, after the lapse of a hundred years, the material claims of the Bouchette family have been almost entirely ignored.

IV.

PRACTICAL LOVE.

When Zulma found herself alone in her room, she opened the note of Cary. She noticed that it was moist and crumpled in her hand. It had been a sore trial to wait so long before acquainting herself with its contents, but she felt, as some sort of compensation, that it had served to nerve her to the animated dialogue which she had held with Batoche.

"That paper," she said, "urged me to be brave. I knew that he who had written it would have expressed the same sentiments under the circumstances."

The note was very brief and simple. It read thus.

"Mademoiselle,—

I desired to speak to you last night a parting word, but I could not. I am gone from you, but whither, I really cannot tell. The future is a blank. May I ask this grace? Should I fall, will you cherish a slight remembrance of me? Your memory will be with me to the last. Your friendship has been the one ray of light in the darkness of this war. Should I survive, shall we not meet again?

Your devoted servant,

CARY SINGLETON."

When Zulma had read the letter once, she smoothed it out gently on her knee, threw her head back into her chair, and closed her eyes. After an interval of full five minutes, she roused herself and took up the paper again. This time the cheek was white, the eye quenched, and the broad forehead seemed visibly to droop under the weight of a gathering care.

"Five lines . . . eighty four words . . . lead pencil . . . paper torn from pocket book . . ." These were the only words she said, the effect of a mental calculation so characteristic of her sex. But swifter than words could have spoken, she went through the whole contents of the letter, replying to its every expressed point, supplying its every insinuation and supplementing the effect of it all by her own kindred thoughts and feelings.

He had desired to speak to her last night as they parted in the snow storm at the door of the lower hall. She had expected that word of farewell. It was to have been the culmination of the evening, the crystallization of all the undefined and unexpressed sentiment which had passed between them. If he had not spoken, either through emotion, timidity, or from whatever cause, she would have done so. The presence of Pauline would have been no obstacle. The presence of her father would have been rather an incentive. But at the supreme moment, the shadow of Batoche fell upon the lighted door, like a blight of fate, the current of all their thoughts were turned elsewhere, and the exquisite opportunity was lost.

And now he was gone. Alas! It was only too true to say that neither he nor she knew what future lay in store for him. The soldier always carries his life in his hands, and the chances of death are tenfolded in his case.

When he spoke of their friendship and asked a slight remembrance, her own heart was the lexicon which gave the true interpretation to words that appeared timid on paper. Zulma was too brave a girl to hide the real meaning of her feelings from herself, nor would she have feared to confess them to any body else. Least of all, in her opinion, should Cary ignore them. In other circumstances she would have preferred the lingering indefiniteness and the gradual developments which are perhaps the sweetest of all the phases of love, but in the midst of danger, in the presence of death, there could be no hesitation, and Zulma concluded her long meditation with two practical resolves—the first, an instant answer to the note, the second, the devising of means to meet Cary again during the progress of hostilities.

When these determinations were made, her features resumed their usual serenity, her beau-

tiful head rose in its old pride of carriage, and something very like a saucy laugh fluttered over her lips.

"I am sorry I offended old Batoche," she murmured, folding the paper and hiding it in her bosom. "He would have been just my man."

She had scarcely uttered the words when her father entered and said:

"Batoche asks to see you, my dear."

(To be continued.)

A NEW TELEGRAPH SYSTEM.

During the siege of Paris the Government of National Defence received from M. Bourbouze a proposition to establish electrical communications with the provinces without the employment of wires. It was a marvellous method for evading the Prussian blockade; balloons and pigeons at once found themselves entirely distanced.

The Seine was to be utilized for the reception of currents which the enemy would not be able to intercept. Paris, thanks to her noble river, was to find herself morally deinvolved. The idea had once before been spoken of, but had been relegated to the region of chimeras.

The pressure of an immense public danger, however, revived the conception; and although few believed the experiment would succeed, it was in reality perfectly successful. The Bridge of Auusterlitz was put in communication with the Napoleon Bridge, and subsequently signals were exchanged between the National Bridge and St. Denis.

These experiments were considered decisive. A physicist was despatched by balloon, charged with the duty of fixing electric piles in the upper Seine, and changing the beautiful stream into a telegraphic line which no Prussians could break or disarrange.

In the mean time, however, peace was concluded, and M. Bourbouze's successes in this remarkable direction were forgotten. He however, fully impressed with the importance of his discovery, determined to work it out with that perseverance which characterizes him. The obstacles were innumerable, but none of them were insurmountable, and on the 27th of March last M. Bourbouze was in a position to give his invention the sanction of publicity. He accordingly requested the Academy of Sciences to open a sealed package which he had deposited with them on the 28th of November, 1870. M. Bertrand opened and read the document to the assembled members amid profound silence.

The communication stated that when the two extremities of the wire of a galvanometer are placed in contact, the one with a gas pipe and the other with a flow of water, the existence of an energetic current can be easily ascertained. An analogous result is obtained by putting one end of the wire in connection with any flow of water and the other with a piece of metal buried in the earth. Or one of the electrodes may be placed in a stream and the other in a pond or well with the same results. If a pile is introduced into the system, the needle indicates by a change of direction the influence of the new source of electricity. However, to render this modification evident it is indispensable to compensate telluric action. That is provided for very simply by means of a small element of cupric sulphate and a compensator. Bourbouze has completely established the reality of his discovery, for by means of an apparatus at 85 Rue Mouffetard he communicates telegraphically without wire with the Ecole de Pharmacie. Scientists have assisted at these experiments, and the operations which were carried on in their presence succeeded perfectly, and nothing was wanting either in the rapidity or the exactness of the signals. M. Henry de Parville, in his article on the subject in the *Débats*, has in no respect exaggerated this unexpected and unhoped for discovery of a new principle of telegraphy.

It not must be supposed, however, that the network of telegraphic wires spread over the land will be entirely suppressed, for while a single cell is sufficient for sending a telegraphic message over a wire a battery of not less than forty cells is required for the same distance by the system of M. Bourbouze. Still it is probable that further experiments in this direction will develop extraordinary and unlooked-for results.

QUEEN'S PLATE, TORONTO.

We give a sketch of the Queen's Plate or "Canadian Derby," the most interesting event of the Woodbine Park meeting, just closed. The Queen's Plate race was inaugurated by the Prince of Wales in 1860. Although it is only a gift of fifty sovereigns, the honour is as much coveted as the Newmarket 2,000 guineas and generally brings out a good field besides giving an assurance of something like square dealing. The crowd round the pool-seller taking their cue from the Derby, and pinning their faith on an outside horse bought up the field at a higher price than the choice. Ten horses started, three only surviving the last half mile, the rest nowhere, in the sketch "Norah B." allowing "Sunnyside," the favourite, 6 lbs in passing under the wire half a head in front, Grey Cloud following. The race was one of the finest ever witnessed in Toronto due in a great measure to the admirable arrangements of the stewards in securing order and suppressing the sale of liquor on the course. The sketch is from the stewards' stand.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S LEGACY.

BY J. H. B. J., MONTREAL.

"'Twas in the good old days when George III. was King," so loved my venerable grand dame to preface her reminiscences, and one of our most highly prized rewards, as children, was to gather round her knee and—

"When the largest lamp was lit,
 "When the chequer glowed in the embers
 "And the kid turned on the spit
 "With weeping and with laughter,
 "Still was the story told—
 "Of the brave days of old."

It was then we used to delight to hear from her lips the following page of family history—which to us was particularly interesting, as it accounted, under Providence, not only for our appearance in this world, but also for all the comforts now so liberally surrounding us.

I think I can see her now, seated in the arm-chair, her petite figure erect, and even at her advanced age still retaining much of its youthful rounded outline; her complexion the envy of many a youthful belle, clear and transparent as a Canadian sky, and her voice one of those whose clear, sweet ringing tones lingered pleasantly upon the ear; her silvery hair gathered in a style peculiar to the days long, long ago. Alas! the dear old lady's hands have long since been folded peacefully upon her breast, and her dear eyes closed upon us forever in this world.

Will the reader kindly exercise his imagination so far as for a short time to imagine himself in one of those out-of-the-way, though pleasant, nooks in the north riding of the county of Yorkshire.

Originally it had been but a simple farm house, but as prosperity had changed the fortunes of its owners, it had gradually assumed a more pretentious aspect outwardly, and a correspondingly comfortable aspect inwardly.

Its broad level gravelled carriage drive, its trim-cut privet hedge and smooth shaven lawn, its porch, large and old fashioned, coolest of cool retreats from summer heat, and under whose sheltering eaves the swallows each returning spring loved to build their nests; and one side of the oldest part of the house was covered with a luxuriant growth of climbing rose trees, through which peeped out the latticed windows with their diamond-shaped frames. A large bow window opened on the lawn on which a mighty elm tree, the growth of many a long year, reared aloft its head and stretched out its giant arms affording a grateful shade.

We still retained the old name of The White House, and all combined, a more delightful country gentleman's residence did not stand beneath the shadow of the Cleveland Hills. "But it was not always thus. When I came here a girl years ago, it was but a bleak cold place," so spake my grandmother; and here, perhaps, it is better that she should commence to tell her own story in her own words.

In the early part of the present century, on a glorious summer morning, I found myself along with one other person, and he a very important one in this narrative, occupying the inside of the stage coach "Highflyer." We were bowling along at the rate of fourteen miles an hour behind as good a team of four horses as ever stretched a trace.

Talk not to me of the blessings of steam and being hurled up to London, as in these later times, in the express as though shot out of a cannon, and in momentary expectation of being torn limb from limb in a so-called railway accident. Give to me the good old coaching days when the free breath of heaven fanned your cheek, and the sharp clatter of the horses' hoofs upon the level road, the jingle of harness, the guard's echoing horn, all combined to make music for us as we sped along.

To each town and hamlet on the road we seemed the daily event to which one and all looked forward, the only mild excitement, apparently in which the worthy burghers indulged, and who doubtless relapsed into their normal condition of somnolence as soon as we had gone. See how, when starting, the horse clothes are by the ostler deftly whipt off the loins of the impatient steeds, up swings the guard to his accustomed place, decked in his gay scarlet coat, and see the rubicund visaged Jehu as he gathers the reins in his accustomed grasp, and with professional eye scans the team and its appointment.

"Crack goes the whip, round go the wheels," and gayly we swing round the neighbouring corner, and at a smart canter are into the open country, past hedgerows fragrant with blossoming hawthorn, and on which, in the early morning, the dewdrops glisten like innumerable diamonds; past farm-houses where the blue smoke curls lazily from the chimney as though loath to taint the sweet morning air, and where the faithful watchdog is almost caught napping, and in disgust at his apparent neglect, scurries after us indulging in much futile frantic barking; past groups of patient, meek-eyed kine standing knee deep in meadow grass, waiting the longed-for advent of the lagging milkmaid; past smock-frocked labourers, horny-handed honest sons of toil, plodding onward to their daily labour. See there the timid leveret roused from its lair, bounds o'er earth's soft flooring; the twittering sparrow hops from spray to spray, the thrush from the adjacent thicket pours out its love song to its waiting mate, while far, far aloft, lost to the eye in the azure vault of heaven, the lark bursts out in tuneful glorious melody. Here the mower whets his scythe, pausing awhile to see the snail go by.