

it reverberated from the woods and along the river, it must have reached the ears of a long, loosely formed body of men, who were just in view on the road over the hills, a mile or so on the far side of the bridge.

"Steady, men!" said the captain, as he raised his object glass in the direction of the enemy: "it seems to me that our best plan will be to gain time until reinforcements arrive per rail. We might hold the bridge against them, it is true, but I think it would be best to cut down the bridge itself; we can then command the other side pretty easily from this—the river is flooded and so rapid, that they could not cross under fire, even if they could get boats."

"I quite approve your plan, and I will be answerable for the loss of College property in the bridge. Your tactics remind me of Horatius Cocles," said the Warden, unable to resist even then, a classical allusion.

A rush was made for axes, and some strong armed farm laborers lent aid, with that loyal zeal which is ever seen among the humblest class of French Canadians, at hewing away the plank work of the bridge; these rested on two central stone piers, which of course, could not be destroyed, but the planking which connected these was soon cleared off, and under Captain Lyster's directions carried to the College side of the river. All this time Tremaine had been working hard, he was the strongest boy at S. Basil, and had developed his strength by every kind of exercise, (some even said he used to cut holes in the ice in order to bathe when out hunting with his father,) came up to the captain, and asked him to make a suggestion. "Certainly, Tree," said captain Lyster, now "Tree" was the S. Basil's rendering of "Tremaine." "Well, I was thinking when the Warden compared your plan to that of, what's his name—Horatius in the Roman History, that there was one thing Horatius might have done that he did not do. He *did* prevent Porsena and his army getting across the bridge, didn't he, sir?"

"Exactly, Tree. Allow me to congratulate you on the advanced state of your knowledge of Roman History, a study to which I was never before aware you were partial. But Horatius gained his point didn't he, he checked Lars Porsena at the river, just as we want to do in the case of the Fenians."

"He checked Porsena, but, sir, he might have caught him." "You mystify me, Tree, over much study of Liddell's Rome has spoiled your naturally clear intellect."

"He might have given Porsena a *cold bath*," said sergeant Tremaine, his countenance beaming as with the enjoyment of an excellent joke. "Instead of cutting down the bridge, as these stupid old Romans did, they might have made a trap with a few of the timbers, and managed so as to get Mr. Porsena, Esquire, to walk on it and so fall through. Will you let me try whether a few Canadian boys can do better than these old fogies they are never tired of torturing us to read about?"

"Aye, Tree, try if you will, but you have not many minutes, choose your own volunteers." Tremaine saluted and walked over to the company.

"Members of the Guild of S. Basil, fall out from the ranks," he said, and