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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.

V.

THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

Suddenly a singular movement was observed among the American troops, and silence fell upon the eager multitudes who lined the ramparts. The principal rebel officers were seen grouped together in consultation. From their gestures, it was evident that a matter of grave importance was argued, and that there was far from being a harmonious counsel. In the centre of the party stood a short, stout man, of florid complexion and apparently about thirty-five years of age. He was advocating his views with vigor, sometimes with a persuasive smile, sometimes with angry words. This was Arnold. A few of the officers listened in silence; others walked away with a scowl of derision and contempt on their faces. Finally, the interview closed, the troops fell back a little along the whole line, and all seemed intent upon watching the important event which was about to follow.

A trumpeter stepped forward, followed by a tall young officer dressed in the uniform of a rifleman. Both gave the salute to Arnold and received their instructions from him in a low voice. The young officer took from his command a sealed despatch, and, drawing his sword, attached to it a white handkerchief.

The sight of this handkerchief explained the whole movement.

"A summons to surrender!" was the word that passed along the Continental ranks, and nearly everybody laughed. The officers could scarcely conceal their disgust, and some of them loudly protested against being compelled to witness the humiliation which they were certain was about to ensue.

"A flag of truce!" exclaimed the crowds on the ramparts of the city, and their curiosity was excited as to the purport of the contemplated parley. It is safe to say that no one suspected a demand for capitulation, as nothing could appear more ridiculous under the circumstances.

The officer with the trumpeter advanced rapidly over the vacant ground which lay between their line of battle and the walls of Quebec. At stated intervals, according to the rules of the service, the trumpet was sounded, but no response came from the city. Finally, the two envoys stopped and stood in full view of the two camps.

"What a handsome fellow it is," said Zulma to Pauline.

The girls were in an excellent position for observing all that took place, and were so interested that even the timid Pauline forgot her anxieties about her father.

"Do you mean the trumpeter?"

"O, he is well enough. But I mean the officer who bears the flag."

The two friends were discussing this point when their attention was arrested by a movement at the gate almost beneath them. A British officer walked out alone and went direct to the flag-bearer.

"It cannot be," exclaimed Pauline.

"Yes, it is no other," replied Zulma with a laugh.

"Roderick!"

"Yes, and no better choice could have been made. A handsome loyalist against a handsome rebel. But there is a disparity of age."

"Hardly."

"I beg your pardon. Our tall, beautiful rebel is hardly twenty-one, I am sure, while your Lieutenant, Pauline, is more mature."

It was indeed Roderick Hardinge who had been commissioned to go forward and meet the American messenger. As he neared him, the two young officers bowed politely to each other and exchanged the military salute. Then the following brief conversation took place, as learned afterwards from the lips of the participants themselves.

"I presume, sir, that you have been detailed to meet me here," said the Continental.

"I have that honor, sir," responded Roderick.

"And to receive my message."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I regret to say that I have instructions not to receive any message whatever."

"But Colonel Arnold demands a parley according to the usages of war."

"I am sorry sir, that I cannot argue the point. My orders are to inform you that the commandant of the garrison of Quebec does not desire to have any communication with the commandant of the Continental force."

"But, sir, this—"

"Excuse me, we are both soldiers. We have done our duty and I beg to salute you."

Lieutenant Hardinge bowed and retreated a step or two. The flag-bearer looked perplexed for a moment at this turn of affairs, but recovered

ing his self-possession, returned the bow, wheeled about and, followed by the trumpeter, started at long strides over the plain.

An universal tumult arose. Both parties were aroused to the highest pitch of excitement. The Americans, seeing the insult which had been offered to their messenger, could scarcely contain themselves within the ranks. The citizens on the wall sent up cheer after cheer, and the ladies fluttered their handkerchiefs. Zulma was an exception. She had no pleasure to manifest, but the contrary. She resented the affront made to the handsome young rebel, and had immediate occasion to show her feeling. As Roderick Hardinge turned to retrace his steps toward the gate, he glanced upward at the dense line of spectators on the ramparts, and caught sight of Pauline and Zulma. He gave them both a smiling look of recognition. Pauline returned it with ardent eye and an animated face that betokened the joy and pride she felt in the service which her friend was called upon to perform. Zulma affected not to see Hardinge and looked away over to the American side, with an ostentatious air of offence.

Presently there was the report of a fire-arm, and a puff of pale blue smoke floated over the edge of the wall. If there was excitement before, there was uproar and consternation now. An outrage had been committed. Some one in Quebec had fired on the flag of truce. Pauline uttered a shrill cry and hid her face in her hands.

"What has happened?" she asked. "Is the battle going to begin? Let us hasten away. And Roderick—where is he?"

"Safe within the gate," exclaimed Zulma bending forward, with a keen nervous movement, and pointing in front of her. "But the American is not so safe. He has been fired at. The laws of war have been violated. See, he is the only one who is calm. He walks proudly along, without even turning his head. There is the hero. He is shot at as if he were a dog, in violation of the all civilized usages. Yet is he nobler than any of those who pretend to regard the Americans as unworthy of human treatment."

The Americans could hardly maintain their discipline. If the troops had been allowed their way, they would have rushed headlong against the walls to avenge the insult. But fortunately the officers succeeded in calming them. The shot had not been repeated. It was perhaps an accident, or it had been fired by some militiamen without orders. The flag-bearer was not injured, neither was the trumpeter.

The army contented itself with a last yell of defiance and fell back, partially deploying to the left so as to occupy the main road leading from the country to the city. Arnold was bitterly disappointed. His summons for surrender was a characteristic bit of impudence, as we have seen, not so much on account of the summons itself, as of the threats and other terms of rhodomontade in which it was couched. Still it might have succeeded as a mere ruse of war. That it did not succeed was matter for profound chagrin, and the circumstances of insult and humiliation by which the refusal was accompanied added poignancy to the pain.

On the other hand, the citizens of Quebec were jubilant. It was a first trial of strength and the garrison had not failed. It was the first time the terrible Bastonnais were seen by the inhabitants and they did not inspire any terror. Roderick Hardinge pretty well interpreted the general feeling in a conversation which he held that same afternoon with Pauline and Zulma. The latter had argued that the flag of truce should have been received. Roderick replied that he had, of course, no explanation to give in regard to the order of his superiors, but judging for himself he would say that any other commander except Arnold might perhaps have deserved more consideration. But Arnold was well known in the city. He had often come to Quebec from New England to buy horses for the West Indies trade in which he was engaged. Indeed he was nothing better than a Horse Jockey, with all the swagger, vulgarity and bounce appertaining to stablesmen. He had been appointed to head this expedition, chiefly because of his local knowledge of the country. He boasted that he had friends in Quebec who could help him. It was well therefore to treat him with merited contempt from the first and prove to him that he had no friends among them.

(To be continued.)

THE Premium Engraving, The Three Graces, advertised in another column, is one of extraordinary size, and in its execution nothing has been sacrificed or slighted. It portrays the three Christian Graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity, represented in the forms of three female figures to produce the slightest type of loveliness in pure womanhood. Each figure is more than one-third life-size, and the Engraving is a most desirable one for every Christian family.

HEARTH AND HOME.

IDLENESS.—Idleness is the nursery of crime. It is a prolific germ of which all rank and poisonous vices are the fruits. It is the source of temptation. It is the field where "the enemy sow tares while the men sleep." Could we trace the history of a large class of vices, we should find that they originate from the want of employment, and are brought in to supply its place.

ILL-NATURE.—There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures nor sensible of doing them to others. Yet what is more common than peevishness, discontent, and restless repining in the decline of life? And how rare the spectacle—all admit its beauty—of a cheerful, contented, and equable old age! "It is difficult," said Madame de Staël, during the last week of her brilliant but strangely chequered existence, "to grow old gracefully."

SELF-DISCIPLINE.—It is not the man who has seen the most, or read the most, who can do the most; such a one is in danger of being borne down like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man who can boast merely of native vigour and capacity. The greatest of all warriors who went to the siege of Troy had not the pre-eminence because nature had given him strength and he carried the largest bow, but he carried the largest bow, because self-discipline had taught him how to bend it.

IMAGINATION AND FANCY.—Imagination is central; fancy, superficial. Fancy relates to surface, in which a great part of life lies. The lover is rightly said to fancy the hair, eyes, complexion of the maid. Fancy is a wilful imagination, a spontaneous act; fancy, a play as with dolls and puppets which we choose to call men and women; imagination, a perception and affirming of a real relation between a thought and some material fact. Fancy amuses, imagination expands and exalts us. Imagination uses an organic classification. Fancy joins by incidental resemblances, surprises and amuses the idle, but is silent in the presence of great passion and action. Fancy aggregates; imagination animates. Fancy is related to colour; imagination to form. Fancy paints; imagination sculpts. —EMERSON.

PLAIN TRUTH.—In domestic happiness, the wife's influence is much greater than her husband's. By her management of small sums her husband's respectability and credit are created or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant leakages of extravagance and mismanagement; and more is spent in trifles than women would easily believe. The one great expense, whatever it may be, is turned over and carefully reflected on ere incurred; the income is prepared to meet it. But it is pennies imperceptibly sliding away which do the mischief; and this the wife alone can stop, for it does not come within a man's province. There is often an unsuspected trifle to be saved in every household. It is not in economy alone that the wife's attention is so necessary, but in those matters which make a well-regulated house. An unfinished cruet-stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a soiled table-cloth, a mustard-pot with its old contents sticking hard and brown about it, are really nothings; but each can raise an angry word or cause discomfort.

To BREAK up Colds, Fevers, Inflammatory and Bilious attacks, take a full cathartic dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets when the attack first comes on, and follow with two or three Pellets each day until a perfect cure is effected. They cure these cases by arousing all the secretions, relieving obstructions, thus reducing the action of the heart, relieving the congested blood-vessels, softening the pulse, producing gentle perspiration, and subduing the heat and fever. Unlike other cathartics, they do not, after operation, have a secondary tendency to render the bowels more costive. This is an important improvement, as all who have ever taken many pills or other cathartics, for the purpose of overcoming constipation, know to their sorrow that the secondary effect of all such medicines has been "to render a bad matter worse." These pellets produce such a secondary tonic effect upon the bowels as to bring about a permanent, healthy action. Hence their great value taken in small daily doses for a length of time, in habitual constipation and in Piles, attended and produced, as they generally are, by torpor of the liver and costiveness. Sold by druggists.

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

J. T. W., Halifax, N. S.—Solution of Problem No. 58 received. Correct. Also solution of Problem No. 60. Correct.

W. A., Montreal—Letter and correct solution of Problem No. 61, received.

We are always glad to have the opinions of our Correspondents, especially when given in the kind manner in which you write. It is true, we must have specimens of Canadian Chess, as our object is to promote a love of the game among all classes. We could fill our Column with the productions of the most celebrated composers and players of the day, but we feel that no lover of the game will grudge an occasional favor being allowed to

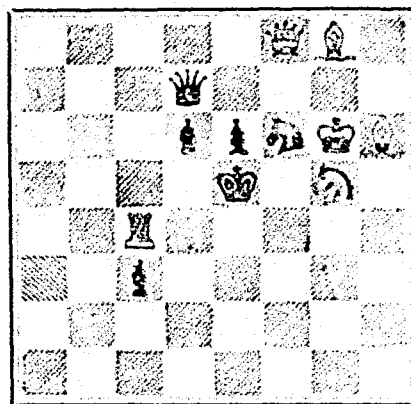
a youthful aspirant of our own Province. We insert in our Column one of the games of the Canadian Correspondence Tourney which is just being brought to a close. We have not time to give the particulars of this match today, but will do so next week. The other game is a skirmish between two players, the one at Quebec and the other at Montreal, after the close of a recent telegraph match.

A Chess match by telegraph between Kingston and Belleville was begun on Tuesday, the 29th of the last month. The contest, we learn, was a contest of three individual games. The players on the part of Kingston were Messrs. W. R. Mingay, R. Burns and F. P. Betts; and Belleville was represented by Messrs. W. F. Jones, D. F. Wallace and A. S. Terwilliger. Play began on the evening of the day above mentioned at half past eight, and continued till one A. M. of Wednesday, when a dispute arose respecting a request for adjournment made by the Kingston players, which, unfortunately, has led to a discontinuance of the match. We hope to learn soon that all difficulties have been settled, and that the half finished games have been brought to a satisfactory termination.

PROBLEM No. 62.

By Mr. J. G. FINCH.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 84th.

Played between Messrs. Henderson and Hoed, being one of the games of the Canadian Correspondence Tourney.

SCOTT'S GAMBIT.

WHITE.—(Mr. Henderson.) BLACK.—(Mr. Hoed.)

1. P to K 4th
2. K to K B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th
4. B to Q B 4th
5. P to Q B 3rd
6. P to K 5th
7. P takes P
8. K takes Kt
9. Q to K B 3rd
10. Kt takes Q
11. Kt to Q B 3rd
12. Kt to K 4th
13. R to K Kt sq
14. Kt takes R
15. B to K 3rd
16. Castles
17. Kt takes Kt
18. B to K R 6th
19. K R to K sq
20. R takes R
21. R to K 7th
22. R takes Q B P
23. B to Q Kt 5th
24. R to K 7th
25. B takes P
26. K to Q 2nd

GAME 85th.

Played by telegraph some time ago between Messrs. Ascher and Sanderson; the former of the Montreal, and the latter of the Quebec Club.

WHITE.—(Mr. Sanderson.) BLACK.—(Mr. Ascher.)

PATERSON'S DEFENCE.

1. P to K 4th
2. K Kt to B 3rd
3. B to Q B 4th
4. P takes P
5. K Kt to K 5th
6. P to Q 4th
7. Q B to K Kt 5th
8. B to K R 4th
9. P to Q B 3rd
10. P takes B
11. Q to Q 4th
12. B takes Kt
13. Q takes Kt
14. Castles
15. K to R sq
16. P takes B
17. K to Kt sq
18. Q takes B P
19. Q to K Kt 3rd
20. R P takes R
21. Kt to Q B 3rd
22. K R to K sq
23. Kt to Q B 2nd
24. Kt to K 3rd
25. Q R to B sq
26. Q R to Q B 2nd
27. Kt to K Kt 2nd

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 61.

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| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to K Kt 2nd | P to Q 2nd |
| 2. Kt mates | |

If Black plays any other move Queen mates.

Solution of Problem for Young Players

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| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to Q B 5th (ch) | R takes R |
| 2. P to Q B 4th (ch) | R takes P (A) |
| 3. P takes R mate | |

(A)

P takes P (en passant)

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 60.

(BY PION.)

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| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| K at K sq | K at K 4th |
| R at Kt Kt 3rd | Pawns at K R 3rd |
| B at K 7th | And K B 3rd |
| Pawns at K B 5th | |
| And K 4th | |

White to play and mate in four moves.