

he had not been able to read the evening before, on account of the twilight and the size of the letters. He went up to the pedestal of the cross. Under the signature "PRINCE DE LA MARNE," there were yet two other lines in small characters :

"The identity of the ci-devant Marquis de Lantenac established, he will be immediately shot. Signed, Chief of battalion commanding the exploring column, GAUVAIN."

"Gauvain!" said the marquis. He stood still thinking deeply, his eyes fixed on the notice. "Gauvain!" he repeated. He resumed his march; turned about; looked again at the cross, walked back, and once more read the placard.

Then he went slowly away. Had any person been near, he might have been heard to murmur, in a half voice, "Gauvain!" From the sunken paths into which he retreated he could only see the roofs of the farm which lay to the left. He passed along the side of a steep eminence covered with furze of the species called long-thorn, in blossom. The summit of this height was one of those points of land named in Brittany a *hure* (head).

At the foot of the eminence the gaze lost itself among the trees. The foliage seemed bathed in light. All nature was filled with the deep joy of the morning.

Suddenly this landscape became terrible. It was like the bursting forth of an ambush. An appalling, indescribable trumpeting, made by savage cries and gun-shots, struck upon these fields and these woods filled with sunlight, and there could be seen rising from the side toward the farm a great smoke, cut by clear flames, as if the hamlet and the farm buildings were consuming like a truss of burning straw. It was sudden and fearful; the abrupt change from tranquillity to fury; an explosion of hell in the midst of dawn; a horror without transition. There was fighting in the direction of Herbe-en-Pail. The marquis stood still.

There is no man in a similar case who would not feel curiosity stronger than a sense of the peril. One must know what is happening, if one perishes in the attempt. He mounted the eminence along the bottom of which passed the sunken path by which he had come. From there he could see, but he could also be seen. He remained on the top for some instants. He looked about

There was, in truth, a fusillade and a conflagration. He could hear the cries, he could see the flames. The farm appeared the centre of some terrible catastrophe. What could it be? Was the farm of Herbe-en-Pail attacked? But by whom? Was it a battle? Was it not rather a military execution? Very often the Blues punished refractory farms and villages by setting them on fire. They were ordered to do so by a revolutionary decree; they burned, for example, every farm-house and hamlet where the tree-cutting prescribed by law had been neglected, or no roads opened among the thickets for the passage of the Republican cavalry. Only very lately, the parish of Bourgon, near Ernée, had been thus destroyed. Was Herbe-en-Pail receiving similar treatment? It was evident that none of the strategic routes called for by the decree had been made among the copses and inclosures. Was this the punishment for such neglect? Had an order been received by the advance-guard occupying the farm? Did not this troop make part of one of those exploring divisions called the "infernal columns"?

A bristling and savage thicket surrounded on all sides the eminence upon which the marquis had posted himself for an outlook. This thicket, which was called the grove of Herbe-en-Pail, but which had the proportions of a wood, stretched to the farm and concealed, like all Breton copses, a network of ravines, by-paths, and deep cuttings, labyrinths where the Republican armies lost themselves.

The execution, if it was an execution, must have been a ferocious one, for it was short. It had been, like all brutal deeds, quickly accomplished. The atrocity of civil wars admits of these savage vagaries. While the marquis, multiplying conjectures, hesitating to descend, hesitating to remain, listened and watched, this crash of extermination ceased, or, more correctly speaking, vanished. The marquis took note of something in the thicket that was like the scattering of a wild and joyous troop. A frightful rushing about made itself heard beneath the trees. From the farm the band had thrown themselves into the wood. Drums beat. No more gun-shots were fired. Now it resembled a battue; they seemed to search, follow, track. They were evidently hunting some person; the noise was scattered and deep; it was a confusion of words of wrath and triumph; of indistinct cries and clamour. Suddenly, as an outline becomes visible in a cloud of smoke, something is articulated clearly amid this tumult; it was a name—a name repeated by a thousand voices, and the marquis plainly heard this cry :

"Lantenac! Lantenac! The Marquis de Lantenac!"
It was he whom they were hunting.

VI.—THE WHIRLIGIGS OF CIVIL WAR.

Suddenly all about him, from all sides at the same time, the copse filled with muskets, bayonets, and sabres, a tri-

coloured flag rose in the half-light, the cry of "Lantenac!" burst forth in his very ear, and at his feet, behind the brambles and branches, savage faces appeared.

The marquis was alone, standing on a height, visible from every part of the wood. He could scarcely see those who shrieked his name; but he was seen by all. If a thousand muskets were in the wood, there was he like a target. He could distinguish nothing among the brushwood but burning eyeballs fastened upon him.

He took off his hat, turned back the brim, tore a long dry thorn from a furze-bush, drew from his pocket a white cockade, fastened the upturned brim and the cockade to the hat with the thorn, and putting back on his head the hat, whose lifted edge showed the white cockade, and left his face in full view, he cried in a loud voice that rang like a trumpet through the forest—

"I am the man you seek. I am the Marquis de Lantenac, Viscount de Fontenay, Breton prince, lieutenant-general of the armies of the king. Now make an end! Aim! Fire!" And, tearing open with both hands his goat-skin vest, he bared his naked breast.

He looked down, expecting to meet levelled guns, and saw himself surrounded by kneeling men. Then a great shout arose.

"Long live Lantenac! Long live Monseigneur! Long live the General."

At the same time hats were flung into the air, sabres whirled joyously, and through all the thicket could be seen rising sticks on whose points waved caps of brown woollen. He was surrounded by a Vendean band. This troop had knelt at sight of him.

Old legends tell of strange beings that were found in the ancient Thuringian forests—a race of giants, more and less than men, who were regarded by the Romans as horrible monsters, by the Germans as divine incarnations, and who, according to the encounter, ran the risk of being exterminated or adored.

The marquis felt something of the sentiment which must have shaken one of those creatures when, expecting to be treated like a monster, he suddenly found himself worshipped as a god. All those eyes, full of terrible lightnings, were fastened on him with a sort of savage love.

This crowd was armed with muskets, sabres, scythes, poles, sticks; they wore great beavers or brown caps, with white cockades, a profusion of rosaries and amulets; wide breeches open at the knee, jackets of skins, leathern gaiters, the calves of their legs bare, their hair long; some with a ferocious look, all with an open one.

A man, young and of noble mien, passed through the kneeling throng, and hurried toward the marquis. Like the peasants, he wore a turned-up beaver and a white cockade, and was wrapped in a fur jacket; but his hands were white, and his linen fine, and he wore over his vest a white silk scarf, from which hung a gold-hilted sword.

When he reached the hure he threw aside his hat, untied his scarf, bent one knee to the ground, and presented the sword and scarf to the marquis, saying,

"We were indeed seeking you, and we have found you. Accept the sword of command. These men are yours now. I was their leader; I mount in grade, for I become your soldier. Accept our homage, my lord. General, give me your orders."

Then he made a sign, and the men who carried a tri-coloured flag moved out of the wood. They marched up to where the marquis stood and laid the banner at his feet. It was the flag which he had just caught sight of through the trees.

"General," said the young man who had presented to him the sword and scarf, "this is the flag we just took from the Blues, who held the farm of Herbe-en-Pail. Monseigneur, I am named Gavard. I belong to the Marquis de la Rouerie."

"It is well," said the marquis. And calm and grave he put on the scarf. Then he drew his sword, and waving it above his head, he cried,

"Up! Long live the king!"
All arose. Through the depths of the wood swelled a wild triumphant clamour: "Long live the king! Long live our marquis! Long live Lantenac!"

The marquis turned towards Gavard—"How many are you?"

"Seven thousand."

And as they descended the eminence, while the peasants cleared away the furze-bushes to make a path for the Marquis de Lantenac, Gavard continued: "Monseigneur, nothing more simple. All can be explained in a word. It only needed a spark. The reward offered by the Republic, in revealing your presence, roused the whole district for the king. Besides that, we had been secretly warned by the mayor of Granville, who is one of our men, the same who saved the Abbé Olivier. Last night they sounded the tocsin."

"For whom?"
"For you."
"Ah!" said the marquis.
"And here we are," pursued Gavard.

"And you are seven thousand?"
"To-day. We shall be fifteen thousand to-morrow. It is the Breton contingent. When Monsieur Henry de la Rochejacquelein set out to join the Catholic army the tocsin was sounded, and in one night six parishes, Isernay, Corqueux, the Echaubroignes, the Aubiers, Saint-Aubin, and Nuell, brought him ten thousand men. They had no munitions; they found in the house of a quarry-master sixty pounds of blasting-powder, and M. de la Rochejacquelein set off with that. We were certain you must be in some part of this forest, and we were seeking you."

"And you attacked the Blues at the farm of Herbe-en-Pail?"
"The wind prevented their hearing the tocsin. They suspected nothing; the people of the hamlet, who are a set of clowns, received them well. This morning we surrounded the farm, the Blues were asleep, and we did the thing out of hand. I have a horse. Will you deign to accept it, general?"

"Yes."
A peasant led up a white horse with military caparisons. The marquis mounted without the assistance Gavard offered him.

"Hurrah!" cried the peasants. The cries of the English were greatly in use along the Breton coast, in constant communication as it was with the Channel Islands.

Gavard made a military salute, and asked, "Where will you make your head-quarters, monseigneur?"

"At first in the Forest of Fougères."

"It is one of your seven forests, my lord marquis."

"We must have a priest."

"We have one."

"Who?"
"The curate of the Chapelle-Erbrée."

"I know him. He has made the voyage to Jersey."

A priest stepped out of the ranks and said, "Three times." The marquis turned his head. "Good morning, Monsieur le curé. You have work before you."

"So much the better, my lord marquis."

"You will have to hear confessions. Those who wish. Nobody will be forced."

"My lord marquis," said the priest, "at Guéméné, Gaston forces the Republicans to confess."

"He is a hair-dresser," said the marquis; "death ought to be free."

Gavard, who had gone to give some orders, returned.

"General, I wait your commands."

"First, the rendezvous in the Forest of Fougères. Let the men disperse, and make their way there."

"The order is given."

"Did you not tell me that the people of Herbe-en-Pail had received the Blues well?"

"Yes, general."

"You have burnt the house?"

"Yes."

"Have you burnt the hamlet?"

"No."

"Burn it."

"The Blues tried to defend themselves, but they were a hundred and fifty, and we were seven thousand."

"Who were they?"

"Santerre's men."

"The one who ordered the drums to beat while the king's head was being cut off. Then it is a regiment of Paris."

"A half-regiment."

"It's name?"

"General, it had on its flag, 'Battalion of the Bonnet Rouge.'

"Wild beasts."

"What is to be done with the wounded?"

"Put an end to them."

"What shall we do with the prisoners?"

"Shoot them."

"There are about eighty."

"Shoot the whole."

"There are two women."

"Them also."

"There are three children."

"Carry them off. We will see what shall be done with them."

And the marquis rode on.

(To be continued.)

Numbers of persons have been hoaxed at Padham. It was announced by placards that "Signon Unsinque" would perform extraordinary feats on the River Calder, concluding with a drive on the river, drawn by geese. "The geese," it was stated, "will previously parade the banks of the river." There was a great crowd on each side of the river.

DIED.

At St. Roch, Quebec, the 23rd June, 1874, at the age of 13 years and 6 months, Etienne Narcisse Légaré, son of Etienne Légaré, collector. The interment took place at St. Roch, the 26th June.

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