

upon the barrier and pulled our ladders over it to his own side. The sight of these things enraged and paralyzed me. If we had had only the English to deal with, we should have succeeded, but when the French lent a hand it was too much. When at length we were completely surrounded and our men fell on every side, Captain Singleton, as I have said, ordered me to escape. "You can do no good now," he said. "We are lost. Fly and tell our friends all that has happened. Tell M. Sarpy and Mademoiselle Zulma that I have not forgotten them in this most terrible of all my misfortunes." I obeyed these orders. The flight was almost as desperate as the advance. Accompanied by my men and several Indians, we threw ourselves into a narrow path along the river, till we reached the frozen bed of the St. Charles which we crossed with the greatest difficulty. We had to run two miles over sleet ice formed by the high tides, and encountering numerous air holes hidden from us by the darkness and the falling snow. After countless hardships and dangers, we succeeded in reaching the opposite bank whence we could hear the last sounds of battle in the distance. We stopped to listen until all was quiet and we knew that the fate of our unfortunate companions was sealed. Then we made our way to the headquarters at St. Foye where we were the first to convey the terrible intelligence to Colonel Arnold. There too we learned full particulars of Montgomery's defeat. After taking the needful rest, I dismounted my men to their houses for a brief baulough, while I turned my steps directly to this mansion. Here I am and I have told my story. Was I not justified in saying that it is all wrong and yet all right?"

IV.

DAYS OF SUSPENSE.

Now that Zulma knew all, her anxiety was hardly less than when she was left to her own painful surmises. It was a relief, of course, to be certain that Cary's wound was not a dangerous one, and that, as he was doomed to be a prisoner, he would have the good offices of Roderick Hardinge. Of the latter's kindly disposition towards her friend she had not the least doubt. Indeed, it added to her satisfaction to believe that he would treat Cary well precisely for her own sake. Thinking over this subject, she found herself more than once mentally expressing a deep admiration of the British officer. She pictured to herself with intense vividness the beauty of his person, the manliness of his carriage and the hearty warmth, ease and culture of his conversation. At times she almost fancied that Cary's lot was not such a hard one after all, free from further dangers, exempt from the winter hardships of his former quarters and enjoying the society of so congenial a character as Roderick Hardinge. A sad smile glided across her face as she thought that she would be disposed to bear a little captivity herself for the sake of such companionship. But all these feelings lay only on the surface. In the recesses of her heart, she grieved over the utter failure of the Americans, grieved over their blasted hopes, their ruined expectations, and over the terrible catastrophe which had overtaken so many of their principal officers. She particularly bewailed the unequal share of misfortune which had overtaken Cary Singleton. Twice wounded and now a prisoner—surely this was an unusually rude experience for a youth of one and twenty. And then she was deprived of his company as he of hers. She wondered—and the thought, in spite of her, was an additional pang—whether he would feel the isolation as much as she. She had no knowledge how long the captivity would last. Batoche had not been able to enlighten her on this head. If the remnant of the Continental army retreated, these unfortunate men would doubtless be left behind to pine in their prisons. If the siege was to continue during the remainder of the winter, they would be kept to prevent them from swelling the ranks of the invaders. In either case, the prospect was very dark.

Zulma remained in this state of doubt and depression for a week, during which she and her father received further particulars of the great battles, so that now they understood their nature fully, but they learned absolutely nothing concerning the prisoners, nor indeed concerning any one within the walls of the town. Batoche, who came out to them a couple of times during that interval, stated that he had tried every night to contrive an entrance, but found all the avenues closely guarded that he had to abandon each attempt. He added, however, that he was sure this extraordinary vigilance would not be kept up a length of time. So soon as the garrison became satisfied that the besieging army did not meditate a renewal of the attack—at least a speedy renewal—they would relax their watchfulness which must be a severe strain upon the comparatively small number of the troops. This assurance afforded Zulma only slender consolation. It pointed to a further delay, and delay, with all its uncertainties, was what she was then incapable of enduring. A further source of anxiety was that she and her father had no tidings whatever of Eugene since the great event. Previously they heard of and from him frequently through the visits which Batoche paid the Belmonts.

At the end of a fortnight, Batoche arrived at the Sarpy mansion with a bit of more definite news. He had not himself succeeded in penetrating to the interior of the town, but he had unexpectedly met in the woods, near his hut, at Montmorency, a poor broken down countryman of his who had deserted from the militia. From him he heard that the prisoners were confined in a portion of the Seminary, occupying comfort-

able quarters, and precisely one of the causes of his desertion was that he and his companions were deprived of their best rations for the benefit of these fellows. He further stated that, at the battle at Sault-au-Matlot, the young students of the Seminary found themselves engaged and behaved pretty well, but none of them suffered. This was a source of great pleasure to both Sieur Sarpy and Zulma and it dispelled their misgivings about Eugene. Another piece of news brought by this deserter was that, after firing the fatal shot at Pres-de-Ville, the little garrison of the block-house fell into a panic and fled in the utmost precipitation, and it was only when they found that they were not pursued that they ventured to return.

"Ah!" exclaimed Batoche, "if the officer, who took command after the brave Montgomery, had only pressed on, the block-house would have been carried, Arnold would have been reinforced, the combined assault would have been a complete success, and Quebec would now be ours."

"What is the name of that officer?" inquired Zulma.

"I do not know him, but I believe they call him Campbell."

"Coward, if not traitor," exclaimed the girl, rising from her seat and exhibiting her scorn by a strange contraction of features.

Whatever the cause, the conduct of Campbell was inexplicable. There appears no doubt that he could have continued the assault successfully after Montgomery's death, and it is more than probable that his triumph would have insured that of Arnold. But there is no use speculating on this. A great commander has said that war is largely made up of accidents, favorable and unfavorable.

V.

THE INVALID.

Batoche displayed his usual foresight when he predicted that the garrison of Quebec would soon slacken its vigilance. Arnold with the small remnant of his shattered forces gave up all attempt at a complete investment, but confined himself to an alert blockade. He burned the houses in the suburbs that interfered with his plan of operations. On his side, Carleton made a sortie or two to burn the rest of the houses in St. Roch's, with the double purpose of clearing the spaces before his guns and supplying the town with fire-wood which was getting short. With his two thousand men he could easily have pounced upon the five or six hundred Americans and routed or captured them, thus effectually raising the siege, but, for some reason or other, which has never been satisfactorily explained, he preferred to pursue the Fabian policy, and trust to the return of spring and the arrival of reinforcements from the sea for ultimate deliverance. He kept his troops well in hand, but it was natural that with the weary length of the siege and the long inaction which followed the attacks on New Year's eve, his men should get more or less demoralized. The desertion mentioned in the preceding chapter was followed by many others, especially of American soldiers whom he had unwisely enlisted in one of his corps, instead of keeping them rigidly as prisoners.

These men seized every opportunity to escape, and through them Arnold soon became acquainted with all that was going on within the town. Among these sources of information were long letters written by his captive officers, in one of which it was stated that Captain Singleton's wound having induced a serious inflammation of the lungs, he had been allowed to be transported to the house of a private family. When Batoche became possessed of this important intelligence he immediately repaired to the Sarpy mansion and acquainted Zulma with it.

"I wonder who are the kind friends that have taken him in," said Zulma, after lamenting this new danger that threatened her friend.

"Can't you guess?" asked Batoche, and his knowing smile went straight to the heart of his companion.

"I hope that you guess true."

"Be assured of it, but to clear away all doubts, I am resolved to find my way into Quebec to-night. I have a plan that will succeed. The deserter, whom I met the other day, has given me his uniform in exchange for other clothing which will enable him to move about the country in safety. I will disguise myself in this uniform. The Wolves will take me for one of themselves. I will carry musket, knapsack and all. If you have any messages or letters for your friends, prepare them at once. I will carry them about me in such a manner that they shall not be discovered and I will safely deliver them. I have made up my mind to get into the town to-night, and I will do it. I have a definite purpose and it shall be accomplished. Captain Singleton is sick and I must see him in person."

As Batoche spoke these words, his face was marked by a calm determination which was proof against every obstacle, and there was an expression of sadness besides, indicative of the concern which he felt for the safety of Cary Singleton's life.

The old man was as good as his word. On returning to quarters, he donned the disguise of the deserter and, when the proper hour of the night came, went off to reconnoitre under the walls. He travelled long and wearily. Several times he was espied, or fancied he was espied, by the sentinels on the rampart. Once he was fired upon. But at length by dint of skill, courage and perseverance, he managed to scale a parapet and drop quietly into a dark street, just as the sentry, returning on his beat, remained above him with glistening weapon. He crouched in a corner to

make sure that he had been unseen and unheard. Very provocatively, the guard stood a considerable time gazing at nothing, but he stepped forward finally, and Batoche slipped away. He went directly to the house of M. Belmont where, as his time was short, he would be best able to get all the information that he wanted.

"I promised M. Belmont," he muttered to himself, "that I would not go near his house again, but that was because I was a rebel. Now I am a loyalist, a devoted servant of King George, and I wear his glorious livery. There can therefore be no possible objection to my visit."

And the old man chuckled as he neared his destination.

It was not later than eleven o'clock, but the house was still and dark. There were no lights on the front, and the snow was untrampled on the stairs and sidewalk. Batoche hesitated a moment, fearing that some misfortune might have happened to his friends within the four or five weeks since he had last seen them. But on moving cautiously to the rear, he saw a bright light in the kitchen and a fainter one in an upper room.

"All is well," thought he, as he ascended the steps and knocked at the kitchen door. His rap echoed loud within and he heard the shuffling of flying female feet. He then tried the lock, but found the door double-barred.

"I have frightened the maid and the house is barricaded, but I hope the girl will have sense enough to announce that somebody is at the door."

Presently the muffled stamping of manly slippers became audible and Batoche recognized the tread of M. Belmont.

"Who is there?"

"A friend."

"Your name?"

Batoche durst not give his name even in a whisper for the winds of suspicion might bear it to headquarters.

"What do you want at this hour?"

"Fear nothing. Open the door and I will tell you."

"I will not open."

M. Belmont was not a timid man, but evidently these precautions had become necessary in the present demoralized condition of the town.

Batoche was in a quandary, but his native sagacity soon came to his aid. Putting his mouth close to the key-hole, he sent through it the low bark of the wolf. M. Belmont opened his eyes wide as he heard it, and a sickly smile spread over his face, but he lost no time in turning the lock. Through a very small aperture the stranger gazed into the room.

"Batoche!"

"M. Belmont!"

A few whispered words explained everything—the disguise, the motive of the visit and all the rest. M. Belmont recovered his equanimity and led his friend to a front room.

"I have no time to lose. I must see him," said Batoche.

"He is very ill and now sleeping."

"Who is with him?"

"Pauline. She never leaves him."

"I must see him."

"Stay a moment. Roderick Hardinge may be here at any moment. He calls every evening about this hour. He must not meet you."

"Never fear. It will be easy to keep out of his sight."

The two friends then ascended to the sick room—Pauline's own chamber. On the little bed lay the fine form of the young American soldier, stretched out at full length under snow-white coverlets. The face was drawn down and narrowed, the eyes were sunken, while the fever played in lurid lines about the cheek-bones and ample forehead. The masses of curly hair lay moist upon the pillow. By the dim light of the shaded lamp on the table near by, Cary looked like a corpse, silent, immovable—how different from the manly figure which Batoche had seen doing battle by his side in the terrible battle of Sault-au-Matlot.

Pauline sat in a low chair at the head of the bed, the loveliest picture of sad, suffering beauty. There were dark lines under her eyes that told of long watches, and a slight stoop in her shoulders indicative of weariness against which the generous, loving spirit was struggling. When the stranger entered the apartment with her father, she neither moved from her seat, nor made any sign. Her idea was that it was probably a soldier whom Roderick, unable to come himself, had sent to inquire about the invalid. But when the man approached nearer, and M. Belmont, preceding him, whispered something in her ear, she rose with the pressure of both hands upon her throbbing heart.

"Batoche!" she exclaimed in a smothered voice. "You are an angel of Providence."

"I heard he was ill and I came to see him." "Yes, you heard he was ill and you came, at the peril of your life. You are a noble man, a generous friend. Oh, how he will be delighted to see you. He sleeps; we cannot awake him, but when he awakes, your presence will give him strength and courage. And Zulma—"

Just then there was a low rap at the front door, and the girl, interrupting her speech, stepped out of the room and down stairs.

"It is Hardinge," said M. Belmont. "Go into the adjoining room, Batoche. He will not remain long. Perhaps, as the sick man is now reposing, he may not come up stairs at all."

It was some moments before he ascended, being engaged in a colloquy with Pauline, and when he did come up, it was only to gaze upon the sleeping man for a few seconds. He con-

tented himself with saying to M. Belmont that he had just seen the doctor who declared that this was the height of the crisis, but that the chances were largely in favor of the patient. Anything—the merest trifle—that would tend to cheer up his moral nature at this time, without unduly exciting him, would most probably determine a salutary change for the better.

M. Belmont smiled faintly as he heard this. He thought of Batoche's visit.

"That will be just the thing," he murmured inwardly.

(To be continued.)

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Sigma, Montreal—Solution of Problem No. 51, received. Correct.

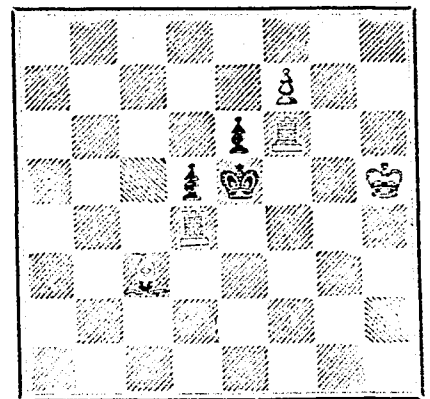
Student, Montreal—Solution of Problem No. 51, received. Correct.

H. A. C. F., Montreal—Solution of Problem No. 53, received. Correct. This Problem shall be examined with reference to the defect you speak of. Mr. Pavitt, however is one of the best Chess Problem composers of the day. We have not yet received your last letter. Shall be glad to have Mr. Murphy's Problem. We miss him lately from our correspondents.

PROBLEM No. 54.

By KING.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 11911.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

In the following game Mr. Marshall gives the odds of Pawn and move to a well-known amateur.

(Remove Black's K B P.)

WHITE.—(Mr. L.) BLACK.—(Mr. Marshall.)

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 3 |
| 2. P to Q 4 | P to Q 4 |
| 3. B to Q 3 | P to Q 4 |
| 4. P to Q B 3 | Kt to Q B 3 |
| 5. B to K 3 | P takes Q P |
| 6. Q B P takes P | P takes K P |
| 7. B takes P | Kt to K B 3 |
| 8. B takes Kt (ch) | P takes B |
| 9. Q to R 4 | Kt to Q 4 |
| 10. Kt to K B 3 | B to Kt 5 (ch) |
| 11. Q Kt to Q 2 | Castles |
| 12. Castles | B to Kt 2 |
| 13. Q to B 2 | B to Q 3 |
| 14. Kt to Kt 5 | B to B 4 |
| 15. Kt to K B 3 (ch) | Q to B 2 |
| 16. Q Kt to B 3 | P to B 4 |
| 17. K Kt to Kt 5 | B takes P (ch) |
| 18. K to R sq | Kt takes B |
| 19. P takes Kt | Q to Kt 6 |
| 20. Kt takes K P | R to R 4 |
| 21. Kt to K B 4 | B takes K (ch) |
| 22. B takes B | Q takes R (ch) |
| 23. P takes Q | B takes Kt (ch) |
| 24. K to Kt sq | B takes P (ch) |
| 25. K to Kt 2 | R to Kt 4 (ch) |
| 26. K to R 3 | B to B 5 |
| 27. Q to B 4 (ch) | K to R sq |
| 28. R to K B sq | R to K B sq |
| 29. P takes P | R to B 3 |

And White resigned.

NOTES.

(a) P to K 5 leads to a stronger attack. This move gives Black a time.

(b) It is necessary to move the Kt of course, for Black threatened to win it by Kt takes B, etc., but instead of retreating, he might, we think, have safely captured the K P.

(c) Very finely conceived, but after these exchanges, White should have been able to draw.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 52.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. B to Q 4 (ch) K takes B

2. Kt mates at K B 5

3. Q to Q 8 mate

4. Q to K B 5 mate

5. K to K B 5

6. K to K B 5

7. K to K B 5

8. K to K B 5

9. K to K B 5

10. K to K B 5

11. K to K B 5

12. K to K B 5

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14. K to K B 5

15. K to K B 5

16. K to K B 5

17. K to K B 5

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83. K to K B 5

84. K to K B 5