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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.

XII.

A WOMAN'S TACTICS.

When Zulma Sarpy reached home on the evening of her eventful journey to Quebec, her aged father observed that she was under the influence of strong emotions. She would have preferred keeping to herself all that she had seen or heard, but he questioned her closely and she could not well evade replies. It was quite natural, as she fully understood, that he should be anxious to obtain information about the state of affairs, especially as he had heard several rumors from his servants and neighbors during the day. When, therefore, she had composed herself somewhat, after the abundant and deliberate meal of a healthy, sensible woman, she narrated to him in detail all the events which she had witnessed. Sieur Sarpy frequently interrupted her with passionate exclamations which surprised her considerably, as they showed that he took a deeper interest in the impending war than he had intended or than she had expected. The incident of the bridge particularly moved him.

"And you are certain," he asked, "that the young officer was the same who was fired at from the walls?"

"I am positive I cannot be mistaken," she replied. "His stature, his noble carriage, his handsome face would distinguish him among a thousand."

"But you do not know his name?"

"Alas! no."

"You should have inquired. The man who treated my daughter with such high courtesy should not be a stranger to me."

"Ah! never mind, papa, I shall find out his name yet," said Zulma with a laugh.

"Perhaps not. Who can tell what will happen? War is a whirlwind. It may blow him out of sight and remembrance before we know it."

"Never fear," interrupted Zulma with a magnificent wave of her white arm. "I have a presentiment that we shall meet again. I have my eye on him and—"

"He has his eye on you," added Sieur Sarpy, breaking out with a little merriment which was unusual with him.

His daughter did not answer, but an ineffable light passed like an illumination over her beautiful face, and words which she would have uttered, but did not, died away in a delicious smile at the corners of her rich, sanguine lips. She rose from her chair, and stood immovable for a moment, gazing at a vase of red and white flowers that stood on the mantel before her eyes. Her snowy night dress fell negligently about her person, but its loose folds could not conceal the outline of her bosom which rose and fell under the touch of some strong mastering feeling. Sieur Sarpy, as he looked up at her, could not dissimulate his admiration of the lovely creature who was the comfort and glory of his life, nor restrain his tears at the thought, vague and improbable though it was, that perhaps this war might, in some unaccountable way, carry with it the destiny of his daughter and change for ever the current of their mutual existence. As she stood there before him, knowing her as he did, or perhaps because he did not know her so well as he might have done, he felt that she was about to make an important communication to him, ask him something or pledge him to some course which would affect him and her, and bring on precisely that mysterious result of which the shadow was already in his mind. But before he had the time to say a word either to quiet his fear or dissipate his conjecture, Zulma moved slowly from her place and dropped softly before his knees. All the color of her face, as she upturned it to his, was gone, but there was a melting pathos in those blue eyes which fascinated the old man.

"Papa," she said, "will you allow me to ask you a favor?"

Sieur Sarpy felt a twinge in his heart, and his lips contracted. Zulma noticed his emotion and immediately added:—

"I know that you are feeble, papa, and must not bear excitement, but what I have to ask you is simple and easy of accomplishment. Besides, I will leave you to judge and abide unreservedly by your decision."

Sieur Sarpy took his daughter's hand in his and replied:

"Speak, my dear, you know that I can refuse you nothing."

"You have resolved to be neutral in this war."

"That was my intention."

"Did you come to this resolution solely for your own sake?"

"For your sake and mine, dear. I am old and infirm, and cannot take part in the struggles of strong men. You are young and I must guard your future."

Zulma remained silent for a few moments, as

if she could find no further words to say. Her father, observing her embarrassment, brought back the conversation to its original drift, by inquiring into the nature of the demand which she had intended to make.

"I had intended to ask you my liberty of action," she said, with suddenly recovered energy. "But I will not do so now. Circumstances will perhaps occur to modify the situation for both of us before hostilities have progressed very far. All I shall ask of you now is that you will allow me to see that young officer again."

The old man, on hearing this innocent request, breathed more freely, as he exclaimed:

"Why, is that all, my darling? You certainly may see him again. I would like to see him myself and make his acquaintance. As I told you before, I have great admiration for his bravery and his gallantry towards you. And, Zulma, the next time you see him, don't fail to learn his name."

"That is precisely what I want to obtain," said the girl with a smile.

"Then we are quite agreed," rejoined her father, tapping her on the cheek and rising to close the interview.

He was now in great good humor, and she also affected to be gay, but there was a flush on her cheek which told of an interior flame that glowed, and when her father had departed, she walked up and down the floor of her boudoir with the slow measured step of deep anxious reflection.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ROMANCE OF LOVE.

Four days later, the village of Pointe-aux-Trembles was startled by the approach of Arnold's men. Their appearance was so sudden and unexpected that the people did not know how to explain it, and the most of them barricaded their houses. But the American advance was very orderly. The vanguard wheeled to the left from the village and took up its quarters on the extreme edge of the St. Lawrence. The main body stacked arms in front of the church, and billets were at once secured in all the houses of the village. Arnold himself took up his residence with the cure who treated him well, and frequently during their short stay invited the principal officers to his table. This clergyman was opposed to the American invasion, in obedience to the mandate of the Bishop of Quebec, but for the sake of his people he judged it advisable to use the Continentals with as much respect as possible. And his courtesy was properly rewarded, as during their whole sojourn at Pointe-aux-Trembles, the Americans treated the inhabitants with unusual consideration. The rear guard passed through the village and echeloned along the road for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. This division was mainly composed of cavalry and riflemen whose duty it was to scour the country in search of provisions, and to keep up communication with the upper country where the reinforcements from Montgomery's army were daily expected.

All Arnold's officers approved of his temporary retreat, for the precise reasons which had been laid down by old Batoche appeared to every one of them urgent under the circumstances. But if there was any one of them more pleased than another it was Cary Singleton. He had other than military reasons for applauding this measure. The opportunity was afforded him—at least so he fancied—of recovering the treasure which he had lost under the dark covered bridge, of seeing once more the vision which, since that eventful night, had always floated before his memory. Glorious illusion of youth! At that favored period of existence so little appreciated while it lasts, and which, when it is gone, is the object of bitter lamentation for the rest of life, even hardship gives zest to enjoyment when the heart is buoyed—as what youthful heart is not?—by the sweet potency of woman's love. Fatigue, hunger, thirst, disease, and poverty are only trifles that are laughed at, so long as there is seen in the background of it all the lambent light of tender eyes speaking, as nothing else can, the language of the devoted heart. For many of his brother officers, men with families, or already advanced in years, this American invasion was a dreary reality, made up of a dismal succession of marches and countermarches, parades and bivouacking, attacks and repulses, privations of every description, with the prospective of defeat at the last. But to Cary Singleton the war had been up to the present a constant scene of pleasurable excitement, as he will have occasion to testify himself in a subsequent chapter, while from this point to its close it rose with him to the proportions of a romance.

His single clue was that the beautiful girl whom he sought lived in the neighborhood of his present encampment. Whether it was above or below, on the line of the river, or somewhere in the interior, he could not of course tell, but he was determined to find out. He knew that the present quarters of the army were only temporary, that within eight or ten days, at the

furthest, they would be on the forward march again, when the hurry of battle would ensue and his fate might be a bloody grave under the walls of the old capital. Hence the necessity for diligence. He thought he should be willing to die if his eyes were blessed only once more with the sight of the object of his worship.

These thoughts were passing through his brain, as he slowly rode along the road one quiet afternoon while the sun lay white on the frozen ground, tingling the leafless branches of the beeches and birches with a silver light. He little knew what was in store for him as he mechanically pulled in the reins, and looked up an avenue of maples leading to a mansion on his right.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

QUEEN AND EMPRESS—THE CHIEF JUSTICE—SACRED CONCERNS—ANGRY POET—THE PRINCE—THE BOAT RACE.

LONDON, MARCH, 26TH.—The Royal Titles Bills has created an unwanted stir. The chief objection to it was a personal one. It was feared that considerations of family etiquette induced the Queen to resort to this method of attaching the prefix of Imperial to the names of her children. Thus: His Royal and Imperial Highness, The Duke of Edinburgh; Her Royal and Imperial Highness, the Princess Beatrice; and so on. In the first place that, would have been a laughable anomaly, for everywhere else the title Imperial precedes that of Royal. But in his second great speech on the subject, Mr. DISRAELI took the sting out of this whole argument by assuring the House that at no time and under no circumstances, would the word Imperial be used, outside of the Indian Department.

The Opposition was very persistent and very noisy. All sorts of socialism was indulged in, small talk that did well enough in the mouth of younger members, but which sounded strangely out of place from a scholar and statesman like Mr. GLADSTONE. One question of his was amusingly well answered by the Premier. Mr. GLADSTONE pointed out that there were 100,000,000 coins in India, every one of which had on it "Victoria, Queen." Were these to be withdrawn and recoined? It was also desirable to know whether there was to be any alteration in the sign-manual. Mr. DISRAELI said the title of the Queen would be "Queen of Great Britain, and Ireland and Empress of India." The sign-manual for India would be "Victoria, Regina et Imperatrix." Changes that might be made by any future Minister would depend on the will of Parliament. With reference to the coins, he had two or three shillings of George, in his pocket, which had not yet been called in. Of course there was a laugh, and of course that laugh ruined the member for Greenwich.

It has been said that Mr. DISRAELI has not been himself in all this matter. That is a mistake. Vivian Grey is never more jaunty than when he has to meet GLADSTONE, LOWE, HARTINGTON, FORSTER, and all his great adversaries one after the other, as he did during these memorable debates. It is fair to say that the Marquis of HARTINGTON showed more taste and moderation than any of his colleagues, and has thus won a further claim to the leadership of the Liberal party.

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn has just been presented with the freedom of the City of London. His speech in reply was a notable one, earnest and eloquent. He insisted upon the codification of our laws and passed a glowing tribute on the Code Napoleon. He eulogized the present Lord Chancellor CANNES, and his predecessor Lord St. Leonards. Incidentally he threw out a hint that it would be some long time before the actual government was driven from power.

The Sacred Harmonic Society's Concerts have been resumed this year with Handel's *Sampson*. The two salient features were the presence of the great conductor, Sir Michael Costa, after a long and distressing illness, and the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves. There was the usual printed slip on the seats, with the Doctor's certificate explaining that the great tenor could not appear on account of illness. Sir Michael Costa is considerably altered by his late sickness, but he conducted with his accustomed spirit. The wave of that magical baton in the right hand, and the repressive motions of the left arm, are as ever potent to rule the largest, if not the best orchestra in the world.

There has been much merriment in the clubs over the letter of the poet Buchanan, in favor of the American versifier Walt Whitman. Buchanan is a clever man, but insufferably conceited, and, like Ginx Jenkins, spoils everything he touches by his rude side-thrusts. While proposing a large subscription to the collected works of Whitman, now being prepared, he pitches into American publishers and the "emasculated" of American literature. There may be truth in both charges, but Buchanan has not the grace to deal with them remedially. The best of the joke is that Walt Whitman, having heard of this officious advocacy, makes known to the British public that he is not in need.

The Common Council of London have decided to invite the Prince of Wales to the City on his return from India, and a committee have been appointed to make arrangements for the reception. The Prince will be entertained by M. De Lesseps on his passage through Suez, will make a stoppage at Malta, and is to be grandly entertained at Lisbon. It is possible that now the Carlist war is over, he may pass from Portugal through Spain and thence through France. He is not

expected in England before the latter part of April. It is not known whether the Queen will have returned from her German tour before his arrival.

The Empress of Austria is still with us, in the apparent enjoyment of excellent health, as she rides to hounds with all the relish of a sportsman, and the skill of a trained equestrienne. She was present one day at a meet of the Bicester Hounds at Thorpe Mandeville; two days later, she had a day's hunting with Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild and the next hunted with Mr. Lowndes's hounds. She is accompanied by her sister, the beautiful ex-Queen of Naples.

As I write, opinion in rowing circles is much divided on the relative merits of the Oxford and Cambridge crews. The odds just now are in favor of the former, but I should not be surprised if, as the training goes on, they should change to Cambridge. Bow BELLS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS DAVENPORT proposes to start out with *Mable Revere* during the summer.

MIDDLE ILMA DE MUISKA was married at Sydney, on the 25th of December to a Mr. Alfred Anderson, a well-to-do gentleman in that colony.

"Pique" in New York has beaten all its rivals. Seats have already been purchased as far ahead as the one hundred and fiftieth performance. Mr. Day has succeeded better than Shakespeare and Blum.

THE death is announced at Milan of M. Pavesi, the Italian poet, who was the colleague of Verdi in the libretti of "Ernani," "Rigoletto," and "Lancione." For several years past he had lost the power of speech.

ANOTHER of Horace's Odes, the 9th, book 3, "Dona gratia erant tibi," composed by Charles Sala man, a duet for soprano and tenor, will shortly be published in the original language, with an English version by his son, Malcolm Charles K. Salaman.

Maurice Strakosch, who has not been in America for seventeen years, has arrived in New York. The advent of this famous *Impresario* at this time is accompanied by considerable interest, as it is thought that he may entertain some project for an operative campaign during the Centennial.

AMONG the approaching *debutants* at the Grand Opera, one of more than usual interest is cited—namely, that of Mile. Fischer, the daughter of the well-known actor. The character of Mathilde in *William Tell* has been selected for her first appearance, from which fact we should infer that her voice is a light but well cultivated soprano.

MISS ROBERTSON made a great impression by the brilliancy of her execution and compass of voice at Mrs. Gladstone's concert on Wednesday. The fifth act she took to natural advantage, a full time above the first performance. Mozart's air, "Glooming Inferno," given for the Italian opera, the piece is transposed from D to C minor so as to reduce the F natural E flat.

JOHN T. RAYMOND has been talking with a reporter of the *St. Louis Times* about the success of the character of *Colonel Sellers*. He says he is making \$250,000 a year, and thinks the part will wear as well as Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*. He first played it last in another dramatization in California, but Mark Twain stopped the performance, having planned to put it on the stage himself, with *Colonel Sellers* as a serious part played by Lawrence Barrett, if possible. "I came East," says Raymond, "saw Twain, got him to go to work, fixed up the stage business as I thought most effectively, and started out with the piece at Rochester. It didn't go. Then I did a rash thing. Without a dollar in my pocket I broke for New York. Not a manager would touch it. I borrowed some money, paid a week's rent in advance for the Park Theatre, got up a tolerable company, and opened out. I had Mark Twain on hand to make a speech. That attracted a full house, not a paying one. Between the third and fourth acts Mark Twain lounged out to the footlights. He was as solemn as a judge. During the whole of his twenty minutes' speech, he never cracked a smile, while the audience were roaring. Every bit took. That night a thousand people advertised *Sellers*, his smiles, his rage, and his unexpected speculations. From that time on the houses increased nightly until there was no more room for an increase. I played one hundred and twenty nights, took a short run to the other large cities, came back to New York and played forty nights more, and the next season went to theatre in this country was offered to me on my own terms." Raymond intends to play *Colonel Sellers* in England in 1877, believing that the English managers will have estimated the English people so that they will appreciate the points of the play.

ARTISTIC.

PERUGINO'S "Family of the Virgin" at Manchester is rapidly deteriorating, and will have to be transferred to a new canvas.

THE Queen of England's paintings, which will be exhibited at the Centennial, will be guarded constantly by a squad of policemen. The pictures have been heavily insured in eight different English companies.

AN old manuscript has been fished up in the archives of Pisa, giving a precise and detailed description of an immense treasure alleged to be buried near a hospital in the city of Cagliari, Island of Sardinia. The treasure is minutely described as consisting of millions of money and of phenomenally sized diamonds, and is promised to the finder. Amateurs have been zealously digging away for it, but so far, in the dark.

A new system of parquet flooring invented by M. Briffaut, is spoken of. The squares are composed of strips of oak or other wood, or a combination of woods forming patterns; the pieces are held together by a layer of bituminous cement laid hot on their under side, and this cement is in turn covered with a paving tile, so that the three substances are intimately united. In order to obtain a more perfect adherence, conical iron pins are driven through holes left in the tiles and into the wood while the cement is still in a liquid state. The squares are laid in mortar or cement over a layer of sand, and are joined together by very fine iron tongues fitting in grooves.

A CAST of M. Clermont Ganneau's restoration of the Moabite stone has been presented by the directors of the Louvre to the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. The long delay of seven years in putting together the fragments which remain must be laid partly to the account of M. Ganneau's official occupation in Constantinople, and partly in his recent work of research in Palestine. The stone, as now constructed, is 4 feet 1 inch long by 2 feet 2 inches broad, having a raised border of 2 inches running round. The upper end is circular, the lower square. About two-thirds of the inscription are preserved in the fragments. There are twenty-one of these; two are of considerable size, the rest are quite small. The remainder of the inscription is made up from M. Ganneau's squeeze of the whole, and from six consecutive lines copied for him by the Arab who took the squeeze.