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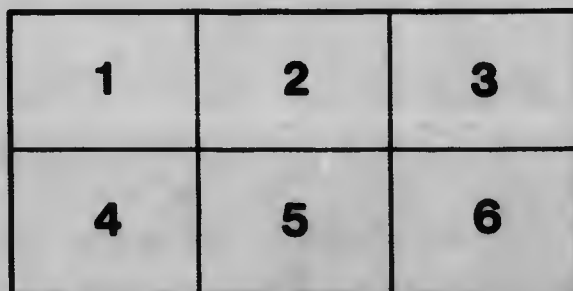
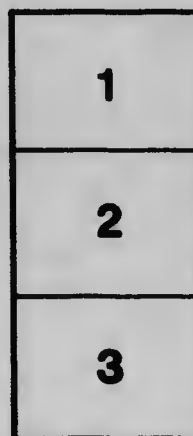
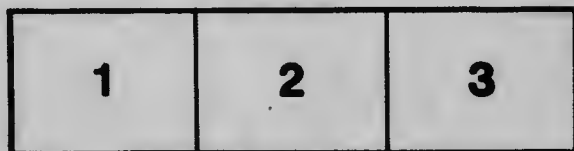
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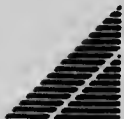
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# The Rival Forts :

or,

The Helvet Siege of Beauvoisour

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**A** tale of Acadie and its rival forts, with pen pictures of noted characters of the times, drawn from original manuscripts in the Archives at Halifax, and from the private letter-book and journal of Richard Yolland, gentleman, sometime Lieutenant of the 24th Foot, whereof General the Honourable Edward Cornwallis, Governor of His Britanic Majesty's Province of Acadie, was Commander.

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*By M. Amelia Fytche.*

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## The Rival Forts.

### CHAPTER I.

Wherein, after a short dissertation upon things in general, Captain Scott takes his friend, Lieutenant Yolland, into his confidence.

**O**N a chill September evening, in the year of grace, 1751, and the 23rd of His Majesty King George the Second's reign, in the mess-room at Fort Lawrence, (one of those little forts that had sprung up mushroom like, within the last two years in our newly acquired possession of Acadie), two gentlemen were lingering over their walnuts, wine, russet apples, and cider, the remains of supper, their brother officers had long since retired, but there they sat more from habit or a disinclination to quit the comfortable room and cheerful fire, than from comradeship, it would seem, for to a casual observer they had every appearance of having quarrelled, and being not on speaking terms, as they were seated back to back, each with a pipe and his own



peculiar candle; the truth was they were talked out. Suddenly flinging his book to the further end of the room, the younger of the two exclaimed,

"There! I've finished with Clarissa Harlow,—and hang it! if I can stand this life any longer."

"I wouldn't if I were you," coolly observed his senior. Then with out raising his eyes from the page he was reading, apparently quite accustomed to such like ebullitions of temper, he added:

"May I trouble you, Yolland, to ring for an orderly to assist Clarissa to rise. I know you think it vastly beneath your dignity to lend a hand at reinstating her, but have pity upon me; remember I have had the pleasure of her acquaintance on one occasion only, and it may be months before she has a rival in my affections if—"

"Yes, it will be fully three months before we get another supply of reading matter, or worse still, a letter from home," interrupted the first speaker. "And I repeat what I said just now Scott, I won't stand this life any longer, this fearful inaction is killing me; why, we are nothing better than cats watching a rat hole."

"Cats! don't compare yourself to a cat my dear fellow, no cat would watch a rat hole with the

patience we have watched Beauséjour for the last year and a half." And the Captain resumed his reading with an air of—well that's settled.

"What a Job's comforter you are," exclaimed the younger man petulantly. "Do for pity's sake put that novel down for an instant, goodness knows you'll have time enough to read it fifty times over if you wish in the next six months; besides I want your advice; believe me, dear sir, I'm not talking for the sake of talking. I'm in dead earnest if ever I was in my life."

"If that's the case, I'm at your service my boy," said the Captain cordially, as he laid aside the offending book and refilled his pipe preparatory to listening.

"Thanks, sir, I'll not keep you long. This is the way things stand: Lawrence sent me here to get me out of the way you know."

"No, I don't know it," said the elder officer dryly, "neither do I believe it, though I have heard you obliquely fling that charge at Colonel Lawrence more than once, Yolland."

"Believe it or not, it is a fact, incredible as it may seem to you," the young man affirmed with youthful persistency.

"Well, well, keep cool, and we'll discuss it another time. I don't

suppose this is what you want my advice about, eh?" the other asked in a bored tone, as if the subject under discussion was of no importance.

The tone and manner jarred upon Yolland; he hastily rose and walked to the door, intending to leave the room; then remembering that he had no right to expect his friend to believe him, until he had shown that he was neither prejudiced nor biased in what he affirmed, he turned, retraced his steps to the fire which he mended, to gain time, like a child who wants to be forgiven but does not want to beg pardon; finally seating himself, he said with a frank propitiatory smile that was irresistible:

"Well, here I am, blue mouldering to get away, and can't; months ago I wrote Cornwallis asking to be sent to Europe, any where out of this; he had the civility to reply to my letter, but totally ignored my request. Then I petitioned the Secretary of War to be exchanged into a fighting regiment, and after months of waiting, the post comes to-day, and not a blooming thing from the War Office. This has so dashed me I can hardly support my spirits with decency. What more can I do—what do you advise, sir?"

"Patience; great bodies move slowly. His Excellency is much

too busy putting things into shape in Halifax just now, to attend to you, my boy; your turn will come by and by," replied Captain Scott philosophically.

"Patience! Confound it! I'm sick of the very word; it's easy enough for you, sir, to be patient. I suppose when I'm your age I'll be patient too," retorted the young man brutally, then added musingly, rather as if arguing with himself than with his companion. "It's impossible for me to be patient,—I've particular reasons why I can't be patient; time is everything; Cornwallis is prodigiously busy, no doubt, but he knows I came out to America to see service and win my spurs, not to be buried alive for the best years of my life in a miserable little frontier fort. It wouldn't be so unendurable if a fellow could go sporting, but we are deprived of that solace in the wilderness, since our most Christian rulers have agreed to abet the savage in his savagery, by offering a bounty for scalps."

"Tut and nonsense! Yolland, I'm astonished that such a keen sportsman as you should be deterred from following his favourite pastime by anything so trivial as fear of the tomahawk; as for all that bosh and cant about it being inhuman and unchristian to offer

a government bounty for scalps, I'm sick of it; why man, we've no alternative left us; if we do not kill the vermin they will kill us; we must exterminate them as we did the wolves in Wales by setting a price on their heads; 'desperate diseases require desperate remedies,' you know."

"I for my part do not believe in stopping crime by reprisals in kind," retorted the other. "I saw too much of that in Scotland. The least a Christian can do is to show the savage his higher civilization by abstaining from all barbarities and respecting the lives of prisoners; besides, why can't we do as the French do—make friends of the Indians," he urged.

"For the simple reason that we are not *French*, a word, let me tell you, synonymous with trickery, cunning and fraud. The wiley French explorers, in the first place, cajoled the redskin with their trumpery beads, gauds, and fire-arms, into swearing eternal allegiance to Onanthio (their Father across the water, the French king), then they sent priests to remind them of their oath, and threaten them with hell-fire if they broke it; and that is what they call 'converting' the savage," sneered the Captain.

"You don't believe in anybody

doing anything from disinterested motives, eh Scott?"

"No, I believe every living creature is prompted by self-interest whether he does good or evil; the savage is naturally cruel and revengeful, and—"

"Not naturally," interrupted the younger man; "they were as amendable to gratitude as to revenge when the white man discovered them; it is war, and we which have made them treacherous and cruel."

"You'll change your mind when you see more of them. By the way, do you remember that raid they made upon Dartmouth shortly after you joined us here?"

"Yes, I remember it only too well," Yolland answered, with a long drawn sigh.

"And notwithstanding, you maintain that the perpetrators of that cowardly, dastardly attack should not be punished with death and scalping?" Captain Scott asked.

"You misunderstand me, sir; we may punish, but not take vengeance. What I maintain is that we have no right to return in kind their barbarous atrocities; that mode of warfare is detestable and heathenish. My sympathies are all with the Indian and Acadian inhabitants, whom our valiant leaders (both French and English) have

pitted against each other, by playing upon their passions and ignorance."

"Enough of this, Yolland ; preaching as you call it is not in my line. But pardon—a word of advice from an old soldier ; fact is, my dear boy, you are getting too much into the habit of questioning the why and wherefore of orders issued by your superior. It's no business of yours what they do, or why they do it ; as a subordinate, your duty is to obey blindly. Damn it ! a pretty pass things would come to in the army if commanders had to explain their tactics to the subs—"

" Pray stop, Scott ; do not imagine for an instant I want that ; as long as I am in the army I shall do my duty, no matter how repugnant to my feelings ; besides, I do not favour everybody with my opinions. Adversity has taught me to hold my tongue with strangers, though I do dearly love a discussion with a friend ; it is an Englishman's privilege to grumble, you know," added Yolland laughing.

" It may be, but you being a Scotchman, have no right to it, you young terrier," retorted the other. After a little more badinage the Captain continued : " I understand your feelings, my boy ; hot young bloods like you must have a blow

out now and again; I felt the same myself ten years ago, and even now have my fribbles. What I don't understand is, why you, with your Quixotic notions came out to America; you made a great mistake. Let me tell you the adventures to be met with in Canada are not the kind to please a young buck like you; your curly head is vastly too pretty for the scalping-knife. You should have gone to Spain; that is the land for love, intrigue and gallantry."

"Wrong again, Scott; I'm neither a buck or a dandy, but a soldier, and it is the adventures of a soldier I long for," cried the youth, with sparkling eye and flushed cheeks. "It's only you old campaigners who fancy that love-making and love-breaking is the spice of adventure; all the buckish men of fashion are so taken up with gaming, dress and equipage, they have little time for 'affairs of the heart.' As for myself, I suppose some time or other I'll enter the pale of matrimony, but I've no serious aspiration that way now. When one has to make a name for himself in the world, or a forfeited estate to redeem, the less he has to do with women the better. They are sure to be clogs on the wheels of fortune."

"You speak as if you had some experience of the sex," Captain



Scott remarked ironically, as the ghost of a smile flitted across his face.

"I warrant you I have. Shall I tell you what I know? Shall I give you a chapter of my private history, so that you may benefit from my experience? Well, to begin, I came within one, of being a girl myself. That is, I'm a twin, and the other twin is a girl. And to make it more emphatic, we twain were sandwiched in between two batches of girls; in other words, I'm the only boy in a family of six,—two sisters older, and two younger than my twin and I. By George! when I recall the way they hung about me and tugged at me, the day I left home, my only wonder is I'm in my skin to tell the tale; such oceans of tears, and such heaps of advice, and such cart loads of presents, all made by their own hands too,—chest protectors and neck protectors, and wrist protectors, bed gowns and night-caps. Oh, by the way! you don't wear night caps, do you Scott?"

"No, my only night-cap on going to bed, is a glass of rum," replied the Captain.

"There! I knew soldiers now-a-days didn't wear night-caps, but my folks insisted that I should, just because my father always had; so

made me as many as if I were a pagan idol with fifty heads and not a spear of hair on any one of them. And these caps they frilled and beribboned with blue and pink taste, smart enough to make a dandy's mouth water. My eldest sister, Janet, in spite of having knitted me half a hundred silk purses, was sure my money would slip out of them (she was right enough there) but alas! the little bags she sewed into my boots and shirts could not prevent the gold from melting into silver, and the silver into copper. This was not the worst, however. The stories we had heard of a seven months' winter in America, when travellers' noses were frozen off their faces before they knew it, unless they chanced to meet some one who told them of it, and if not too far gone, kindly rubbed them back to life again, had made such an impression upon Polly, that she fashioned a hideous fur-covering for my Grecian proboscis, which she wanted to engage me to wear *always* when out of doors. I thanked her for her sweet intention but would not promise to wear the thing, arguing with her, and demonstrating much to my own satisfaction, that the muff would not stick on my nose. But the little minx was ahead of me. She had

talked it over with Kate, and that good soul said I might fasten it to a pair of goggles which the latter had bought to protect my eyes from the glare of the snow. I was checkmated, as men<sup>o</sup> usually are in a battle with ladies, so made my bow, and promised never to go out in cold weather minus the blue-glasses and nose muff."

"But you have not kept your promise, you young scamp. You never go out in that rig, at least, I've never seen you wear blue goggles and a nose muff," said the Captain, an amused expression lighting up his placid face.

"Your pardon, sir, but I seldom go out without them. Mind, I did not teil the little plagues how I would wear them. I only promised not to go out without the combination in cold weather. And neither do I, for they are safe in my great frock pocket."

"Gracious mercy! what duplicity. You are a thorough Jesuit," cried the other, with mock horror.

"Don't interrupt. I shall be pleased to listen to any observations you may have to make when I have finished, but not now. The next on the list was Meg, (my better-half, I call her). As the horses were being brought to the door, she beckoned me aside, and,

throwing herself on my neck, besought me with tears to wear for her sake, suspended from my neck, a little silk bag she had embroidered with my initials. And on no account was I to open the said bag unless I were ill or wounded. Were I ever in such straits I would find in it a most proper remedy to assuage all griefs both of body and mind."

"And did you treat her request as lightly as you did those of your other sisters?" enquired the Captain of his young lieutenant, with not a little curiosity.

"No, I can never refuse Meg, when she makes it a personal matter. The bag is here safe enough," he said, laying his hand over his heart, "though, between ourselves, I must confess, it feels like a lump of lead there, and when I've nothing better to think of, I've an intolerable longing, confound it! to tear the thing open and see what's inside."

"Haven't you a suspicion?"

"Oh, yes, more than a suspicion, —a certainty almost. Meg is very devout, and this is some relic or other, warranted to keep me safe from the wiles of the world, the flesh and the devil, in other words, the Heretics. The sly puss thought if she told me, I would laugh and

refuse to take her gift, so made a mystery of it that plagues me more than I like. That's the way with a woman; let her see you like her, and she'll ballyrag you; give in to her once, and you are her slave ever after. I've come out to America to get rid of petticoat rule for a year or two, and shall not fall into the arms of the first girl I meet—not I. My ideal is a lofty one. I have yet to see the woman who can hold a candle to Meg; my sister is a perfect beauty,—” and the young man looked around with an excited air, as much as to say, “I'll fight any man who dares deny it;” but as there was no one present but Scott, and he as serious as if he had been listening to a Puritan sermon, Yolland quickly calmed down and felt rather foolish.

For several moments no one spoke. As Captain Scott leaned back in his chair and slowly blew the tobacco smoke in rings from his mouth, he glanced at his companion, and thought it small wonder that the boy's mother and sisters coddled him, for a more loveable youth he had never met. Though six feet in height, and two and twenty in years, and with a certain lordly manner caught from his father, his smooth face, long eyelashes, and unpowered curly

chestnut hair tied in a queue behind, gave him almost a girlish appearance. Nevertheless, Dick Yolland, gay, lively, generous, and brave, was not without his faults; unfortunately he had a jealous, suspicious nature, which his friend saw was going to give him a vast deal of trouble in the future.

Finally, Captain Scott broke the silence, drawling out the words in his languid manner, and stopped altogether from time to time, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, preparatory to refilling.

"If those are truly your sentiments, Yolland, you'll not—be—as interested—as—I—thought you would be—in a—ah—communication which I received some time—(tap, tap, tap)—which I received a few weeks ago, and intended showing you—this evening. Hem!—may I trouble you to pass the brandy? Ah—Thanks, no sugar; take a glass yourself, my boy,—you won't? Well! what was I saying? Ah yes! that I was going to show you the letter, to-night,—(tap, tap,) thinking it—— might prove a diversion. But you don't care to be bothered with it, eh?"

"Oh, bring it along; anything or anybody will be a boon in this dead calm. Who's the letter from? A

woman I think you said," Dick exclaimed with animation.

"No, I did not say it was from a woman," Captain Scott coolly replied, with a sly wink to his constant companion and confidant, his pipe.

Dick, who rarely indulged in more than one pipe, after supper, having no resource of that kind by which to hide his confusion, plunged both hands into his pockets, and jingled the keys and coins he found there, to show how little he cared about it. Finally, having piqued his lieutenant's curiosity as long as he dared, the Captain took his dispatch box from the mantel, where he had placed it early in the evening, unlocked it, and selected from a large bundle of letters a neatly folded square epistle.

"Here's the billet, read it attentively, and tell me what you think of it," he said, as he handed the letter to Yolland.

The latter took it, examined the broken seal, decided the device was a dove, then read and re-read the superscription, thinking the outside might furnish a key to the contents; finally, he carefully unfolded and spread out on the table before him the large sheet of blue official paper. On the middle of the inner page were a few lines with-

out date or signature, in the delicate pointed Italian hand that ladies of that period affected.

After a moment's scrutiny he drew the candle near, snuffed it, and slowly read the following:

"CAPTAIN SCOTT,  
Honored Sir:—

"I am a prisoner, personally unknown to you, though, could I tell you my name, you would immediately recognize it and recall the circumstances of my capture. Unfortunately, I can tell neither my name nor the place where I am detained, being on parole. I pray you will make immediate enquiries regarding the English prisoners now in the hands of the French and Indians and if an exchange can be arranged, that I may be included in it.

"I am, sir, your most obedient,  
humble Servant."

P. S.—A kind French man, who is sorry for me, told me I might write these few lines, and he would engage they reached you. Please reply by the same hand by which you receive this. Be non-committal. I shall look for your answer the next full moon."

"By Jupiter! this is an enigma,"



cried the young lieutenant, as he finished the letter. "What do you propose doing?"

"Nothing at present," replied the senior officer, coolly.

"*Nothing at present!* Good Heavens, sir! If you delay, the poor girl may die in captivity; perhaps be killed and scalped—"

"What a youngster you are after all, Yolland. Not many men who have seen as much of the world as you have wear their hearts on their sleeves for the misogynysts to scoff at. Bless my soul! the way you jump at conclusions amazes me. How do you know that the person who wrote that billet is of the feminine gender? Or, if a woman, she is young and unmarried?"

Yolland, seeing he was caught, laughed heartily, and blushed to the very roots of his hair—another boyish habit he had not lost, in spite of his knocking about the world. Recovering from his confusion almost immediately, however, he defended himself with his usual audacity.

"Go on, Scott, laugh as much as you like; I don't mind your raillery a bit; my turn will come some day, then I'll give you a noble trimming. You don't think that letter genuine? I bet you anything it is; I bet you, besides, that a young

woman wrote it," cried the youth excitedly.

"I'll take your bets at what you please," his senior replied.

"Agreed! Let it be ponies on each," said Yolland.

"Done!" And Captain Scott made a note of it in his memorandum book.

"You'll lose it, Scott."

"Not I! The only thing that bothers me is, how the dickens we can settle it; it's more than likely some confounded trick of those blackguard French at Beausejour to amuse themselves at our expense, if—"

"Gracious Powers! You're blind, Scott," Yolland interrupted, "or you'd see with half an eye that this mighty genteel hand is not a man's writing; it's a pathetic appeal from one of our countrywomen. How thoroughly feminine it is to imagine she has not broken her parole, because she has not told her name or place of detention. Here, just listen, will you?" he continued, as he unfolded the letter again and read aloud:

"A kind French man, who is scrry for me, told me I might write these few lines. and he would engage they reached you."

Again, look at this "French man," written in two words; why,

that is enough to prove the writer to be a woman. She had in mind some *man* among her captors who was kind to her, and he was a *French* man, not an *Indian*, nor an *English* man. If they had concocted that epistle at Beausejour, as you suggest, I'll be hanged if they wouldn't have written 'Frenchman' as one word, they having but one word (*Francais*) to express it in their tongue; then the postscript,—who but a woman would write a postscript to a business letter? 'Pon my word, Scott, it's as plain to me as the nose on your face, who wrote that. I can't conceive what you are hesitating about; had I been in your place, Cornwallis would have had the letter weeks ago."

"You've pleaded your case ably, my boy; you say 'no man could write such a letter'; but a Jesuit priest, whose mind like his dress is effeminate, might," Scott said thoughtfully.

"La! I can't reason about it; it's an intuitive feeling that tells me that this epistle comes from no priest, but a woman, and what's more, a young gentlewoman." Thereupon Yolland, who had been fingering the letter as he talked, seemingly put it to his lips.

"Good Heavens! you're not kissing that dirty French paper,

are you?" the Captain exclaimed, with unusual animation for him.

"Next thing to it," he laughingly replied, "I'm smelling it; it has a faint delicate odour."

"The odour of sanctity, eh? Some of the priests' nauseating incense, or perhaps French snuff mixed with tobacco and garlic."

Yolland gravely shook his head. "Nothing of the sort; it smells of sweet, sweet clover. Mamma used to put it in her linen presses, and I shall never forget how mighty sweet my sheets used to be when I came home after being away. Here, see if you can't detect the scent yourself?" he cried, holding out the paper to his friend.

"Pooh! boy; take the vile stinking thing away; you are growing mawkish over the affair. I've no doubt of its smelling of *sweet clover* if you say so; more than likely the Abbe has some particular friend of the fair sex who puts sweet clover in the sheets for him, and—"

"Stop, by all that's holy! You accused me just now of being young! I pray Heaven I may never live to be old if I'm to be the pessimist you are, Scott; with you, I swear, nothing is sacred, nothing is pure," declared the young man with indignation and warmth.

"Well, well, have your own way, enjoy your illusions, while you

may. I'm the last man in the world to proselytise. And now, don't you want to hear how this *fiilet-doux* came into my possession?"

"Why, of course! By George, I quite forgot there was any mystery about that; I took for granted it came in the usual way—in the bag with the other letters."

"Hardly," rejoined the Captain, with the ghost of a smile.

"Let me see! it is nigh upon a month now since that French Acadian came to the Fort with peltry; it was the one who insisted upon seeing 'Monsieur Le Commander.' You may remember, at the time, I replied to your pertinent question as to 'what his business might be,' that he had no business here at all; for I then was quite confident he had come for no other purpose than to spy about, and report upon our condition at Beausejour, and I still hold to that opinion; but as you look at things in a different light, I will do my best to rehabilitate the little comedy that then took place. Heaven grant that the comedy may not end in a tragedy! To return to my story: I bade them show the fellow up into my den, where, as the morning was cold, I had a bright wood fire, near which I was sitting, writing; presently, a slight, dark, round-eyed,

little half-breed, with a huge pack on his back, presented himself in the doorway. He was dressed in a blanketed coat, a belt embroidered with coloured beads, grey leggings, and Indian moccasins; brass ornaments not unlike drawer-handles were suspended from his ears, and on his head a red knitted cap, which he pulled off with a flourish, as he advanced bowing and scraping towards me. I did not like the man's face, and was short enough with him, you may be sure; but he would not be put off, said, in his broken English that he was a 'coureur de bois,' but often had to peddle, for there was not much work for 'coureurs de bois' now, and he was very poor; that the past winter had been a hard one, that his wife was ill, and he wanted to make a little money for her; that he had some beautiful furs he would sell Monsieur, very cheap. Naturally I asked why he did not take them to the French fort; to which he replied, with some show of truth, I must admit, that he had been at Beausejour, but they would only trade, and he wanted money; that the English were rich and did not mind paying silver for beautiful skins, and his were superb; if Monsieur did not want them himself, he might recommend them to the other military gentlemen in the

fort, and so on, and so on. I recalled afterwards, but did not notice at the time, as we talked, the fellow kept edging nearer and nearer the fire. What the deuce! he was up to, I could not make out, so, as the quickest way of determining, or of getting rid of him, I told him I would look at his peltry. In the twinkle of an eye, his pack was on the floor and his store spread at my feet. I must admit, the furs were all he represented them to be. One, a prodigious fine black bear skin, I was vastly tempted to buy,—but I distrusted the fellow and would not go back on my word, thinking it might give him an excuse for a second visit, so was stout about it and told him to be gone, that he had nothing that suited me. I half expected that he would demur so long that I would be compelled to call in an orderly to hasten his movements, but not a bit,—he had evidently accomplished his purpose and was quite ready to depart. While doing up his bundle, he knelt on the hearth, with his back to me, stopping, from time to time, as he folded the skins, seemingly, to warm his hands at the flame. You will think, as the morning was cold, there was nothing out of the way in this; neither was there; it was only the denouement that makes it

so. When the 'coureur de bois' stood up and shouldered his pack, I noticed a bit of blue paper lying on the floor, which, supposing the fellow had dropped by mistake, I directed his attention to it. With many thanks, he picked up, what I then saw was a letter. He glanced at it, shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head, saying, as he placed it out of my reach, on the mantel,

"For you, Monsieur," and with a hasty bow, and a characteristic grin, he was off.

"It was some minutes before I looked at the paper he had left, as I first rang for Patterson to show the knave out of the fort, and then went to the window, to see my orders executed. When, finally, the gates were shut behind him, I turned to the mantel, and was not a little dashed to find the letter, which was there, directed to "Captain Scott, Commanding His Majesty's Troops at Fort Lawrence, Beaubassin." The writing, though legible, was faint, as though the ink had been poor. I did not immediately break the seal, but, like the majority of persons, under similar circumstances, while conjecturing who my correspondent might be, and what the devil! was in the wind, I held the missive in my hand, as I stood before the fire;



casually glancing at it, I saw that the writing had become suddenly quite black. I hastily broke the seal, and unfolded the sheet. To my utter consternation, there was nothing inside, not a word; nevertheless, I gazed at the blank page for— well, for no reason in the world, and as I gazed, I thought I saw faint lines appearing; then, straightway there came into my mind, the fact of the superscription having grown dark as I held it near the fire, and decided it must have been written with an acid, so submitted the inside to the same action, and in a few seconds the words were legible.

"That it is some Jesuit trick of Le Loutre, I make no manner of doubt. Who, but he, would have thought of the chemical effect that heat has upon acids? The only thing that plagues me," continued the Captain, "is what the deuce! the Friar is up to."

"I'll be hanged, Scott, if I can see any evidence to suspect Le Loutre of having a hand in this! You're prejudiced, man; the Abbe would never condescend to anything so trivial; granted, he is a quarrelsome priest, yet a trick of this kind is hardly in his line. Good gracious! why not take the letter for what it pretends to be, until we learn something to the contrary?"

I shall for one, and, with your permission, I'll get to the bottom of the mystery, or die in the attempt," said Dick gravely.

"Oh! you have my permission, but, do nothing without first consulting me, my boy; it would grieve me, mightily, to have you die in the attempt, beside spoiling the pretty romance I have been weaving on your account."

"My!" cried Dick, "what next? The sedate, correct, philosophic Captain Scott, romancing? Oh no! that pugnacious scapegrace Yolland, must never die and leave him in the lurch; Prithee, give me the headings, Scott!"

"With pleasure, my boy! It is as yet little more than a sketch which you may fill in at your leisure. In Chapter first, we are introduced to a tall, good-looking youth, with a superabundance of animal spirits, always ready for a fight—be it fists or words—and endowed with every sense but common sense. This, unhappily, seems to have been extinguished in the inordinate development of the sense of smell, which is so keen that the possessor can distinguish the faint scent of sweet clover three thousand miles away. In Chapter second, our young hero is following the scent, which leads him a pretty dance for many a day.

In the end he gathers the flower, and presses it to his heart."

"Thanks, Scott!" laughingly cried his young friend, "I shall accept your romance as an augury of success in my self-imposed quest, though I have no intention of appropriating the flower, let me tell you. Should I find it, I will transplant it only to its natural soil. By the way! did I understand you to say that you expected the 'coureur de bois,' this week?"

"Yes, if he comes at all, it was to be at the full of the moon, the letter states, and the moon fulls to-morrow, or rather to-night, for it is long past twelve," said the Captain, consulting his repeater. "Come, my boy, let's to bed, to sleep, to dream, perchance, of sweet perfume."

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## CHAPTER II.

In which Lieutenant Yolland buys a beaver skin, and endeavours to buy a man.

It was not until a week after the previous conversation, that the little French habitant again presented himself, at the Fort. This waiting had been a trying time to Dick Yolland, for, although the letter and all the attendant circumstances had been kept a profound secret

between himself and his Commander, he had nevertheless to stand a lot of badinage from the latter, when they two were alone together, which had the effect of shaking his belief in the messenger, but never in the writer. If, for an instant, a doubt of her arose, a sight of the blue paper and a whiff of the sweet clover drove it far away, and made him all the more determined to liberate the fair captive.

His first impressions had now become certainties, and the quest a reality. Dick spent hours, while walking, or in the saddle, dreaming of this fair unknown, picturing to himself what she was like, and what her occupation might be; then, for want of something better to do, he wrote innumerable tender answers to her touching appeal, which were torn up almost as soon as written—they were all 'too flowery,' Captain Scott declared. At last, after much pruning, the following few lines were decided upon, as being highly suitable, diplomatic and non-committal:

"The English Authorities will spare no expense or labour to effect an exchange of all prisoners, both in and outside of the Forts. Negotiations are to be set on foot immediately."

As before mentioned, the letter

which Captain Scott received was written on the inner page of a large sheet of foolscap. Dick tore this page off to keep, then wrote his reply with an acid, on the inside of the other page, which bore the address. This he carefully refolded and sealed, so as to be indistinguishable from the original, by an ordinary observer; one little divergence however, he did make—he stamped the seal with his signet ring.

The commander had given orders to detain the *coureur de bois*, should he again come to the Fort with furs; accordingly, while at breakfast, one morning, Taafe (Yolland's orderly) brought him a message to the effect that the *habitant* was in the court with a large supply of furs, which Captain Scott begged Mr. Yolland would do him the favour of coming to his den and inspecting; this he accordingly did, arriving at the Commander's quarters almost simultaneously with the *coureur de bois*, to whom he was presented as the gentleman who wished the furs. After a few words, Scott withdrew, and Yolland, left alone with the man, proceeded to a leisurely examination of the peltry. Finally, he selected a couple of beaver skins, which he told the fellow he would buy, if he would promise

to procure him, in the course of the winter, some more equally beautiful, as he wanted to send enough for a coat to a friend in England. The *coureur de bois* eagerly agreed to do this, saying he would be that way again before many moons with a supply of 'de very bes' castor, of which M'sieu could make one coat, like one coat M'sieu de la Corne make for his lady friend.' Dick laughed heartily, and proceeded to business.

"Where do you get the furs, do you shoot or trap the animals yourself?"

"Sometime," replied the man, with a grin, "but me mos' often get him from the savage; him hunt, me trade at fort and village."

"What is your name?" Dick enquired.

"Petipas—Jacob Petipas, M'sieu."

"Then, Petipas," Dick continued, with assumed carelessness, "as you are a trader as well as a trapper, I suppose you sometimes take messages and letters from one fort to another."

"Never! never between the forts! it's not permit," cried Petipas, with exaggerated horror. Then, afraid, perhaps, that he had gone too far, and Captain Scott might not confide his answer to him, he added slyly:

"But poor trader sometime carry billet between wan gentleman and wan other gentleman, never to fort! N M'sieu le Captain would lik billet tak to oder gentleman—M'sieu so good for me—(M'sieu buy furs for alier) Petipas knows wan brave boy, heem carry wan leetil letter for M'sieu to fort."

"No, no, Petipas!—an Englishman of honour would scorn to tempt you to do anything treasonable," Yolland replied with a haughty air, assumed to impress the fellow, but which he was far from feeling.

"Ba ouif" assented the latter, then added with a cunning knowing look, "de Anglais all rich, moche monee for spen'; de habitant all poor, all bad; no chance; but what will you?—alas! it is necessare de monee for de wife of me sick since long time, and de children—"

"So you have a wife and children! where are they?"

"Me leeve on de other side of de Messagouetche; de times are very cruel for us poor habitants; me have refugied dere near to de fort."

"And was it some one in the village or at Fort Beausejour that gave you that letter to put into Captain Scott's own hand?" Dick enquired.

There was a moment of hesita-

tion, then the *coureur de bois* repeated in a tone of astonishment,

"Letter for Captain Scott! dat is fonny,—me no letter for Captain Scott!"

"No, you have none now, but you had one the first time you came to the Fort. Tell me who gave you that letter for Captain Scott," Yolland urged, looking the man sharply in the face

"Captain Scott,—Captain Scott? Sapre! me no know Captain Scott, M'sieu," he replied, slowly shaking his head.

"Yes you do, you rogue, you know very well that Captain Scott is the Commander here at Fort Lawrence, and if you value your life enough to get out of this alive, ye-u'll tell me all about the letter you left here on the mantel for the Commander."

Petipas gazed furtively about him, as if looking for a probable way of escape, if too hard pressed, then lifting his eyes and shoulders heavenward, he whimpered,

"Me leave no letter for de Commander, M'sieu."

This downright falsehood took Yolland not a little bit aback.

"Confound the knave," he muttered under his breath, then aloud, taking from his pocket the missive and a sovereign,



"Look here, my good man, I'll give you this gold piece if you'll tell me who gave you this bit of blue paper to bring to Fort Lawrence."

Petipas looked, with half shut covetous eyes, from the sovereign to the letter, and from the letter to the sovereign.

Yolland could see it was a hard struggle; at last with a great effort he said with a sinister smile,

"M'sieu le Militaire, make himself pleasant wit a poor habitant. Ah ciel! ah ciel! I tink dat very curis ting!"

"Please yourself; tell me who gave you the billet and the gold is yours, or play the fool, and deny that you have seen that bit of paper before, and mark my words! you'll repent it. There, I'll give you five minutes in which to decide," said the young man, as he drew his repeater from his fob.

The *coureur de bois* hesitated a second, then asked in a husky voice if he might look at the billet.

'Bless you! yes, if that will refresh your memory,' Dick answered, handing him the paper; then narrowly watched the fellow as he turned it over and over, as if to gain time or confidence.

"Come, come, time's up!" cried Yolland, pocketing his repeater.

"Here's de letter, M'sieu, I dis-remember me entirely," said Petipas, with a long drawn sigh, which plainly revealed that, much as he would like to tell what he knew, and get the money, he dared not divulge any knowledge of the document. Presently, as if to conceal the deep disappointment he felt, he continued with a sickly smile,

"M'sieu l' Anglais amuse much; he tink all de world read and all de world write, but poor habitants no write, no read; M'sieu Le Cure heem write for heem," saying which he knelt down and busied himself doing up his pack. There-upon Yolland, seeing that nothing more was to be got out of the fellow that day, threw the answer he had written among the furs, exclaiming in assumed wrath,

"We don't want your letter here; take it back to Monsieur le Cure or the one who sent it, and tell him to read it himself, or, if it suits him better, to put it in his pipe and smoke it. Quick! hurry and be-gone!"

But Petipas did not hurry in the least; the look of amazement that came into his dark face when he saw the letter, was so comical, that Dick was almost upset by it, and felt that he could not play that farce very much longer—anything

like intrigue being utterly foreign to his frank nature. After a little the *coureur de bois* slowly picked up the paper, placed it safely in a leather pouch attached to his belt, remarking as he did so,

“Petipas keep dis, him vant paper some day praps, him no monee, paper cost wan sou;” then springing to his feet he bowed and grinned himself out of the room, evidently very much pleased with the success of his mission.

No sooner was the man gone than Captain Scott returned.

“Well, my boy, what luck had you, could you draw the fellow out?”

“Yes, and no, confound him!”

“And the *billet-doux*—are you of the same mind still?” “Which does it smell of now, sweet clover or the odour of sanctity, think you?”

“Both; it smells of both, if you mean purity as I understand the word sanctity. No, Sir! my former opinion as to the letter and writer is not altered, but confirmed, by my interview with the *coureur de bois*, in spite too, of the mystery surrounding the affair having deepened. By George! she has chosen a sly one for her messenger; he was very hush, never once off his guard.”

"You didn't catch him with your golden bait then?"

"No, he was stout to the end. I pitied the wretch, 'pon my honour I did, the while I was tempting him; he's not half bad after all. Do you know I like him better for not taking the sovereign? I wonder what she gave him to hold his tongue? Hang it! I can't fathom him; he seemed as innocent as a dove, and as wily as a serpent."

"Did the rascal take your answer?"

"Bless you! yes," and Dick related in detail the various incidents just given, at which the Commander had a good laugh at his sub's expense. Then, after a few conjectures as to how the affair would likely end, he lapsed into silence and inward communion with his pipe.

Yolland, thinking that business was over for the day, was leaving the room, when Captain Scott called after him,

"You say the man will not be here again for some time?"

"No, sir, not before Christmas, if then. He's on his way now to some place with a long name, near Montreal."

"If that's the case, you'll be of no use here while the thing hangs fire. I've half a mind to let you

go with Yonge to Piziquit and Minas. Colonel Lawrence wrote me only last post, to send some one there to mix with the people and find out if these French Neutrals, as they are called, are really well disposed towards us. I thought immediately of you, Yolland, as you speak their lingo, but you are so ridiculously unfriendly to anything Colonel Lawrence may propose, that I was afraid to trust you with the mission, so gave it to Yonge. What do you say to going with him? It may help pass the time, and who knows? you may get a whiff of your sweet clover."

Dick thought a moment. "Thanks, I'll go with pleasure. It may, as you say, kill time—but remember, Scott, I'm not going to do any dirty work; no spying, mind, under the guise of friendship!"

"Who wants you to do dirty work? Not I, for one!" said his companion sternly.

"A thousand pardons, dear sir! I am very sure *you* would not knowingly ask me to do anything underhand,—but Lawrence might."

"I wish you would explain, Mr. Yolland, what you mean by "*Lawrence might*." Here is his letter; I'll sten to his own words—and Captain Scott read aloud the following

order which his Superior had given him relative to the subject.

"I would have you fall upon the best method of procuring the best intelligence of the Acadians. Send some one among them in whom you dare venture to put confidence."

"There's nothing underhand, there, is there? What the dickens! makes you fancy that Colonel Lawrence would not act the gentleman by you, and fairly by the Acadians?"

"Faith, sir, for many reasons. In the first place, he is not a gentleman, but an upstart. You know he was formerly a house-painter's apprentice, and consequently, like men of that class, suspicious and domineering."

"I did not know before that Colonel Lawrence was of such humble origin," the Captain rejoined, musingly, then continued, "But he is a man of parts, and, if self-made, deserves all the more credit for having made himself."

"By Jove! Scott, you never said a truer thing than when you said that Lawrence made himself. I am very sure if the Creator of most men had been consulted, a very different being would have been the result. Faith! he's a man of the times, he has his feet on the ladder

now, and he'll not stop till he gets to the top, no matter how many poor devils, like me, he tramples on in the ascent. I wouldn't be one bit surprised if he rose to be Governor of Acadie, or Prime Minister of England some day. This upheaval of society comes from having the Hanoverians on the throne. If the Stewarts were where they should be, Lawrence would still be decorating houses, where he should be—"

"And you, my young gentleman," interrupted his senior, "if you were where you should be, holding such sentiments, it would not be in His Britannic Majesty, King George's service!"

"No, I am very certain it would not; if I were where I would be, it should be in His Britannic Majesty, King Charles' service."

"Zounds! not a word more! How dare you talk in that way, Mr. Yoland! Remember whose uniform you wear, and that you are uttering treason, sir," cried Scott, sternly.

"Pray forgive me, sir; I was carried away by my feelings, and was not conscious of what I said," Dick hastened to apologise, in his frank, boyish way.

"If you would bridle your tongue a little, my lad, you would not have

to apologise so often," replied the other, stiffly. His manner, however, softened involuntarily as he looked at the honest face before him. "Colonel Lawrence," he continued, "is a brave soldier, and an honourable man; you surely have a better reason than the one you gave just now for not liking him,—what is it? I have often wondered at your bitterness in speaking of him. Come, out with your grievance!"

"Well, first and foremost, he don't like me," Dick doggedly replied.

"Fiddlesticks! a woman's reason. How do you know that Colonel Lawrence does not like you?"

"Why, he sent me here to this place to get me out of his way."

"Oh! the deuce he did! I must look into this matter, really I must, for Colonel Lawrence sent *me* here too, and I always flattered myself I was a prime favourite with the Colonel," said the senior officer, sarcastically.

"I'm not quite such an ass as you take me for, Scott, and you can't change my mind by smoking me. I would have given you my real reason for distrusting Lawrence long ere this, only it's a long yarn, which I thought would interest you but little. However, if really want it, and you are at liber-



ty after supper, I shall only too gladly confide in you, and get your advice. I may be making a mountain out of a mole hill, but I fear not."

"All right, my boy, I'm at your service to-night; let's to lunch now, the noon gun is gone nigh upon an hour, and all this talking makes me hungry," replied Scott, and they then joined the other officers in the mess-room.

After supper that evening, as Captain Scott rose from the table, where he had been playing a rubber of whist—the new game then in vogue—he said casually in an aside to Yolland,

"When you are tired of play, you'll find me in my den."

"Very well, sir, I'll join you as soon as I've finished this hand."

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### CHAPTER III.

**A Retrospect, in which we see that Men, like Birds, are often classified by their Plumage, Fine Feathers Making Fine Birds.**

IN the course of twenty minutes, Captain Scott and his young Lieutenant were puffing their pipes in friendly union in front of a blazing wood fire, where the hissing brass toddy kettle and

the chirping crickets were having a chipper concert. In such an atmosphere of comfort, with tobacco, wine and spirits, ad libitum, two friends could hardly help growing confidential. The elder officer, though naturally of a melancholy turn of mind, and inclined to be sarcastic, was to all appearance very content with his surroundings to-night, for his countenance, though serious, was not cynical; stretching his legs to the flame, he asked in a dreamy voice,

"Now what could man wish for better than this on a cold autumn night?"

"Oh! heaps of things," rejoined his impetuous friend, always on the alert for an argument.

"Hold! my dear boy, we'll not get into a discussion over this until we've settled the other question; let's have your story first. I'll wager you anything that it turns upon a woman; that is the pivot that, far too often, makes or mars our lives," sighed the Captain.

"Well, it is not the pivot in mine; at least I don't think it is; though, to tell the truth, I never looked at it in that way before," said Dick thoughtfully. "I have been thrown with women all my life, and have as many friends among them as among men. Of course I shall

mention some of them in my yarn to-night, but that is nothing, women are everywhere, except in monasteries and this fort."

"Faith! I'd take up your bet, Scott, if my story turned as you say, but it doesn't—it's only a beginning cut short that I'm going to tell you to-night. By the way! you've been so prodigiously good to me, since I came here, that I have often wondered if Cornwallis gave you a hint as to who I am."

"No, not a word, but I have my suspicions! You know I keep au courant with what is going on at home, and on the continent, so fancy I've made a pretty good guess."

"Then out with it, old chap! Let's hear *who* you think I am."

"I did not carry my conjectures as far as determining *who you are*, but *only* that you are of a noble Jacobite family, and that Yolland is an assumed name."

"Pon my word! not bad for a guess, unless," continued Dick, "I'm such a transparent fool that all the world has seen behind the mask. Tell me, Scott, have the other fellows guessed too?"

"No, I am certain they do not even suspect. Had they, I would have been the first to hear of it, as they would have come to me to confirm their agreeable curiosity."

"Good! I'm glad they take me for what I seem, though it's a desperate plague keeping a secret all to oneself. Many's the time when out sporting, I've felt like shouting to the reeds, rushes, and murmuring pines, 'Yolland is an ass, just look at his ears.' Now things have come to such a pass that, even if I put my life in jeopardy, I must tell you; I want advice, so here goes:

"I am, as you suppose, Scott, beneath all this paint and whitewash, a Jacobite of the Jacobites. But you little dreamed that in me you were entertaining a *prince*, younger brother of His Royal Highness King Charles!"

"Bless me! you're not Prince Henry, surely!" exclaimed the Captain incredulously.

"Well, the Duke and many others thought I was; in a word, I was sent to the 'Tower' after Culloden (under the supposition that I was His Highness Prince Henry, the one they called 'The Young Pretender') along with Lords Cromartie, Kilmarnock, Balmerino and my noble father. How well I remember the fury of the London mob! In spite of our guard we never thought to reach the Tower alive, but we did, and there I was kept until after the trials and exe-

cutions; when it was found that they had not the *rara avis* they had supposed, but only a goose, consequently the cage door was opened and I set at liberty. My dear father dead, and our estates confiscated, my mother, sisters and I took refuge in France; not in the gay Capital (we were far too poor for that), but in a little provincial town, where I might be to-day reading 'Caesar' with the Cure, or fencing with Maitre Francois, had we not, by the death of an old aunt, come in for a small property in Ireland; thither we repaired, but finding that the estate was heavily mortgaged, I determined to do something for my own maintenance. A family council was called, at which, upon serious consideration, it was decided that I must not work, and as I could get nothing by begging, the only choice left me was to enter the service, either land or water. I kicked at this, you may be sure, but all to no purpose. After a deal of talking on both sides, I yielded at length to my mother's entreaties, took the oath of allegiance to the Elector of Han—beg pardon!—to His Majesty King George, and got a commission in a line regiment. Such, however was my horror at having perchance to fight against my father's old com-

rades in arms, that my uncle, through his friend, Lord Halifax, got permission for me to join Cornwallis in Acadie, he agreeing with me that I would stand a better chance of promotion, or getting knocked on the head, in foreign parts; but confound it! luck has been against me; there is no chance here of distinguishing myself. Fact is, I shall never prosper as long as I have a spark of sympathy for others in my breast; that's certain.

"My fancied likeness to Prince Henry had made me rather a conspicuous Jacobite; consequently, when my passage was taken on the transport bound for Halifax, it was deemed prudent (as I would be cheek-by-jowl with a lot of idle folks for a space of forty days or more), to leave my family name at home, and go incog. to America. Accordingly, Taaffe (my man) was shipped as an artisan, and your humble servant as a haberdasher's clerk. By George! you should have seen the figure I cut in a snuff-coloured satinnet frock and breeches, and hideous flowered waistcoat! The only drawback was, I soon got tired of my role of haberdasher, and changed the character so often that at last I got quite perplexed as to what I really was."

"You got into no serious trouble over it?"

"Fortunately, no. I was not thrown much with the others on the vessel. The Captain (a Scotsman from our part), gave up his cabin to me, and my meals were served there. Then the 'quality' both civil and military, were so taken up with themselves, that not a 'put' among them glanced at my face. I, though in reality taller than any of them, was, figuratively speaking, beneath their notice; the clothes were enough to proclaim me a vulgar cockney. As for the yeomen, tradesmen and artisans, with which the ship was crowded, they did not intrude; in short, I made only one acquaintance on board, and that was a little girl."

"Ah! the woman at last! I was confident she would make her appearance before the voyage was over. Was she a pretty creature?" Scott asked, with a quizzical glance at his companion, and a nod to his pipe.

"Hang it! Scott, if you are going to *smoke* me, I'll have done. Know once for all, that Mawkin Adair was not a woman,—only a jolly little half-grown girl, with long arms and legs. She put me in mind of a chick emerging from

its shell, owing, I fancy, to her having outgrown her clothes; just one struggle more and she would be rid of them. Miss Adair and an old woman attendant (her nurse, I afterwards learned), were among the few passengers who were not ill at the start; they came on deck early every morning, and remained there for the rest of the day. At the first glance I saw the girl was a gentlewoman; though dressed quite as outlandish as myself, there was an air of distinction about her, hard to describe. Many's the laugh I've had over our self-introduction—it was thoroughly characteristic of Mawkin. Of course, you know, folk at sea are not over-nice about etiquette and that sort of thing, which holds good on land. The rule on ship-board is, get all the information, all the fun, and all the pleasure out of your fellow-passengers that you can, while on the water; then, if they are not of the same quality as yourself, cut them as soon as you are on terra firma.

“This is a digression, but I wanted you to understand that there was nothing unusual in my following up a little bit of childish fun that Miss Adair indulged in. While taking a constitutional on the morning of the third day



out, I suddenly became conscious, as I walked back and forth on the deck, that somebody was following me like a shadow—walking when I walked, standing when I stood, and turning when I turned. I suspected who it was, and did my best to outwit her, but found my match; if I took long strides, she did the same; if I minced, she did likewise; twice I turned suddenly, but she dodged adroitly. This was kept up for some time, when, fortunately, to the confusion of both, we faced each other. How this happened, we neither of us knew; she curtsied, I bowed, then both laughed and mumbled excuses that fell unheeded, laughed again, and ultimately joined forces and walked off together. For the rest of the voyage we were inseparable.”

“Pardon the interruption, Yol-land, but if you would describe Miss Adair a little more minutely, it might help me better to understand what follows. She was no beauty, you say?”

“No, far from it. A quantity of light brown hair, and dark brown freckles; her eyes, so far as I could make out, were brown, or gray with black spots—I am not sure of the colour; I only know that they were lovely, with long lashes, and a deal too big for her face, and often had

the sad pathetic look you see in the eyes of a dog; her teeth were perfect, in fact her mouth was her best feature, in spite of the lips being thin—hardly more than a line when closed. One day, she was laughing at something the old woman said, 'pon my word you could have keeled me over with a straw, I was so astonished at the transformation—it was wonderful! One would never have taken her for the same person. Some people laugh only with their eyes; this girl laughed with every feature in her face, and all in perfect harmony. This, Scott, is her portrait as I remember her first, but there was a vast change after she got to America, poor little thing! but I'll tell you about that when we come to it. Now where was I? Oh yes. We walked up and down the deck together, and as we walked we talked. She told me in the frankest way imaginable all about herself. Her father, Sir Samuel Adair, had sent for his daughter to join him, he having gone out with Cornwallis, like many another, in hopes of recruiting his broken fortune in the New World. Mawkin had no remembrance of him, nor even of her mother for that matter: she was bred up by her grandmother (who was lately dead), and a queer breeding

it must have been, for the girl knew everything that a boy knows, and not a blessed thing that a young lady does. She could neither embroider, spin, nor play on the harpischord, had never had a governess, only a tutor, an old vicar, who eked out his stipend by initiating some half dozen young gentlemen in the 'elegancies of knowledge.' He lumped Mawkin with these and gave the same instruction to all. Poor Burton was terribly consternated at our intimacy, and improved the first occasion she found me alone to impress upon me the fact that, her little lady was one of the *quality*, that she was! for her mother was a *rare* born lady, and her grandmother was a *rare* born lady, that they were! and there wasn't a better family in the country, that there wasn't! But alas! her little lady was high-spirited, and would have her own way, just like her grandmother (peace to her soul). Now she (Mrs. Burton) knew that I wasn't a gentleman, though her little lady would have it I was; the poor darlint had always lived in the country where trades-people kept to their station, and didn't ape the gentry like some folk she knew—but it wasn't for the likes of her to interfere. Finally, the goody wound up by beg-

ging me not to take advantage of this indiscretion on the part of her young mistress, and be very circumspect when we got to Ameriky, for if it should reach the ears of Sir Samuel (who was mighty proud) he'd horse me, and send her (Mrs. Burton) back home, that he would! But good gracious! my tongue is running away with me, I'll cut the story short."

"By no means! I beg you'll go on, you interest me immensely. That was rich—the old body telling you to your face, Yolland, that you were no gentleman. And did none of the swells on board make inquiries as to who the pretty youth in the snuff-coloured suit might be?"

"Not one! they were, as I mentioned before, far too absorbed in brag and pharo to trouble their noddles about me; though, by Jove! I did have one amusing little brush with a lady.

"You must know, Miss Adair was nominally under the care of Mrs. Carter (Jack Carter's wife), Sir Samuel having asked her to look after his daughter on the passage; but my lady (fortunately for us) was too busy with looking after the men on board to occupy herself with an insignificant little chit. For some time Mawkin and I kept an eye

and ear open in her direction; one day, however, while leaning over the gunwale deeply interested in tossing bread to the gulls, and seeing which could fling the farthest, Burton and the mate being umpires, we were startled by a languid voice behind us enquiring,

"What are you doing, my dear?"

Springing up quickly, I almost knocked over in my haste a tall lady and her little escort (an ensign in all his war-paint). This naturally dashed me, and when Mrs. Carter haughtily enquired, "Who's your friend, Mawkes?" I felt the game was up. I did not know the little one then as I knew her afterwards. She was equal to the emergency. Looking from Mrs. Carter to me, and then back from me to Mrs. Carter, she said with great deliberation, imitating that lady's drawl,

"Do you refer to this young man, madam? for if you do, he is a friend of Mrs. Burton."

Instantly turning to the latter, Mrs. Carter asked,

"Is that so, Burton?"

"Yes, marm, and a very *dacent* young man he be too."

"I've no doubt of his decency, my good woman," the lady coldly replied, then remarked quite audibly to her companion (as if I were of stock or stone, with eyes that

see not, and ears that hear not, when the quality are present),

"Not bad-looking; for one of his station quite genteel," upon which the little soldier hemmed and hawed and stammered,

"Just so, just so, known cases of that kind before: mother grisette, good-looking, don't you know; father gentleman, ahem; rake you know. Then straightening himself up to his full height, he demanded in a shrill falsetto,

"My good man, what is your name?"

"Please, I'm not your *good man*, I'd like ye to know," I growled.

"Foregad! you forget you are speaking to a gentleman," squeaked the ensign.

"Yes, ye honour, I forgot it entirely," I apologised.

"Don't forget a second time," he replied, then added patronizingly, "and now what do you call yourself?"

"Obadiah Bloodgood, at ye service," I made answer.

Thereupon he questioned me as if I were a witness on the stand, and under oath to tell the truth; whether he got any amusement out of it, I know not, but it was nuts for me to parry his thrusts, and I flatter myself I had the best of it. Among other things he enquired what my occupation might be.

"Hagriculturist and Oriticulturist," I replied.

"Farmer, you know," he explained in a stage whisper to Mrs. Carter, upon which the latter remarked,

"But you are not dressed like a hagriculturist as you call yourself, Obadiah."

"No, lady, it was all along of me cousin, Prudence Crookshanks, who lives in Philadelphia. She wrote me daddy not to stint on me clothes; that in Ameriky, where Jack is as good as his master, the only difference baying the clothes; so me mother came to London town, along wid me, and we did not spare the siller, as you see," cried I, pointing to my flowery waistcoat with exaggerated pride.

Mrs. Carter and her escort were turning away, under the impression that Mrs. Burton's 'dacent young man' was a harmless clodhopper, when my ring caught the lady's eye. It was one His Majesty King James had given my father, and foolhardy in me to have worn it uncovered; but the case I had had made in London, before sailing, being unnecessarily large, kept unfastening, and I had taken it off only that morning, trusting no one would observe the gems if I wore them inside my hand. Fate was against me.

"Where did you get that ring, Obadiah? Surely you did not purchase those brilliants at the same time with your fine clothes?" Mrs. Carter cried.

"No, lady, me daddy gave me the bawble; his master gave it him."

"And pray what was the name of his master?" questioned the little ensign, in his high voice.

"Lord Dettingen," I answered, giving my uncle's name.

"Ah, yes! I've heard of him, a Jacobite; great chaps those for jewellery, and plate, and pictures, and lace, and all that sort of thing, ye know; wouldn't miss a ring like that," he remarked to his companion, as they walked away. Evidently they were not connoisseurs of precious stones, otherwise I might have had to tell who I was, or remain in irons for the rest of the voyage.

"But I have never seen the ring! What have you done with it?" said Scott.

"Here it is," replied the youth, extending his left hand, upon the first finger of which was an immense ring, with a seal of arms on it.

"By George! Is that gold ring that we have all joked you about not wanting to take off for fear of catching cold, *only the case you*



spoke of, Yolland?"

"Yes, nothing else. I had it re-adjusted by a goldsmith in Halifax. Look! this is the way it works," said Dick. Touching a spring, as he spoke, the gold parted, and revealed a magnificent ruby set with diamonds.

"Isn't it a beauty?" said the young man in a hushed voice, as if in the presence of a sacred thing; and as he gazed, his eyes filled with tears.

"Wondrously beautiful!" assented the senior officer. "You said a while ago, Yolland, that you had no fortune. Why, here is a king's ransom."

"Yes, this ring is indeed a fortune, but one I hold only in trust. I shall never, *never* part with it, save to ransom a king. I don't believe, Scott, I could do anything dishonourable, or unworthy a gentleman, as long as this is here, for it is to me the emblem of all that is noble and honourable. I remember as if it were but yesternight, when my sainted father placed it upon my finger. It was the eve of his execution. I had been permitted to pass the night with him in his cell. We talked for hours. He reviewed the past, spoke of the present, and advised me for the future. When the gray dawn came creeping in at the grated window,

warning us that his last night on earth was spent, and the hour of his departure at hand, my father drew this ring (which he valued above all other earthly possessions) from his finger, and placed it upon mine, exacting a solemn promise that there it should remain until my dying day, if not used for the giver or his cause.

"But I can't talk of that time. It maddens me even to think of it," cried Yolland, springing up and pacing the floor in great agitation, as the memory of his father smote him with a pang of tenderness and longing. Captain Scott's own eyes filled with tears, but he continued to smoke on as if untouched, knowing full well that nothing he might say could soften the recollection of that heart-rending scene.

After some minutes' silence, Dick continued, half apologetically,

"Well, it's all over now, and no help for it. You laugh at me, Scott, for being romantic. I suppose I am, and if it's a fault, my bringing up is to blame for it, though, 'pon my word, I don't want to be anything else. I detest this sordid money-loving, money-getting age we live in, and would not be one of your fops and pretty fellows that game and dress, even if I could. My ambition is to be a

true knight-errant, with sword ever at the service of the oppressed. This, by the way, may explain to you my interest, not only in this mysterious letter, but also in Mawkin Adair."

"Why! Is Miss Adair in trouble, that she needs your sword?" asked the captain.

"That's just what I'm coming at, my friend, and what I want your opinion upon, when I've wound up my yarn. I was attracted to Mawkin in the first instance by her seeming loneliness, but it was not long before I found her the brightest, jolliest companion imaginable, and far more romantic than I. She knew nothing of the world she lived in. Her heroes and heroines were all in books, with the one exception of her father, whom, having never seen, she pictured as a veritable Chevalier Bayard. We were everlastingly discussing the merits of our favourites, over whom we quarrelled plentifully, then made up and were better friends than ever. The little chit had such absurd notions; for example, she gloried in being a woman and not a man."

"I suspect that was to plague you, my boy," said the senior officer, smiling.

"Not a bit of it; she truly be-

lieved that women were better than men. Her heroine above all others was Jephtha's daughter. My own acquaintance with that young Jewish damsel being of the slightest, Mawkin had the whip-handle there; but when she boasted of 'Jean d'Arc' I routed her with a long list of men, any one of whom was a greater general than the maid of Orleans; but she was an obstinate lassie and would not give in even when beaten. She met her match in her father, though. Good gracious! when that gentleman presented himself, I was quite as taken aback as Mawkin, who had confided to me, along with her hopes and aspirations, her curiosity as to what life would be like in the forest surrounded by wild beasts and savages, and her perfect willingness to deny herself the luxury and comforts of civilisation to be near her father. One day she showed me his miniature, which she wore suspended by a chain from her neck. It was painted on ivory; you know the style! good features, arched eyebrows, pink and white complexion, powdered wig, red coat, gold lace, and all surrounded by pearls. This was the father Mawkin expected to see. Poor child! she was sadly disillusioned.

Leaning over the ship's side, as

we approached the pier, I noticed among the crowd a big, pompous, red-faced man, waving his hat and kissing his hand to some person or persons on board. Following the direction of his bold staring eyes, I saw Mrs. Carter returning the salutation, and innocently concluded that the consequential individual must be Captain Carter (poor little Carter, I sincerely beg his pardon). As soon as we were made fast to the wharf, the aforesaid gentleman pushed his way to the deck; then after paying his respects to his friends, of whom there seemed to be a number among the passengers, he asked in a loud voice, where his baggage was. I never for an instant dreamed of this being Sir Samuel Adair, and that Mawkin was the baggage he was enquiring for. Neither did she, poor child; her gaze was riveted upon the pier in search of the ivory miniature man. She was rudely awakened, however, from any dreams she might have been indulging in, by Mrs. Carter calling,

"Mawkin, my dear, here's your papa."

The latter turned quickly, then apparently seeing her father for the first time, blushed painfully, curtseyed awkwardly, and leaned against the railing for support.

"Damn me! what's the matter with the girl?" cried the gallant knight.

"Oh! it's nothing, my dear Sir Samuel, only that she is mighty bashful; I could not induce her to speak to a man on board ship. Have a little patience, I beg of you; she is very young still," pleaded Mrs. Carter in her most coaxing manner.

"As old as her mother was when I married her," he growled peevishly; then turning to his daughter called,

"Come hither, my child; what the deuce are you afraid of? I'm not going to eat you up!"

"As Mawkin still hung back, Sir Samuel caught hold of her hand, dragged her to him, and condescendingly embraced her.

"Come, hold up your head," he exclaimed, keeping her at arm's length, "I want to see who you look like. Foregad! what did your granny mean by writing that you resembled me? You're your mother over again; if she came back to earth this moment, she wouldn't be more like what she was when I married her, than you are."

Mawkin had by this time collected her wits sufficiently to be struck with the absurdity of what her father was saying, or maybe it was nervousness; no matter

which, the fact is, much to the astonishment of all, she burst into a hearty laugh which lasted for a few minutes; then, calming down as suddenly, she said, looking her father in the face,

"I'm not at all afraid, Sir, but you, papa, are so unlike what I expected my father to be, that I was a bit consternated at first."

"Damn it! I'm not what you expected, little one! Vastly handsomer, eh?", the knight asked, winking at Mrs. Carter, as he drew himself up and struck an attitude.

His daughter looked him all over, then replied in her quiet, self-possessed voice, with more honesty than diplomacy,

"No, Sir, you are not nearly as handsome."

"The deuce I'm not! I must say you are not flattering, Miss. Gad! there's no one like your own kith and kin to take one's pride down. I bet, Madam, Carter there doesn't think you half as fine a creature as I do," exclaimed Sir Samuel, bowing to the lady at his side. "As for this sauce-box of mine, she'll have to take a few lessons in polite phraseology before she is presentable. I have a Chesterfield, but it's for gentlemen. Why the dickens! doesn't his lordship write a book on etiquette for the fair sex?"

Zounds! I'm dashed to know what to do with the minx!"

"My dear Sir Samuel," lisped Mrs. Carter, "if you would trust your daughter to my tutelage—"

"Gad! the very thing, if you'll have the brat; nowhere could she find a better model to copy than yourself, my dear madam."

"Finally, after a lot of silly twaddle was said by way of compliment on both sides, Sir Samuel turned to his daughter and exclaimed,

"Bid good-bye to your friend, Mawkes! Come, hurry! Your chair has been waiting for you these three hours. My men will see to Burton and the traps."

"I was at the gangway when they went ashore, and never shall I forget the mute appeal in Mawkin's lovely eyes all suffused with tears as she turned her face towards me; in fact, my feelings were so overwrought by the scene I had just witnessed that I do not know what folly I might have committed, had she not brought me to my senses by furtively catching my hand in passing and giving it a good, boyish squeeze, which assured me her spirits were not broken.

"After watching Mawkin disappear in a hackney chair, under the escort of her father, I repaired to



my cabin and, with the assistance of Taaffe, quickly exchanged the snuff-colored suit for the uniform of a line officer, and from that day to this I do not believe a soul has a suspicion that Lieutenant Yoland, in his red coat, elaborately powdered hair, and three-cornered hat, is intimately connected with Obadiah Bloodgood, the journeyman clerk.

“The first thing I did, after presenting myself to my patron, Cornwallis, was to find where Sir Samuel had taken his daughter. This was not difficult; but notwithstanding my passing and re-passing the house many times a day, I was unable to catch a glimpse of her, she evidently being kept in retirement until her father considered her presentable. Cards, however, were sent out for a rout at Government House some three weeks after our arrival. I thought it probable Miss Adair would make her debut then, and was not disappointed; though I scarcely recognized my romping shipmate in the sedate ‘grande dame,’ who was one of the half dozen ladies in hoops, laces, powder, rouge, and patches, that opened the ball. Her escort was a showy man (not handsome in my eyes, but sufficiently good-looking to fancy himself handsome) of

middling height, and elaborately dressed in a colonel's uniform. At first Mawkin was jealously guarded by her father, but after a little, Sir Samuel's love of play getting the better of him, he left his daughter in the care of an old dowager, and repaired to the card-room. This was my chance. I coolly walked up to Cornwallis, and asked for an introduction to Miss Adair, upon which he presented me in due form to the young lady and her chaperon. After exchanging a few words with the latter, I begged the honour of a dance from Miss Adair, at the conclusion of which we found our way to the balcony, and, chatting with the easy familiarity we had assumed on shipboard, soon were lost to time and place.

It was not just the same, though, and we both felt it. The little girl had suddenly grown years older; which, when I told her, and attributed it to the dress and powder, she sadly shook her head, and sighed,

“‘It's not the dress and powder which makes me look older, but the trouble here,’ laying her hand on her heart.

“For a long time she would say nothing more, but finally yielded to my entreaties, and acknowledged that she was very unhappy.

Her father, it seems, had arranged a marriage between herself and one of his friends, Colonel Lawrence, before she came out; in fact, that was the only reason he had sent for her. She explained that she inherited her mother's property, which was very considerable; this her father could not touch as long as she lived. Should she die, it would devolve upon him, but as she was not at all likely to, Sir Samuel, who had hurt his fortune by his free living and gaming, compounded with Lawrence to give him his daughter, if the said gentleman would advance the money to pay the knight's debts. Poor little lass! you have no idea how I pitied her as, with quivering lips and tearful eyes, she besought my help.

"Oh! won't you be my friend, my brother? There is no one else in the world that I can call upon. Remember, I have no mother; I am all alone in the world," she urged.

"Of course I vowed I would be her friend, her knight errant, anything and everything she would, and that my utmost endeavours should be exerted in her behalf; and forthwith, as you may suppose, used all my eloquence to urge her never to consent to marry

Lawrence or any other man she did not love.

"While talking, we had left the balcony, and wandered into the garden. There, seated in a retired spot, we were too absorbed in the subject under discussion to notice the approach of a third party. I was just declaring this scheme of marriage to pay her father's debts most unnatural and monstrous, when a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder. Springing up I met Sir Samuel's angry gaze.

"'Zounds! What are you doing with my daughter, young man?' he demanded in a voice choked with passion.

"'Walking and talking with her,' I coolly replied.

"Turning to my companion, he cried, 'And you, Miss Adair, are you not ashamed to absent yourself from the companionship of your sex, and be so little nice as to go off alone with a young man that nobody knows?'

"'Pardon, sir,'" I hastily interrupted, "I am not unknown, as His Excellency the Governor will assure you; it is to our host's kindness that I am indebted for this evening's introduction to Miss Adair."

"'The deuce you are!' rejoined the knight. 'Well, well, let by-gones be by-gone, but mark my

word, if ever I catch you together again, I'll pistol you!

"That is easier said than done, sir! And moreover, let me tell you that if you were not Miss Adair's father, I would make you eat your words, or prove them at the sword's point, Sir Samuel!"

"'Hoity, toity! you threaten me!' exclaimed the knight, contemptuously; then, addressing a fourth person (whom I had not observed in the confusion), 'Colonel,' he cried, 'have the goodness to escort Miss Adair to the house while I settle this coxcomb, will you?'

"As the gentleman spoken to advanced from the shadow of the trees (where he had been a silent witness of what had transpired) into the illuminated garden walk, I observed that the '*Colonel*' was none other than Mawkin's cavalier in the opening dance, at the first sight of whom I had felt antagonistic. With a low, and, I must confess, a courtly bow, he gracefully extended his hand, which Mawkin very reluctantly accepted, and left me alone with her irate parent.

"You may be sure I had no intention of being brow-beaten and taken to task like a schoolboy; so, in a few words, informed Sir Samuel that I, Richard Yolland Esquire, Lieutenant in His Majesty's Service, was putting up at the

'Pontack,' and if he wished to settle this by the duello, in the usual manner among gentlemen, I would be only too happy to appoint a friend to arrange preliminaries with any one he should name; but as for giving a promise not to see Miss Adair again, I'd be hanged if I would! Thereupon, without waiting for his reply, I turned on my heel and walked to the house. The knight rapt out an oath or two, and followed at a distance. On entering, I took a turn through the rooms, but as Mawkin had evidently retired, I followed suit, and bade good-night.

"A few days after this little episode, I received orders to report here at Beaubassin. Before leaving Halifax, I determined, if possible, to have an interview with Mawkin, and as a means to that end I took Taaffe into my confidence, knowing full well I might trust him, for, like all his compatriots, next to a shindy, he delights in an adventure of this kind. I was not disappointed; within twenty-four hours he brought word that Miss Adair was domiciled with some military friend of Sir Samuel's, then commanding a small garrison at Dartmouth, across the harbour. Thereupon I immediately repaired to the water-side, where I engaged a couple of

sailors in a boat to row me over and back.

On arriving at the fort, or rather block house, I found that Lieutenant Walker, the officer in command, was away. Nothing daunted, I asked for Mrs. Walker, who, though vastly complimentary, proved obdurate in her determination to guard her charge. 'My husband's position would not be worth a rap, if I granted your request,' she declared. 'Are you not aware that Sir Samuel is an intimate friend of Lord Halifax and all the big-wigs, and Colonel Lawrence is not only a most ambitious man, and a rising power, but not likely to forget an insult? Sir Samuel being in the confidence of the Lords of Trade, knows this, and has shown his worldly wisdom in securing him for his daughter; though what any man can see to admire in her, poor little thing, is a mystery to me!' she added, drawing herself up to her full height.

"Mr. Walker was in luck. We poor devils in the army can't all marry elegant women like yourself, madam," I rejoined, with a mock sigh, bowing low.

"'No, not all,' she replied, with a toss of her head and a meaning glance at me, 'but you, Mr. Yol-land, are one of the prettiest young gentlemen in the service, and

ought to have a fine, tall, dashing wife; I've a sister, now, who would suit you to a T; she is five feet nine, an inch taller than I—'

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, you do me proud," I exclaimed; then added, "Five feet nine, did you say, Madam?"

"'Yes, five feet nine, and looks six feet,' the lady eagerly exclaimed.

"Just then the idea struck me, if I play off the sister, I may indirectly hear of Mawkin; so begged Mrs. Walker, with all the impressiveness I could command, to honour me by replying to a letter that I would address to her upon getting to my new post, for what she had told me of her sister (Miss Marshall) had inflamed my curiosity to such a degree that my one regret was that I could not remain longer to have all my questions answered. Mrs. Walker agreed to my proposal, and after some of the *flash* that passes on such occasions, between gentlewomen and ourselves, I took my leave, and next morning left Halifax to immure myself here at Fort Lawrence.

"That's all! You're a capital listener, Scott. I hope I have not bored you!"

"On the contrary, I'm vastly interested. Have you heard since of Miss Adair? Her father evidently did not carry out his plans, as Col-



onel Lawrence is still a bachelor."

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"I've only had the most contradictory reports, and do not know what to believe. When the Indians made that raid upon Dartmouth, Mrs. Walker, her sister, and Mawkin, were taken prisoners with the rest, but I was assured on very good authority—in fact, Cornwallis wrote me—that they were all ransomed a se'nnight after, and immediately took passage home, in the packet which was then sailing. In confirmation of this, somebody sent me a newspaper of that date with the list of passengers per "The Merry Jacks," marked. Among these were Sir Samuel and Lady Adair, along with the Walkers."

"Then what makes you doubt it?" Captain Scott enquired, with more interest than he often showed.

"For several reasons; first, Taaffe, who, as you yourself know, is *au courant* with everything, has heard from several sources that Miss Adair is still in captivity, and Lawrence remaining unmarried gives colour to this supposition, in my mind. By the way, I received an anonymous letter from Halifax informing me that Miss Adair had been killed by the savages, but I paid little attention to it, as it was evidently sent as a blinder."

"And am I to understand, Yol-land, that you connect the letter the 'coureur de bois' brought, with Miss Adair?" asked his companion.

"Hardly; for if it were Mawkin who wrote it, she would have addressed herself to me, knowing I was sent here; yet I have a feeling there is more behind this letter than appears on the surface. If an exchange of prisoners can be effected, even if Mawkin is not included, we may hear of her from those who are. And now, Scott, that you have heard my story, pray what is your opinion? Is Miss Adair in captivity, or back home?"

"I must turn it over, boy," said the other, thoughtfully, as he took the pipe from his mouth, and blew a thin column of smoke slowly upward. After a few minutes' reflection, he continued, "If Miss Adair were at home in England, don't you think she would inform you of it, directly or indirectly?"

"I did at first; then it occurred to me that she may have promised her father she would hold no communication with me, if he would not insist upon Lawrence; or peradventure, any letter may have been stopped; you know our mail goes to headquarters."

"They would never do that, no never!" muttered the Captain, as

if in deep thought; then aloud, "Bless me! if I know what to advise, Yolland; for the nonce, go on this mission, and put yourself, so to speak, in touch with the 'Habitants'; if you gain their confidence, you may get a clue to guide you."

"Thanks, I'll go, as you think it best, sir; and now, if it is not too late, I wish you would explain exactly the position of these Acadians; am I to consider them French or English subjects?"

"Certainly English, or rather British subjects. Piziquid, Grand Pre, Minas, where you are going, are all in the Peninsula of Acadie, which the French themselves acknowledge to belong to us, though the Treaty of Utrecht is so absurdly worded, that it naturally gives rise to disputes without end. I have a copy of the document somewhere," said Captain Scott, going to a drawer in his writing table. "Yes, here it is: France ceded to England, by the terms of this treaty, 'all of Nova Scotia or Acadie, comprised *in its ancient limits, as also the city of Port Royal*' (as if the latter were not in Acadie). I sincerely hope the Commission appointed by the two Crowns, and now sitting in Paris to determine the boundary, will speedily come to some conclusion

as to the limit of Acadie; if not, these poor Acadians, whom we designate French Neutrals, will be wiped off the face of the earth in the struggle for supremacy in America."

"I cannot understand why we out here should be at war, when France and England are at peace?" Dick queried.

"War? One can hardly so denominate the irregular incursions that almost of necessity take place in border countries where the boundaries are not determined. You, a Scotchman, know that party animosity and hate are always strongest with those living nearest to the territory in dispute. However, this is enough for the present; you will understand the questions at issue, such as the nature of the oath which His Excellency exacts, and upon what grounds the Acadians refuse to take it, far better after becoming acquainted with the people. They are simple, honest and hospitable folks, with whom we could get on comfortable enough, were it not for the machinations of the Popish priests and missionaries. As for what you told me to-night, it explains to me lots of things in your conduct, boy, that have puzzled me heretofore, but, with your per-

mission, I'll reserve my opinion until your return."

"Do so, by all means; remember, my life is in your hands. I have told you things that I had hardly acknowledged even to myself before. I thank you from my heart for your sweet sympathy!" cried the young man, with honest earnestness, as he clasped his friend's hand.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

Wherein a Commissioner, sent by His Excellency the Governor to confer with the French at Chignecto, arrives at Fort Lawrence with his escort.

DURING Yolland's absence, the days passed at Fort Lawrence with their accustomed uneventfulness. Captain Scott, however, had not been idle. According to promise, he wrote a long letter to Cornwallis, minutely describing the 'coureur de bois' and the mysterious manner in which he had left the billet-doux (or "sweet scented note" as he humorously called it). This he sent by special messenger to Halifax, firmly persuaded that, in the multiplicity of work with which the Governor was overwhelmed, his communication

would receive but a passing glance. What, then, was his surprise, to learn by an immediate reply that His Excellency attached quite as much importance to the billet-doux as Dick had. Cornwallis wrote: "Whether this letter be from a veritable English prisoner, or only some Popish plot, as you suggest, it merits investigation. I have instructed Mr. Edward How, Commissary of the Forces, who is a man of parts, speaking French fluently, and is acquainted, not only with the country, but also with the character of the inhabitants, to repair immediately to Chignecto, and there negotiate an exchange of prisoners (in which I hope your correspondent may be included), likewise arrange for the return of the Acadian refugees, and conclude a treaty with the Indians."

Some ten days after the receipt of this letter, as the sun was sinking, in one of those glorious autumn sunsets, seldom seen except in North America, a party of horsemen emerged from the dark recesses of the forest, and slowly ascended the hill to Fort Lawrence. On arriving at the gate, they found the garrison turned out, *en masse*, awaiting their arrival. Captain Scott immediately recognized the Commissioner in the soldierly-looking man, dressed in a long

blue coat with silver buttons, leather breeches, riding boots, scratch wig, and three-cornered hat, who, a little in advance of the others, leaped from his horse with all the agility of a youth.

The manner in which Mr. How returned the welcome given him was so frank and genial, that Captain Scott felt none of his habitual reserve in the presence of strangers, and in a few minutes the two were chatting away, as if they had been life-long friends.

"We are a small family just now, for my two lieutenants are off on leave; however, I expect them back to-morrow. May I introduce our Commissary, Mr. Gosbee, and Ensign Spitter, our wag, and this (as a red-checked, curly-headed, pretty boy came forward) is our baby, Mr. Budd, familiarly known as 'the bud,'" said the Commander, presenting each of the officers in turn to his guest.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, gentlemen," cried the Commissioner in a cheery voice, (then after giving each a cordial handshake) he continued: "I likewise have great pleasure in introducing to you Captain Scott, and to you, young gentlemen (bowing to the right and left) "Captain Cotterell, Surgeon Handeside, and my secre-

tary *pro tem*, Mr. Hay, of Hopson's 40th."

After saluting and exchanging compliments, Captain Scott exclaimed,

"Of course you are famished, gentlemen; tea is ready when you are. Your saddle-bags have been taken to your rooms, but pray do not stop to change your dress; we are a company of bachelors," he added, as he noticed the Envoy looking deprecatingly at his dusty garments.

"I suppose tea without ladies and all the fuss of full evening dress is something of a treat to you, Mr. How!" the Captain remarked, as he escorted his guest to the mess-room some twenty minutes later.

"I must admit we are great sticklers for English custom and ceremonial at Annapolis Royal, consequently this is truly somewhat of a rarity, though hardly as much of a treat to me as it might be to some men; fact is, I'm what they call a lady's man, and very dependent upon the fair sex."

"Then you would be wretched here," replied his host. "We sorry dogs have not seen a gentlewoman for over a twelve-month."

"Wretched here for want of gentlewomen? Not I! I would soon find some fair lady to comfort my



sorrows. Pry'thee! boys, why don't you get married?" the Commissioner bluntly asked, beaming upon the young men around the table.

For a moment no one replied, as each glanced at his neighbour to see how such a startling proposition affected him. Finally, little Spitter made answer:

"Alack-a-day! we are waiting for our respected Commander to lead the way, sir; if he'll take the leap, we will follow to a man."

"Bravo my boy! Ah Captain! see what an example for good or evil you are to these young fellows. Come, sir, what have you to say for yourself?" demanded Mr. How, facetiously, as all eyes turned to the head of the table.

"My dear sir, loath am I to confess it, but I have not the moral courage to ask any lady of my acquaintance to give up society and luxury at home for the pleasure of living with an old soldier in the wilds of Acadie."

"Tut, tut! all wrong. I see from your remarks, Captain, that you know little of the sex; there is absolutely nothing they will not do and suffer for a man they love; beside, the dear creatures rather enjoy a spice of adventure. Witness Mesdames de la Tour, and de la Peltrie: they, though women, play-

ed no inconsiderable part in the history of Acadie, and why ——”

“Oh! they were French! they are different,” several interrupted the speaker by exclaiming.

“Yes, they were French, but what difference does that make? Do you mean to tell me that under similar circumstances an Englishwoman would not be as brave and plucky as a Frenchwoman — as Marguerite Bourgeoys, for instance?”

This simple question was answered by a general ovation from the young men, in honour of their countrywomen.

“By George she would! I bet you she would! An Englishwoman would not funk anything!” and such sentiments were generally expressed.

“I wish I knew some pretty girl at home who would not mind coming out to America and being scalped for my sake,” lisped “the bud” with a mock sigh, that caused a laugh.

“My dear boy, why go all the way to England for your wife? There are enough pretty girls, and capable too, in this country, to give every officer here a partner.”

“And don’t the girls in this country mind being scalped?” Spitter innocently asked.

“Bless your heart! they never

think of such a casualty, they are used to the savages," Mr. How emphatically replied.

"And where in America are these paragons to be found? In New England, eh?" some one enquired.

"Faith! there are plenty of brave women in New England, but not your style; far too pious to suit gay young blades like you. At Annapolis Royal now, you'll find as pretty girls as a man could wish for; not so goody-goody as the Puritan maids perhaps, for our ladies dearly love a dance and a game of brag or pharo, but mind, they are none the less charming for that. My creed is, what is right for a man is right for a woman. From one end of England to the other, I'll venture to say you will not find a prettier creature than Mary Handfield, daughter of our Commander at Fort Royal, but she is bespoke, I hear. Then I, myself, have three of the prettiest and best girls (though I say it — who shouldn't?) that the sun ever shone upon."

"I suppose they favour their papa?" Spitter rather waggishly remarked.

"La, no! they take after their mother; mighty genteel woman, too; looks as young as her daughters. She and I have had but one

quarrel since our marriage, and that is a standing one, which being apropos of what we're discussing, I will tell it you, gentlemen," said the Commissioner, warming with his subject and the wine. "Fact is, Mrs. How wants me to promise never to marry again if she dies first, and I won't promise, for I am certain I would break it. 'My love,' I say, 'I shall immediately look out for another helpmeet, as like yourself as possible, and wed her within a twelve-month; and if I go first, you may do the same.' Now I ask, what could be fairer? But my wife will not agree to it, vows she'll never die first and give me a chance."

"If ever I am in Annapolis Royal, I hope, sir, you will present me to your amiable wife and daughters," said Mr. Gosbee.

"With all my heart! come one, come all, you shall be welcome. If the house is full, we'll make up a bed on the dining table; we've done such things before. I've promised Hay here (looking significantly at his secretary, a tall, red-haired, bashful young man, as spick and span as a new uniform could make him), "that he may have the first choice, the next comer shall have the second, and so on as long as there's a lass left," and

the speaker smiled blandly upon the young men.

"My eye! you are a lucky dog, Mr. Hay," cried Spitter. But Mr. Hay turned very red, and looked a very sorry dog, whatever he may have felt.

"Bless me, though! if you have no ladies here, you youngsters have a very pretty taste in decorating; this eating room now is vastly different from the bare place I left some two years ago."

"We have done our best to make it comfortable," replied his host, then added, "I quite forgot you are at home here, Mr. How; you assisted Colonel Lawrence in building this fort, I now remember."

"Yes, I flatter myself that my assistance was not inconsiderable, though, unfortunately, not being a military man, I share not the honour. My lot has always been to sow the seed, while others reaped the harvest," the Envoy observed a little sadly, lifting his glass to the light and gazing at the red wine with a far-away expression. After a second he resumed, in his usual cheery voice, as he glanced about the room, "Yes, reminds one truly of an old baronial hall, with its blackened rafters, stack of arms and deer horns, then the fireplaces at either end add to the illusion—

quite large enough for the proverbial whole ox—I suppose you never had one roasted there?”

“No, we have not yet assayed roasting an ox; last winter, however, one of my officers insisted upon having a fatted calf spitted there,” Captain Scott replied, in his slow, droll way.

“Pardon, if I am indiscreet, gentlemen, but may I enquire if it were to celebrate the return of a prodigal, that the calf was roasted?” Then, perceiving that there was something in the Captain’s reply that caused much merriment at little Spitter’s expense, Mr. How turned to the latter,

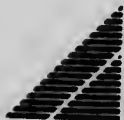
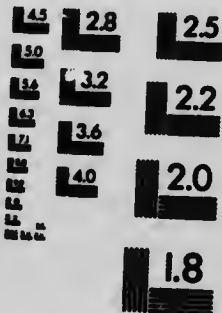
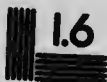
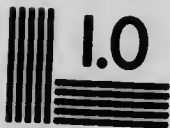
“Heyday! were you the spendthrift, my boy?”

“No, sir, the butt,” replied the Ensign, with a deeply injured look, “the prodigal and fatted calf part is a prodigious poor joke of our Commander’s. It was only a little deer that I shot and wanted to cook, as the Indians do in the forest, but the plaguey thing got burnt, and consequently was uneatable, so the fellows have been roasting me with being prodigal ever since. I told them their shower of puns had no more effect upon me than water on a duck’s back. This they thought mighty funny, and christened me ‘Duck,’ and dashed me with water thereupon.



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Ah! I may truly say I have gone through fire and water in this world to give others pleasure; I trust I shall have my reward in the next," he sighed, in his irresistibly comical way that set the others laughing.

"Boys will be boys," said the Commissioner, sententiously. "I remember the pranks we played on each other when I was a youngster—not harmless ones like yours, young gentlemen—but practical jokes that deserved to be punished, and were punished."

"Pray, sir, tell us about them!" eagerly cried the younger men.

"With your permission, Captain," said Mr. How, with a bow to his host, "I'll give the boys one—just one, it may serve as a lesson."

"Don't limit yourself to one, my dear sir, anything you may tell us is sure to be edifying," Captain Scott courteously replied.

"Yes, I'm sure to profit by it," chimed in Spitter, "and if it's new and racy, we'll try it on Yolland when he gets back, won't we Budd?"

"You'll do nothing of the sort, you monkey," quickly replied the Commissioner, shaking his head gravely. "I'm happy to say such horse play as we practised in my youth is seldom indulged in by

gentlemen now-a-days. But the story—which shall it be? for I've a score, and only one to-night, mind, only one," he repeated, as if he were giving this *one* very much against his inclination, while in reality the genial narrator had arrived at that time of life, when nothing gives a man greater pleasure than to reminisce, though still in harness, and to all appearance fully equipped physically and mentally for victory in the future. Mr. How delighted to chuckle over the frolics and pranks of his lost youth, and for the nonce be one of the boys again. To-night he was in his element, his old jokes and stale puns were all new to the exiled men at Fort Lawrence, where his budget of latest London news that came by the packet, and even his prosy stories were hailed with delight. Then, too, the quaint way he had of mixing worldly colloquialism, army slang, and Puritan self-righteous talk, much amused the young men late arrived with Lascelle's Irish regiment.

In short, the Commissioner and his escort were welcome guests at the little fort, where any event out of the ordinary was a pleasant break in their monotonous life.

## CHAPTER V.

In which Mr. How Entertains the Young Men with One of His Stories.

"So you want a story? Let me see—! It was in 17— No matter the year. The Garrison at Annapolis Royal at the time was a large one, among them a company of New England rangers; 'Bostonnais,' we called them, in imitation of the French. They were a wild set of fellows, not bad at heart, but literally famishing for something to do. In this extremity the devil (who is always busy when others are idle), sent along two young blades, just landed from the Old Country, who were ridiculously proud of the King's commission and their red coats, and inclined to be supercilious to the irregulars. From questions they asked, we soon found they had very exaggerated ideas of the dangers to be met with in Acadie. Instead of allaying these fears, our boys kept stuffing them with such tales of savage cruelty, that the lads seldom ventured beyond the range of our guns, though no hostile Indians were to be found within sixty miles of the Fort. After a little, however, Lisle and Fisher, (you remember Fisher, Captain?) grew desperate, and made several sor-

ties, returning always with game-bags full (for they were good sportsmen). Puffed up with their success, they now taunted us with timidity. The 'Bostonnais' determined to put a stop to this. Learning that the two Englishmen were going off for the day, on a longer excursion than heretofore, half-a-dozen of the rangers dressed, or rather undressed, painted themselves like savages, and laid in ambush for their victims. Late in the afternoon, as the lads were slowly wending their way home, the pseudo Indians uttered their war cry, and sprang upon them; Lisle fired his fowling piece, but without aim in the confusion. Fisher's gun was not loaded. In a twinkling the poor fellows were seized and bound to two trees, in the most approved Indian fashion. The 'Bostonnais' only meant to scare them a bit, then let them go, but to their horror Lisle was seized with a fit. They cut the thongs that bound him and did their utmost to restore consciousness, but all was unavailing. At the first intimation that the joke might prove serious, Borden Clapp, (a thin, lanky, long-legged fellow, nicknamed Clapboard), slipped into his ranger clothes, and ran hot foot for the Fort. After securing the surgeon, he burst into my room, crying. 'Lisle is dying! For heaven's sake, come with me;

I'll explain all later; I've ordered the horses, pray be quick!' Hastily donning my riding boots and hat, I hurried to the courtyard; there, joined by the surgeon, we all three mounted, and, led by Clapboard, galloped for the forest. After following a woodman's path for a mile or more, we drew rein at a deserted log cabin (where it seems the rangers had left their garments while masquerading). Two of them, clothed in their right minds, were awaiting us here. A few words explained all. Quickly dismounting, we proceeded without delay some yards farther into the woods; here a sad scene met our view. Lisle, no longer convulsed, apparently in a deep sleep, was lying on the green sward, his head pillowed upon Fisher's lap, while one of the boys chafed his hands, another laved his forehead. After the doctor had blooded him, he advised his immediate removal to the Fort. This we did, as gently as possible, in a blanket, Indian fashion, a very sad and serious procession following."

"Did he come round all right after you got him to the Fort?" "the bud" eagerly asked.

"No, the poor fellow died that night."

"How horrible! how sad!"

Then Mr. How was plied with questions: "What was done to the

rangers?" "Were they punished?"  
"What did the Governor say?"  
etc., etc.

"Of course His Excellency the Governor was immediately informed; in fact, that painful duty devolved upon me, and not a little did I dread it. Colonel Armstrong was a despotic, hot-tempered man, but like many another of that nature, he was tyrannical and kind by turns; in this instance he gave proof of a good heart that I never before imagined he possessed; in a word, he not only consented to the affair being kept secret, but entreated us who were in the secret never to divulge it, for, as he caustically observed, 'It would be little comfort to Mr. Lisle's people at home to learn that he had been scared to death.' As for the 'Bos-tonnais,' they had been terrified pretty handsomely, and no punishment could make them feel worse than they did. But what chiefly determined His Excellency to hush the matter up was the effect the truth might have upon Fisher, whose people were influential, and friends of Colonel Armstrong. Neither was he a man to take liberties with. He had behaved well during the affair, and was now priding himself that he had come out of it with honour, consequently it would have been a thankless task to undeceive him."

"And Fisher never suspected the truth, think you?" Captain Scott enquired.

"The devil a bit!" (Mr. How had a few choice moderate swear words which he used with such deliberation that his hearers were immediately struck by their incongruity and the enormity of the sin.) "The rangers were packed off home within a se'nnight, and the sorry joke was never alluded to again as long as Fisher lived. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence!" he continued gravely. "There can be no doubt but that Fisher was foreordained to be scalped by Indians; you recollect, Captain, he was killed along with Noble and the others at the raid on Grand Pre?"

"I can't imagine how any one can find amusement in such mad pranks." lisped the little rosy-cheeked Budd.

"No, my boy, no one of sense does. Fun should be a tonic to build up our system, not a poison to undermine our manliness," replied the Commissioner, complacently.

Thereupon Spitter, thinking the tone a bit too sanctimonious, blurted out.

"But I say, Mr. How, I don't see that Fisher was any better off than Lisle after all. If a man is foreordained to be killed and scalp-

ed, why, he is foreordained, and might as well die first as last; to my mind Lisle had the best of it, by all odds, for he had a Christian burial with his scalp on, which the other poor fellow had not. I wonder if I am predestinated to be tomahawked?" he added, as he clasped his head with a quizzical expression.

"Heaven forbid! my lad, but we are getting on to debatable ground—predestination and foreordination—who can tell? The theologians have not settled the point yet. Let us leave all religious controversy to them. Gad though! I'm getting garrulous, and you young gentlemen will be yawning."

"On the contrary, sir, we so seldom have guests, that when we do, we could sit up all night chatting with them." exclaimed Mr. Gosbee, the others heartily assenting.

"Well, that is more than I can do now at my time of life. My wife says I never know when to stop once I start spinning yarns, but I am learning the lesson fast; I can no longer burn my candle at both ends. So be off with you to your cards."

"Won't you take a hand, sir?" Gosbee asked, as he pushed back his chair.

"Not to-night; I seldom play,



and then only for sixpenny points; too slow for you, lads."

"Oh, dear, no! we are too poor to pony up; rarely venture more than thr'penny points," some one replied.

"Glad to hear it; no dice, no games of hazard, I trust?"

"Not when we are alone, sir, on the principle that honour should be found even among thieves, we have made a rule not to fleece each other here at the Fort, but by constant play, keep our wits sharp against we go to town," said Mr. Gosbee.

"Good idea, 'pon my soul! very good idea. Captain Cotterell and Mr. Handeside can look after themselves."

"Thanks for your good opinion of us," the Surgeon said, amid laughter and a general stampede.

"Gaming is the curse of the age," Mr. How remarked to his host when they two were alone. "It has transported two-thirds of our best men."

"Yes, assented the other, they tell me all in England game—women as well as men—except the Methodists. It's not so bad out here, fortunately. Now, as you do not care for cards, sir, will you have a pipe in the open air? The evening is too beautiful to spend indoors."

"I will join you with pleasure, though I do not smoke; this is my consolation," he observed, taking from his pocket a superb gold snuff-box, which he tapped, and offered to his companion, in the most approved fashion. "A present from His Excellency, Governor Mascarene, in recognition of a slight service I rendered him once." After the box had been duly admired, Scott led the way to the parapet, where a panorama of splendid magnificence met their eye. Woods, water, and the ruins of the deserted village of Beaubassin at their feet, were illumined as if by enchantment in the silver light of the hunter's moon. For several moments not a word was spoken (the silence broken only by the even tread of the sentinel); the Commander was seemingly absorbed in his pipe, his companion lost in admiration of the lovely land and seascape that lay before him. Finally the latter spoke.

"I suppose, Captain, you have heard nothing further from the 'coureur de bois' since you wrote His Excellency?" (Mr. How always spoke of the Governor as His Excellency.)

"No, nothing," Scott replied. "By the way, did Cornwallis show you the letter?"

"Yes, I was at Government House when your express arrived."

"Between ourselves," Scott answered, "I will confess to being not a little surprised at the immediate attention my communication received; the Governor evidently attaches more importance to the affair than I do."

"Your courier arrived at a very opportune moment. A special meeting was then in session; we had just finished reading some intercepted letters of La Loutre's, and Colonel Lawrence (up from Annapolis Royal) was at the moment urging His Excellency to ransom, if still alive, a young lady, Miss Adair, taken captive at the raid on Dartmouth by the Indians, and, they say, some Acadians."

"Yes, I recollect hearing of it at the time," said Scott, reflectively. "But why is Lawrence especially interested in Miss Adair? Are they kinsfolk?"

"No, none whatever, though many believe they were betrothed; at all events, her father, Sir Samuel, a great friend of the Colonel's, had set his heart upon the match; there was some hitch, however; the gossips have it that the girl was infatuated with a man very much beneath her—a gardener's son, who came out in the same ship with her. It was to keep her from him that she was sent over to the Walkers."

"If Miss Adair is alive, why

does not her father ransom her?" Scott enquired.

"That is easier said than done. In all probability the poor young lady is dead. Mrs. Walker and her sister (who were carried off at the same time, and redeemed three weeks after) are of that opinion. Sir Samuel (who, I am told, was dotingly fond of his daughter) was completely crushed by this uncertainty, so, finding it impossible to live any longer in Acadie, where everything reminded him of his loss, he took passage home by the first packet that left, empowering Colonel Lawrence to act for him; and that gentleman is determined to punish the perpetrators of the dastardly deed. As I mentioned before, your express arrived while the Council was in session. After a private perusal of your letter, His Excellency made the contents known, asking our advice. Lawrence was for sending immediately to Governor Shirley for troops; now was the proper time, he insisted, to oblige the Acadians to take the oath of allegiance; we should have a sufficient force at hand to compel them to do so, or quit the country, which we might then settle with New England Protestants, he urged.

"But the majority were opposed to such summary measures. His Excellency himself declared that

we could not lawfully resort to arms, now there was peace between England and France; that, if we forced the Acadians to leave their lands at this juncture, we would be playing into the hands of Le Loutre, whose policy all along has been to urge the Habitants to emigrate to the French side, and should they now withdraw themselves from their allegiance to His Majesty, their departure would greatly strengthen the enemy. On the contrary, His Excellency the Governor proposed to defer pressing them upon that head (the oath) until he saw what could be done at Beaubassin, and what settlers came from England. 'Then,' he affirmed, 'would be the proper time to demand an immediate answer.' This was unanimously adopted; however, that we might not remain inactive, it was decided to try what diplomacy could accomplish in the meantime. Accordingly, they confided to me this mission to negotiate the return of the refugees, to conclude a treaty with the Indians, and to withdraw from their hands all English prisoners."

"Do you think Lawrence attaches any importance to the billet I received?" Scott enquired.

"I fancy not. He made use of it, however, as a means to his end. Colonel Lawrence is far-sighted

and very clever in improving occasions that arise."

"So I should judge; evidently all is grist that comes to his mill. By the way, what became of his rival, the young gardener?"

"Bless me! if I or anybody else knows. He disappeared about the same time the lady did; leastways he has not since been heard from. Zounds! this air from off the water is a little fresh!" exclaimed Mr. How, pulling his coat collar up about his ears.

"Do not remain longer out here, sir, I beg of you. I'll stroll down to the shore, for if I'm not greatly mistaken, that is the Fort's boat with the lads," replied Scott, pointing to a dark object, far away on the moonlit bay.

"Just so! just so! I'll go to my room. I've letters to write. Faith! it's only eight," he continued, as he consulted his repeater. "It's been a long, long day."

"Yes, and a fatiguing one, too, I fear. Supper is at ten. We'll see you then," the Captain observed, as his guest held out his hand in parting.

"No, if quite the same to you, I shall not sup to-night. I pr'y-thee, make my excuses to the young gentlemen."

CAPTAIN SCOTT, joined by Gosbee and Cotterell, got to the wharf just as the boat came alongside. "Glad

to see you back, my boys," cried the former. "How are you, Tonge?"

"Did you expect us this evening, Sir?" Yolland asked, amid a general shaking of hands.

"Yes, I counted upon Tonge's military precision," rejoined the Captain.

"We made a point of being exact; time's up to-morrow, five a. m., said Tonge, laconically.

"I wish you had been with us, Captain, we had such a glorious time; no end of sport. One morning I bagged thirty-five snipe in an hour, and our game bags are full to bursting with woodcock, ptarmigan, and wild geese, that we shot to-day," exclaimed Dick, with animation. "Never mind the traps, Tonge, here's Taaffe, he'll fetch them," Dick called in his imperious way, as he hurried off with Captain Scott.

"And what did you see to admire over yonder?" the latter enquired.

"Oh, heaps of things. I had no idea before that Acadie was such a fine country; one who has seen only Halifax and the ruins here at Beau-bassin, has no conception of its beauty. I expected to find native forest, with here and there a clearing, where the settlers had built them log huts. On the contrary, the country is full of inhabitants, with beautiful churches, and large

farm-houses in the midst of gardens and orchards, with provisions of all kinds in great plenty; in a word, an abundance of this world's goods.

"And the Acadians themselves, how did you find them?"

"Delightful! very hospitable, very kind-hearted, and very religious. It's refreshing to meet with such simple, honest folk. By George! if I had stayed there much longer, you might never have seen me again. I felt strongly tempted to settle down among them at Grand Pre."

"I expected as much from such a perverse, wrong-headed youth as yourself, Yolland. From what you say," continued the elder gentlemen, with a touch of irony, "I suppose the sweet clover has lost a little of its fragrance since you have been roaming among the wild flowers of Acadie, eh?"

In other words, Sir, you mean to hint that I have lost my interest in the captive, because I did not immediately speak of her. Faith, man! what can I say, or do, to make you believe that I am in earnest, that the one absorbing passion of my life is to set Mawkin Adair free, for I will not believe her dead until I have some conclusive proof of it. Of course I do not imagine the billet is from her, but, as



you admitted, it may be a clue. M. le Cure at Piziquit told me that Le Loutre ransomed all prisoners he knew of the savages taking, and always sent the children and young girls to Isle St. Jean, or Louisburg, to be adopted and educated by the nuns there. More than likely your correspondent is at one of these places, and why not Mawkin? Faith! in spite of the sport we've had, my spirits are more dashed than one can imagine, by my ill-luck in getting no information. And you, I suppose, have heard nothing. The *coureur de bois* has not turned up again?"

"No, not he! Cheer up, though, for I've a bit of news for you. I wrote Cornwallis the day you left, and Captain How, Commissary of the Forces, is now at the Fort to investigate the affair."

"Hurrah! you're a brick, Scott," exclaimed the young man, gaily. "When did he come? I suppose that put with Gosbee came with him?" Dick continued.

"Yes, Mr. How is accompanied by Surgeon Handeside, his Secretary, Mr. Hay, and an escort of thirty men, under Captain Cotterell."

"I hope they are jolly! What's How like?"

"If I'm not mistaken, he's a man after your own heart, Yolland. A middle-aged, gentleman of parts,

who has seen life, has had his ups and downs, which have softened rather than soured him, for he is full of kindness; a little prosy, perhaps, the fops and dandies might find him, but his quaint wit and humorous fancy have taken all hearts by storm. It's most amusing to see his merry face while telling a story, his eyebrows raised and the corners of his mouth puckered, as if to keep from laughing at his own jokes; in short, he's good company, but far too Utopian, full of schemes for peace, that are not at all practical, I fear."

"How is he going to set to work? Has he told you his plan of action?" Dick asked.

"Oh yes! he is very frank, trusts everybody. To-morrow Mr. Handside goes with a flag of truce to Beausejour, to ask a conference with De la Corne. I did my best, Yolland, to get How to give that mission to you, but it seems he brought the Surgeon along with him for the express purpose, not imagining we had any one here who could speak French fluently."

"Thanks, you are always thinking of me, old fellow," murmured Dick, as they passed into the Fort, and others joined them.

## Chapter VI.

**Of a Conference with the French  
Commandant De la Corne, in  
which we are introduced to Abbe  
le Loutra.**

IN spite of having sat up till cock  
crow, Dick was the first in the  
breakfast room next morning; he  
was joined, however, in a few min-  
utes by Mr. How, who came in rub-  
bing his hands, with the air of a di-  
plomat.

"Ah! you are one of the young  
gentlemen that came last night.  
"You'll have to present yourself,  
my boy," he said, cheerily, as Dick  
came forward to greet him.

"I'm Yolland,—Lieutenant Rich-  
ard Yolland—at your service, Sir."

"Glad to make your acquaint-  
ance, Mr. Yolland," and he took his  
hand in both of his and pressed it  
in a semi-confidential, semi-father-  
ly way he had with young people.  
"You were at Minas and Grand  
Pre, your Captain told me; didn't  
get as far as Annapolis Royal, I  
suppose? You must not give us  
the go-by another time; fact is, An-  
napolis Royal is well worth a visit;  
oldest town in America, you know;  
gay, too, lots of pretty girls. But  
you were after other game, I hear;  
what sport had you?"

Thereupon Dick launched into a  
description of what he had seen,

and what game he had bagged, until interrupted by the entrance of others, when the conversation became general.

In the course of the forenoon a chamade was beat upon the ramparts, announcing the departure for Beausejour of Mr. Handside, Ensign Spitter, and a drummer with a flag of truce. Although the forts were only some two miles apart in a direct line, yet being separated by the river Messagouetche, it was necessary to make a detour of about seven miles, in going from one to the other, consequently it was late in the day before the party returned with de la Corne's reply.

"You do not seem pleased with it," Captain Scott remarked, as Mr. How, after reading, crumpled the letter up in his hand.

"D——n it no!" he cried, with the vigor of expression then in vogue. It's just what I expected, though. I told His Excellency how it would be; I know French nature in general, and De la Corne in particular, too well to imagine he would overlook that insult from Lawrence, last year."

"What do you refer to? I can recall no insult that Lawrence offered la Corne," said the Captain.

"Very likely you never heard of it in Halifax, but I was on the spot. It was while the Fort was building.

De la Corne then made the same request of Lawrence that I to-day have asked of him, namely, that he would meet him in a boat on the river."

"And Lawrence refused, I suppose?"

"Not only refused, but haughtily replied that, he had no business to be where he was, that he had nothing to say to him, and if De la Corne wished to speak to him, he must come to him."

"And now la Corne is retaliating upon you," Scott remarked.

"Yes, his reply is almost in the identical words of Lawrence; here, read for yourself," he said, handing his companion the letter.

"What will you do? Will you go to Beausejour?"

"Only as a last resort; I shall send another drum to-morrow, begging as a personal favour that he will name some place where we will meet and confer. This, I think, De la Corne will agree to, as he is indebted to me for some few courtesies which he can, in this way, pay back, without compromising his dignity."

Consequently, the next morning, Handeside, Spitter, flag and drum, again sallied forth, and in the evening again returned, this time with a favourable answer, to the effect that the French Commander, the

Chevalier De la Corne, would meet His Brittanic Majesty's envoy, Mr. How, on the banks of the Messagouetche at low tide (11 a.m.) the following day.

The news of the rendezvous was hailed with delight by all within the Fort. Shut out from the world as they were, the smallest events became interesting; consequently, everybody, from the Commander to the lowest subaltern, was on tip-toe of excitement.

Mr. Handeside preserved a diplomatic reserve about what he had seen and heard at the French Fort, which little Spitter at first was fain to imitate. But alas! flesh is weak, the temptation to become the hero of the hour was irresistible, and ere long he had confided to the others all he knew and a great deal more.

The following morning they were up betimes at Fort Lawrence, and as the appointed hour drew near, the various officers in their scarlet uniforms and gold lace assembled in the courtyard. Mr. How alone was in civilian dress; however, his grey powdered wig, surmounted by a three-cornered hat, edged with silver lace, his black velvet suit, beneath the fine lace ruffle of which his hands peeped forth, his silver shoebuckles, broidered waistcoat, and sword with chased hilt, all re-

ceived as much attention, and as many criticisms as a debutante's dress at her first ball.

After an exchange of greetings and congratulations upon the fine weather, the Commissioner and his suite, accompanied by Captain Scott and officers of the garrison, proceeded slowly by twos and threes in an informal manner to the river bank.

They were first at the rendezvous, and, while waiting, had ample time to take in the beauty of the scene, by many thought to be the loveliest in Acadie. At their feet yawned a great chasm, where at high tide the river flowed in all its majesty, now only a small stream ran lazily seaward between high banks of russet mud. Beyond the Messagouetche lay the debatable land of French Acadie. Here in the foreground was the great marsh of Tantremar, reclaimed from the hungry sea, and dyked by embankments, a lasting monument of the Acadians' patient industry. The rich hay, cut months before, was stacked here and there in the brown meadows, but tall rushes, and sea grass, still stood near the embankments: from the marsh the ground gradually rose to the hill, crowned by the fort, appropriately named Beausejour.

In the middle distance, at the foot

and creeping up the hill, was the little village of Chignecto, reminding one of some mediaeval town in Europe, built round its castle for protection. On the right hand stretched the bay Francaise, and the beautiful basin, into which the Messagouetche was flowing. In the background rose the mountains, covered with forests, where the dying splendour of red and yellow hardwood foliage formed a striking contrast to the living green of spruce and hemlock, pine and fir.

It was one of those Indian Summer days, beautiful, but sad; not a sound was heard, not a breeze was stirring, an indescribable haze hung over all—the pall with which Nature covers her work of death ere burying it in snow and ice. And the gay party on the river brink talked softly among themselves, as if in sympathy with Nature.

“Do you know, I’ve a creepy feeling, as if I had come to a funeral, it is so hush here,—not a soul to be seen on the other side,” whispered the Secretary Hay to Yoland.

“Are not the French late?” Captain Scott enquired of Mr. How, who stood with his repeater in his hand.

“No, *we* are early,—there are six minutes yet; it is extraordinary.



though, this Sabbath quiet. Where can they be," he queried, as he swept the horizon with his field glass.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth before the sound of a bugle was heard, then other instruments, and, a moment after, a company of horsemen swept round and came galloping down the hill toward them. It was a pretty sight; the officers in white uniforms, mounted on prancing horses in gay trappings, while the sheen of the sun on the gold lace and arms was dazzling. With music playing and banners flying, nearer and nearer they came, followed by a heterogeneous throng; well-to-do Acadians in carts and carriages; soldiers, habitants and Indians, in their distinctive costumes, on foot; and last, but not least, a coach and four, with outriders and liveried footmen, in which reclined the ladies of the Garrison, elaborately attired in all their bravery.

"Confound it!" muttered Scott, "why didn't *we* come mounted?"

"We might at least have brought along a fife and drum to herald our approach," Yolland agreed.

"I had no idea there would be ladies present. Why didn't you tell us, Spitter, that there were young ladies at Beausejour?" asked Tonge, with an aggrieved air,

as he re-arranged his sash, sword and hat, for the ladies' eyes.

"My dear fellow, when one is occupied with affairs of State, he has no time to think, much less to speak of the fair sex," replied the wag.

"My stars! I'm glad I came," Secretary Hay confided in another whisper to Yolland. "Do you know, I was a bit afraid we might have a fight with the Indians; but this is jolly, it puts me in mind of a tournament, or rather what I fancy a tournament must be like! Who would have imagined such a scene in the woods of Acadie?"

"Take care! you are not out of the woods yet," retorted Dick, laughing gaily at his companion's sentimental sadness having flown so quickly at the approach of the French.

"Pooh! it is vastly too theatrical to suit *me*; it will end in show, or may be worse still," grumbled Mr. How in an aside to his neighbour, the Commander.

Meanwhile the company of horsemen drew up in line, and halted some hundred yards from the river; thereupon the Chevalier de la Corne, (a fine soldierly-looking man of the Canadian Noblesse) dismounted, and, throwing his bridle to an orderly, made his way on foot through the

rank grass to the embankment, followed by his suite, the crowd distributing themselves naturally in picturesque groups a little further off.

"Quick look Spitter! who is that in black without a hat?" cried Ensign Budd, indicating a tall man with head thrown back, who came swinging along, barrette in hand, by de la Corne's side, the black soutane violently contrasting with the white uniform.

"Why, the Jesuit, you ninny! Don't you see his tonsure?" said Spitter, with the assurance of a man who has been behind the scenes.

"No, I don't see it at this distance," retorted the other.

"Well, then, the rosary hanging from his waist,—you can see that, can't you?"

"Yes, but where did the priest come from? He wasn't on horseback; he must have sprung from the ground," persisted the Ensign.

"He came from further off than the ground; it's a part of a Jesuit's education to suddenly appear, interfere and disappear; and in this little trick, I am told by those who know, le Loutre is an adept," said Spitter, knowingly.

"He certainly has a sardonic expression," assented the other.

"Hush! don't let us talk of him now, he'll hear us."

"Oh! that is not possible at this distance, we are too far off. I'm afraid you are poking fun at me, Spitter."

"Not I! 'pon honour, I overheard Cotterell and the Commander discussing him last evening, and both agreed he was in league with the devil. Holloa! the dance is going to begin; le Corne, it seems, is to open the ball. I wish I understood what——"

"Attention!" called Captain Scott, turning a withering glance on the last speaker.

The English Envoy and the French Commandant stood unattended on opposite banks of the river just above high water mark. After saluting and exchanging the compliments customary on such occasions, there was a pause; then the Chevalier demanded in a clear, high voice, "the object of the mission and intention of the Envoy," both of which Mr. How explained in his polite, cheery manner, with as little effort, apparently, as if he were making an after-dinner speech.

When he had finished, the Commandant made answer, that he would do all in his power to further an exchange of prisoners, but it was with Monsieur l'Abbe le

Loutre that His Brittanic Majesty's Envoy would have to treat, for it was he who had ransomed them from the savages. As for the return of the refugees, "do not imagine that they can choose whose subjects they will be, and are at liberty to come and go as they will. I am here at Chignecto to defend the right bank of the Messagouetche, and prevent English settlements or encroachments of any kind, until the true limits of Acadie and New France shall be regulated by the two crowns; and I am determined to perform my duty. If the Acadian refugees that we have fed and clothed, at the charge of His Most Christian Majesty, leave us now, to return to the lands they have quit on English ground, they will be considered French deserters and punished as such by us. Finally, let me tell you, Monsieur, you have come on an indifferent errand if you imagine we will permit your making a treaty with the savages the notion is preposterous; *they* have been always *our allies*, and your irreconcilable enemies. Although the Micmacs are Christianized, they yet retain much of their primitive savagery; old beliefs and hates are deep rooted, and deepest and strongest of all is their hate of the English. It needs the

constant presence of the missionary to keep them within bounds. Should they make a treaty to-day, they might break it to-morrow, and *w<sup>o</sup> French*, would be responsible. No, Monsieur, we will prevent any little misunderstanding of that kind by forbidding them to hold communication with you. Any treaty concluded with the savages is null and void. "Remember," he concluded, "I warn you, *tempt them, not*, as you value your life."

Mr. How responded with an indignant remonstrance; but De la Corne was firm, and to each exposition replied simply.

"These are the Sire de la Jonquiere's orders."

"Finding he could not prevail with the French Commandant, Mr. How asked for a conference with the Abbe le Loutre (whom he long knew was the ruling spirit in French Acadie). This was speedily arranged for the following morning. Then, after another exchange of civilities, the conference ended, both parties returning to their respective forts.

Mr. Handeside and Yolland, each the centre of an excited group, were plied with questions, they being the only ones sufficiently conversant with French to have followed the speakers. Dick, rightly concluding from what had passed,

and the Envoy's serious expression, as he and Captain Scott walked slowly back to Fort Lawrence, that the former had found the task assigned him beset with more difficulties than he had anticipated, urged his brother officers to spare Mr. How any discussion of the affair until that gentleman himself should introduce the subject. Consequently, at dinner, all allusion to the morning's conference was of a very general nature until the dessert was brought on; then, as the wine circulated, tongues were unloosed, and the young men became less cautious.

"Pardon, Mr. Spitter, but who were those two odd-looking men in fantastic military uniform that stood on the bank just behind the priest?" asked the Secretary of his neighbour.

"You've stuck me there," he replied. I did not see any soldiers in that rig among the Frenchers, but Mr. How will know. Will you kindly tell us, Sir," he cried, addressing the Envoy, "who were those two shabby genteel fellows back of the friar? I suppose you saw them; they looked like villains masquerading in French regimentals."

"Oh yes, I saw them, and your description is not bad, my boy, not at all bad, upon my word. You

recognized them, of course, Captain?" he asked, turning to Scott.

"I can't say that I did, exactly; I presumed they were some of the Jesuit vermin."

"Just so, they are two Micmac chiefs—Etinne le Batard, and Jean Baptiste Cope," replied Mr. How.

"I never knew the Indians dressed in that way. I supposed, when not on the war-path, they wore blankets, or, on grand occasions, their beautiful fur robes," said Yoland.

"Yes, that is the rule, but the Canadian governors have always distinguished a few by giving them officer's regimentals. These frocks that the Chief's paraded to-day, le Loutre brought when he last came from France, as a slight token of the regard in which their father, the French king, holds his children."

"The French certainly take a prodigious lot of trouble to keep the savages attached to them," Scott observed.

"Yes, they know full well what invaluable allies the savages are in their warfare with us. It was not so much to dazzle us as to impress the Habitants and astonish the Indians that this display was made to-day. If we could conclude a treaty with the Micmacs, a tremendous obstacle in our path



would be removed, for it is through them that the French hope to thwart our designs, and, if possible, prevent any future settlements like Halifax being made."

"I suppose Halifax is perfectly secure? The Indians would hardly dare attack so large a force as we have there," said the Commander complaisantly.

"Yes, we are safe enough within the palisades, but the vermin hover about to capture all foolhardy enough to venture out without an escort beyond the range of our guns. By the way, did you hear of Major Grant being scalped?"

"No; how was it?"

"Pray, Sir, tell us," cried Yoland, in which request the others joined.

"Bless me! you young rogues know how to flatter an old man," said the genial gentleman. "Don't play me false, though; remember, when I'm launched there is no stopping me. To appreciate this anecdote you should know Grant, and I'm afraid none of you do, save your Commander. By way of preface, let me say that he is the most cantankerous, obstinate Scotchman I ever had the misfortune to meet; doubting Thomas was credulity itself in comparison; the whole world is bounded by Grant's two eyes—it is enough for him not

to have seen something to deny its existence; 'pon honour! I heard him with my own ears maintain there was no such thing as Niagara Falls. With such notions, you'll not be surprised to learn he was wont to declare ' that scalping couldn't kill; that it was fright that did it. Well, one day last spring, while taking a constitutional, he met Captain Allen, and immediately engaged him in a discussion, which became so absorbing that neither observed they had strolled beyond the sentries at the South gate. Suddenly, however, they were brought to their senses by the sight of two savages coming towards them, tomahawk in hand. Being unarmed, they naturally turned and fled. Allen's long legs soon landed him safely behind the palisades, but the Major was felled to the earth, and the Indian exultingly made off with his scalp. Without loss of time, Captain Allen sounded an alarm, and returned with a squad of men to rescue the body; as he neared the spot he was vastly affected by the sight of a blood red handkerchief that hid the scalped head of his late companion. Carefully raising this, what was his surprise to have the corpse sit up and roar at him, 'Zounds! didn't I tell ye scalping

wouldn't kill a body?"—the Indian had captured his wig."

This little anecdote put every one in good humour; toast followed toast, amid much laughter. All talked at once, and none save Mr. How was listened to, though even he came in for a share of Spitter's badinage, who, like the court fool, being a privileged character, spared neither high nor low.

"I've had no opportunity before to ask you, Mr. Spitter, if you marked the strength of the French fort and the number of men in it?" enquired the Envoy.

"Not as well as I would have liked; you know they blindfolded us some hundred yards from the gate, and the bandage was only removed after we were led into an inner room in the Commandant's quarters; but, by Jove! I made the most of my eyes then. There were six officers present. Two of these, I found, spoke English, so we had some talk while De la Corne was writing his reply. Good gracious! I never knew anything like the way they questioned me. Wanted to know how many English forces we had, how many New England rangers and how many Indians."

"And what did you tell them, eh?"

"Bah! their boasting disgusted me. I said to myself, 'Spitter,

beat them at story-telling as you'll beat them at fighting—always go one better.' So I ran over our regiments, Warburton's, Hopson's, Lascelle's, Cornwallis's, etc., in a careless way, then asked them how many cannon and mortar they had at Beausejour. They replied, thirty-two cannon and one mortar, upon which I told them we had treble that number of cannon at Fort Lawrence, besides a dozen mortars. Next they asked what size the mortars were, to which I replied, large enough to throw a shell into Beausejour that would send them all heavenward.'

"Fy, Fy! bare-faced braggadocio. The only palliation is, that your exagegration was too obvious to be called a lie," said the Envoy, shaking his finger at the culprit. "The French were making game of you, my boy; le Loutre, who is au courant with all that goes on in Acadie, keeps them posted, you may besure."

"Confound le Loutre! he is a hugger-mugger. Why doesn't Cornwallis send him off about his business?"

"For the simple reason that he has not the power. At the first note of danger le Loutre withdrew his Indians to Bay Verte in French territory." Hereupon Mr. How branched off to explain the posi-

tion of French and English Acadie, by means of little bits of bread, knives, forks, glasses, any and everything within reach.

"Come now, my boy, I'll give you a lesson in geography, a knowledge of which may be of as much service to one's country as a victory on the field. Had our commissioners been better acquainted with the geography of North America when the Treaty of Utrecht was signed, the boundary of Acadie would not still be in abeyance. As a point of departure, suppose this glass is Fort Lawrence ('Capital, the glaxis,' said Spitter, sotto voce). This fork we will call the river Messagouetche."

"Yes, Sir, where it forks. May I suggest that as the Messagouetche is what divides the territory, the knife, likewise, would be an appropriate emblem," meekly observed the irrespressible punster.

"Here is the Fort at Bay Verte," continued Mr. How, drawing toward him a salt cellar.

"Just so,—the foundation, the cellar," interpolated the other.

"This is the battery," and the gentleman pointed to a dish on his right.

"Buttery, we call it, Sir," observed the Ensign.

"You are incorrigible, you monkey; my geography lesson is

thrown away upon you. I'll keep it for those who can appreciate it," laughed the kindly envoy. "I think they treated you at Beausejour better than you deserved," he added.

"I must own my treatment very handsome, barring the blinding; the lunch they gave us was superb. Mr. Handeside told you, I suppose, Sir, that the Frenchers drank King George's health, and afterwards we, the French king's. Good gracious! they live like fighting-cocks over there; have costly dainties we never dream of, such as fat plover. O my! the Bordeaux Burgundy! they wouldn't wash their faces in the wine we drink."

"And I wouldn't either; I much prefer cold water for bathing in," lisped 'the bud.'

"How horribly matter-of-fact you are, Budd. I hope when you get a taste of their Burgundy it will put a little sentiment in your noddle."

"And when will I get a taste of it?"

"Why, when we take the fort, you ninny. But come, the geography lesson is over, let's go play," and the merry young fellow left the room, singing at the top of his voice a rollicking song of the day. Mr. How's face was wreathed in smiles, but it never wore the frown

of the rigid moralist; he made every allowance for youth and high spirits, never forgetting he had once been a boy himself.

The Commander and his guest sat chatting some time longer over their wine and tobacco after the subs had gone.

"Would you like us all to turn out again to-morrow?" the former enquired.

"No, the Abbe was most emphatic in declaring that to-morrow the conference was to be 'without ceremony—just between our two selves.' Handeside, Cotterell, and Hay will be all the escort I shall require. Unless the rest of you understand French well enough to be interested in the parley, it is quite useless your coming."

"Mr. Yolland speaks the language fluently, and I know wishes to accompany you," replied the Captain, upon which it was agreed that Dick should be one of the party.

**CHAPTER VII.**

**In Which Le Loutre and Mr.  
How Confer.**

THE second conference proved in everything, except in its results, a marked contrast to the first. As the English envoy and escort neared the river, they saw the dark-robed figure of the priest, apparently absorbed in his breviary, as with bowed head he paced with hurried steps the opposite bank of the Messagouetche.

The Abbe had evidently come alone to the rendezvous, though two French officers stood not far off, and Habitants, soldiers, and Indians were lounging in groups along the embankment.

Upon the approach of the English, Le Loutre furtively slipped the breviary beneath his soutane, straightened himself to his full height, cast a rapid, haughty glance around him, then, tossing his head and dilating his rostrils, like the war horse that scents the battle from afar, he plunged without compliment or circumlocution into the business on hand. There was a mixture of the solemn and the theatrical in his manner, as, raising high his cross, he exclaimed:



“Monsieur, you have come here on the part of His Brittanic Majesty, you say, on a ‘mission of peace.’ Peace,” he scornfully repeated, “there can be no peace outside of Holy Church. I adjure you, O English! give ear, and accept my proposals of peace. I am here in Acadie for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.”

Le Loutre spoke in a masterful voice of surprising power and sweetness, the kind of voice that conquers and subjugates the ignorant and those religiously inclined, but irritates the scoffer and worldly minded, and arouses a spirit of contradiction in strong antagonistic natures. Mr. How felt the antagonism keenly, but was too much of a diplomat to give his opponent any advantage by showing annoyance.

“You have come to Chignecto, Monsieur,” continued the Abbe, “with the avowed purpose of negotiating an exchange of prisoners, but your *secret* design is to cajole the savages by means of fire water and flattery into taking the oath of allegiance to your Master, King George. Must I repeat what M. le Chevalier De la Corne told you yesterday—that any treaty made with the Micmacs is null and void, if I do not approve of it; they are my

flock, I am their shepherd. Should they agree to your proposals, they will revoke their promise, for they have many wrongs to avenge; savages are like children who do not know their own minds; they keep faith only with us, the missionaries, who have shown them the light of the Evangile. Besides, the Micmacs have no prisoners; those they take, I redeem; they are mine, and it is with me and me alone, Monsieur, that you have to treat."

Here the Abbe paused, and Mr. How improved the occasion to ask upon what terms he would liberate the English prisoners, of which there were upwards of sixty (including officers, soldiers, Habitants, chief among them Captain Hamilton, and the notary Rene le Blanc) now in the hands of the French.

Flames of fire flashed from Le Loutre's deep set eyes as he answered emphatically:

"A life for a life, a soul for a soul," is my single condition."

"But we have almost no prisoners to exchange; a handful of Indians are all we have. You will not, surely, insist upon a life for a life. As for the prisoners taken at Grand Pre, we will repay the money with which you ransomed them from the savages, and give

you a good sum to boot," urged the Envoy.

"Money!" sneered the Abbe, "you English think you can buy anything and everything with money. Souls are what I want. While the English prisoners are with us, there is always a chance of their conversion to the true faith. No, I will not sell a soul for all your money; they are mine, to loose and to hold; I will adopt and convert them," he shouted emphatically.

"As we have only enough prisoners to redeem a fraction of those you hold, and you will not allow us to ransom them with money, what do you propose as an equivalent?" Mr. Howe enquired. "Is there any other way in which they may be redeemed?"

"Yes, there is another way, and only one. If you English will agree to cede in perpetuity to the Micmacs all the territory in the eastern part of this province, including Fort Lawrence, which we will demolish, as no fort either French or English will be permitted within the district, all the English prisoners we now hold shall be set at liberty."

Mr. How replied that he was very sure that His Excellency the Governor would not entertain such

an absurd proposal for an instant, and thereupon entered into a long argument to show how preposterous the idea was that a reservation of land should be given the Indians. Le Loutre retorted with accusations and denunciations. Finally, after weary hours of talking, sixteen prisoners were ransomed, "life for life and soul for soul," according to the priest, and bargain made for ten more, including Captain Hamilton and Rene le Blanc.

"And now, Monsieur l'Abbe, you may take any three of these, save Captain Hamilton and the Notary, if you will set at liberty a young English gentlewoman of quality that you have in captivity."

"Who says we have an English gentlewoman prisoner? Has Captain Hamilton met one in Canada?" asked the crafty priest.

"Not that I know of, but we are certainly informed that a young gentlewoman (daughter to Sir Samuel Adair) taken by your savages at their raid upon Dartmouth is still alive in captivity," replied Mr. How.

"If such be the case I must look into it. Strange that you have not made enquiries before," said Le Loutre. "Bien, bring the papoose of my flock that you have captive in Boston, and you shall have th-

English lady (if there be one) in exchange."

"But," demurred the Envoy, "we cannot find the papoose, it has unfortunately disappeared."

"And the English lady has unfortunately disappeared," retorted the priest. "You find the papoose, and we'll find the young lady; keep the papoose and we'll keep the young lady."

Mr. How began to speak, but Le Loutre cut him short, shouting,

"Souls, souls! my mission is to snatch them from perdition;" then lowering his voice he said imperatively, "This is my last word. First, bring my papoose, then we will talk," and turning on his heel he abruptly stalked away.

The English Envoy, chafed and foiled, stood several moments as if in thought, not choosing to let others see the emotion that filled his heart, then slowly descending the embankment joined his escort.

"What an impudent scoundrel that Jesuit is," exclaimed Cotterell. "My only wonder is that you kept your temper, sir; my hand was continually on my sword; it was lucky for the knave that the stream was between us."

"And lucky for you too, my friend," said Mr. How, with a faint smile. "There was far too much

at stake for us to endanger our mission by a personal quarrel."

"Good Heavens! that priest is as mad as a March hare; were I his medical adviser, I'd soon clap him into bedlam," cried the surgeon. Galissonniere the French Governor must be mad, too, to leave the conduct of affairs here in Acadie to such a man."

"Ah! there is method in their madness," said Mr. How, gravely. "A priest rules in France, why not in Acadie?"

"The deuce he does!" ejaculated the other. "Faith! then I believe the whole French nation has gone mad."

"You remind me, Mr. Hand-side," said Yolland, "of a story my father used to tell of a neighbour of ours, who was once overheard saying to his wife: "Marjorie, I think the whole world is daft, but you and me, and—sometimes—Marjorie—do you ken—I think you are unco' daft too."

"Ah, I presume the moral of that fable, Mr. Yolland, is, that the priest is no more mad than I am. Am I correct?"

"I may be stupid, but I must confess Abbe Le Loutre did not strike me as being mad, only a fiery, religious fanatic, governe

by his feelings rather than his reason," replied Yolland.

"Art thou also of Rome?" Handside enquired with a sneer.

"I will answer you from the same book with which you seem so familiar," said Dick, flushing in spite of himself. "Doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doeth?"

"Gad! we know only too well what this priest doeth, has done and will do, if we let him, but you, sir, I don't know what you are doing in the army if you are a Papist."

"Though a soldier, I am not bound to conceal my opinions," rejoined Dick proudly.

"Pardon me, but it is rather unusual to find a Jacobite in the service of King George. As for the Jesuit, if such a thing as a personal devil walks the earth, it is he, a fiend incarnate."

"Softly, softly, gentlemen!" cried the worthy Envoy; "Le Louvre is not all bad, he has fast friends even among us English; Captain Hamilton is one."

"More fool he," muttered Captain Cotterell. "Unhappily, though," continued the other, "I've experienced his proneness to all manner of mischief and iniquity far too frequently not to differ

vastly from Hamilton in his opinion of the Abbe's sincerity and good intentions."

"It is plain to see Hamilton's good nature has been played upon," assented Handeside.

Here the conversation was interrupted by Captain Scott, who had come to meet them, asking, as they were now within speaking distance, "Well, what success today?"

"We have accomplished little that I counted upon," replied Mr. How, as, slipping his arm in that of the Commander's, he drew him aside and gave him a succinct account of the morning's parley.

"I can only say that you take things very philosophically," Scott remarked as the other finished his recital.

"Between ourselves, Captain, I must confess my spirits were considerably lowered at first, but the dear boys have done the damning for me so effectually that they have risen prodigiously since; fact is, I'd swallow a vast amount of insolence for the sake of liberating Hamilton and the Notary, not to mention the fair lady we are all interested in."

"By the way; did you hear any thing to confirm our suspicions that Miss Adair may yet be alive?"

"Nothing positive, but from L:



Loutre's not denying that there was an English lady prisoner, only evasively telling me to bring the papoose and then he would talk with me, I judge that there is one, though perhaps not Miss Adair."

"And the papoose, you say, cannot be found?"

"Confound it! no, and Le Loutre knows it as well as I do, therefore he makes it a *sine qua non*. And the Envoy's brow contracted in deep thought, which his companion noticing, he contented himself with nodding assent, then re-filled and lighted his pipe before he resumed the subject, observing, "Now that the conferences are over I suppose there is nothing more to be done."

"Not much; I wish from the bottom of my heart the business was settled. I was far too sanguine I now see; I expected to accomplish vastly more than I have," sighed the benevolent gentleman; "however, I shall make one more effort to treat directly with the Indians. There were a number of Micmacs on the embankment this morning; I must get word somehow to their chiefs, Cope and Batard."

"I'll manage that for you," said the Commander. "When and where will you meet them?"

"Whatever is done must be done

immediately; Le Loutre will be withdrawing his flock to Bay Verte; we must be beforehand with him. Could you manage, think you, to get them word to-day? Let the messenger say I have something important to communicate if they will be at the river to-morrow morning in the neighbourhood of eight. I am expecting an officer there at that hour from De la Corne with information in respect to the whereabouts of several of our people that he could not furnish me with at the interview yesterday. When I am through with him I will tackle the Indians. His Excellency has empowered me to offer them very advantageous terms, which I do not think they will refuse, if not interfered with and intimidated."

"The chiefs shall get your message; give yourself no concern on that score, my dear sir. I trust the result may be satisfactory, but doubt it; the miscreants are as unstable as water, and this Cope has rather an ugly reputation," said the Captain, as he and Mr. How parted.

**CHAPTER VIII.****Of Wine, Women and Song.**

THAT evening the younger officers of the mess gave a preliminary farewell supper to their guests, who contemplated returning to Halifax the next day but one; the viands were unusually good, the neighborhood having been scoured for the choicest fish and game, while cherished hoards of wine and tobacco were brought forth to honour the occasion; the youngsters were in hoity toity spirits, a lot of flash and silly stuff was hailed as wit by roars of laughter; the gaiety was catching—even Mr. How for the moment forgot his chagrin and annoyance at the failure of his mission, and from listening at first with that placid indulgence that elderly men such as he are wont to extend to gush and extravagance, he finally yielded to the charm, and joined the magic circle of fun and nonsense. It happened in this way: toast followed toast, each one in turn naming some favorite lady. At last Spitter cried out,

“A truce to home girls that nobody knows but the man who proposes them. Let each of us toast some lady out here in Acadie. Come! I'll lead the charge, mind

you follow lads. Here's (raising high his glass of port) to Miss How, the beloved daughter of her father."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth before the Secretary was on his feet demanding excitedly,

"Which Miss How?"

"Why mine of course," replied the wag—"keep cool, Hay, your turn will come in good time—again, gentlemen, I am under the pleasing necessity of proposing the name of *my* Miss How."

After the toast had been drank by all standing, the sprightly ensign asked,

"Now, Mr. Hay, which Miss How is yours?"

But the Secretary, far too embarrassed to name his mistress before the mocking revellers, only blushed and stammered, and Spitter continued,

"Don't be bashful, my boy, there's not the least harm that I can see in aspiring to the heart of a Miss How when you have her honoured parent's consent; only bear in mind that there is many a miss twixt the glass and the lip—"

"Hang it! Spitter," interrupted Yolland in pity for little Hay, "let's drink to any How and be done with it."

It was only when this was re-

ceived with a shout of laughter from the others and he saw a smile puckering the Envoy's mouth, that Dick perceived he had said anything funny; after joining in the laugh, he was explaining that the pun was quite accidental, when Mr. Tonge, who never saw a joke until the others had almost forgotten it, said in a tone of assumed disgust,

"Horrible! how could you do it?"

This was too tempting an opening for the Envoy; with a merry twinkle in his eye he gravely replied,

"No, my dear boy, I could not."

"Beg pardon, Sir, did you speak to me?" asked the latter gentleman, seeing all eyes turned upon him.

"I merely answered your question; I understood you to ask Mr. Tonge if I could make such a horrible pun as Mr. Yolland has just perpetrated, and I assured you I could not," said Mr. How, entering into the fun, much to the delight of the young men.

"Oh! no, Sir; pray believe me, I would never take that liberty with you; there must be some mistake," he pleaded, as he cast a bewildered glance around the table. Lieutenant Tonge, by the way, was the engineer at Fort Lawrence,

and looked at everything from a mathematical standpoint; he never saw a joke until he had added, subtracted, multiplied, divided, and proved the sum total to his own satisfaction; as for a pun, it was an unknown quantity which he prided himself upon never introducing into society; punning Spitter declared he was "tongue-tied" and couldn't pun if he tried. On this occasion, seeing the others laughing, he turned to Captain Cotterell, who sat next him, and begged that he would tell him, what the devil the matter was, and what he had said or done to make the others laugh.

"Nothing, my dear fellow, they are smoking you, that's all," replied his neighbour soothingly.

While several toasts were given and responded to, Mr. Tonge had time to recover, with the aid of a pipe of tobacco, his usual complacency, then somebody across the table called,

"Hello! Tonge, it's your turn to toast an Acadian lady-love."

"You'll have to excuse me. I know no ladies in Acadie," he replied curtly, the pipe which he had taken from his mouth held daintily the while, between his fingers, as he blew the smoke upward in a nonchalant manner.

"The Dickens! you don't" ex-

claimed Gosbee, "that's a fine story. Have you so soon forgotten the pretty girls you inflamed at Grand Pre? I'll wager Yolland could tell another tale."

"You've hit the nail on the head, Gosbee. Shall I tell them, Tonge?" Dick merrily asked.

"By George! if you tell the truth, Yolland, it will be a story of deception and fraud," said the other coldly.

"Oh my eye! did it get that far? Did she jilt you, old chap? Come, tell us all about it. I've been there a dozen times myself and can sympathise with you," sighed Spitter, coming round the table and putting his arms around Tonge's neck with assumed interest and sympathy.

"No woman ever jilted me, and I didn't say it was a woman who was perfidious," retorted Tonge, shaking himself free of his tormentor.

"Gracious powers! then it was a man, a rival; that makes it all the more interesting; pray go on and tell us about it," cried the wag coaxingly. "You won't? Well then, you tell us, Yolland."

"Ay, ay, out with it, Yolland!" shouted the young men.

"Zounds! I'm afraid I shall have to, to clear myself from that dreadful imputation of fraud and deceit

that has been laid at my door; fact is, our friend's susceptible nature and tender heart were inflamed by a glance from the soft black eyes of la belle Evangeline, the beauty of Grand Pre."

"Was she weally beautiful, this peasant girl?" lisped the bud.

"Yes, really. I must say Tonge showed a very pretty taste in preferring her to all the others; you must know that Acadians are not like English peasants; they have the fine features and grace of manner that people of quality have. Mademoiselle Bellefontaine was a perfect picture that Sunday morn in her Norman bonnet, long gold earrings, and red petticoat."

"It's strange the penchant the Acadians have for red," remarked Captain Scott, who, in a lull in his conversation with Mr. How suddenly became aware of the subject under discussion at the other end of the table. "Our soldiers and their wives save every little scrap of scarlet they can lay hands upon to sell to the pedlers; these in turn trade the rags off to the Habitants, who shred, ravel, card, spin and weave them into cloth again, for which the young lads and lassies pay an exorbitant price, I am told."

"Gracious! what wouldn't they give for somebody's red hair that I know of?" cried the wag, flushed



with the insolence that wine gives, "but pray proceed."

"Yes, I was struck with the frequency of red in their apparel," assented Dick to Captain Scott's remarks, without paying any attention to the last irrelevant speaker; hardly a young man but had some red about him—a scarf, or cap, or, if nothing else, a knot of ribbon. But I am wandering off from my story; you must know that in spite of our English Tonge being very well able to call for a dinner in the tongue of the country, he had never learnt the language of romance, and unfortunately, had to call in another tongue to do his love-making, namely, your humble servant."

"Confound your tongue Yol-land, I have grave suspicions you did the love-making for yourself," interrupted Tonge.

"Naturally," said Dick, demurely.

"I'll be hanged if I ever entrust a delicate affair of that nature to you again," continued the other.

"I wouldn't if I were in your place, tongues have been acknowledged for ages to be unruly members, and desperately wicked," retorted Dick, gravely, amid roars of laughter from all, save the butt, whose pale face flushed in wrath. It was the fashion of the day to

make personal jokes, and the sooner a young man got over his sensitiveness on that score and parried the thrust, the better for him.

Captain Scott being summoned from the room, Mr. How left his chair and joined the youngsters at the other end of the table.

"We are toasting our mistresses," some one explained.

"You'll give us a toast, Mr. How," cried another.

"You forget, my young friends, that I have already toasted Mrs. How, and you yourselves have paid me the compliment of toasting the Misses How."

"Oh! that was early in the evening, we've got now to the particular friend period," rejoined one of the revellers.

"Yes, yes, pray give us your particular lady friend," cried several.

"My dear boys, pray remember that I am a stout, staid, elderly person," remonstrated the Envoy, as he tapped his gold box and offered the contents right and left.

"No, you are not, you are a jolly good fellow, and you promised to be one of us boys to-night," expostulated a chorus of voices.

"I'll do my best to please you, my lads, but—hem—I've no particular lady friend,—fact is, my heart is large enough to hold all the women in Acadie; I love them

all, God bless 'em!" said the courtly old beau, fervently. After reflecting a second he raised his glass and cried with all the enthusiasm of youth, "Here's to the ladies who have no gallants to toast them."

"Ah! 'the misses'—a unique toast," murmured the irrepressible Spitter, as he set down his glass and cast a mischievous glance at the others, who struggled to conceal their smiles.

"Bad boy!" and the envoy raised his finger in reproof, "however, as you are a licensed joker, I must not scold, nevertheless, with me the fair sex is sacred."

Here the Commander returned, and calling for a fresh bowl, proposed as a parting bumper,

"The health of the Envoy, and the success of his mission." This they all heartily drank, standing and clinking glasses with their guest, after which they dispersed—some to the card tables and some for a stroll out of doors, for the night was as light as day with a magnificent Aurora. A few—a very few—still lingered over the wine.

"The messenger has returned," Captain Scott whispered to Mr. How, drawing the latter aside from the little group on the glacia, who were watching the wonderful Northern lights as they flashed

from sapphire and amethyst into sheets of molten gold and flames of rosy liquid.

"That's well, what success had he?"

"He saw both Cope and le Batard, and they have promised to be near the embankment to-morrow morning, and give you an interview when De la Corne's officer withdraws."

"Just so, just so! I am glad it is settled; I'll sleep all the better for it," assented Mr. How with a sigh of relief. "Ah! what is this?" he enquired, as an orderly he had sent to fetch a furnished great-coat handed him at the same time a note.

"Its a letter, yer honour, that a man with a white flag left for ye at the gate," replied the servant.

"Shall I send for a light, or will you go indoors to read it?" asked the Captain.

"Neither, thanks, the Aurora is so brilliant it is sufficient to read by," replied the other, tearing open the paper. After reading and re-reading, he asked, "Do you think it possible that your messenger may have played us false?"

"No, I am sure he has not, Moyse de les Derniers is devoted to us English; he is very hush; I have frequently employed him before."

"Ha! so it was de les Derniers you sent; I know him, a Swiss pedler through the Acadian parishes. It must have been the Indians themselves that told. Very extraordinary, 'pon my soul!" Mr. How continued in a reflective tone, then recalling that his companion had not the key to his remarks, he exclaimed in his hearty, good-natured way, "A thousand pardons, my friend, this missive is from Le Loutre; I quite forgot you did not know the contents."

"What does the Abbe say? Has he forbid the savages to meet you?"

"No, only threatens in his usual oracular manner. See what you can make out of his ravings!"

Captain Scott took the paper and read the following:

"A wise man forewarned is forearmed.

"Fool, fool, beware! if thou wilt persist in stirring up the hornets' nest, be not surprised if the hornets sting. Who is the wise man that may understand this? and who is he to whom the mouth of the Lord hath spoken, that he may declare it?"

"A most extraordinary production, upon my word! Sounds mightily like the Jesuit, but there is no signature," the Captain remarked as he returned the paper.

"No, there was no need for him to sign his name. If Le Loutre did not write the letter, he dictated it. Does he imagine me a man of straw to be turned from my purpose by a threat of this kind?" queried the Envoy.

"Of course, you'll put off the morrow's conference with the Indians?" observed the other casually.

"By no means," replied Mr. How, "I shall, D. V., be at the river at the appointed hour to confer with De la Corne's aide-de-camp. If the chiefs are there and willing to listen to what I have to say, I'll carry out my plan; this is a battle of brains, not arms. Le Loutre will not dare to resort to force to hinder me."

"Hardly," assented his companion.

For a while the two men walked side by side in silence, while Captain Scott, smoking as usual, stopped ever and anon in his languid way to dream and gaze at the fiery sky above and its reflection in the blood red water at his feet. Mr. How, restless with his thoughts, paced to and fro, with head down and hands behind his back, apparently unconscious that he was not alone. In one of these pauses Scott was suddenly startled from his reverie by a hand

plucking his sleeve, and How asking confidently:

"Does this Aurora, or rather this excess of electricity in the air affect you, my friend?"

"No, I can't say that it does,— nothing that I know of does; do you feel it, Sir?"

"Yes, it excites me prodigiously, it is akin to the excitement and exaltation one experiences on the eve of a battle; by the way, the savages regard the Aurora as a bad omen, they think it is the spirit of their enemies dancing in derision at them, and that it portends a violent death."

"Indeed! I never heard that before; fortunately, there are few signs or saws that can not be made to work both ways. If the Aurora is a bad omen for the Indians, it must be a good one for us," said the Captain philosophically.

"Unfortunately, in this case, we and the Indians are in the same boat."

"Ah! I see your thoughts are dwelling on the morrow's interview. Pardon me, but you, Sir," continued the Captain, "are the very last person I would have imagined susceptible to atmospheric influence, or omens of any kind; had it been my young Scotch lieutenant, Yolland, now,

I would not have been surprised."

"I am Scotch on the distaff side, so come rightly by it," pleaded the envoy with a smile; "if the truth were known I fancy there are few who are not superstitious in one way or another—some religiously, some impiously, some from mere curiosity. I, myself, am of the last class, and though it amuses me to speculate on the supernatural, I try not to let it influence me in the performance of duty. This may explain to you, perhaps, why, though I feel morally certain that something uncommon is impending, I shall not swerve one iota from my original plan of conferring with the Indians."

"I," said the Captain, "am far too matter of fact to put any trust in signs, occult warnings, or miracles; to me they are plainly the lingering remains of heathenism; but if I felt as you say you do, Sir, I certainly would not allow myself to be made the victim of chance. I would put off the morrow's meeting and balk Fate."

"That never would do, my friend, never, never!" repeated the envoy, gravely shaking his head. "A man who did that would be shirking his duty at every hint of danger; no, the only thing is to have a high and noble aim in view, and turn neither to the right



hand nor the left for any unexplained warning that would deter us from following it; he is a craven indeed who is frightened from the path of duty by the shadow of evil. Oh! could we but bear in mind that the shadow is always blacker than the reality, how much anxiety it might save us."

"And the shadow of good, what of that? Is it likewise blacker than the reality?" enquired Captain Scott, musingly.

"By no means, good is light and has no shadow," Mr. How replied laconically.

"At any rate, that letter from Le Loutre is no shadow; do, I beseech you, put off the interview with the chiefs for the present at least," urged the Captain.

"Pooh! there is no personal danger! How the Abbe would chuckle in his sleeve if I was intimidated as easily as that! I know him well, he delights to plot and scheme; a more desperate and unscrupulous spirit it would be hard to find. Bless me! Le Loutre would kill me as he would kill a rabbit, if I crossed his path unknown to anybody, but now that all eyes are on him and me, he *dare* not do it."

Captain Scott bowed assent,

seeing persuasion was useless, and changed the subject.

"If one is at all inclined to speculate about the future, it is on such a night as this," remarked Mr. How, reverting to what was uppermost in his mind, "but I'll not give way to it, I'll go indoors and draw the curtains. I must write the wife and bairns by to-morrow's courier—the older we grow the tighter draw the heart ties—home and country," he added apologetically.

"Pray make my services to Mrs. How," said Scott, as he pressed the hand of his guest in parting for the night.

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## CHAPTER IX.

**In Which the Jollity of Fort Lawrence is Brought to an Untimely End by a Sad Casualty.**

THE subs smoked, drank, played and joked far into the wee hours. It seemed to Dick that he was hardly in bed before he was awakened from a sound sleep by a tap at his door. Rubbing his eyes to make sure he was not dreaming, he finally recognized (when the door opened gently in response to his "Come in") the red head which appeared as be-

longing to the body of Mr. Hay. Dazed for the moment, Dick sprang up in bed, exclaiming:

"What the dickens is the matter?" What day is it?"

"Friday, the 15th of October," whispered the head.

"Oh bother! I don't mean that," laughed Yolland, as he yawned and stretched his long arms. "I meant what's up, what o'clock is it, and what in the name of goodness you mean by knocking up a fellow at this unearthly hour?"

"It's just seven twenty, and Mr. How holds another conference this morning before breakfast. I thought maybe you would like to be present, Mr. Yolland," meekly apologised the visitor.

"Thanks, of course I would," rejoined the other, leaping from his bed, "but hang it man! why didn't you tell me this an hour or two ago? It would have saved me a vast deal of trouble in taking off my clothes and putting them on again."

"I didn't know then myself, 'pon honor! I didn't. It was quite accidental my hearing of it. On going to my room this morning I noticed a bright light in Mr. How's, which is adjoining mine. Thinking he might be ill, I knocked. He was well, however, only

writing home, he said, then mentioned the coming interview. It's quite unofficial, but Mr. How has no objection to any of us coming who want to. But I must be off. Make haste! we start in less than a quarter."

Hurriedly dressing, Yolland shortly joined the party of officers, who were having a cup of hot coffee in the mess room before going out in the keen frosty air. Not only were Cotterell, Hand-side and Hay there, but rather to the surprise of all, the Commander also.

A little before eight they issued from the fort in high spirits. As they came in sight of the rendezvous, they saw some one carrying a white flag, followed by several men in uniform, wading through the long grass on the French side of the Messagouetche. These they rightly concluded to be officers from Beausejour.

Suddenly Mr. How paused abruptly in the descent, raised his glass, and for a few minutes fixedly regarded the opposite bank. Then, as he lowered it, he said exultingly, in response to a knowing glance from Captain Scott:

"They are there, I saw them distinctly."

"Who's there? One don't need glasses to see those Frenchers,"

said Cotterell, in an aside to Dick.

"I see no one else, not even a cow," Dick replied. "I wish I had brought my glass," he added.

The English party quickly crossed the dyke and were soon on the borders of the muddy stream. With a motion of his hand, Mr. How indicated to his companions to remain where they were. Then, he himself, with a flag of truce in his hand, ascended the levee a few yards nearer the yawning chasm that separated him from the aide de camp of De la Corne.

The parley appeared long and tiresome to the little group in attendance; the morning was cold, a heavy frost having set in during the night, and the wind, which was blowing, carried the voices of the speakers away from the group, consequently the young men talked and grumbled among themselves to relieve the monotony. Captain Scott alone, a little apart from the others, never took his eyes off the Envoy, whose bearing throughout appeared to him admirable.

"Thank Goodness! he's through at last," Handeside exclaimed, as the aide-de-camp saluted, turned and withdrew with his escort.

"Bless my soul! if that isn't the mad friar! What pr'ythee is in the wind now?" cried Cotterell,

as the ever ominous priest appeared above the crest of the hill, gesticulating wildly as he came striding towards them.

"Alack-a-day! I hope to goodness he's not going to hold forth; I, for one, am famished," said the surgeon.

"So am I, and frozen stiff. Hello there! where under the sun did those Indians come from?" Interrupted Yolland.

"That question was never answered in words. There was a flash—a report—a volley—Mr. How reeled—staggered and fell backward. For a second the English officers stood aghast, a thrill of horror froze every heart—then with loud exclamations and oaths of surprise and wrath, they rushed to the embankment. To think was to act with Dick. Heedless of the shots which the Indians in ambush continued to fire, he was first on the spot. Then, inspired with almost superhuman strength, he lifted the lifeless form and bore it to a place of safety, beyond the reach of the guns. There they spread their coats and tenderly laid the Envoy down. At first all thought him dead, but rallying after a little Mr. How opened his eyes, and fixing them on Captain Scott, who knelt over him, murmured:

"I was too trusting, I wished for peace, that peace that passeth knowledge." Then he smiled his beautiful smile on each and all, as if thanking them for what they had done, and the smile spread till the whole face was lit with a Heavenly light. And the spirit passed away—but the smile remained.

Later that same morning, as Captain Scott turned from the bed on which they had laid the lifeless body, he stooped and picked up a scrap of paper that the wind had blown from the table to the floor. There were only four lines carelessly written there, 'almost unconsciously traced it seemed, but those four lines were the heart sigh of one, who would pierce the veil which separates the mortal from immortality.

"Oh that a man might know,  
The end of this day's business  
ere it come;  
But it sufficeth that the day will  
end,  
And then the end is known."

Oh! the pathos of that verse which told of the struggle alone in the early hours of the day, that ended as we know.

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Thus ends the Mission of Peace  
—and War begins.

## BOOK II.

### CHAPTER I.

Of how Captain Scott came to Halifax, and literally fell into the arms of a stranger.

MORE than three years have passed since the tragical death of Mr. How cast a stupor and sadness over the little garrison at Chignecto, that was felt for many a day. The April following that sad event, General Cornwallis returned to England, and Yolland fearing should he remain in Acadie he might insensibly imbibe the tyrannical principals of an absolute commander and thus become a mere ruffian, went home along with his patron, hoping to get into the way of service in Europe.

General Hopson succeeded Mr. Cornwallis, and for a space of eighteen months the greatest harmony existed in the colony, which, unhappily, was rudely broken when Colonel Lawrence assumed the reins of government.

Most of the officers to whom we were introduced at Fort Lawrence were transferred to other posts; Captain Scott alone seemed a fixture; his apparent content-



ment with his pipe and surroundings occasionally interrupted, however, by the wish that that hair-brained Yolland would write and tell him what he was about. But the restless and ambitious Governor soon found work for him also; in the autumn of '54, Captain Hussey was put in command at Chignecto, and Captain Scott sent on official business to Massachusetts Bay. There he remained during the winter, only returning to Halifax the day previous to that, upon which we resume our narrative.

It was the morning of April 8th, 1755. The large round eight-day clock that hung in the public eating-room of one of the many taverns with which the town of Halifax was even then liberally supplied, had just sounded the quarter after nine as Captain Scott seated himself at a little round table near the fire. After ordering breakfast, he fell to assorting a large bundle of letters and papers he found awaiting him, but had not felt equal to attacking the night before. So interested did he become in his correspondence that he continued reading at intervals as he munched his toast and drank his coffee. Suddenly a gun sounded, followed by a second louder report, then bang went the cannon on the citadel, caus-

ing the glass to rattle, the doors to shake, and our gentleman to discontinue his occupation long enough to murmur, "Ah! the packet,—glad it's in." After a few mouthfuls he again lost himself in his letters, but was soon recalled to things mundane by the boy in attendance enquiring at his elbow,

"Plaze, Sir, but bi'nt yer honour agoing down to the Beach?"

"No," laconically replied Scott, improving the occasion of the interruption to sip his cold coffee ere resuming his reading. After a few minutes hesitation, the waiter walked slowly to the window, where he stood some little time silently watching the passers by. Coming back to Scott's elbow again he asked,

"Plaze Sir, but has yer honour everything ye want?"

"Yes," abstractedly replied the Captain, without lifting his eyes from the paper.

"Thin, plaze Sir, if yer honour has everything ye need, I'll be a-goin'."

"Goin'," echoed Scott, the last word being the only one he had caught, "where are you goin'?"

"Plaze, yer honour, it's to the Beach, it is, it's the packet, sir, the 'Alderney,' she bez a-coming in, and it's the fashion. it bez, to go to meet her, och! Sir, but it is all

the quality, the big-wigs and the military that'll be there, indade that they will, and shure Pat Murphy wouldn't like to be the only one kapin' to home, indade he wouldn't."

"If that is the case, far be it from me to keep you, Pat," said the Captain, pushing back his chair from the table.

"You're a gintleman that you be," exclaimed the lad, as he hurried from the room.

Thoroughly aroused by this time, and his curiosity not a little excited, the Captain lit his pipe, and leisurely sauntered to the wharf, where, as the lad truly said, the citizens of Halifax had turned out en masse to welcome the signalled vessel. It was always an event in those early days for a ship to arrive in that beautiful harbor, where, even then, they were wont to affirm the entire British navy could ride at anchor; especially such was the case on the arrival of the packet from home.

The crowd that thronged the quay that morning was strangely picturesque—sober citizens in sad coloured coats, cocked hats, periwigs, knee breeches and shoes with large glittering buckles, military men of H. M. Service, both sea and land, in full uniform; New England rangers in their

nondescript red and blue dress; Irishmen in long ulsters, and Irish women in white frilled caps and long red cloaks; dandies in bright frocks with contrasting waist-coats covered with lace; gentlewomen with enormous hats perched on their powdered heads; lackeys in livery; sailors from the ships in port, with here and there an Acadian habitant in black homespun and sabots, or wood-rangers in buckskin leggings and coloured belt, and an occasional Indian, wrapped in his blanket, or, if a chief, in robes of racoon or beaver.

"Pardon, Sir," cried a pompous individual, jostling Scott in his endeavour to elbow his way through the crowd near the gangway.

"Ah! good-day to you, Mr. Hinshelwood!"

"The same to you, Captain; expecting friends by the Aldernay, eh?"

"No, it is curiosity alone that brings me here," Scott replied.

"My case, exactly; nothing gives me keener pleasure than to meet the folk fresh from the old country, and get the news first hand."

"Except the pleasure of retailing it second hand?" said the other interrogatively.

"You're right, you are, I must

confess that's half the enjoyment," assented Mr. Hinshelwood, raising himself on tip-toe and craning his neck in every direction. "Unfortunately," he continued, "business delayed me to-day. I shall have to be resigned to my fate, the passengers have all been confiscated by friends, I fear. Ah! bless me if that is not a man I once knew," and Mr. Hinshelwood darted off to renew the acquaintance.

It was not long before the throng on the quay turned their faces townward. Scott slowly retracing his steps up the wharf, recalling a little sadly how comparatively alone in the world he was—no relations to speak of, and as for friends,—“it's out of sight out of mind with them, I fear.” This philosophical conclusion was rudely interrupted by a horse's nose against his cheek, and a torrent of oaths from the driver of a long dray, piled with luggage, in extricating himself from which, Scott backed into a man who naturally resented the intrusion by a vigorous shove that would have sent him headlong against the horse again, had not a tall, distinguished-looking man dressed in a dark green travelling frock, with brandenburghs, feet cased in the jack-boots of the period, and gold-hilted sword by his

side, caught him in his arms, exclaiming as he hugged him in a very un-English manner, "Scott, by all the powers!"

For a moment the Captain stood speechless, while Taafe, honest fellow, taking himself to task for the dig in the back that he unconsciously had inflicted upon his master's former commander, gave vent to his feelings, by soundly berating with Irish eloquence the driver of the dray, much to the amusement of the by-standers.

"By George!" continued Yoland, (for it was he) I never expected such a reception from you of all men, Scott."

"A thousand pardons and twice as many welcomes, my dear boy. I'm more delighted than I can express at seeing you again; but why in the name of goodness didn't you write me you were coming out?"

"Principally because I detest writing; then, I wanted to give you a surprise, old chap."

"Well, you did that pretty effectively; our meeting was most unexpected," said the Captain, dryly, as he clasped his friend's hand. "By the way, do you know you came mighty near missing me? I only came to town last night, and am off again in a week's time."

"What! you are not going home by the packet?"

"No, I go in the other direction, to Massachusetts Bay."

"Is it your own business that takes you? What's up, eh?" Yoland asked. Impulsive, as of old, his friend thought, as he slowly looked him over; then, consulting his repeater, replied:

"It is too long a story to broach now. I've an appointment in twenty minutes, so shall have to leave you for a while, but after dinner we'll——"

"Yes, keep all stories until this evening. I've a prodigious lot of questions to ask, and you know the only time you talk is at night, over a glass and a pipe. By-the-by, where are you quartered?"

"At Governor Lawrence's Head Tavern."

"What! at Government House?" cried Dick.

"Hardly! I'm not such a big-wig as that; I'm at a public named in honor of His Excellency," laughed Scott. "If you have not already made other arrangements, you'll be as comfortable there as anywhere in Halifax."

"You'll have to excuse me, Scott, I would never be comfortable in any house of Governor Lawrence's, much as I should like to be with you. Some one told me on ship-board that the Grand

Pontac was still in existence, so I ordered Taafe to take my traps there,—I don't imagine the house is full."

"It is not likely to be, though I understand the Pontac is better patronized than any other tavern in town; Willis is an old hand at the business, and the entertainment is excellent. I see you still cherish the same unconscionable prejudice against Colonel Lawrence," Scott observed.

"Oh dear no! not the *same*, it is far more intense; do you remember how you used to lecture me for being disrespectful and insubordinate? Thank goodness, I'm my own master now, and not bound to hold my tongue," laughed the other.

"Have you quit the service altogether?" Scott enquired, ignoring Dick's remarks.

"It amounts to that; I've at present a roving commission, but I'm virtually quit of it. My uncle's death has freed me from the necessity of serving, thank goodness, for, though a soldier, I loathe the idea of shedding blood."

"Was your uncle's death recent? I see you are still wearing crape on your arm!"

"Ah! this is not for him, but in memory of my dear father. I shall wear it until the King enjoys his own again," Dick replied, as he



adjusted the broad mourning scarf on his left arm.

After a moment's pause Scott asked: "Am I to congratulate you, my dear fellow, upon coming in for a title as well as an estate? In a word, what are we to call you. Lord —— what?"

"No title please; Yolland—Dick Yolland—is the only name I wish to be known by, out here."

"All right, my boy—and now I fear I shall have to leave you at the corner yonder and take a short cut for Government House, where I am due in ten minutes. You'll dine with me at the Artillery Mess, eh?"

"Thanks, but if quite the same to you, pray do me the favor of taking a quiet meal with me; I want to have a long pow-wow with you before meeting the other fellows."

"As you please. I'm at your service when and where you will," assented the other cordially.

"Will four o'clock suit you?" Dick asked.

"Perfectly. You know your way to the Pontac?" enquired Scott in parting.

"Yes, unless it has moved; it was formerly corner of Duke and Water Streets."

"It is there still. Ta-ta!" and the Captain hurried up the narrow alley. Dick watched his friend

out of sight, and then strode gaily off to view the town and while away an hour or two.

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**CHAPTER II.**

Of a confabulation wherein Captain Scott puts Yolland an courant with a traitorous correspondence during the latter's absence from the colony, and of how that gentleman loses one wager, gains a second, and wagers a third.

WHEN Captain Scott turned up at the Pontac a few minutes before the appointed hour, he found his host awaiting him in a cosy little private eating-room, where the table was laid for a tete-a-tete dinner.

"And how do you find Halifax? Has it grown, think you?" Scott asked, as he unbuckled his sword.

"Amazingly! I went up George Street and climbed the citadel hill to get a bird's eye view of the place. Cornwallis certainly showed marvellous wisdom in his choice of a site; the situation is superb; it's a burning shame that the town was not named for him. By the way, what church is that facing the Parade, on the south? It's not bad at all for a colony."

"That's St. Paul's—the only place of worship we can yet boast of. To tell the truth, we are rather proud of it; it is a copy of one in Marylebone, I'm told."

"By George! though. I must say I was mightily taken aback at finding Government House just as Cornwallis left it—ridiculously guarded by ordinance mounted on rickety casks of gravel. I fancied Lawrence would have exchanged the old wooden house long ere this for a palatial residence in keeping with his lofty ambition."

"You are right. His Excellency intends erecting another and more suitable structure in the near future; the present building is not a fitting abode for His Majesty's representative in Acadie," Captain Scott gravely replied.

When the cloth was removed, the servants withdrawn, and the two gentlemen left alone with their dessert, Dick exclaimed with a sigh of relief,

"Now we can talk."

"Yes, I have not yet had an opportunity of asking after your people, my boy; I trust your respected mother and sisters are in the enjoyment of good health?" said Scott, somewhat stiffly.

"Thanks, all are well and jolly; three of my sisters are married and away; those at home charged me to present their kind regards in due

form, which reminds me I've a present for you, old chap," Dick exclaimed, jumping up and rushing into the next room; returning in a few seconds with a jewel hilted sword in his hand. "Here Scott, Mamma begs you will accept this, and wear it for my sake."

"You don't mean this is for me?" Scott exclaimed, his eyes for once fairly sparkling with pleasure.

"Yes, for you, if you'll wear it I must inform you, however, that it was once the property of a terrible Jacobite, and that it may kick horribly at having to cut and slash on the other side," laughed Dick gaily.

"Many a true word said in jest," replied the Captain, as he unsheathed the blade and examined the steel with the eyes of a connoisseur. "I say, Yolland, why do you give it to me,—it is far handsomer than your own?"

"Yes, but mine was my father's," said the young man, in a low voice. "Surely," he cried, with a merry twinkle, "you'll not refuse Mamma's gift because of the old Jacobite?"

"It is not on account of the Jacobites I hesitate, my dear boy, but because there is no reason why I should be the recipient of such a costly gift. Dash it! if I understand why your mother sent this to me, of all men!"

"Why? because I told her how good you were to her headstrong boy at Fort Lawrence."

"Pooh! I don't remember that I was."

"Well, you were, and if that is the only objection you can trump up,—no real conscientious scruples you know,—you'll keep the sword, and write the Mamma a pretty little note of acceptance, and have done with it. Come, let's draw up to the fire as we used to do of yore, if you'll take that seat," cried the host indicating a comfortable chair in the ingle corner within easy reach of the wine and tobacco. "I'll sit here opposite,—there! I can almost fancy myself back again in your den, old chap. I wonder how many youngsters you've fathered there since my day? Dozens, I'll warrant."

"Not one. You look incredulous, my boy, but it is a fact. The lads they send out now are not like the youth of five and ten years ago; boys now-a-days don't want to be fathered, they know as much of life as their elders—yes more, too. But what, Yolland, may I ask, brought you back again to America? The last I heard of you, you were pleasantly engaged in that enlightened European warfare, which you consider so vastly superior to ours over here."

"Yes, I saw some service—a cam-

paign or two—but I am not as sure of the superiority as I formerly was; war even at its best is cruel and heartless. As to why I came out,—it is the old story; to determine definitely if Miss Adair be alive or dead is my sole object.”

“Bless me! you don't mean to tell me you are still on that scent? I fancied long ere this you would be on another trail. In England, the garden of roses, could you not find a bud to console you for the loss of this little sprig of clover?” asked Scott, with a touch of his old sarcasm.

“Roses are beautiful, but they are luscious, enervating, and intoxicating; I admire them but am not drawn to them as I am to the homely clover, which exhales such a delicate fragrance even when crushed and dead,” Dick replied, playfully carrying out his friend's metaphor.

“Confess now, Miss Adair captivated you, Yolland, far more than you were wont to admit to me! Am I not right?”

“Faith! I believe you are; fact is, I was a youngster then, and, if conscious of my love, too shamefaced to avow it, but these three last years have shown me that my happiness is inseparable from hers; I cannot banish her image from my heart if I would; the thought of

her a prisoner continually haunts me—I dream of her by night, and think of her by day; in a word, I can never settle down to anything until I know her fate.”

“It strikes me my dear fellow, that you have been a prodigious long while in setting about this agreeable quest,” Scott observed casually, as he puffed away at his pipe.

“Yes, three years is a long time; I am furious when I think of it as lost. Believe me, though, it was not from choice that I remained seemingly inactive, I was secretly at work all the time. If you remember, my chief reason in going home with Cornwallis was to interview Mawkin’s father. What was my chagrin to learn, on arriving in England, that Sir Samuel had left for foreign parts? I was then far too poor to follow him. The only thing I could do was to keep an eye and ear open against his return. It was not until this last winter that my poor Uncle’s death provided me with the wherewithal to continue the search.”

“Where did you run Sir Samuel to earth?”

“Not a cannon’s shot from England, though I made the tour of the continent before I got news of him in Boulogne.”

“Did the knight remember you?”

“Not he! I took every precau-

tion, however, that he should not; got myself introduced first to his wife, then, as if by accident, met him. Now who, under the sun, think you, is his wife?"

"I have not an idea."

"No, you would never guess; it's Miss Marshall,—Mrs. Walker's sister."

"The Dickens! not the giantess she wanted to saddle upon you?"

"The identical one! 'five feet nine and looks six,' as her sister said. What a pretty couple we would have made, by George! you should have seen her, Scott, decked out in all her bravery! I quite won her over by doing the honours of her dress, admired without stint her brocade gown, her brilliants, her fan, and particularly her cap laden with flowers and ribbon. Bah! these painted and rouged toasts are not to my taste; my beloved is a spray of clover," sighed Dick. "To go back a little, you remember, I told you how effectually Sir Samuel had demolished himself by riotous living before coming out here with Cornwallis, and, not finding the mines of gold he had imagined in Acadie, how he entered into a league with Lawrence to give him his daughter on condition that the latter would pay his debts. Unfortunately for the knight, things did not work as smoothly as the two



gentlemen planned, Miss Adair being anything but wax in the hands of her father. He could neither mould nor melt her to his wishes. When at his wit's end what to do, lo! his daughter is taken captive by the savages—probably killed—consequently the only obstacle between himself and a fine estate is removed. (Truly, a special Providence watches over spendthrifts and drunkards.) As we know, instead of making every effort to ascertain the truth, and ransom his child if alive, Sir Samuel takes for granted she is dead, and marries a young dashing woman, hurries back to England to claim his inheritance; by the way, his wife was the Lady Adair, supposed to be Mawkin in the passenger list of the 'Merry Jacks.' Confound it! there are more ways of killing that is not murder than I had dreamed of. If a man ever deserved the halter, Sir Samuel Adair does. I wonder what he gave Lawrence to hold his tongue."

"Nothing. I am morally certain of that," said Scott, decidedly, taking the pipe from his mouth to emphasize his words. "Colonel Lawrence is an honourable man, and quite as set as yourself upon ransoming Miss Adair, if living, or revenging her, if killed."

"He should wreak his vengeance

upon her father in the latter case; but tell me, how do you know so well what Lawrence intends doing?"

"During this past year I have had many a private talk with His Excellency upon business which has necessitated my becoming acquainted with some of his secret plans," Captain Scott explained.

"Pardon me, Sir, I did not know I was conversing with a confidant of His Excellency, Colonel Lawrence, or I would have been more discreet in my talk," said Dick stiffly, as he rose with an air of 'all is up between us two.'

"Pooh! don't be such a fool, Yoland, as to pick a quarrel with me, a warm and devoted friend. Why, I've heard you yourself say more than once you believed in giving even the devil his due; allow me the same privilege, I beg. Colonel Lawrence is a man of parts, and one of his virtues is constancy to his friends; he may be a good hater (you say he is) but he is likewise a good lover."

"I shall not quarrel with you, Sir, you are welcome to your opinion, but let me tell you, you cannot be a friend of mine and of Lawrence also; I shall accept no divided friendship," affirmed the young man bluntly.

Captain Scott being, as we have before remarked, a cool deliberate man, it was some minutes before he replied to what he mentally styled 'Yolland's inveteracy.' Though ostensibly engaged during the pause in filling his pipe, his eyes followed with an affectionate light his young friend as he strode up and down the room. His manly bearing, heightened by his rich black velvet dress, gave him a grand air few could resist.

"Come, my boy, sit down and take your pipe," said Scott at last.

"Thanks, I have smoked it out."

"Refill it, then."

"I've had all I want, thanks."

"Don't you find the weed soothing?"

"Not particularly."

"You do not take enough."

"Very likely not, judging from the amount you consume."

"Try my tobacco, it is a mixture of my own, and there's not a better in the world, I'll wager you what you will. A man is privileged to *puff* his own tobacco, I believe, Scott apologetically added with the ghost of a smile.

The joke was not lost upon Dick. "Was all this preamble about smoking only to introduce that wretched pun of yours, Scott?"

"No, upon honour, I never saw it until this moment. It was quite

impromptu, and yours by discovery."

"Then what were you driving at? What has this to do with Lawrence?"

"Nothing whatever; it just struck me as being a safe neutral ground where we might converse without coming to fisticuffs, and that I think's a reason fair to fill and puff again."

"If that's your only reason, pray don't waste any more breath over it; come, let us return to 'our friend.' I'm cool now, and will listen with infinite pleasure to any panegyrics on him your worship may think fit to indulge in," said Yolland gaily.

"I shall inflict no panegyrics of Lawrence upon you, Yolland. If I speak of His Excellency, it is only for your own advantage, as you will acknowledge if you will calmly hear me out. In the first place, let me explain just how I stand with His Excellency. As my Governor and Military superior, I shall obey him implicitly, you know my creed! Of course the private confidences he honoured me with, I hold sacred, but all information I have obtained myself, or through others, in relation to this sad affair, you are welcome to, my dear fellow. Believe me, your happiness is near my heart, and that I will do everything

in my power to aid you in your search for Miss Adair."

"Thanks, I was certain I could count on your help," murmured Dick. Scott continued, "I think I have a clue now, which, if worked up, may lead to something. To begin,—that theory of yours, Yol-land, that the writer of the billet-doux was a gentlewoman, perchance Miss Adair, is sunk; I know who wrote it."

"The dickens you do. Has the *coureur de bois* confessed who the writer was?"

"No, I have not seen the fellow since you left."

"Surely it was not written by Le Loutre?"

Not he, I abandoned that notion long ago."

"Then who in the name of goodness did write it?"

"My introduction to that individual was quite romantic," the Captain replied contemplatively. "It was in '53, two years after How's death we first met. I was fishing at the time, some few hundred yards up a little stream that flows into the *Messagouetche* near Port A Bout. Suddenly my dog began to whine and bark, as he does at the approach of an Indian. Instinctively I seized my gun and glanced around. A man was approaching from the direction of the

bridge, whom, from his black home-spun and red sash I concluded to be one of the poor Refugees that Le Loutre had forced to the French side of the river, and who was now coming to enquire upon what terms we would take him back; this was in fact what the man wished me to think. Little by little, however, my suspicions that he was only playing a part were aroused. It was confirmed when he enquired if by chance I had ever met a half-breed *coureur-de-bois*, Pettipas. Finally, the pseudo Acadian revealed himself as a French officer, commissary of stores at Beausejour; he had planned this interview for the purpose of offering his services as a spy, pledging himself in return for a pecuniary reward and promises of protection to communicate the state of the garrison, plans of the forts, and copies of all letters and papers that might pass through his hands; briefly, all the information he could get hold of."

"The scoundrel! it's incredible, a man being willing to sell his country and himself for filthy lucre," cried Yolland, indignantly. "What is the fellow's name?"

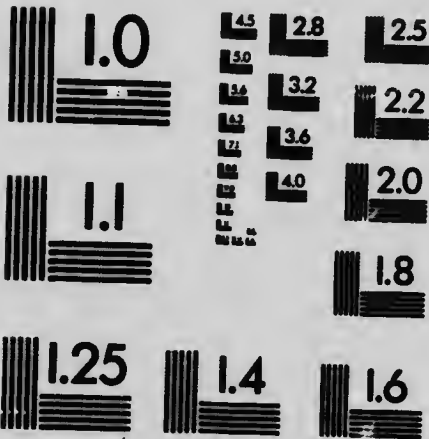
"He signs himself, 'Thomas Signis Tyrell.'"

"Do you think that his real name?"



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"Very likely not; I can readily conceive that a man who would betray his country might have family pride enough left to try and hide his name," said Scott thoughtfully.

"And I suppose this Tyrell told you *he* was the author of the letter Pettipas left," said Dick interrogatively.

"Yes, there was no lady in the case. It grieves me mightily to dash 'you, my dear fellow, but I'm afraid you have lost your wager. Tyrell assures me he wrote the billet himself."

"Great Heavens! how can you rely upon anything a creature of that stamp, a spy, a traitor, tells you?" objected Dick.

"I confess I was disinclined at first, but I have very thoroughly weighed what he communicated then and since, and I must acknowledge that his statements bear internal evidence of truth. Before coming to Beausejour, he was for several years secretary to Count Raymond in Louisburg. While there, it appears, his sympathies were aroused in behalf of not one, but several Englishwomen whom the priests had ransomed from the Indians, only to hold in worse bondage—they were literally slaves, broken-hearted and dying. He wrote the letter, he says, solely to draw our attention to the fact that

there were Englishwomen prisoners at Louisbourg.'

"I don't believe a word of it, 'tis a cock and bull story to put us off the scent. Did the fellow offer any excuse for his entering upon this hateful business?"

"Yes, he confessed it was hatred of the priests that determined him. An antagonism evidently inherited (he being of a Huguenot family) has become intensified, since he has imbibed the philosophy of Voltaire," Scott explained.

"From what you tell me of this Tyrell," said Dick, "I judge he is a second Baron Stosch, a most infamous character. By the way, does Hussey credit this traitor, think you?"

"Not thoroughly; he has expressed some doubts, suspects him of fabricating the letters, and dear knows what."

"Now I'll be hanged, Scott, if I can see any connection between this traitor storekeeper and Miss Adair, particularly as you say he not only does not know her, but has never heard her name mentioned. What are you driving at?"

"Only this, my friend: I want to put you au courant with everything that has, or may have a bearing upon the disappearance of Miss Adair; thus far you have worked in

the dark, guided by intuition. Tyrell's revelations have shown we were on a wrong trail; let us start afresh, guided now by reason, and not pooh ! pooh ! what Tyrell says until we prove him a liar. Colonel Lawrence, who is as clear-sighted and ready at detecting fraud as any man I know, places the utmost reliance on all his statements; in fact, has already acted upon them, and intends continuing to act upon them. If Mss Adair is alive, he intends to liberate her; if dead, to avenge her death, and that right soon, too. If you would be beforehand with him, you will have to act immediately, Yolland."

"I intend doing so. Now tell me, Scott, has Lawrence made a confidant of you, as I have?"

"Bless you ! not he," replied the other, with a shake of his head that expressed more than words. "You see this correspondence has been carried on through me; I am as it were the mouth-piece of Tyrell and Lawrence. I only know what they choose each other to know; but in telling me your history, Yolland, you gave me a key to much of what is behind their words, which Colonel Lawrence has no suspicion I possess—'straws show which way the wind blows.' In writing, they are very careful not to mention real names. Le Loutre is always Moses,

and as for de Vergor. . . By the way, though, I've a characteristic epistle somewhere that will give you a far better notion than I can," said the Captain, rummaging in his numerous pockets. Presently, selecting a paper from a number of others, he tossed it to his companion. It was a letter from Lawrence. After warmly thanking Captain Scott for what he had done at Chignecto, he went on to say:

"I am not ill-satisfied with what you say upon the affair beyond the Boyne, and I propose to write you an explicit answer to all the particulars in yours by the first opportunity, after receiving from the father of the lady with the *handsome hand* such accounts as I have wrote for, and am in daily expectation of. In the meantime, carry your cup even, giving no interruption to the persons passing through Denmark. On the contrary, continue rather to gain everybody than disgust anybody; for whatever measures it may be necessary to take in that business hereafter, the present part to be acted is a generous one, which may blow up those walls that you say are already lighted. Should they break out with a blaze, something may be picked up by the light of them; or, if they should not succeed to the wishes of the Foggy

Island, some other project may take place. That *old hand* you mention should be encouraged. Your friends who have much confidence in your discretion will allow the Corrianders. Remember, however, the people of Denmark are thrifty and expect their pennyworth for their penny."—Extract from a letter of Lawrence's in the Archives, Halifax.

"Complimentary to you, old chap, but rather unintelligible to me," said Dick, as he handed the letter back.

"You'll easily understand it, if, in place of Boyne you read Messagouetche; for Foggy Island, Isle St. Jean; and for Denmark, British Territory; old Hand, of course, is Tyrell, and—"

"The young lady with the 'handsome hand' is Mawkin, I presume," hastily interrupted Dick.

"You're right! Colonel Lawrence raves over Miss Adair's handsome, aristocratic hands; I've often wondered you yourself did not mention them."

"Did I not? Perhaps I'm more accustomed to gentlewomen with 'handsome, aristocratic hands,' consequently, they did not impress me as they did Lawrence," replied the other with a slight curl of his lips. "How did he happen to speak of them?" he added.

"If I remember correctly, the first time was when I enquired if he would recognize Miss Adair should he meet her in disguise among the French. He replied, he would recognize her, should he see no more than one of her hands. Faith! I never imagined Colonel Lawrence could love any one as well as he does Miss Adair," said Scott, musingly.

"Tut! he loves her position and her fortune," sneered the young man.

"He may formerly, but not now. I am confident he would marry her, were she penniless, if she would have him."

"Heaven forbid! but what leads you to think so, Scott?"

"I have watched and studied Colonel Lawrence narrowly in your interest, Yolland, and I am more and more convinced that Miss Adair is the pivot upon which every action of his in regard to the French and Acadians turns. I tell you this that you may know how the game has been going on in your absence, and how the pieces now stand. You will have to be on the alert; such an opponent as the Governor is not to be despised."

"Confound it! I am only too well aware of that. I've a scheme, however, which, if I am not vastly mis-

taken, will put him hors de combat," said Yolland, gaily.

"Don't be too sure, my friend; Lawrence is now on the eve of a move, to which he has avowed all the resources of his lively mind."

"Can you tell me what it is? or, is it a state secret?"

"It is best to be hush in such concerns as these, but I can tell you what is generally known among military men; namely, that a 'secret expedition is preparing."

Just then Taaffe announced that an orderly desired to see Captain Scott.

"Show him up," said Yolland.

"No, I'll see him below," replied the other, rising.

In a few seconds he returned. "I'm sorry, but I shall have to tear myself away. His Excellency wishes me to wait upon him; pressing business. . . ." Scott was going on to explain.

"Bother His Excellency and his pressing business! He is a great projector, but I very much question this sort of merit, it is all for himself and very little for the honor of England. But when shall I see you again?"

"I'll try and run in to-morrow after lunch; I've not thanked you half enough, my dear fellow, for your superb gift," Scott continued,

as he buckled on his sword, "pray re—"

"By George! that reminds me, I was nigh forgetting to settle that wager with you."

"What wager?"

"Why, the one you said just now I had lost. I bet a gentlewoman wrote the letter; now it is proven that store-keeper Tyrell, is the writer. Sit down a minute, will you, while I pony up?" said Dick.

"Didn't we have two wagers?" the elder gentleman gravely enquired.

"I believe we had," assented Yolland.

"I'm sure we had; I remember making a note of it at the time," Scott rejoined, as he turned over the leaves of a small book he took from his breast-pocket. "Ah! yes, here it is—September, 1751—I was certain I had it."

"Well, have I lost that too?"

"Without paying any attention to Dick's questions, Scott continued, "In this second I wagered that Le Loutre wrote the billet-doux; now, if Monsieur Tyrell is the writer, Monsieur l'Abbe is not; consequently, I have lost that; so, to simplify matters, as the wagers are the same, ponies on each, suppose we keep our own and call it square."

"All right, old chap, I'm agreed, and now I'm going to tell you



what I was afraid to do before, lest you might think I wanted to sneak out of paying my wager; it is this—I don't believe one word of that traitor's story. I'll wager you a hundred guineas to fifty, in spite of what he told you, that a gentleman wrote the letter, and what is more, that that gentlewoman is Miss Adair. Come, what do you say to that?" cried Dick in bravado.

"That a fool and his money are soon parted—it's the embarrassment of riches, I suppose. If you are bent, my boy, upon flinging your guineas away, you'll have no trouble in finding men to pick them up, but I had rather be excused. Good-night."

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### CHAPTER III.

In Which Lieutenant Yolland and Captain Scott Resume Their Interrupted Talk and Exchange Confidences.

"HELLO Scott! I had just about given you up," was the greeting that gentleman received as he entered Yolland's little parlor at the Pontac, the following afternoon.

"I'm prodigiously sorry, my dear fellow, if I've put you out, but important business, you—"

"Oh, yes! I know only too well," Dick good-naturedly interrupted. "See, here's brandy and tobacco—come fill your pipe, you are another man when enveloped in smoke, it has the effect of a halo, in softening you both outwardly and inwardly. Here! take that easy chair, and give me your ear, for I've no end of questions to ask. In going over what we had been talking of last night, it seemed as if I had never touched upon the subjects I had fully made up my mind to enquire about."

"Well, I'm at your service for a couple of hours, so open fire," Scott replied as he lit his pipe.

"In the first place, what's taking you to Massachusetts Bay again in such a hurry? I understood you to say you were there all last winter. Is there a lady in the case, old chap," Dick asked abruptly.

"Bless your heart! What put that notion in your noddle? Because you yourself have lost heart and head to a pretty wench, that's no reason to imagine that every other man is equally foolish; thank fortune, there is no woman in the case, it is this Tyrell business, and that alone that takes me to Massachusetts Bay. Last Autumn, the Commissary at Beausejour sent me the copy of a letter he had intercepted from the Governor of Can-

ada, Du Quesne, to Le Loutre, in which the writer urges both the Abbe and de Vergor to seek a plausible pretext for a vigorous attack upon us. I immediately transmitted this letter to His Excellency, who decided with his usual promptitude that, rather than wait for the French to attack us, we had better take the initiative. Consequently, Monckton and I were dispatched to Boston to lay the matter before General Shirley, and ascertain what aid he could render us."

"Why, man! you don't mean that we are going to attack the French when there is peace between the mother countries, merely on the strength of this communication? How do you know that letter is authentic? It is far more likely to be of Tyrell's own composing than from Du Quesne. Have the garrisons at Beausejour or Louisburg been reinforced, or the fortifications strengthened?" I asked.

"Not that I know of," Scott replied.

"If they had been, would not the traitor have told you? Mark my words, that letter is a downright lie from beginning to end. Tyrell must of necessity do or tell something to draw his pay; that is. I take it for granted the fellow has

received ere this some monetary reward for his services. Am I right?"

"Yes, he has been paid on several occasions. At our second interview I handed him a roll of sovereigns, which he accepted with assumed indifference, but as we talked, I noted he dropped them one by one into his pocket."

"By George! a rather neat way of counting them," laughed Dick.

"So I thought at the time; then, besides the money, we have sent him on several occasions, goods—such as stuff for a coat and waistcoat, etc., from Mauger's at Piziquit."

"I suppose it suits Lawrence to believe his fibs; it strikes me, though, the Governor is playing high," said Yolland contemptuously.

"I'll warrant you His Excellency will win."

Yolland flamed at the words. "Bah! he's a cork always on top. It passes my comprehension why that fanfaron was preferred to so many better men. It is a shame Mascarene has not the place. But tell me, what's the business that is taking you off again to Boston?"

"To conclude matters,—by the way Yolland, if you are of the same mind you were three years ago, this

is an adventure that will just suit you. I can promise you a position on the staff if you will join us."

"Thanks, I might accept your offer were I free, but, as you know, I have other and more important business on hand at present."

"But this expedition we are proposing will be an opening wedge for you," urged Scott.

"It may be; nevertheless, I prefer planning and directing my own expedition," Dick replied.

"What do you propose doing? Have you mapped out any definite plan?"

"Yes, I shall go the length and breadth of Acadie, if need be, making friends with the Hanitants, and particularly cultivating the clergy, who, I am confident, will give me all the information in their power."

"I don't think you will hear anything of Miss Adair in English Acadie; the Habitants, on our side, hold almost no communication with the French."

"Then I shall cross over into French Acadie, and, if needs be, go even to Louisburg; when once I am on the trail I'm a cry hound, and you may be sure I'll not return to the kennel till I've secured the game," cried Dick, seizing the poker and emphatically stirring the fire.

"Be careful, my boy, you may get into a tight place. What is to prevent you being arrested for a spy?"

"By whom—the French or the English?" Dick quizzically enquired.

"By either, you are playing with two-edged tools, my friend."

"All the same, I shall funk at nothing; there is no alternative but to go on. It is strange how an idea takes hold of and masters us! Nothing you can say, Scott, will have the least effect; my mind is made up," reiterated the young man, holding the poker up in a threatening attitude.

"Well, if you will, you will, and that's the end of it," said Scott philosophically. After some general conversation the Captain remarked, "You've not been idle since your arrival; I hear you bought that chestnut of Danvers. It's a fine animal. His Excellency was in treaty for it."

"So Sir Osborn informed me, which decided me to take it."

"I congratulate Sir Osborn,—you paid handsomely for the brute, I hope it will suit you," said Scott, rising.

"If it does not, I can hand it over to Taaffe. But you are not going? My curiosity is not half

satisfied ; tell me about the Indians, are they friendly ? ”

“ Just at present they are. Some two years ago, in Hopson’s time, we had a great pow-wow in Halifax, when Cope and the other Micmac chiefs smoked the pipe of peace, and swore to bury the hatchet. This promise they kept for some eight months ; then a very unhappy accident occurred which set us all agog again. The vermin are not to be depended upon. Take care how you trust them.”

“ Tush ! what have I to take care for ? Little worth having is got without risk ! ”

“ How long will it take, think you, to amke the tour of Acadie ? ” Scott asked.

“ I have no idea, I have not timed myself.”

“ Try and manage to be at Annapolis Royal about the middle of May ; I shall be there then, and if you have not accomplished your quest, I may be able to render you valuable service.”

“ Thanks, a thousand thanks ! if alive I shall make a point of meeting you there the middle of May.”

**CHAPTER IV.**

**Wherein Yolland Set Out on a Tour of Adventure, and What Manner of Reception He Met With from Monsieur le Cure at the Mines.**

It was the second day after Captain Scott had left Halifax, when our hero, blithe of heart and full of hope, set out on his quest. Acting upon the advice of his friend, he joined himself to the courier Pierre Au Coin, who carried the Governor's dispatches to the various forts under an escort of some thirty men, which the unsettled state of the country necessitated. At Piziquit they parted company, and Dick loitered a while at Fort Edward.

He soon discovered that the utmost excitement and agitation, not unmingled with apprehensive terror, reigned in that village. It seemed that Captain Murray had quite recently antagonized the Habitant by exacting labor without pay. Thereupon the Acadians had protested and sent a 'demurrer' to the Governor; at the same time, however, declaring that, if it were not favorably received, they would obey. The Governor, however, took no notice of the demurrer other than to write Captain Murray, "that if they should immed-



ately fail to comply with his request to supply the fort with firewood, etc., he was to assure them that the very next courier would bring an order of military execution upon the delinquents." Accordingly, the Commander ordered five of the principal inhabitants to appear before him, "When they had the impudence," Murray told Yolland, "to ask me to show them my instructions."

"Of course you satisfied them?"

"Not I! I quickly turned them out of the house, and the next day sent them, along with Daudin, their priest, under a strong detachment of soldiers to Halifax."

"The sooner I get out of this, the better," Dick thought, "Abbe Daudin told Murray that Lawrence is personally hated by the Acadians. If they think I'm associated with Murray, or even countenance these high-handed proceedings, they will never confide in me." After a little reflection, he decided the best thing to do was to leave Taaffe at Fort Edward and go alone by himself through Acadie.

The sun was slowly sinking behind great banks of red, gold and amber clouds, as our solitary horseman entered the parish of Grand Pre, the principal village at the Mines. It had been one of

those warm days occasionally met with in early Spring in Acadia; the villagers seated before their cottage doors, or gathered in groups talking together in low, excited tones, eyed him curiously, not with the stolid countenance of the Teuton, but with the vivacity and grace of the Latin race, returning his salutation and wishing him good-day.

At the smithy a knot of young men were gathered, listening to one whom Dick recognized as Basil the smith, village orator and demagogue, whom he had seen on his former visit to the mines. Here he drew rein, and enquired the way to an inn, where he might put up for the night.

"We have no such a house in the parish, M'sieur, but a stranger may always get a bed for the asking at M. le Cure's," replied Basil.

"Many thanks, Monsieur, I suppose M. le Cure lives near the church, and that is the church, I take it?" said Yolland, indicating with his whip a building in the distance, the tin roof and spire of which shone like molten gold.

"Yes, that's the church lit up by the setting sun," cried the smith with a note of pride in his voice, "you can't miss it, M'sieur, the Island is not ten mintues from here, and the presbytere is close beside

the church just back of the trees. It's amazing," he remarked to one of the men near him, "how those willows have leaved out these past few days, it wasn't a week ago but I could see from here every window and door at the presbytere."

As Yolland gathered up his reins to proceed on his way, one of the younger men called after him in English, "Misser, you shall be most welcome at English Vieux Logis Fort wid de soger men." This was followed by a smothered laugh from the young lads of the group.

"Poor fellows!" that is a very small revenge for all the unhappiness we cause them," soliloquised Dick as he rode off.

In a few minutes he came to what was known as the "Island," from being surrounded by water at high tide, then slowly crossed the wooden bridge, passed the church, and finally halted opposite the presbytere, a charming little cottage screened from the road by a long row of old French willows, offshoots of those brought from Normandie in years gone by, and loved and cherished by the habitants as a connecting link with the Mother Country.

The Cure, who, with a lad, was at work in his garden, looked up as Yolland drew rein, and, seeing

a stranger, came to the gate of greet him. Doffing his hat, Dick said with a courteous bow,

"Monsieur Chauvreulx, I believe?"

"Yes, or Father Felician, as thou wilt, Monsieur," the Cure answered with a paternal smile.

"Monsieur, I come to crave hospitality; they tell me there is no hostelry in the village, night is falling, if you can put me and my horse up, I will thankfully pay all charges."

"Thou art welcome, my friend, without pay, to the little cheer I have to give; nevertheless, if thou art English, as I take thee to be from thy habit and mien—not thy speech, for truly thou speakest our tongue perfectly--thou wilt be more properly entertained at Vieux Logis with your compatriots; we know full well that the English love the comfortable," added the priest with an arch smile.

"I thank you heartily, Monsieur but I much prefer to stay with you, if you will have me. My name is Yolland — Richard Yolland — at your service; later on, if it please you, I will satisfy your curiosity as to who I am, and why I am here."

"Bien, bien, so be it,—if thou wilt dismount, Pierre shall take thy beast; fortunately, I have a

stall ready for it where my own poor mare once was stabled. It is vacant now.

"Did your mare die?"

"No, it is the times," replied the Cure gravely shaking his head, then, suddenly stopping and attentively regarding his companion from beneath his bushy eyebrows, he said with not a little apprehension in his tone, "I trust you are not a spy, Monsieur?"

"No, Monsieur, I am not. Do I look like one?" Yolland asked, looking his 'host directly in the face.

"No, my friend, thou hast a beautiful mien; pardon the thought Monsieur, alas! one has to be cautious these days."

While talking, the two men had entered the little front yard, and ascended the path to the house, the door of which M. Chauvreulx now flung open, and bade the stranger enter.

The presbytere,—a low white gabled building, with red tiled roof and outside stairs leading to the granary—was built in the prevailing Acadian fashion; the front door opened directly into a large living room; out of this were various smaller rooms, the number of the latter depending chiefly upon the size of the family, several of these opening one out of another. Mon-

sieur Chauvreul's cottage contained, beside the living room, kitchen, and the Cure's own bedroom, (with a little closet off for his acolyte) a good sized guest chamber. To this the priest now led Yolland; then, having seen that everything necessary to his comfort was at hand, his saddlebags brought, and fresh water drawn from the famous well of the village for his bath, M. Chauvreulx hurried away to superintend the cooking of a savoury morsel for supper.

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## CHAPTER V.

**In Which it is Asserted that a Man's Fidelity to His Country Does Not Depend Upon His Having Firearms in His Possession.**

WHEN the meal was concluded, the old woman housekeeper gone, and the little acolyte tucked up in his closet bed, M. Chauvreulx brought from a small cupboard over the mantle a bottle of Maderia, a couple of glasses, and some sweetmeats. These he placed on the table near his guest, then resuming his seat abruptly, enquired,

"Now, my friend, what brought thee to the Mines?"

"I was only waiting for a favourable moment to tell you, Monsieur. I am, as you suppose, English, or rather Scotch. I have been here before. Then, I was in the army; I am in it no longer. I came to Grand Pre this time to consult you, Monsieur."

"Tien!" exclaimed the priest incredulously, "thou never sawest me before to-day, my friend."

"Pray, Monsieur, have patience with me for a little, and I shall explain all to your satisfaction, I trust." Thereupon Yolland gave his host a brief account of Miss Adair's capture and detention, concluding thus: "My one aim and object is to get at the bottom of the affair. When I first set about it, I supposed this would be easily accomplished, but you can hardly imagine the difficulties I encounter at every step. It is like *ignis fatuus*, ever before me, beckoning me on, but ever eluding me. One thing I see plainly, namely, that neither the French nor Acadians will give any information concerning Miss Adair to the Governor or any agent of his; by the way, I may as well tell you here at starting, Monsieur, that though I am an out and out Britisher, and dearly love my country, I do not

approve of the way things are carried on here in Acadie. You know, Monsieur, the doings of the French as well as I, so I will confine myself to those of my countrymen. We are catering far too much to Massachusetts Bay. The Puritans have continued to foment strife and war between us and the French and Indians ever since they landed on the continent. America for the Puritans is their motto, and they will only be content when they have exterminated every other human being but those of their own peculiar faith. Holding these opinions, I'm not likely to inform the authorities of what goes on here. No, I am no spy! Believe me, Monsieur, I shall ever try to show the love and respect I feel for the Acadians by exerting what little influence I have at home with the Lords of Trade in their behalf.

"Yes, yes!" assented the Cure, "if only a few more of His Britannic Majesty's subjects would take the trouble to visit us, they would see for themselves what loyal subjects the Acadians might become if ruled by love. Pardieu! I can truly say my people know nothing of intrigue, and that they naively show both friend and foe the very bottom of their hearts. Now, my friend, what can I do for thee?"



"Give me your advice, Monsieur. You have heard my story,—how must I go to work to free Miss Adair?"

"There is but one man in all Nouvelle France that can aid you," replied the Cure thoughtfully.

"I take it you mean M. Le Loutre?"

"Yes, he, and he only, can do it. If the Vicar-General wishes to keep her prisoner, no power this side Rome can free her. At Beau-sejour the sword is in abeyance to the church. Thou, my friend, must seek M. l'Abbe Le Loutre, tell him thy tale, and abide by what he says."

"But M. Le Loutre is in French territory. I can not approach him but by a flag of truce sanctioned by the Governor, which would certainly antagonize M. l'Abbe," objected Yolland.

"That's true, that's true," murmured the other. Then, after considering a few moments, he said abruptly, "thou hadst betetr go to Louisbourg, I will give thee letters to the Commandant and several of the clergy explaining the object of thy visit. More than likely thou wilt get intelligence of the demoiselle from them, and, with the aid of the Commandant, thou wilt surely ransom her."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks!"

I am mighty glad that I thought of coming to you, Monsieur," cried Yolland with boyish delight. "Now the question is, how am I to get to Louisbourg? Will there be any vessels going from here this Spring?"

"No, they are forbidden; you have no idea to what extremities we are reduced, not a soul can leave this parish without a passport," said M. Chauvreux sadly.

"Good heavens! I had no idea it was so bad as that! I'm only just arrived from home, you know, Monsieur."

"Then perhaps you never heard what Lieutenant Gorham did at Cobequid?"

"No, I have not, what was it?"

"It is a sad, sad story, my son. Lieutenant Gorham went there with sixty men in time of peace, stealthily at dead of night, seized all the guns and firearms found in the houses, then departed carrying off my colleague, the Cure, and four deputies. He has since returned with his brother and a hundred men, and pitched his camp there, in order to obstruct the roads and prevent the departure of the inhabitants,—and all this in time of peace. Alas! I do not know what will become of my poor children, deprived of all means of defense. The savages may come

at any moment and plunder them of cattle and goods, at the same time reproaching them for having furnished the English with arms to kill them. Oh! if the Government would only believe that it is not the gun which an inhabitant possesses that will induce him to revolt, nor the privation of the same gun that will make him more faithful; but that his conscience alone must induce him to maintain his oath. Prayer is the only arm the Acadians use against the English," exclaimed with fervor the good old priest.

My former knowledge of Acadian woes and sufferings was scant, I now see, Monsieur."

"My poor children, my heart bleeds for them, they are simple folk, but capable of human love and human woe."

After some more talk, Yolland observed, "all this that you tell me, Monsieur, is putting Louisbourg further away rather than bringing it nearer to me; have you nothing to suggest as to how I may get there?"

"Bien! if nothing better offers, thou might go to Boston and take passage there for Louisbourg in one of the New England trading vessels that are constantly going back and forth. Remember, this is a last resort; in the meantime,

remain quietly here, and I will do my utmost for thee, my friend."

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## CHAPTER VI.

**In What Manner Yolland Was Treated by the Acadian Habituants, and of a Bold Scheme that he Planned.**

THUS it came about that Yolland lingered for many days in the Acadian parish of Grand Pre, renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. Though at first received with some suspicion by the villagers, the young gentleman's handsome face, unaffected manner and merry humor, joined to the evident esteem in which he was held by the Cure, soon won him a place in their affections.

Unaccustomed to hide their feelings, Yolland saw that the anxiety which Monsieur Chauvreux felt and defined,—being an educated man,—was felt more or less in a dumb way by every man and woman in the parish, and that doubts and presentiments were slowly but surely penetrating the thickest skull of the most ignorant peasant. They felt something was wrong, but what that something was, they could not tell. La

Patrie.—why did not she help them in this cruel struggle with the English? They heard it whispered that La belle France, drunk with pleasure, and hurrying to her own destruction, had forgotten her children in Acadie. Was it true? One after another came with his doubts and fears to the Cure, who comforted them, and reminded them of the Good Father who reigns over all, directs all, and never forgets his children. Is it a wonder the Acadians loved their priests and were guided by them?

Of two young villagers Dick made special friends; one was Baptiste Le Blanc, nicknamed 'le Maigre' from his exceedingly slightness; the other was his chum, Gabriel Lajeunesse, son of Basil the blacksmith. Both were ingenuous youths, proud to call themselves 'English Acadians.' "I'm just as much English as you are," said Baptiste to Dick a little boastfully one day.

"How do you make that out?" enquired Dick.

"Why you are Scotch English, and I am Acadian English."

"That's mighty ingenious, but I hardly think it will hold good at law," laughed Yolland.

"Damme! I suppose you mean you can serve in the army, and I not? It's a burning shame I can't.

They say we are English subjects, and they treat us like renegades. My grandfather, the notary, fought for the English; you know he was taken prisoner by the Savages at the same time with Captain Hamilton and detained for years in Nouvelle France. No one dare accuse him of not being loyal to the English," said le Maigre with evident pride.

"I should hope not," Dick heartily assented.

"When you go back to Halifax, won't you do me the favour of asking Colonel Lawrence to let me enter the army? Perhaps if you reminded the Governor of my grandfather, the notary, and told him how much I wanted to be a soldier, he might make an exception in my case, for my grandfather's sake."

"Will you give up your faith, Baptiste, you know no Catholic can enter His Majesty's service?" Yolland asked gravely.

Le Blanc was silent for a moment, then, shrugging his shoulders sadly but decidedly, "No, I cannot do that, anything, anything but that."

"Come, cheer up, my friend," said Dick, consolingly, "the time is not far off when this disqualification will be done away with, and England will be only too glad

to recruit her service with Catholics."

"Peste! I can't wait for that, I'll be a *coureur de bois* first," muttered the young fellow, doggedly.

"And will your friend, Lajeunesse, go with you?"

"No, he is not free, he cannot leave la belle *Evangeline*."

"Yes, I know they are betrothed, but are they to be married soon?"

"This coming summer; we boys have built the barn, and are at work upon the house now; when that is finished they can move in any day."

Without entering into particulars, Yolland confided to the young men his desire to go to Louisbourg, and what M. Chauvreulx had said of the difficulty of getting there.

"It's true, nevertheless, we youngsters know many a trick that our elders never dream of," said Lajeunesse with a furtive wink at his comrade.

"Yes," cried Baptise, "I'll put you in train to get to Louisbourg, never fear my friend, though I hate mightily to have you go. It's not every day that we poor devils meet with a jolly seigneur that knows the world like you."

Le Maigre was as good as his word. A few days after the above

conversation, he informed Yolland that if he really wanted to go to Louisbourg, now was his chance, that he knew of a little sloop that was going up the Bay to Chignecto and Chipodi.

"And what will I do when I get there?" asked Yolland.

"Tien! we'll give you letters to the Gautiers; Pierre or Joseph will be sure to come to the vessel, as a lot of stuff is on board for them, and they'll see you safe to Louisbourg, never fear. They have vessels of their own going from Baie Verte to Isle St. Jean and Isle Royale, their father is as rich as an Englishman. I wish I had their chance," sighed le Maigre.

"You'll be some time getting there, M'sieur, for the Captain will stop at all the little parishes en route, for he has on board a Swiss peddler, from Boston, 'Moyes de les Derniers', who has permission from His Excellency to peddle his wares in our parishes," said La-jeunesse.

"So Moyes de les Derniers is to be of the party?" observed Dick, with a slight grimace, which did not escape the keen eye of le Maigre.

"Yes, do you know him?" enquired Gabrielle.

"I know of him——"

"And you don't like him," inter-



rupted Baptiste; "neither do we, he's a sneak. Damme! he'll be all honey to you, a seigneur," he chuckled clownishly.

This grated somewhat upon Yolland, who replied rather sternly.

"Mind, neither he nor any one on board is to know any more about me than I choose to tell. Now can one of you get me a rig out, such as a Canadian seigneur would wear on such an occasion?"

"Yes, we'll dress you up in grand style, so that not a person shall know you for a 'damme Englisher'. Tien! you speak our tongue like a Parisian,—you must learn the patois Normandie, M'sieur," said Baptiste excitedly.

"That's true, my friend, I know a few words now, but I must accustom myself to using them. By the way, as the weather is still cold, I shall need a capote, I suppose?"

"For sure! Gabriel, you might let M'sieur have that new one with the capuchon you've had made against your marriage?" cried the impetuous Baptiste.

"With pleasure, if M'sieur will accept it."

"Come, I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll trade," exclaimed Dick diving into his saddle-bags. "See! here's a new frock of blue cloth—

you may have it, and this red satin waistcoat to boot, if you'll give me your capote. I only hope I can get into it."

"I'm very certain you can, M'sieur; we wear our clothes so much larger than the English do. Tien! shall I fetch it now, M'sieur?"

"Yes, right off," replied Yolland.

As the door closed on Lajeunesse, le Maigre turned to the bed upon which Dick had thrown the garments, and taking up the waistcoat, said, a little enviously, as he examined it,

"That was a chance for Gabriel."

"Would you like one too, Le Blanc?"

"Peste! I've nothing to trade that M'sieur would want," replied the young fellow, with a characteristic shrug.

"Yes you have, I want that cap and those leggings you wore when I first came."

"Hein! is that true M'sieur?" cried the other, his face all aglow with pleasure. "I'll fetch them in a jiffy." And he too rushed off, upon which Yolland sought M. Chauvreulx to inform him of the proposed expedition. The good old Cure did not enter into the plan as cordially as his guest had hoped. On the contrary, he did his utmost to dissuade him from it.

"When they discover, as they certainly will at Chignecto that thou art no Canadian, but an Englishman, it will go hard with thee my son, to prove to their satisfaction that thou art not a spy."

"I have thought of all that, Monsieur, and it gives me little concern. If I am suspected, I can easily explain to M. Le Loutre's satisfaction that I am no spy, and what errand brings me to French Acadie. With your permission, Monsieur, I shall refer him to you to confirm what I say."

"Do so, my friend, and I shall not wait until then to communicate with the Grand Vicar. I shall write him all about you, as soon as I can find a trusty messenger to carry my epistle. Nevertheless, I entreat thee my son, put off this journey. It is an enterprise of extreme danger to enter an enemy's country disguised," urged the priest.

"There is no doubt about its being risky, but I am young, with a love of adventure, and it is the only scheme that seems to offer a chance of success. As you know, I cannot approach the French, accredited from the Governor. Should I do so, Colonel Lawrence would insist upon my giving the prize up to him."

At length, finding he could not induce Yolland to change his plans, the Curé did his utmost to aid him in carrying them out. The rest of the day was passed in making preparations for the journey. Seldom was heartier or merrier laughter heard at the Mines than resounded that afternoon in the presbytère, as Yolland attired in a loose hunting shirt, short breeches, leather leggings edged with scarlet ribbons, deer-hide moccasins, cap of beaver skin, broad belt embroidered with many coloured glass beads, and a brace of pistols and sword by his side—in short the bushranger's costume, which the Canadian seigneurs adopt, when travelling, or in the woods—presented to Father Felician his two buckish young Acadian friends in the smart English suits, got from him.

Yolland left his horse with his host, charging him to use it and if he (Yolland) did not return within six months he was to keep it for his own; he also left the greater part of his money with the Curé to be disposed of as he should think best in case of his non return.

**CHAPTER VII.**

**That Which Yolland Did, Might  
it Have Been Done Better?  
What the Consequences Were  
of His Scheme.**

**SOFTLY** the Angelus sounded from the tower of St Charles, the parish church of Grand Pré, as Father Felician laid his hands on the bowed head of the young Scotchman, and implored the blessed Virgin, and her glorious spouse St. Joseph, to preserve and guard him in his perilous journey.

At high tide that same evening, when the little trading vessel left the landing place near the mouth of the Graspereau river, she carried a passenger (M. d'Entremont) whom the Captain and crew supposed to be a young Canadian seigneur returning home from visiting his relations in Acadie.

The next day and the day after passed tranquilly. Yolland seldom went ashore at the villages, where the Captain and Les' Derniers traded, allowing it to be supposed he was in hiding from the English; on the morning of the third day, having passed out of the Basin des Mines, into the Baie Francoise, they anchored in a charming little creek with forests on either bank. As the hamlet where Moses and the

Captain were going was some miles inland, and the woods swarming with game, Dick, unable to resist the temptation any longer, determined to spend the day on shore with his gun. Late in the afternoon he strolled back to the little cove; there lay the sloop,—the tide being out,—high and dry in the russet mud, impossible to be reached, until the returning water floated her.

"Bother! the only thing to be done is to wait; of course the others know this, and will not be here till high tide." Dick soliloquised, as, making the best of circumstances, he threw himself full length on the grass that skirted the forest. The sun sank, the lovely Easter moon arose, and troops of sparkling fireflies twinkled in the darkening glades, and yet the traders came not.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a fiendish yell, which, though never heard before, Yolland intuitively recognized as the dreaded war-whoop. He seized his fowling piece, and sprang to his feet, as three Indians rushed upon him tomahawk in hand. He had no time to cock his gun, but used it so dexterously that he laid the first assailant low with a blow of the butt. Then, as the Savages stopped to pick up their fallen

brave, Yolland braced himself against a great pine tree, and drew his sword,—but ere he could resume the unequal strife, two skulking redskins crept up behind, and pinioned his arms, while others wrenched the sword from his hand, stripped him of his clothing save shirt and breeches, and bound his wrists tightly behind his back, then hurried off with him into the forest.

After an hour or more of rapid walking they came to a small stream, there, from the bushes on the bank, drawing out their birch bark canoes, they threw their captive face downward into one, then a savage jumped into the stern and another into the bow of the cockle-shell, and silently paddled the whole night through, the monotony only broken when someone uttered the cry of the osprey, which was echoed back many times from the adjacent shores.

At dawn they entered a little cove, and ran their canoe aground. Dick, stiff with the cold and from lying so long in one position, was now dragged out more dead than alive, his hands untied, and a bit of something white thrust into them. This he afterward learned was the Indians' cacamo or 'original butter' made from the fat of the moose. Half famished as he was, Yolland

followed the example of his captors, and soon dispatched his portion, which he found more palatable than he had dared to hope, though Highlander enough to live upon almost nothing.

Presently an Indian approached the prisoner, laid him on his back, stretched his arms and legs in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, and fastened his hands and feet to young saplings to prevent his escape, then one after another, the red-skins curled themselves up like animals, and went to sleep.

In spite of his fatigue, Yolland's excitement was such he could hardly close his eyes. He felt lifted, as it were out of and beyond himself. As he lay there thinking, first he pitied himself a bit, he was so young to die, and by such a death—he who had so much to live for—and if he was out of the way Lawrence would liberate Mawkin,—and perhaps marry her,—next, he pictured his mother and Meg's anxiety, when he neither came nor wrote, and finally their grief at hearing how he had been killed by Indians; musing thus of home and of dear ones, he would in all likelihood never again see in this world, he quite lost command of himself and tears sprang to his eyes, and ran down his cheeks like rain. "Bother!" he muttered, "I must not



let those devils see this baby in my face. If I could only get at one of my hands to wipe it off. However, it will have time to dry long ere they wake. I never dreamed I'd be such a softy. I must think of other things." Thereupon he lifted up his heart and voice to God, invoking strength and help from Him, whom we are all too much given to forget in prosperity, but turn to, as 'a present help in time of trouble.' After a short struggle Yolland regained his customary courage. Though but six and twenty years of age, he had been brought face to face with death too often to be afraid now. His heart never for an instant, flinched again. "With God's help I'll show the Savages how a Britisher can face death," he muttered between his firmly shut teeth, for he never doubted but that death would be the end,—how can it be otherwise? war now with the Indians must be one of extermination, since we have set a price on scalps, he reasoned. As he lay there thinking, all his past life seemed to pass in review before him, many little deeds and words long forgotten came trooping up—memories, not dead, but slumbering. He remembered among other things having heard that in the world to come, everything done or said in this life,

with cause and effect, will be recalled with such vividness that when we are judged, we ourselves will acknowledge the verdict to be just.

Yolland may have lain an hour, maybe two, when he was aroused from his reverie by a moving object stealthily approaching through the trees. At first he supposed it to be a bear, or some wild animal, but as it crawled or rolled nearer to him, he saw it was one of his captors. The man seeing he was observed, half rose and placed a finger on his lips, in token of silence, then coming close to Yolland, he whispered in English,

"Me know you, me frien."

"Do you, where have you seen me?" Dick whispered back.

"I disremember me de place, dats long time ago," he replied with a shake of his head, that drew Yolland's attention to his large brass earrings,—on the instant, it all came back to him, it was not likely that many men wore brass handles in their ears.

"You're Petitpas, the coureur-de-bois?" Dick exclaimed under his breath.

"M'sieur you have right," he answered grinning from ear to ear.

"Well, Petitpas, are you going to kill and eat me?" asked the captive, with a sickly smile.

"No M'sieur, ave no fear, de Injins no kill him, Petitpas he spik to Micmac chiefs. Him tell Cope dat M'sieur riche, M'sieur got moche monee for spen, M'sieur geeve gol, beaucoup more gol dan de Anglais geeve for de little scalp."

"Yes, yes, promise them gold, and guns and powder, anything I have in the world, if they will only set me free," said Dick, with a pathetic appeal in his honest face.

Petitpas nodded assent, then taking his pipe from his lips he placed it in Yolland's saying, "Tabac, she goot."

After a few puffs Dick, finding it too strong for him, made a grimace, whereupon the *coureur-de-bois* took it again and replaced it in his own mouth, with a shrug of his shoulders and a savage grunt of satisfaction.

"M'sieur, do no t'ing, you play possum, me tak care for you," he whispered as a parting injunction before rolling back to his comrades.

That evening the canoes entered the river *Messagouetche*, and before midnight they had reached their journey's end,—the Indian camping ground near *Baie Verte*. On their arrival Yolland was placed in a wigwam. Then, while the braves were preparing to hold a council of war, Petitpas, who was

married to a daughter of Cope, sought his father-in-law in hope of obtaining the young Englishman's release, but unfortunately Cope was not in the camp, and he had to content himself with sending a messenger to inform him of what had taken place, while he himself, remained to guard Yolland.

In the course of an hour, the prisoner was led to an open place outside the camp. Here seated in a circle round him, the Indians discussed his fate. After deliberating for some time, an old chief rose, stretched out his long tawney arms and spoke in French thus:

"Two summers ago the English Onontio, say to red man: "Be our brother. If red man will bury the hatchet, white man bury it too. Come to our town and make a lasting peace." Micmac chiefs go to Chebuctou—there they bury the hatchet down in a deep hole, and over the hole they place a big rock, which it take all our hands to roll, and we called the Englishman brother and we abstained from shedding blood. We sheltered some shipwrecked men. We gave them food, but they stole our provisions and killed our women and children. The council fire has been put out with blood. The English have killed the peace. Tell the great English father over the

water that I, the voice of the Micmac say, 'Now that the white man has begun, the red man will not stop till he has revenged the blood the English have spilt.' Thou young man art a warrior, strong as a bear, lithe as a panther, and slender as a sapling. We will not kill you. One of your captors, a great chief, would adopt you as his brother in place of him that Grace and Conner killed." The chief ended amid grunts and ejaculations of applause from his hearers.

The Indian who had adopted Yolland, now brought him to his wigwam, where, after untying his hands, he gave him roasted maize, and a bowl of soup or stew. This Dick ate with a relish, though half suspecting, what he afterwards learned was the truth, that it was dog's meat; the meal finished, he threw himself down on fresh spruce boughs and was soon asleep, —not so soundly however, that a hand on his forehead did not awaken him instantly. Before he could utter a sound, however, the hand was placed over his mouth, and Petitpas whispered in his ear, "Keep good courage, me frien, the brave who tak you for broder, him live moche mile away, all de same time do not'ing you, Petitpas, him take care of you, 'trange

t'ings happen, maybe today, mebber nex' day." Then taking his hand from Dick's mouth, he glided away, stealthily, as he had come."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

By what chance Yolland escaped out of the hands of the savages, and of where he found himself, and how received.

THE next morning, Yolland's host, one of the largest and most savage Micmacs of the tribe, set out with two other Indians, and Dick, for their summer encampment further along the northern shore of French Acadie, or, what we now call New Brunswick,—the *coureur-de-bois* accompanying them as far as the village of Baie Verte. Here at a shop where the captors halted to refresh themselves with firewater, the handsome young prisoner caused not a little excitement, and received not a little sympathy from the *Habitants* they met. The Indians drank briskly, and soon became quarrelsome, but never for an instant released their watchfulness of Yolland.

"What are you going to do with

the captive?" some one enquired of the chief, whose special property Dick was.

"Me've adopted him, in place of my broder who was slain."

"What use? he'll not stay with you an hour after his thongs are cut."

"Ugh! I'll give him my sister for a wife, she'll keep him."

"Dame! it will take more than your sister, Pedousaghtigh to keep a fine gièghene like this one," laughed the Habitant.

"Me take him into forest where are no roads, no churches, no houses, no pale face, nothing but trees, and water and sky, and wigwams and redmen; him not find the path to English town, never."

"Tien! let Monsieur l'Abbé ransom him, he'll give gold for him," some one in the crowd observed.

"No, red man him no need money in forest, Pedousaghtigh him big warrior, many scalps hang on his belt," exclaimed the chief boastfully.

"And what will redskin do for money to pay for firewater and powder, when he comes out of the forest, and is thirsty?" asked a manly looking Acadian.

"The Englisher spilt redman's blood, I'll kill him, and sell his scalp," retorted the savage, with a hideous grin.

"You'll not get much for his scalp," sneered the *coureur-de-bois*, "better let Moutchinen have him alive, we French don't buy English scalps."

"But the *Anglais* do," hissed the chief.

"Yes, that's the kind of fur the *Anglais* trade in," assented another Indian, giving Yolland's hair a pull.

"Come, be reasonable and trade with me, *Pedousaghtigh*, the *Anglais* will only pay you 200 *livres* for his scalp. I'll give you 300 *livres* for him alive," said the owner of the shop.

"Ugh! I'll knock him on the head first, and put him in the kettle. I'd like to know the taste of white meat. I never ate white man's meat. I'll have my fill now—I'll eat this one," yelled the savage, rushing on his captive, hatchet in hand.

During this altercation Yolland stood erect, apparently deaf to what was being said, though in reality, his brow was bathed with perspiration, and cold chills ran through his body and clutched at his heart. He grasped the situation at a glance, and in spite of his fiery and impatient disposition remembering *Pettipas'* injunction, that he should play possum, and leave all to him, he uttered not a



word, but contented himself with watching every look and motion of the savages. Upon entering the shop, the *coureur-de-bois*, unperceived by the others, had loosened the thongs that bound Dick's hands, but he still kept them clasped behind his back. As the Indian rushed towards him with lightning speed, Dick's own movement was almost instinctive. Springing quickly aside as the blow descended, he seized the arm of his antagonist, and with all his herculean strength, twisted the tomahawk out of his hand. Upon this both Indians and Acadians rushed forward, and Pettipas, apparently coming to the aid of the chief, gave Yolland a shove, the force of which stretched him on his back, and caused him to swoon away.

. . . . .

When Yolland came to, it took him some time to collect his thoughts. "Where was he?" he wondered. Never had he seen this great four-posted bed-stead with its blue curtains, and silk coverlet, nor the chest of drawers with brass handles, nor the high-backed chair. Lifting his head to look about him, he felt a sharp pain in his shoulder, and noticed for the first time that his left arm was bandaged. Then all came back to him.

"I'm not killed and in heaven, that's very certain; neither is this the squaw's wigwam, it is far too sweet and dainty for that. But where the dickens am I?" Raising himself carefully on his elbow, Yolland looked about him, but the only additional information he gained was, that a little white ivory cross tied with a blue ribbon hung at the head of his bed, and that he was in a sort of alcove, curtained off from some other place by interminable blue draperies, and that there was a monotonous whirring noise in that other place. Presently, above the hum, he caught a murmur of voices. Cautiously moving to the edge of the bed, Dick parted the curtains enough to see a dark middle-aged buxom matron in a white cap, seated at a wheel spinning, (which accounted for the whirr). Kneeling by her side, was a young girl, in blue kirtle, white bonnet, and long earrings. She was very like what the elder woman must have been at her age, but taller, slighter, and more imperious in appearance,—in a word, a black-haired, black-eyed, saucy Acadian belle, the beau ideal of every village garcon. Listening attentively he heard the following conversation in French:

"How is the poor Englishman, Maman?"

"Hush! he is sleeping; move softly, my child."

"Do you think, my mother, he will recover, the poor young man?"

"Without doubt, my puss."

"And Papa will not let the savages have him again, will he little Maman?"

"Not if he can manage it, but the savages want a large sum, a great deal more money than your father can pay down to-day; he hopes to arrange with them to wait until Monsieur l'Abbé's return for the greater part of the ransom, for he has not 600 livres in the house."

"But I have, dear Maman,—he shall have my dot!" cried the girl, springing to her feet.

"Mon Dieu, your father will never consent to that; besides, what would Pierre say?"

"I don't care a fig what Pierre says; I'm not his wife yet, and if he is not polite I never will be," said the girl with a toss of her head, that set her long gold earrings tinkling.

"But Suzanne, my child, all arrangements are made, the house and barns are building, the dot must go to pay for them."

"All the same, I shall tell Pierre, unless he helps me to ransom this

handsome young English siegneur I'll not marry him. He's not the only one who wants me; I'll not braid Sainte Catherine's hair, never fear." Then, throwing her arms impulsively around her mother, the young girl said coaxingly, "My dear little Maman will do what her Suzanne wants; let us find Papa, come," she cried impatiently, as she dragged her mother out of the room.

In a few moments she returned with her father, M. Cormier, a fine manly well-to-do Acadian, walked to the alcove, softly drew the curtains and looked in; seeing Dick awake he asked,

"How are you, my friend? Better?"

"Yes, I'm all right, thanks."

"No bones broken?" he enquired, feeling Yolland's arm, shoulder and chest.

"No, it's nothing; I was stunned by the fall, not the hatchet."

"Mon Dieu! you are a strong one, M'sieur, the way you wrested that hatchet from Pedousaghtigh was a caution; weren't your hands tied too? How did you get them free?"

"The coureur-de-bois loosened them when we first entered the shop."

"Tien! Maddouanhook gave you

an ugly gash on your arm, M'sieur, but my wife has done it up nicely," observed Cormier, carefully examining the bandage.

"Yes, it is beautifully done, I wondered who dressed it; I must have been unconscious at the time," Yolland replied.

After a little, Cormier said with a laugh, "By our Lady!—I'll be blessed now, but you were a good bit scared by them savages?"

Before Dick could reply, Suzanne popped her curly black head between the curtains, exclaiming with flashing eyes, "That's naughty of you, Papa, he was not scared one bit."

"Hold your tongue, my little cat, how do you know?"

"François told me; besides, you yourself, my father, would be scared if Pedousaghtigh rushed at you with a tomahawk," added the girl, with feminine logic.

"Perhaps, perhaps, you're right," said her father complacently. "Now my child, take one of the servants and go fetch the notary; pray him to come quickly, and to bring his pen and ink horn along, for I want this affair settled immediately."

"Yes my father, I'll go with Azilda, as soon as she brings M'sieur something to eat," and

Suzanne ran off to hurry the breakfast her mother was preparing for the Englishman.

When Yolland and Cormier were alone, the latter said half apologetically, "Maybe you wern't scared M'sieur, but all the same you'll not be sorry to know the savages won't scalp you this time."

"No, I am very glad to know that I have a chance to live out half my days at least; but tell me, pray, how you managed to free me? My memory is a blank from the time that devil struck me."

"Bien! you have to thank François Arsenault that you are here, my friend, rather than tramping through the forest at Pedou-saghtigh's heel."

"And who, pray, is François Arsenault?" enquired Dick.

"Why, the interpreter, the *coureur-de-bois*,—I thought he was a friend of yours; he seems mighty taken with you, M'sieur."

"Yes, I certainly know the *coureur-de-bois*, but I thought his name was Petitpas; he told me it was."

"That's curious, for his name is François Arsenault. All the same, he did his best to liberate you M'sieur. Had M. le Loutre been here it would have been easily accomplished, for the savages would

not dare to refuse to give you up if M. l'Abbé demanded your release; but he is away, and they know it. We Acadians are powerless, we can hardly ever get a captive out of their hands. Of course the military at the Fort could, but they will not often interfere. François managed the affair very well, he sent word to M. De Villeraï, the officer in command at Fort Gasper-eau, and also to Cope asking the latter to meet him here. Cope, who is civilized enough to know the value of gold, was quite willing to agree to your being ransomed, if we would pay him half the money. This we did, and he promised to satisfy your captor as soon as he gets over the effects of the firewater he drank. I tell you, honestly, M'sieur," continued Cormier, "I did not want to meddle in this affair, for you Anglais have not kept faith with us Acadians, nor with the savages either, for that matter, but when you swooned you were hustled out of the shop into my house, almost before I knew it; then my little girl, who has a kind heart, saw you, and will have you ransomed, though it takes a power of money. The English bounty on French scalps has tempted many a savage to kill his captive rather than take him to the

missionaries, who in their wisdom offer a reward for the captive alive, not dead."

"But I'm British,—had I been scalped it is the French that would have paid the bounty," said Yoland thoughtfully.

"Tiens! you are wrong, my friend. The French here do not buy English scalps; M. l'Abbé will not permit such barbarity," replied the Acadian.

"Then what, in the name of goodness, were the wretches going to do with me?"

"Take your scalp to the nearest English fort and get the price; the savages have learned a thing or two."

"Good heavens! you are not in earnest?" Dick exclaimed.

"Indeed I am; many a time we Acadians have wondered whose scalps the Anglais bought. It would take a very cunning coureur-de-bois to distinguish the scalp of an Englishman from a Frenchman; your hair is chestnut, but the savages are very expert hair dressers. They grease, blacken, and perfume the locks to perfection. All are alike after death, both French and English; yours—M'sieur, would not be the first English scalp your people bought. When you go again to Chebouctou, just you give



Governor Lawrence this piece of advice from me, to have all the scalps washed, or find the head upon which they fit, before he buys them. But come, cheer up, my friend, you're safe this time."

"I am vastly obliged to you, Monsieur, for what you have done; as for the money, you shall not lose that, I promise you. I'll give you my note now for the amount, which I will pay, with interest, immediately upon getting back to Halifax."

"Not so fast, my young gentleman; it will be many a long day I fear, before you see 'Halifax,' as you call Chebouctou."

"In that case, I must contrive some other way to refund you. I shall not buy my life at the expense of your daughter's happiness," said Yolland haughtily.

"Dame! I do not understand, M'sieur. What do you mean?"

"Simply this: I overheard Mademoiselle Suzanne urging her mother to pay my ransom with her dowry. I cannot accept such a sacrifice on her part."

"Oh! make yourself easy on that score M'sieur,—my child will not lose her dot. I hadn't the money in the house, so borrowed the eight hundred livres from her. The savages are laid up safe now;

we gave them firewater enough to make them drunk as seigneurs, but when they come to, there will be a row, unless we have the money ready and the papers drawn up for them to sign then and there, for they are like children demanding immediate satisfaction for injury or reward for good deeds done.

"And who will repay you, or rather, Mlle. Suzanne if I do not?" Yolland asked.

"M. Le Loutre, for sure; he ransoms all prisoners he hears of, both white and red."

"Then I shall be set at liberty, I suppose, as soon as I can repay him?" Dick enquired.

"I do not know, you will be a French prisoner then. My responsibility ends when I leave you at the Fort," Cormier replied.

"But you are not going to take me to the fort, before M. Le Loutre returns, surely?"

"I have no choice; we Acadians are commanded to fetch all the English we find immediately to Fort Beauséjour."

"But are you not aware that you Acadians are running a great risk in obeying this order? Surely you have been told that the King of France has ceded Acadie to England, and in consequence you are

British subjects, and have no right to aid the French," said Yolland.

"Yes, yes, I know perfectly. That is what you English say, M'sieur, but the French have another way of looking at it. M. l'Abbé has explained it all to us, and there is not a child among us that does not know that His Most Christian Majesty only ceded the peninsular of Acadie, and that we on this side of the Messaoueteche are French subjects, just as much as if we were living in Isle St. Jean or Isle Royale."

"Well, supposing for the sake of argument that this is French territory, how can you keep me prisoner in time of peace?" objected Yolland.

"Perhaps you never heard of the letter Governor Cornwallis wrote Captain Cobb?" the other enquired incredulously.

"No, I never have," replied the young man.

"Bien! M. l'Abbé got hold of it somehow or other, and made several copies; one of these he gave Gautier, which, when I read, I copied again and kept. Would you like to see it?" he asked, as he opened one of the drawers in the chest at the foot of Dick's bed. "Pardieu! I think that will explain why I take you to the fort, M'sieur."

Raising himself on his elbow, Dick silently perused the following letter:

TO CAPTAIN SYLVANUS COBB:—

“Having certain information that Le Loutre, a French priest at Chignecto, is the author of all the disturbance the Indians have made in this Province, and that he directs and instructs them, and provides them from Canada with arms, ammunition and everything necessary for their purpose, you are hereby ordered to apprehend the said priest Le Loutre, wherever he may be found, that you may answer the crimes laid to his charge.

As all the inhabitants of Chignecto through his instigation have harboured and assisted the Indians, and have never given the least intelligence to this Government, you are hereby ordered to seize as many of the inhabitants as you can, or, in case they quit their houses upon your approach, you are to seize and secure as many of their wives and children, as you think proper, and deliver them to the first English fort you shall come to, to remain as hostages of their better behaviour.

You will likewise search their houses for papers, arms and am-

munition and warlike stores of any kind, which you will take and destroy.

Given under my hand at Halifax, January 13, 1750."

E. CORNWALLIS.

This he returned without a word.

"What do you think of that?" Cormier enquired exultingly.

"Nothing, nothing, take me to the first fort, or where you will," said the young man, wearily closing his eyes.

"Pardon M'sieur, I've talked too much, I forgot you were not well," apologized the Acadian, turning away to replace his letter in the chest of drawers; while so doing, he saw through the lattice his daughter returning with the notary.

"Here they are! We'll soon finish the business now. Have good courage my friend," he cried.

"May I trouble you, Monsieur, to tell the *coureur-de-bois* I would like to see him, before he leaves. I wish to thank him for all he has done."

"I'll tell him with pleasure. Now go to sleep," said Cormier, as he left the room.

Yolland lay for some time with half closed eyes, apparently asleep,—in reality at war with himself; utterly worn out and dispirited, he felt provoked that he was so, and

kept continually calling himself to account for what was but the natural depression consequent upon the intense excitement and fatigue he had undergone the past few days. At last he grew calmer, and must have dozed off. He was awakened by something hitting his nose. Rubbing the injured feature, he looked about for the missile, and discovered the daintiest little nosegay imaginable, of pink and white flowers of an exquisite fragrance, a very harbinger of peace, lying on the pillow. Wondering how it came there, he heard steps on the other side of the curtains. Cautiously parting these, as he had done before, he saw Madame Cormier and her daughter, in deep converse before a quaint old Breton clothes-press, the open doors of which revealed shelves piled high with snowy linen,—as he afterwards learned all spun and fashioned by the matron and her daughter. From the recesses of this press, Suzanne drew a small box, which she handed her mother. Presently, sitting down on a low chair, the latter emptied the contents into her capacious lap, and together they counted out one hundred and forty gold pieces, each piece being worth six livres.

"It takes almost all you have, my child," sighed Mme. Cormier

"*Bien!* that's nothing, I'll get it again from M. l'Abbé," said the girl.

"We are not so sure of that; some say M. l'Abbé is tired of ransoming the English, who never reciprocate," replied her mother.

"*Mon Dieu!* I'll run the risk; i wish he were French! It's curious, but he speaks like one—just like the military and seigneurs at Louisbourg—who knows? Perhaps M. l'Abbeé will convert him, he is far too handsome for a heretic," she murmured, half to herself.

'Hush! he'll hear you, silly magpie."

"Not he, he is sleeping like a log. I peeped in through the window," said the saucy little Miss, with a laugh, and a glance in the direction of the alcove.

Shortly after they quitted the room, and Dick, wonderfully cheered by this sweet sympathy, that was balm to his wounded feelings, soon fell into a refreshing sleep, from which he was awakened late in the afternoon, by the cheery voice of his host, asking if he had slept well and were better.

"Here are some clothes my wife has sent you, M'sieur. I am sorry we could not procure an English costume, but perhaps this will do; M. le Captain de Villeraï got it

for us at the storehouse at Fort Gaspereau," he explained, as he laid on the bed a neat French suit.

"Many, many thanks!" cried Dick, laughing heartily from very lightness of heart.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Cormier testily, not a little vexed at the reception accorded his gift. Is not this suit good enough for you, M'sieur?"

"Pardon me, it is too good, but it just struck me as being curious the number of costumes I've figured in lately; when the Indians captured me I was dressed like a hunter, now I shall appear at dinner as a petit maître," laughed Yolland.

"Not so soon as that, my friend; my wife says you must not get up till to-morrow, and every one in this house obeys 'Madame'," said that lady's dutiful spouse.

"Then, I shall have to do what everybody does, I suppose, and obey Madame," laughed Dick. "But you have not yet told me how you fixed up matters with the Indians. Did Pedousaghtigh come to terms?"

"Yes, with the help of M. le Capitain de Villeraï, and a few soldiers from Fort Gaspereau, we made quick work of him. He is half way home by this time, under the escort of Cope and Arsenault;



by the way! the latter charged me to tell you that he would come and see you to-morrow evening.

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## CHAPTER IX.

**Of how Mademoiselle Suzanne and Yolland become friends, and of a long talk with the coureur-de-bois, who is not Pettipas.**

AFTER breakfast next morning, Madame came and dressed Yolland's arm, then sent in a servant-man to aid him with his toilet, though, it being his left arm that was hurt, he could easily have managed for himself.

In the course of an hour, Dick was comfortably installed in a large armchair by the open door of the living room, enjoying both the fresh morning air, and the breezy talk of his companion,—Mdlle. Suzanne, whose busy fingers kept pace with her tongue, as she cunningly wrought stems, leaves, buds and flowers into her tapestry.

"Where did you learn to do that work—did your mother teach you?" Yolland asked.

"No, Maman can not do the tapestry; they taught me that at Louisbourg."

"So you have been at Louisbourg?"

"Yes, I was at school at the convent there."

"Are many young Acadiennes educated in Louisbourg?" asked Dick.

"Yes, those who can afford it send their daughters to Isle Royal. All my best friends have been educated at the convent,—the le Blancs, the Gautiers, and the Thibaudeaus, have been all there. We have no school in Acadie now, but my mother says that when she was young, a girl could learn all that was needed at Port Royal. Maman can do white embroidery beautifully. She tried to teach me, but alas! I've not the patience for it. You must see the altar-hangings she is at work upon now; Maman intends to present them to the Church on the occasion of the first marriage mass in our family."

"Then she will have to finish them very soon, from all I hear," observed Yolland, smiling.

"I don't know what you have heard, M'sieur," rejoined the young girl with a toss of her curly black head that shook the earrings, "but Maman has almost finished them any how."

"And who is the happy groom?" enquired the young gentleman quizzically.

"You'll have to find that out from somebody besides me,

M'sieur," she replied saucily, though not at all displeased at being teased.

During a lull in the conversation, Suzanne stopped her work, and looking gravely at her companion with her round black eyes, said in a subdued voice,

"Do you know M'sieur, you are the first *heretic* I've ever seen."

"Well, and what do you think of me?" laughed Yolland.

"You, M'sieur, are not at all like what I supposed a heretic would be,—not one bit like what they told me." Then, sedately nodding her head, and her earrings, to emphasize her thoughts and her words, "Do you know M'sieur, I used to think a heretic was a *loup-garou*," she solemnly confessed in a whisper. Then, noting Yolland's amused face, added quickly. "You laugh, but the *loup-garou* is certainly some sort of bad man that runs after people in the night if he is not a heretic, for he has followed lots of folk in the village, as my father can tell you. You believe in the *loup-carou* surely, M'sieur?"

"I trust I shall not lose the good opinion you have formed of me, Mademoiselle, nevertheless truth compels me to confess I do not believe in the *loup-garou*."

"Then what do you believe in M'sieur?"

"Why, I believe in God, and in the angels, and——."

"In the devil?" interrupted the young girl eagerly.

"Yes, I suppose so," admitted Yolland.

"And you're afraid of him, eh?" continued Suzanne, breathlessly.

"No, not of a personal devil."

"Then why do you wear a scapulaire?" she enquired, rising and coming close to him. "You must be afraid of something."

"I do not wear one," replied Yolland, wondering at her question.

"Then what is this?" she exclaimed triumphantly, dangling a little bag before his eyes.

"That! where did you get that?" cried Dick with joy and delight, holding out his hand for Meg's little bag, that he had never a doubt but that the Indians had made way with.

"First tell me what's in it, and why you wear it?" retorted Suzanne, holding it well out of his reach behind her back.

"It is only a keepsake, that my sister made me years ago, and which I promised to wear in memory of her. Come give it to me, Mademoiselle."

"You're wonderfully eager to get a bag that your sister made M'sieur. Say please and I will—no I won't, —let me open it first; it is stuffed

full of something," said the saucy girl, as she felt the outside; "it is something hard like a ring,—yes, I am sure it is a ring, a love-charm, a heart ring with a motto, like the one Pierre gave me.

I must see it before I give it to you, or I never shall, for you'll keep it. Come, may I open it? You owe me that little pleasure, M'sieur, for had not it been for me you might never have seen it again. May I? Oh may I?" she cried, with childish impetuosity, her hands toying the while with the strings.

"Yes, Miss Curiosity, you may," laughed Dick.

Hardly were the words out of his lips, ere the string was snapped, and the contents in Suzanne's hands. On top of Polly's note, never yet opened, lay Yolland's ring, which he had put there for safe-keeping when he started upon his adventures, and the loss of which had disturbed him more than he liked to admit, even to himself.

After the ring had been duly admired, and Yolland had explained why he put it in the bag, he wound up by saying, "Now it is your turn, Mademoiselle, to tell me how the bag came into your possession."

François Arsenault asked me last evening before he left to give it to you. He thought it was a scapu-

larie, and he told the Indians so, and then they did not dare keep it."

"Which was very lucky for me," assented Yolland.

"Now won't you let me see the *billet-doux* M'sieur?" coaxed the girl, as Yolland folded up, after reading, much to his amusement, Polly's paper that he had cherished so carefully all these years.

"Pon honor, it is only some of my sister's nonsense, an old prescription of my Grandfathers, fit for no human being but an Indian. I'll not quarrel with it, however, since it has been the means of saving the ring; here it is, Mademoiselle, if you want to look at it; you'll not be able to read it, it is in English," said Dick, handing her the paper.

"La la! I can read a little English,—I had an English friend at the convent."

"Did you, how did that happen?" Yolland asked.

"She was a prisoner from Nouvelle France, they said, but she never spoke of herself."

"What was she like?" enquired the young man.

"She was charming, with a mass of wavy brown hair that she wore tied back with a black ribbon, just as you do yours, M'sieur."

"And her eyes, what color were they?"

"Ah! that's something I never could decide. At times they were gray, at times they were black, being very deep set, they reminded me of our well, where the water changes its color with every change in the sky; then her complexion,—it was lovely. We French girls looked so dark beside her; she was pink and white, just like those May-flowers in your buttonhole, that I gave you."

"What was her name?" asked Dick, deeply interested.

"We used to call her Mlle. Mees Marie, or Mlle. Marie Anglaise."

"Is she there yet?"

"Yes, the nuns have adopted her, and want her to become a religieuse, but Mees Marie told me that was not her vocation, that though she liked teaching in the convent, she would never join the order. The last time Francois Arsenault came from Louisbourg he brought me a letter, and a sweet little present from her," said Suzanne, blushing, at the remembrance of the pretty wedding gift.

"Does Arsenault know Mlle. Marie?" enquired Yolland eagerly, his quick brain jumping to a conclusion, like a woman's.

"Yes, he knows her very well."

"Is not that a little strange?"

"It is, now I come to think of it. Perhaps he knew Mlle. Marie before she came to Louisbourg," replied Suzanne, thoughtfully.

"Had Mlle. Marie many friends in Louisbourg?" Yolland asked.

"Not many, she used sometimes to visit Madame de Drucourt and the other ladies at the Fort, but went nowhere else that I know of; but you're very interested in your compatriot M'sieur," said the little Acadienne with an arch smile.

"It is true, I am very interested just now, in all prisoners," rejoined Yolland, smiling a little sadly.

"Pardon M'sieur, I quite forgot," said the tender-hearted girl. I wish Papa could keep you here always, but never fear, you'll enjoy yourself far better at Beauséjour. Ah! they are gay there. If I were a man I would be a soldier, and fight for my king and country."

"Do you ever go to Beauséjour?" Dick asked.

"I was there once, at a ball, since I came home. M. le Captain de Vergor is an Acadian, and a relation of ours, but I don't like him, you understand, he is so ugly, and such an ogler and stutters,—ah! but the young officers are jolly and gallant, and amiable, and superb in their white uniforms and gold



lace." Then, looking at her companion with her great black eyes, she solemnly asked: "Which do you think the handsomer, M'sieur, —white or red uniforms?"

"I never thought before of comparing them. You must give me time to weigh the merits of each before deciding," replied the young gentleman, not a little amused at the gravity of the question.

"Do you know, M'sieur, what the French say is the reason that the English wear red?"

"No, what is it, I am curious to hear?"

"They say that the English soldiers run at the sight of blood, so their coats are red that they may not see it."

"By George! very ingenious, but do you believe it Mademoiselle?"

"I did once, but not now, since I have seen how brave you are M'sieur; but for all that," she affirmed, with a shake of her head, "the red coat is sanglant, eh, M'sieur?"

"Not only the red coat, but war is sanguinary," assented the young man.

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Yolland was alone when the *coureur-de-bois* came; it being the month of Mary, and a service every evening for the young girls of the parish, Madame Cormier and her

daughter had both gone to church.

"How do, M'sieur?" asked Arsenault, on entering. Then, noticing Dick's marked improvement in appearance, he continued without waiting for a reply. "Gosh! you do fine ma frien."

"Yes, I'm all right again, thanks to you, François," replied Yolland gaily.

"Tiens! who told you, M'sieur, my name François?" asked the man, with a grin.

"Why, everybody here calls you that, and I thought I would better do likewise."

"It will be sam ting for me, M'sieur."

"So I supposed; but now, what I want you to tell me to-night, is, how you came by that letter you left at Fort Lawrence, years ago,—you know the one I mean?" cried Dick impatiently.

"Perfectly, M'sieur, it was m'intention for spik about dat letter, dis very night; bien! I will show you de bottom of me heart. Long tam ago, de savages tak wan English girl captive, M'zelle Aglaise. She jolie an' she goot, she tak care fine of de familee of me when dey were sick wit de petite verole; ma broder, him's come dead hese'f but M'zelle she no scar't, she say petite verole no touch she; for sure, some

ange gardien watch over she, same like Moutchinen; bote de two go from wigwam to wigwam an geeve goot medecin and goot words dat cure de malidee, and cheer de heart. After dat Moutchinen tak M'zelle to Louisbourg, to de convent, an we all tink she will be religieuse, but she tole me no, not she. Ven I have plaintee skins I go some tam to Louisbourg for trade. Ma wife neyer forget to mak for M'zelle wan pair of mocassin for de col weder, and many oder squaws sen' her costor skins, for keep her warm. I tak all dese tings to de convant. Wan day she say to me, 'François, wan Monsieur French militaire tell me if I sen a leetle note to de English fort, just to let dem know I'm here, dey will den me ransom,—vill you tak de billet for me, ma frien?' 'Yes,' say I, 'I'll tak it if dey kill me for doing o: it.' I tell you, M'sieur, I'll do mos' ever ting for to geeve M'zelle a pleasement; den I ax 'where is de note?' She mak answer, 'I geeve it to de French Militaire and he'll geeve it you Françoise, and tell you how leave it.' 'I don't want to hear no ting how to leave it,' I said, 'but I'll do as you say, M'zelle, an ver does dis M'sieur live?' She told me and ax me to call nex evenin at him. I call, and

I found a vere beeg man, who talk much of de leetle Anglaise, and he told me, 'leave de billet wit de Commandant de Captain Scott, and no oder people at Fort Lawrence; it was vere necessare to be secret', him say, and dis I do. You 'member of it M'sieur?" he asked, expressively lifting his shoulders.

"Yes, François, you were very secret about it; in fact, acted your part admirably."

"And you, too, M'sieur," retorted the other with a grin that showed his beautiful white teeth. "By Gosh! dat was smart trick you play me, I tink. You geeve me back de sam billet de girl she write, t'ree mont ago; I tink I know something about it, cos I bring it, but the Militaire say very goot, and M'zelle very satisfy. It's funny, but M'zelle not fool wit me, dat's certain, I tink."

"Why did you never come back with the furs as you promised you would? Did I scare you away with my bluster? I hoped you would understand me," Yolland enquired.

"Hein! me understan perfectly, M'sieur. You do it for blind; de Commander Scott, him treat de Habitants like a dog, him geeve me no chance for to tell,—you treat me like a Christian, mebbe you say

hard woods, but you laugh all de sam! François know M'sieur, him play 'possum. Bien! I tell you leetle secret," said the coureur-de-bois, drawing his chair close to Yolland, and speaking in a whisper, "I don't come back M'sieur, 'cos I speck de French Militaire; him not goot man, I fear he do moche harm to M'zelle."

"The wretch, the villian, confound him! what did he do to her?" exclaimed the young gentleman, springing to his feet.

"Him do M'zelle not'ing, 'cos I no let him. Dis Militaire want François to fetch billet to English fort for him; me spect t'ings not square, me tole you, M'sieur; me can't read!" And up went the shoulders interrogatively. "Bien! me interpretor, me read well enough; me open de letter of French Militaire to de Captain Scott, and me read, 'I'll sen you from time to time news of what all goes on here at Louisbourg. "Mlle. tonnerre!" says I to myself, "Arsenault he'll not tak dat billet to English fort, him no traitre, him goot Catholic, him tell M'zelle dat do she no goot. Bien! I geeve her de billet and say to her, you no want Arsenault to tak dat to English fort? She read what is writ, and

she say, 'No, ma frien, never, never, him vere bad man.'

"You did perfectly right, my friend," cried Yolland, seizing the hand of the *coureur-de-bois* and shaking it in his enthusiasm.

"Me very satisfy dat M'sieur tink so. Sapre! dat ole Militaire, him worse sojar, dat's never in de worl. Vat I see, I tole nobody but your-se'f; mebee some day I tell M. l'Abbé, if M'zelle say me to."

"By the way, Arsenault, do you know the young lady's family name?"

"No, M'sieur, she call always, M'zelle Anglaise."

After thanking the *coureur-de-bois* for returning the little bag, etc., Yolland asked, abruptly, "Pray why did you take all the trouble you did to free me, Arsenault?"

"I dunno, M'sieur, cept I tink, it geeve some pleasement to M'zelle, and I'll leeve and die more content if I do goot; de Habitant him no cruel like de savages, ma frien. Him get all de captives him can from de savages, and tak to M. l'Abbé for ransom. Alas! M'sieur, you have no chance, cos Moutchinen mak de voyage, and de savage, him drunk wit revenge; but me do my possible. Arsenault say to Cope de chief, "Tiens! monee

cover revenge,—de Anglais him got plaintee, got—”

Just then, the others coming in, the conversation became general.

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## CHAPTER X.

**Of Yolland's Reception at Fort Beausejour, and How in Escaping From Charybdis, he Fell Upon Scylla.**

THE next morning, M. Cormier took Yolland to Beauséjour; they were going on horseback, but 'Madame' declared that 'Monsieur' was not yet well enough to ride sixteen miles, and that he must go in her carriage, (which, rather to Dick's surprise turned out to be a grand coach, imported from France, and only used on state occasions).

Yolland was in high spirits, and went off laughing, followed by cries of 'au revoir' from Mme. Cormier and Mlle. Suzanne.

At length, Yolland was about to secure an interview with Le Loutre. That which he had planned and wished for so ardently was now, by one of those unexpected strokes of fortune, to take place, by simple and natural means,

just as he had given up all hope of accomplishing it.

Some two hundred yards from Beauséjour, M. Cormier stopped the horses, and leaving Yolland in the carriage alone, sought the Commandant. After a little delay he returned with an officer and twelve men, unarmed, but for their swords. Our hero was then blindfolded, so completely that the cloth almost covered his face,—and two of the men took him by the arms to lead him into the fort, and as Dick afterwards learned, they took him a long way round, up stairs and down through many passages and corridors, ere bringing him to the Commandant.

Finally they came to a standstill, and the bandage pulled from his eyes; at first all was confusion, then gradually,—as he became accustomed to the light,—Dick distinguished a group of officers seated at a table. Turning to one, whom, from his uniform—not his bearing—he judged to be the Commandant, M. de Vergor, he saluted, and apologized for his seeming tardiness in doing so, upon which de Vergor returned the compliment—and apologized for his having been blindfolded, said there was no occasion to do it, that there was



nothing to see at Beauséjour, etc., etc.

"But w—a—a— what business br—r—o—ought you to Acadie Monsieur?" stammered the Commandant.

"The love of sport and adventure," replied Yolland.

"Then you found them," retorted de Vergor, with a disagreeable laugh, in which one or more of the others joined. "You a—r—e in the army, Monsieur?" he continued.

"No Monsieur, I was formerly, but am no longer."

"Then w—h—a—t are you, Monsieur?"

"A Scotch gentleman, Richard Yolland, at your service, Monsieur," he replied, with a dignity that impressed all present. "You have heard, I presume, from M. Cormier the high-handed way in which I was seized by your Indians, not in French Acadie, be it understood, but on the other side of the Messagouetche, on ground you yourselves acknowledge to be English; and of how from there I was dragged to Baie Verte. Surely, Monsieur, you do not suffer your allies to rob and murder British subjects thus, in time of peace?"

"Pardieu! it is not in our power to control the savages. True, they are our allies, but they are not our

subjects. They can make war, and they can make peace without consulting us; the black robes,—they alone can influence them," replied de Vergor.

"Then, Monsieur, I beg you will provide me with an escort to the nearest English fort," urged Yol-land, in a calm voice.

"Pardon Monsieur, I would give you one with the greatest of pleasure," replied de Vergor, bowing with his country's frothy politeness, "but we must abide the coming of the Grand Vicar, M. Le Loutre. It is he who occupies himself with the ransom of captives,—it is not our affair. In the meantime you shall be our guest. Be assured, it is only a matter of form, our putting you on parole."

"I shall make no attempt to escape, Monsieur, for I am certain that M. Le Loutre will understand the case, and act fairly and justly by me."

After an interchange of compliments the interview ended by the Commandant calling his valet St. Germain, and requesting him to "show Monsieur le Capetain Yol-land to the apartments prepared for him."

Dick found his quarters very comfortable. In the course of the day every officer in the fort had visited him, and one and all were

exceedingly civil. The French army had no mess like the English, but scarcely a man among them, but engaged Yolland to sup or breakfast with him, in the near future. Dick's good looks and affability of manners soon gained him friends, and few of their parties were complete without him. Thus while awaiting the coming of the Abbé, he found plenty to occupy both time and attention. The fort abounded in those contrasts always interesting to students of human nature. The officers were, for the most part, of the Canadian noblesse,—some few, sons of seigneurs of Acadie; chief among these were, the Commandant du Chambon de Vergor and his kinsman, de Vannes; the former was a square built man, with head sunk between his shoulders, of disagreeable countenance, and no education; though a devout observer of the forms of religion, he was a bon vivant and a friend and follower of the infamous Intendant "Bigot," eking out his pay with an Acadian "Friponne" à la the one in Quebec. De Vannes was thought handsome, but his face, of a purplish red with bloodshot eyes, bore signs of dissipation; he was a bully and gamester, who piqued himself upon having seen life, openly boasting that, "if there was any wickedness under

the sun that had escaped him, there was none under the moon.' Then there was Pierepont, a good soldier and a skilful engineer, and Captain Herbiere, who prided himself more on his bravery than on his manners,—both from France,—as was also the Commissary of stores Pichon. This latter was a large, showy, dissatisfied looking man in an elaborately powdered wig, his self-consciousness betraying itself by the continual adjustment of his apparel, which was that of a dandy rather than a soldier; sometimes he occupied himself with his wig, sometimes with his watches, two of which he carried, a chain dangling on either side of his long waistcoat. Young Bellisle, the son of Anastasio St. Castin, bold and dashing, with his strikingly handsome olive face, about which fell straight jet black hair, betraying the wild blood of his Indian grandmother, was there too, as well as *coureurs-de-bois*, with their black flashing eyes, graceful figures and the springing gait found only in those accustomed to walk in moccasins; and last but not least, was the priest, the missionary, the Moutchinen of the savage, and Grand Vicar of French Acadie.

Yolland was not long in discovering, that, though the French were

united against the English, they were at variance among themselves; scarcely a man but had a grievance of some kind. Besides which, the garrison was split into two parties, the devout, and the worldly. With the latter, Le Loutre, so zealous was he for good morals, was anything but a favorite. They nicknamed him Moses, and joked about the stiff-necked people he had brought up, out of the land of Egypt, to die in the wilderness.

Yolland's fluent French, lively manner and present dress, led many a careless young fellow to forget occasionally that he was not one of themselves. When he reminded them of it, they would, oftener than not, laugh and compliment him upon being so like a Frenchman, and compassionate him upon being kept prisoner. "It is all M. l'Abbé's doing—not the Commandant's—the Church is supreme, and the sword in abeyance here in Acadie," said a little French sub. one day to Dick.

"And unfortunately there is no appeal, for priests rule in France, and it is a crime even to write a word against him," assented Pichon.

"And the worst of it is, that not content with playing the role of

Moses, he must add that of Aaron; pardieu! he's spokesman on every occasion, and hammers at us, as if every word he said was inspired," said the first speaker.

"Diable! he looks and acts as if he had just come down from a consultation on the Mount," sneered de Vannes.

"I've seen M. Le Loutre only at a distance," said Yolland, "but it struck me he was a fine, soldierly looking man."

"Yes, he's a soldier, spoilt by being a priest. He is at the bottom of every intrigue, and all the trouble in Acadie; the Commandant can only keep the peace by yielding everything. It's Le Loutre's aim to reduce the military to a mere cipher in the government of affairs," replied Pichon.

"He has an itch to meddle in what does not concern him. I cannot see what is bringing him back again to Beauséjour; we are doing very well without him," exclaimed a young lieutenant.

"He is coming back, for one thing,—to superintend the building of the aboiteau he began last Autumn for the poor Refugees," explained Pierepont, with warmth.

"Ciel! what use? Let the Refugees go to the English, if they want, and be damned! They are

forever hankering after the flesh pots of Egypt; Moses has to my certain knowledge already spent fifty thousand francs on them, and what thanks has he? If he had spent it on me now, I would pay for a mass for the repose of his soul every day in the year," retorted de Vannes, turning on his heel.

"Bah! he's a meddler here," muttered Pichon, as the two left the room arm in arm.

When Pierepont found himself alone with Yolland, he hastened to say, "You must not believe everything those gentlemen say, Monsieur, they are unaccountably prejudiced. M. l'Abbé is as bold and daring a spirit as any man living. True, he carries all before him, with a high hand, but it is through his superiority of mind, and religious zeal. He is often bitter, irritating and vehement, I acknowledge, but he is fearless, enthusiastic and patriotic, doing every thing, giving every thing for the salvation of souls and the glory of God. Unhappily our Commandant is more attentive to the main chance than to the duties of his station; his end is gold, rather than glory.

The month of May passed pleasantly enough. June entered on a Sunday, a warm sultry day suc-

ceeded by a lovely balmy night, far too beautiful to spend indoors. The knot of young men on the balcony, overlooking the courtyard at Beauséjour, evidently thought so, for it was long past midnight and they still lingered. Suddenly their attention was attracted by the noise of a number of persons being admitted at one of the gates,—a very unusual thing at that hour of the night, in the quiet fort.

"Ciel! what's in the wind?" cried a lively young fellow.

"Let's go down and find out," rejoined a companion.

Presently Bellisle rushed up, shouting, "I've good news for you my boys, there's a French squadron coming up the bay."

All sprang to their feet at this announcement. Several cried,

"How did you hear? Who told you?"

"The Habitants along the coast saw them, and a party from Chipody hastened here hot foot to tell the Commandant; they are closeted with him now. Did not you hear the row at the gate? But come! where are the rest of the fellows?" And off he hurried, singing the refrain of a Canadian boat song as he went.

"I suppose it's the fleet we've been expecting from France," said



Pierepont, as he bade Dick good-night. The latter, feeling, he hardly knew why, somewhat *de trop*, quickly withdrew to his own room. Then, locking his door hastened to the little window that gave on the bay, and peered long and steadily into the darkness, but could see nothing unusual.

"I wonder if it is really the French fleet," he mused as he prepared for bed.

This thought haunted him, and prevented his sleeping soundly; in a couple of hours or so he arose and went to the window.

"Yes, yes, there they are for sure," he cried aloud, with sudden excitement, trying to count the distant lights of the moving vessels.

FROM the sounds that came to him through the open window, he knew the inmates of the fort were astir, and preparations of some kind on foot; accordingly, with the intention of going on the parapet, he hastily dressed, but upon unlocking his door, he found to his surprise, that it was bolted on the outside.

"What the dickens does this mean!" he exclaimed. "I'm a prisoner, confound it! Can it be possible upon the arrival of this fleet, that the French are going to attack Fort Lawrence, and regain

Acadie? By George! there may be some truth, after all, in that letter Tyrell sent, purporting to come from General du Quesne; perhaps too, Le Loutre has been away upon this very business. Odd I never suspected it!"

Musing thus, Yolland returned to the window, from which he watched with breathless interest the approaching squadron.

At break of day the ships glided into Chignecto Basin. Slowly and regularly they came, thirty-six vessels in naval order. It was an imposing spectacle. Every eye was strained, eager to see the flag that would salute the morning sun; slowly the colors rose to the mast's head, and the Union Jack, standard of England, unfurled in the breeze before the gaze of the astounded and chagrined garrison.

As much amazed as any one in the fort, Dick was vainly trying to solve the mystery of an English fleet in those waters, when his door was unceremoniously opened by a sergeant, who informed him he was come to conduct him to the Commandant.

Yolland barely entered de Vergor's apartment, when that officer rushed towards him, gesticulating, and shouting—

"What are those ships doing here?"

"Surely, Monsieur, you do not suspect me!"

But without heeding Yolland's reply, de Vergor continued:

"Mille tonnerres! a very pretty little game you thought to play on us,—to come here when M. l'Abbé was away,—you heretic, you are mightily afraid of a priest! What do you take me for? Did you imagine that M. l'Abbé was in charge of the fort, and that no one dare lift a finger when he is away? *Scarcé bleu!* I'll show you that I, Captain de Vergor, am master in things temporal, and that it is with me, the Commandant, you have to deal; I'll hang you for a spy,—I'll break you on the wheel, as they did that English spy at Brest last year,—By St. Fiacre, I will!"

In his excitement de Vergor was almost eloquent. He was unconscious of himself and forgot to stutter. It was only when Yolland interrupted him, to say something in his own defence, that the irascible Comandant became self-conscious and stammered. Then, impatient with his infirmity, and all those about him, he became quite unintelligible as he rapt out oath after oath, followed by threats, his whole frame trembling

with rage. Finally, he ended the interview by summoning a sergeant to conduct the prisoner to a cell.

Yolland drew himself up proudly,—a way he had when displeased, that made him look taller than ever, and was particularly offensive to the under-sized irascible Commandant; but he followed the soldier without demur. Almost before he had time to collect his thoughts, he was thrust into an underground cell, and the door shut and barred. At first the obscurity was difficult to penetrate; the little light there was came from a grating in the door, through which his jailor might throw him his food, or even watch him if so disposed; after a while his sight becoming sufficiently accustomed to the semi-darkness to distinguish objects around him, Dick noticed that the furniture of the cell was of the usual kind found in such a place, a camp-bed with a pallet of straw, a wooden table, a three-legged stool, a basin and jug of water.

The majority of men thrown thus suddenly into a dungeon, in hourly expectation of being hanged, or broken on the wheel, would have felt depressed to say the least. Not so Yolland,—his buoyant nature seldom dwelt long on the

dark side of life. Groping his way to the stool, he drew it up to the table, and sat down with his head in his hands, reflecting.

"There is no use in kicking, it almost seems as if this came upon me to overthrow all my previous theories of a man being able to work out his own destiny. I once supposed it was only weak natures who were bowled over by circumstances. Now I don't imagine my worst enemy would call me weak, yet my best laid plans are somehow knocked over like soldiers of straw. But I'll live through it, I've turned right side up so often I'm sure to do so now. De Vergor will not dare to kill me, before Le Loutre returns, and if that is an English fleet in the bay, who knows what may happen? I mortally hate sitting here doing nothing, when there is fighting going on outside, but when I undertook to find Mawkin, I vowed I'd funk at nothing and I'm not going to now—By George! if I could walk out of Beauséjour free this moment, I'd not go till I had seen the Abbé, and I'm a greater ass than I fancy I am, if I don't find out something from him about my little sprig of sweet clover."

The interview with Le Loutre was nearer than Yolland had dared to hope.

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**CHAPTER XI.**

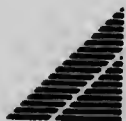
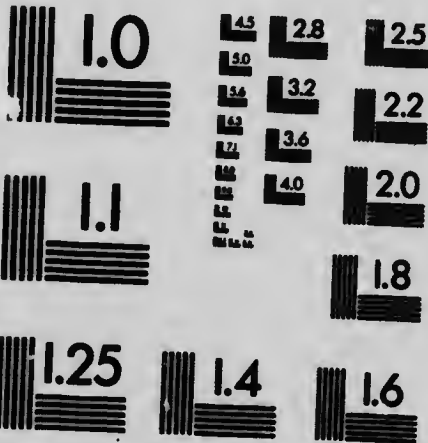
**In Which we are Introduced to the "Ardent Abbe" Le Loutre, Under Another Aspect.**

SHORTLY after Dick had finished his frugal breakfast the next morning, or rather what he supposed to be the next morning, for he would not ask his jailor even the time of day, knowing full well, soldier that he was, if the man had been forbidden to hold any communication with him, the enquiry would be useless; if, on the contrary, the man had not been forbidden, he preferred all advances to come from him, as he was sure they would in time,—persons of that class being usually garrulous,—suddenly the rusty key was turned in the lock, the heavy bolts drawn, the massive door creaked on its hinges, and a light from a lanthorn flashed in his eyes. Fastening this to a nail in the wall, the turnkey withdrew, leaving Yolland confronting a priest, whom he immediately recognized as Le Loutre. For a moment neither



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spoke, each regarding the other attentively; the light shone full upon the visitor, and Yolland observed that, as he stood there, with head bent and rounded shoulders, that the Abbé was not as tall as himself; in fact, was little over the medium height, though his port ordinarily, was such that he seemed to tower above most men. Then, as for his age, when animated he gave the impression of being in his prime; when fatigued or depressed, he seemed an old man. His countenance was even more remarkable than his mien, and quite as contradictory; his naturally pale face had become a waxy brown from exposure, except where the cheeks and chin were blue shaven; his thick black hair was partially hid by his barrette; deep furrows crossed his forehead, and wrinkles puckered the corners of his mouth, the thin lips and square jaw indicating a firmness amounting to obstinacy; but it was in his deep sunken eyes that his great power lay. As they gazed at one another, Yolland felt those glittering orbs penetrate his very soul. Presently the brow relaxed, and with a paternal smile, peculiar to the priesthood, he laid his hand on Yolland's shoulder, saying in his thrilling masterful voice:

"Be seated, my son, I have

somewhat to say to thee." Then, as Yolland sat down on the little camp bed, Le Loutre, placing himself beside him in a friendly way, continued, "It grieves me much to see thee in this sad plight, my friend."

"Thanks Monsieur, your saying so relieves me of a prodigious load, as it assures me you will set me free."

"Verily, I will do my part, and thou likewise, my son, have somewhat to do."

"That I will, gladly, Monsieur. Now, may I tell you how I came to be here? I shall not detain you long Monsieur," pleaded the young man, as the Abbé raised his hand deprecatingly.

"I know all thou hast to tell, my son."

"Ah! the Indians and François Arsenault told you Monsieur?"

"Yes, and the Sieur Cormier, and M. Chauvreulx," replied the priest.

"And did M. le Curé tell you," enquired Dick eagerly, "that my sole object in venturing into French Acadie was to see you, Monsieur, in reference to the whereabouts of a young gentleman who was taken——?"

"Yes, yes, my son," interrupted Le Loutre. Then, without giving his companion an opportunity to

He abruptly changed the conversation by saying interrogatively, "You are a Catholic?"

"I suppose so, that is, I was once,—I am nothing now," replied Yolland.

"Alas! thou speakest truth, my son; thou hast wandered far from the fold, but thou wilt return to Mother Church, whose arms are ever open to receive the penitent."

"Perchance some day I may, Monsieur, but not as affairs now are in England," said Yolland decidedly.

"Pray what hinders thee, my lord?"

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur, but you give me a title to which I, Richard Yolland, have no right."

"But to which the eldest son of the house of Radcliffe has every right," said the priest, smiling meaningly.

"Pray Monsieur," said Dick, springing to his feet, "how did you know I was of the house of Radcliffe?"

"That name is written in blood on the role of Holy Church," replied the Abbé gravely.

"Still I can't see why you should associate me with that house," rejoined Dick, not a little puzzled.

"I imagined only one person in America, besides my valet knew who I am, and I am certain that

neither of them would give me away."

"No, my son, neither of them have; but there are few secrets hid from us. Our order makes it its business to become acquainted with every thing and everybody. Not a person comes to this country from the old world, but a sketch of his past life is sent to the Ecclesiastical heads in America. These are filed, and put at the disposal of the priest in whose parish the person settles; in your case, however, there was no need for me to consult the records. I personally knew your martyred father, and have followed you, my son, with my prayers from the day you left the Tower of London to the present moment."

"And did you really know my father, Monsieur?" Yolland eagerly asked.

"Yes, I knew him well, and a better Catholic never lived. Peace to his soul!" replied the Abbé fervently.

Not a little moved at what M. Le Loutre told him, Dick exclaimed, "I'm vastly pleased that you know all about me, Monsieur, for you will believe me now when I say, I am no spy."

"No my son, no Radcliffe would stoop to be a spy in the pay of the

Hanoverians; nevertheless, it will be difficult for me to convince the Commandant that thou art not; unhappily there is a traitor in the garrison. Long have I had a suspicion of this, but the man has kept his own council so well, that I have been unable to lay my hand upon him. An English deserter from Fort Lawrence came here last Friday, who acquainted M. de Vergor of letters that Captain Hussey had received from Beauséjour, among them a copy of one I, myself, had written the Commandant only the week previous. M. de Vergor, loathe to believe one of his own officers a traitor, naturally concludes that thou, my son, art the spy. Even were I to divulge what I know of thy past, it would avail little. Nothing I can say will convince M. de Vergor of the contrary,—unless thou, thyself, can confirm my words by revealing the name of the traitor.”

“Then I fear it is all up with me,” said Yolland with a sigh. “Were I perfectly sure, Monsieur, of someone in Beauséjour being in corespondence with the English authorities, I would not divulge his name, to save my life.”

“But if other lives beside thine own depended upon it, what then my son?” urged the wily priest.

"Pray do not tempt me, Monsieur, I cannot accept life for myself or others at this price; why, who knows what the consequences might be? I might, by giving expression to my suspicions, nullify any advantage my country may have obtained through the correspondence. No, much as I detest a traitor, I could not in honor, give him to his own people."

Not if by so doing you further the Stuart cause?" insisted the Abbé.

"No, no Monsieur, not even for *that*. I have deliberately chosen my path in life, and I shall keep to it. As a lad I had all a youth's wild enthusiasm for Prince Charley and his cause. This, fostered by stories I heard dear old Lord Balmerino and my father tell when in the Tower, made it very hard for me to forego revenge and side with the powers that be, but I yielded to the prayers of my mother, and for the sake of family and country, swore to be faithful to King George. I shall keep my oath,—my country may have my life," said Yolland, calmly and decidedly.

After a short pause, Le Loutre asked, evasively,

"Dost thou remember which hand thou placed upon the Evangile, when thou made that

oath?"

"No, I am ambidextrous, and have not an idea."

"Thou placed thy *left hand* upon the Book," said the priest significantly.

"Is that so?" carelessly observed Yolland, seeing some reply was expected from him.

"Yes, my son, there was more than one, that marked it," Le Loutre meaningly replied.

"Well, and what of that?" enquired the young man.

"An oath made with the *left hand* on the Bible is not binding," solemnly rejoined the other.

"That's a strange quibble, but it makes little difference in this case; it's the intention that binds me. After long deliberation I took an oath to be faithful to my county's Sovereign, and be the oath valid or not, I shall not go back on my word. Now that I am out of the army, I am free to be a Catholic, and I shall endeavor to show by my conduct that a man may be true to Church and Country at the same time. No, Monsieur, I am body and soul a Briton, and loyal to my country."

"God forbid, that I should live to see thee anything else than loyal. It is not England that is false, but the men who rule her.

Marry! art thou so steeped in Protestantism that I have to remind thee, my son, that our Holy Catholic Church is not a Roman Church, nor a French Church, nor an English Church? but a Universal Church, for all peoples and for all times; it is for her that I urge thee to battle. Mark my words! England will never be great, never happy, never united, until the Catholic Church is again the State Church. It is for the good of your country that I entreat thee to fight against wrong and heresy. Be ruled by me, my son," he whispered insinuatingly, bending forward and regarding his companion, as those do who make it the business of their lives to read motives. "Your life shall be consecrated to the restoration of Holy Church, and through it to the restoration of your lawful Sovereign. To that great cause I commit thee, my son, in the name of our Blessed Lady, her amiable spouse, St. Joseph and all the Saints." As Le Loutre pronounced this benediction he placed one hand on the young man's bowed head, and with the other made the sign of the cross in air, then turned as if to leave the cell.

"But you are surely not going Monsieur without telling me one



word of the prisoner I have hazarded my life to get news of? Is she living, just tell me that, my Father?" pleaded Dick, seizing one of Le Loutre's hands to keep him.

"Do not detain me, my son, I have urgent matters to attend to. When thou hast given me the slight pledge I ask of thee, as proof that thou art heart and soul a Catholic, we will talk of her," replied the subtle ecclesiastic meaningly.

Yolland sat for some time where the priest had left him, reviewing their conversation. "Yes," he finally decided, "I could in honor do nothing else. Pichon is, undoubtedly, the traitor. He corresponds exactly to Scott's description of Tyrell. I had an instinctive shrinking from the fellow from the first moment my eyes rested upon him, and if it's he, he richly deserves hanging, but I'm not the one to inform on him. The Abbé suspects him, but fortunately, for him, he is of de Vergor's party, and the Commandant will not hear a word against one of his crew; in fact, were they to arrest Pichon, he might tell some unpleasant truths of de Vergor's own picking and stealing. Zounds! I see it all, but it is none the less hard to hold my peace; one word of mine would bowl them all over. But if I said

that word, I would be a traitor to myself."

In the course of an hour the door was again opened, and the turnkey entered, with another man, bearing chairs, bed clothing and a number of articles, which materially added to the comfort of the place. Then Gotreau, the jailor, becoming suddenly civil and chatty, informed his prisoner that he was not only to have a light, but anything else he might wish. Thereupon Dick asked for writing materials, and the paper and ink being brought, he set to work upon the journal, from which I have gleaned, extensively, for this narrative.

Upon leaving Yolland, Le Loutre hurried immediately to the Commandant's quarters. Without waiting to be announced, he unceremoniously entered the little eating-room, where de Vergor was at the moment engaged with his particular lady friend, Madame St. Germain, in discussing a dainty tête-a-tête supper; for, be it known, de Vergor was, in spite of his heavy forbidding appearance, a gay Don Juan.

"Peste! mille tonnerres!" muttered de Vergor, under his breath, visibly annoyed at the priest's intrusion; however, he controlled

himself sufficiently to say, as he placed another chair at the table, "This is an unexpected pleasure—*Mon père*, will you join us?"

"No, thanks."

"A glass of wine, at least," urged the Commandant.

"Pardon, my son, I've come on important business, the present is no time for feasting and making merry, when the enemy is at our gate. *Monsieur*, I would speak with thee privately," replied the priest, glancing sternly at the lady who rose and would have left the apartment, had *de Vergor* not prevented her, declaring he would rather talk with *M. l'Abbé* in his private room.

Hardly were the two men alone, before *Le Loutre*, turning to his companion, demanded haughtily, if he realized the peril they were in?

"None better, *mon père*," retorted the other nonchalantly.

"And I presume you have taken measures to prevent a surprise," continued the *Abbé*.

"That goes without saying; and pardon me, *Monsieur*, you also have taken measures I suppose?"

Ignoring the Commandant's thrust *Le Loutre* exclaimed,

"*Bien!* do not let us bandy words, *monsieur*, this is no time for petty jealousies and personal

quarrels ; rather let us unite for the glory of France and the safety of Acadie."

"With all my heart," assented de Vergor. "Only let us be quick about it. I've been working like a horse all day, and am famished."

"What hast thou done? I ask so that my orders may not conflict with thine, Monsieur."

"First, I sent a special messenger to Louisbourg for reinforcements, and next a drum out and ordered all the fighting men among the Acadians to repair to the fort; then made preparations to hang the cursed spy the first thing to-morrow morning on the ramparts, in sight of the damme English," stammered de Vergor.

"Thou didst well my son to send to Louisbourg for help, and likewise to summon the Acadians to thy aid against the foe, but it will never do to hang the Englishman. I have this instant come from him,—he is no spy, as I told thee before."

"Your pardon Monsieur, but it is clear as day he came to reconnoitre. Who else sent those letters of du Quesne's and yours to Fort Lawrence but he? I was a fool not to see it sooner, and have him put to rest before you returned. Ha ha, it is edifying to see how tender you Jesuits are of the

heretics," scoffingly exclaimed de Vergor.

"Thou knowest well I'd be the last one to restrain thee from hanging a heretic spy, Monsieur, but *this man*, I affirm, is no spy. The traitor and spy is, I repeat, in your own camp—and this is not the time or place to give way to petty spite. I may not be a prophet, but I see further than the people among whom my lot is cast, and mark my words! thou, M. de Vergor, will live to thank me for staying thy hand here.—I, the Vicar General of Acadie, will be responsible for M. Yolland,—be it understood he is my prisoner. Now to proceed to other matters, the fortifications need strengthening and——"

"Ciel! I know that, none better, but I cannot do impossibilities! Where is the money to come from?" said de Vergor, sulkily.

"Leave it to me, my son, I'll see to it," rejoined the Abbé.

"With pleasure, I wish to heavens I had done so years ago, since you alone have the funds to do it with," replied the Commandant.

"I heartily wish thou hadst. Bien! I'll keep thee no longer from thy supper Monsieur. Adieu!"

"What did Moses want that he could'nt say before me?" Madame

St. Germain fretfully enquired, upon de Vergor's return to her.

"Diable! to get control, my dear, of everything here."

"Dame! you are not going to give it him?"

"Yes, everything but you, my dearest," gallantly replied de Vergor, with a bow to his mistress.

"You may well except me," said that lady, with a toss of her head. "No priest shall over-ride me, and are you, my friend, going to knock under now, after all these years of resistance?"

"Nom de diable! I hate to do it, but I need him, and as you well know, my dear, Moses is not a man who will work conjointly with any other man. He must be all or nothing. One must accept his opinion and abandon oneself to his direction even in temporal affairs. Peste! if he wants to take the labouring oar, why should we object? Shall I not have all the more time to devote to my Mistress, eh pretty one? Wilt thou go with me to La Belle France?"

## CHAPTER XII.

**Of Some Incidents that Occurred  
During the Siege of Fort  
Beausejour.**

DURING the following week, Le Loutre, ably seconded by Pierpont, the engineer, accomplished wonders. Not only was the Fort palisaded and strengthened by an embankment and ditch, but the casements were rendered bomb-proof, the old out-works finished, and some new ones erected on the bastion.

The Abbé, his soutane flung aside, in shirt sleeves and vest, with a little black stump of a pipe held between his teeth with the tenacity of a bull-dog, was here there and everywhere; doing the work of three men,—hardly taking time to eat or sleep, though constantly smoking.

The Acadians, in spite of the Commandant's summons, by sound of drum, did not hasten to the assistance of Beauséjour, as was expected. With the exception of the Brossards, Thibaudeaus, Cormiers, with St. Castin and a few others Seigneurs, only some three hundred responded to the call; the fact was, they had little appetite for war, and the number of the

invaders deterred them, for the Habitant was in mortal dread of being caught in arms by the English.

As for the garrison, it behaved as if the investment of the Fort was a joke, and no serious consequences to follow. The greater part of the officers, when not on duty, spent their time in gaming, where the stakes were so high, one would imagine they were certain of the future inutility of their money.

While this was going on within Beauséjour, the British regulars and Anglo-Americans had landed unopposed, and encamped in the fields about Fort Lawrence. On the morning of the fourth, they made a spirited attack upon a house on the further side of the bridge, "Pont à Bout", which spanned the Messagouetche, a few miles east of Beausejour.

After an hour's hard fighting the defenders, some four hundred Acadians, and Indians, were forced to retreat, setting fire to every habitation between Pont à Bout and the Fort. Ere night-fall, all were in ruins, the church included. The English, masters of the place, marched without opposition along the highway to within half a league of Beauséjour. There on



the woody hill they pitched their tents.

From time to time during the following week the French sent out skirmishing parties. One of these was led by the valiant de Vanne, who boasted, as was his wont, of what he would do, but who, on seeing the enemy, quietly returned to the shelter of the fort, knowing full well that he who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day.

\* \* \* \* \*

All this time Yolland was chafing and fuming in his little underground dungeon; that fighting was going on outside, he was well aware, for the walls were not thick enough to shut out the sound of firing. He questioned Gotreau, who was more communicative now that the Abbé patronized him, but the jailer, either to amuse himself by alarming his prisoner, or from a Gascon habit he had of twisting facts to suit himself, invariably reported the English defeated in every encounter. Dick's common sense told him that this was a lie, but it was nevertheless hard for him,—with the hot blood of the Radcliffes coursing through his veins,—to remain cooped up there. When fighting was going on he longed to be in the fray instead of

like King Alfred of old, measuring time by candles, and moralizing on the iniquity of war.

It was Sunday afternoon, June 8th, but Dick did not know it, day and night were the same to him; when weary he slept, when rested he wrote. Tired of both, he was now kicking his heels impatiently against the stone wall, and bemoaning the luck that kept him there prisoner, when he was startled from his reverie by the moving of the rusty bolts.

"Who in the name of goodness is coming now?" he muttered, springing to his feet in time to receive M. Le Loutre.

"Voila, my friend, we are going to move you to more comfortable quarters!" cried the Abbé excitedly. "Come! Gotreau will see to your things," he added waving his hand toward the door, as if impatient to be gone.

Yolland joyfully obeyed. Gathering up his papers he quickly followed the priest into light and sunshine. Presently Le Loutre stopped at a door which he opened and ushered Yolland into a comfortably furnished room, in one of the bomb-proof casements.

"Monsieur, pray why am I —?" Dick began, turning to his guide. But the priest had

vanished, and the question was never finished.

Gotreau presently coming in with the traps told him, he was moved, because the workmen were going to strengthen that part of the fort where his former dungeon was."

"Evidently, I'm not to be hung for a spy just yet," laughed Yolland.

"No, M'sieur, not while M. l'Abbé protects you," said Gotreau, with a knowing wink, as he left the room.

As soon as he found himself alone, Yolland's first impulse was to climb up to the narrow window, and if possible get a sight of what was going on outside; but the window gave a view only of the court yard, so with a sigh he climbed down again; hardly had he reached the floor, when Gotreau reappeared, followed by a gentleman in a nondescript costume, Anglo-French, red breeches and white coat, whom the jailer introduced with much gusto as "a prisoner we took this morning, M'sieur."

After scrutinizing his visitor for a second, Yolland impulsively held out both hands, crying, "Pon my word, I believe you're Hay!"

"And you, if I am not very much mistaken, are Mr. Yolland,"

said the other, looking very red and perplexed.

"You're right, you are," laughed Dick with boyish delight at the sight of a friend. "Now tell me how the dickens! you came here in this plight?"

"I'm aid-de-camp to Colonel Monckton, you must know," said the young ensign, drawing himself up as if he were very proud of the distinction. "This morning I was carrying a message from Fort Lawrence to the camp, when I was fired upon and seized by a party of Indians in ambush. They had stripped me to my shirt and breeches, and were about to scalp me, with an Acadian, 'Brassard' by name, coming up most fortunately at that instant, rescued me. Now pray, what unlucky chance brought you here, Mr. Yolland? I see you are dressed à la Française."

"Yes, I arrived at Beauséjour much in the same fashion you did. I was likewise ransomed from the Savages, but of that anon. Do please satisfy my curiosity first,—I am famishing for news. Take pity on me, my dear fellow, I've been buried here for ages, and only resurrected an hour ago. I know that an English fleet came up the Bay, but where it came from, and what it is doing here, I know not."

"It's a fleet of transports from Massachusetts Bay, three men-of-war, and a number of small vessels, all laden with Provincials, that General Shirley enlisted in New England and sent here at the request of His Excellency, Governor Lawrence, to take this fort and drive the French out of Acadie."

"And Captain Scott, is he with them?" Dick enquired.

"Oh dear, yes, the regiment is composed of two battalions, one of which he commands; a New England man, Winslow, is Lieutenant-Colonel of the other division, and Colonel Monckton is over both, while Governor Shirley, though in Boston town, is Commander in Chief——"

"By George!" interrupted Dick, "I see it all now, this is the secret mission, the important business, that took Scott to Massachusetts Bay. Well, I'm glad he never gave me a hint of it. I can truly declare to de Vergor, that this invasion was as great a surprise to me as to him."

Thereupon Hay told him in detail of the recruiting, landing and attack.

Yolland was thoroughly bewildered. "Are we not at peace with France?" he asked.

"Yes, I suppose so, but Governor Lawrence wants to do something

to distinguish himself. It is a bold stroke. If he is successful, as he bids fair to be, and drives the French out of Acadie, the Home Government will not enquire too minutely into the cause of the war," Hay replied.

"How many New Englanders did you say there were?"

"Some two thousand. Gad! you never in your life saw such a regiment; the uniform is not bad, but the way they wear it; the independence, too, of the soldiers is appalling. There is not a man among them that does not think 'Jack as good as his master.'"

"They fight well, do they not?"

"Yes, Indian fashion, from behind trees and stumps. However," continued Hay, "they are wonderfully spirited to fight the French. 'Popery' is their battle cry. One of their chaplains rushes about with an axe on his shoulder, with which to hew down all popish idols and images he may find in what they call the 'mass houses.'"

"I suppose all this religious fanaticism gives the expedition quite the air of a crusade?" Dick observed.

"Exactly; the motto on their banner 'Nil Desperandum, Christo duce,' is one that a Puritan preacher, named Whitfield gave them when they came to Acadie on a

like errand some years ago. They have prayers in camp every morning, and to-day being their Sabbath, the aforesaid chaplain preached for two hours on the text, 'Love your enemies,' then adjourned the meeting to kill a few of them."

"This talk of loving your enemies reminds me," said Yolland, "of one of poor Howe's stories of an Indian cannibal in Canada. You may remember it. Now it seems the savages scalped all of How's comrades, then told him he loved him too much to kill, he would fatten him to eat. "Joking apart," continued the young man, thoughtfully, "the more I think of it the more surprising it seems to me, that religion can reconcile itself to war and bloodshed. There is M. Le Loutre, now, equally zealous and determined to exterminate the heretics."

"Oh! speaking of Le Loutre, he is the devil incarnate to the Provincials. They are bent upon taking him to Boston town. I suppose you know that a large price is set on his head?" said Hay.

"Yes, one hundred pounds has been offered for some years past, I fancy it is more now," Yolland rejoined.

"The drollest thing of all is that we Church of England fellows are almost as much disesteemed by our provincial allies as the Papists. They denounce us regulars as a 'crew that are teaching New Englanders to rob, drink, blaspheme, curse and damn'. I heard one of their officers, a man named Adams, discussing Le Loutre, the other day, say, that 'next to the devil and an *Anglican bishop* he most abhorred a Jesuit.' They are a queer lot, these raw-bone Obadiahhs and Nehemiahhs."

"And how does Scott get on with them?"

"Better than I would in his place; Colonel Monckton, on the contrary, is as stiff as a ram-rod, and treats Winslow, and the other officers with contemptuous haughtiness."

In the course of conversation, Yolland remarked. "It was lucky, Hay, Brassard coming up before the Indians had finished you."

"Yes, it was truly what the Puritans call 'a special providence.' By the way! I was somewhat taken aback when they bandaged my eyes before bringing me into the Fort."

"That is customary, of course. They did the same to me; still it seems a little unnecessary now," said Yolland.



"I must acknowledge, however, that de Vergor used me extremely well," continued Hay. "He sent me a complete suit of new clothes, but I preferred retaining what was left of my own. This accounts for the strange combination," he explained, glancing at his red breeches. Moreover, the Commandant has given me permission to write Colonel Monckton and my wife."

"Wife! Are you married?" enquired Dick, in surprise.

"Yes," stammered the other, turning very red, "poor Mary, she'll be mightily anxious if she does not hear from me. We write each other every day, and send the letters when we can; de Vergor will send this with a flag of truce to the camp to-morrow morning. I'll write at once, if you'll excuse me."

There was a marked change in the treatment of Yolland since the capture of Hay; in fact he was on the same footing now that he had been in the first instance. Though confined to his room, and a little eating-room adjoining, he did not lack companionship, as the latter apartment was the common meeting place of all the younger French officers, who again put him au courant with everything going on. So vivacious and gay were they,

Dick easily overlooked their gasconade in the pleasure they afforded him. Again too, the little farce of commiserating him was repeated, more than one declaring that it was far from their wish that Dick had been confined in the underground cell, throwing the blame entirely upon the Commandant, or priest, according to the bias of the speaker.

It amused Yolland, and gave him food for thought in his forced inactivity.

During the following week both French and English kept up a continual firing day and night. The suspense at Beausejour was intense. From the Commandant down to the lowest subaltern all were beside themselves; one drunk with fear, another ambition, another wine, another blood, and some few with religion; it was the exhilaration, the recklessness that men often experience on the eve of battle, the uncertainty of what was before them. Something extraordinary was about to take place, but what? They knew that life itself would end for many, but for which?

M. Le Loutre was the only one who realized their peril, and strove to avert it.

On Sunday, June 15th, 1755, this array of war seemed doubly

unnatural and appalling. It was a midsummer day of surprising loveliness, nature truly in harmony with the Creator,—man only discordant. From early morn M. Le Loutre, with Father Germain, and the Abbe Le Guerne to assist him, had held service after service in the little church adjoining the fort. The Acadians, the Indian neophytes, the *coureurs-de-bois*, and the soldiers of the garrison almost to a man had been there to confess and receive the communion. Few of the officers, however, followed their example,—the greater part being imbued with the scoffing philosophy of Voltaire and Rousseau, just then exerting such an influence in France.

That evening after supper, a knot of men were chatting with Yolland. Lieutenant Barlowe, who had carried Hay's letter to the English camp, observed in the course of conversation, "that the English had no guns to compare with the brass mortar at Beausejour. He only saw six ten-pounders and eight mortars."

"He did not see all by a long shot," replied Hay, when this was interpreted to him.

"You were at the Cormier's before coming to Beauséjour were you not, Monsieur Yolland?" en-

quired young Thibaudeau, son of the wealthy miller at Chipody.

"Yes, and mighty nice hospitable people I found them."

"Didn't they bring you here with their coach and pair?" continued the young Acadian.

"They did, Madame Cormier, insisting that I was not well enough to ride—and a prodigious fine coach it is. But why do you enquire?" asked Yolland.

"Because I thought maybe you'd be interested to hear that your people have seized both the coach and horses."

"I'm very *sorry* to hear it—how did it happen? Who took them?" enquired Dick, then quickly added, "I trust the ladies were not in it."

"Marry! no it was returning empty, after leaving the ladies at our place,—that blasted Englisher—Captain Adams, and his rangers had an easy conquest, only poor old Jean on the box."

"Ciel! if M'zelle Suzanne had been in it they'd have had a race for it. She wouldn't have stood still at the word 'halt!' and let herself be taken," exclaimed Bellisle, coming up.

"No, I am very sure she would not, she is far too spirited for that," agreed Yolland.

"Yes, M'zelle would have fought

to the death." Ceil! She's the girl for me. I wish M. l'Abbé would take her from Pierre, and give her to me—but no such luck for a St. Castin. By the way, I've a lot of English bullets, don't you want to see them?" Belleisle asked, diving into his numerous pockets and pouches.

"Not particularly,—I do not fancy they differ vastly from other bullets,—but pray how did you come by them?"

"Bien! we and some Englishers yesterday down by the river exchanged. See! I've marked mine with a cross, and am going to send them back, with a blessing from the mouth of my musket; who knows but one may kill the devil, if he comes in its way," declared the rash youth.

"Take care, don't boast too much, or your Commandant may stop this exchange of courtesies," laughed Dick.

"Bah! The Commandant does the same himself. Last week he sent Monckton, with a flag of truce, some of our Burgundy, which compliment the latter returned, with an English cheese, that M. de Vergor had to bury to keep it from running away," retorted Belleisle, amid cries of "Who told you?" "Not really!"

"How do you know that?" from several of the others.

Just then De Vannes coming in with a flourish, cocking out the tails of his coat with his rapier as he walked, the Acadians and subs slipped off, as Dick observed.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Monsieur, we are not often honored with your society."

"That's true by St. Gris! Bah! it's the fashion to hunt in couples at Beauséjour, you understand, and I generally spend my evenings with my cousin, the Commandant, but alas! to-night he has gone to be shriven."

"The Commandant gone to confession?" cried the others amazed.

"I never imagined M. de Vergor would be guilty of such a thing," Pichon sarcastically remarked.

"Sacré bleu! nor I either; nevertheless, it is a fact my friend Moses, it appears, has worked upon his feelings, by representing that the Commandant's example will be a prodigious factor in inducing the Acadians to come to our assistance. After midnight mass there is to be a sermon, when those poor devils of Habitants who refuse to fight will be damned here and hereafter," sneered de Vannes.

"Pardon, but I fear you are not

a good Catholic, Monsieur?" said Yolland.

"Nom de diable! I'm a Catholic as you are a Christian, my friend! I believe, but, do not tremble like the devils,—in other words,—I'm free from superstition, not that I object to the Recolt fathers. For those who want them, they are liberal enough to allow of dancing and cards; the Jesuits, on the contrary, should confine themselves to the savages. They can no longer impose their mediaeval notions upon an educated people; we have outgrown them and their bigotry. This is an age of reason."

"Yes, it is preprosperous the airs Moses gives himself," Pichon readily assented. "One cannot visit a lady or play a game of cards without his knowing of it, and preaching about it from the pulpit. He even lays down rules as to what we shall read. I had some books sent from France, this spring, which Moses seized and burnt."

Nom de diable! the only books the Abbé approves of are devotional, and because we choose to amuse ourselves he treats us like children. By the way! I came in here this evening expressly to beg a game of cards with you, Monsieur; I'm off duty for a couple of hours. Will you give me that little pleasure?" ask d de

Vannes, with a courtly bow to Yolland.

"I shall be delighted, Monsieur, if you will play for love. As a prisoner I have nothing to stake."

"Mille tonnerres! that is delicious! ha ha hah! 'play for love!' My dear friend, what do you take me for? I'm one of the oldest officers in the garrison, and quite outgrown my childhood, and any pleasure I may once have had in playing for 'love.' It is far too innocent an amusement to indulge in now. Ciel! it reminds me of the days when I counted the Marguerite petals to see 'if my love loved me,' and de Vannes laughed loudly. He was excited. "No, the stakes tonight must be high! I feel desperate. Come! I'll take your note, Monsieur, you can pay me when you are free,—for of course as things are now you'll be ransomed or exchanged."

"Of course," assented Yolland simply, but with a twinkle in his eye that de Vannes did not notice, so absorbed was he in sorting a pack of cards he had taken from an elegant little mother-o'-pearl box, that he habitually carried in his pocket, to be always ready for a chance game.

Hay, however, observed the look. "What's up Yolland? I



wish to goodness I understood their lingo."

"I am glad you do not, my dear fellow, for you'd be feeling for your sword every few seconds, and fuming because it was gone. There's nothing to tell just now, I was smiling at my thoughts." Then turning to de Vannes, Dick naively enquired,

"Supposing I'm the victor, what will you do Monsieur?"

"Oh! I'll do the same by you, give you my note and pay you when you are free."

"All right! I'm agreed!" assented Yolland, who felt an irrepressible desire to beat the fellow, and put an end, for the nonce, to his gasconade.

"Bien! what shall it be? piquet or quinze?" eagerly enquired the Frenchman.

"Quinze, if you please."

"With pleasure. But first, with your permission," said de Vannes, bowing with frothy politeness, "I shall order champagne in which to drink to the victor." Upon the wine being brought, he cried, "Come, my boys, it's France against England tonight."

All boisterously drank the toast, except Hay, who, not understanding what was going on, was quietly writing in a corner by himself. A young Canadian, notic-

ing he had not joined them, handed him a glass, saying in broken English,

"Monsieur, we drink you, bon voyage across de Styx."

A burst of laughter rewarded this sally of wit as they turned and gazed at poor Hay. He, knowing he was expected to do something, bowed, smiled and drank, while all the time his eyes had that appealing, interrogatory expression, seldom seen in a grown person, but often in an intelligent dog.

As no one offered an explanation, he resumed his writing, and Yolland and de Vannes sat down to their game, the others looking on.

But the fate of France and England was not to be decided that night by quinze. They had hardly more than dealt the cards and reckoned what they had good in their hands, when a sergeant presented himself with a message to the effect that "M. l'Abbé requested M. le Captain Yolland to wait upon him immediately."

"Peste! the devil fly off with M. l'Abbé!" exclaimed de Vannes in a rage. "I more than half expected he would be nosing round here, looking after his strayed sheep which the damme heretics were perverting, but it seems it's

you, Monsieur, that he is snatching out of our clutches."

"My dear friend, why does this summons for M. Yolland surprise you? Le Loutre is now in the church, and it is quite in keeping with his character to wish to improve the opportunity, and baptize the English heretic whom he holds prisoner; he has done it many times before now, with the savages," Pichon said sneeringly, as he caressed with a self-satisfied air his well turned leg, of which, be it known, he was not a little vain.

"Will you submit tamely, Monsieur, to being made a good Catholic, or are you going to resist? I've a mind to go and see fair play. What will you do?" asked Barlowe banteringly.

"I have no fear of M. Le Loutre baptizing me against my wish, gentlemen," Yolland haughtily replied, as he threw down his cards and pushed back his chair.

"Don't be too sure, my friend, Moses keeps a wet handkerchief ready to shake in the face of the unruly. Beware! if but a drop fall upon you, the deed is done,—thou art a Catholic ever after," said Pichon oracularly.

"In that case, I trust I shall be a more consistent one than you are, Monsieur."

"I, a Catholic! heaven forbid! no, I'm not sunk in that slough of bigotry, thank goodness!" retorted Pichon, with a consolatory look at his black stockings.

"Tien! let Moses wait. Take up your cards, Monsieur, and play your hand," cried de Vannes impatiently.

"We will postpone our game until to-morrow," Dick replied, as he turned away from the table.

"To-morrow!" scornfully echoed de Vannes, "there is no such thing as to-morrow, it is an illusion. He who lives for the morrow never realizes anything, it is all in anticipation; he only truly lives who lives in the present,—that is our lot. Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

"Bien! you live up to your creed, Monsieur le Captain. As for myself now," said Pichon, "I prefer taking thought of the morrow, in spite of the Bible injunction to the contrary. To my mind, the present is more illusive than the morrow. As we speak of the present—it is past."

"Monsieur l'Abbé said '*immediately*,'" here interposed the sergeant.

"The devil he did! Tiens! You must try my champagne ere you go," exclaimed de Vannes, turning to Dick, who was explaining

things in a few hurried words to Hay. "Come, here's to the first that's killed!"

"(Pray—excuse me Monsieur, I do not like the toast," Yolland rejoined, as he moved toward the door.

"Diable! you are safe enough within these walls," sneered de Vannes.

"I was not thinking of myself alone," Dick explained.

"Don't waste your sympathy on us, pray," retorted the valiant hero of the sortie of the week previous. "Eh! my boys, you'll not refuse to drink? he cried, turning to the others.

"Not I, for one!" replied Lieutenant Barlowe.

"If I'm killed I'll have the pleasure of attending my own funeral," laughed another, a gay young Canadian, as he tossed off his champagne.

CHAPTER XIII.

Of a Cunning Trick the Willy Priest Would Play Upon His Prisoner.

YOLLAND followed the sergeant down the stairs, along a corridor, and through the barracks, where the men off duty were, like their superiors, amusing themselves with cards, across a lighted courtyard (where painted savages were dancing and making night hideous with their yells) past the guard room and into another dark passage. After many turnings the man knocked softly with the butt end of his musket. Thereupon a door was immediately opened by a boy in a white cassock who bade him enter. The room was long and narrow,—M. Le Loutre's own sanctum—bed-chamber and sacristy, combined, Yolland judged from the furniture,—a couple of old carved chests, a camp-bed, a long bench, and at the further end opposite the door, an altar to the Virgin, in front of which hung a red light. At first Dick thought he and the acolyte were the only occupants of the place, but as he became accustomed to the dim light, he saw that the lad was bending over a black

robed figure prostrate before the image. Receiving no response to what he had said, the boy gently shook the priest, saying at the same time to Yolland, by way of apology,

"M. l'Abbé sleeps, he has taken no rest for eight days nor nights."

"Why disturb him? He must surely need the sleep."

"It is true, he needs it badly, the dear father," tenderly replied the boy. "But alas! M. l'Abbé will not allow himself this one little pleasure. He has enjoined upon me to rouse him whenever he falls asleep at his devotions." Thereupon the acolyte shook the priest, and apparently awoke him, for he rose to his feet. As he turned his face toward him, Yolland was horrified to see how changed Le Loutre had become since he saw him last. He was but the ghost of his former self. The skin, tightly drawn, had a sickly waxen appearance, that reminded one of a corpse. He gazed at Dick, but evidently did not recognize him. His eyes were fixed, and his hands clawed the air, as he cried in agony,

"Avaunt Satan, avaunt!"

Yolland drew back in awe. At first he feared that the long vigil had driven the Abbé mad. Then, he recalled having heard it said

that Le Loutre saw visions, and dreamed dreams. Such, he doubted not, was the strange paroxysm which he now witnessed. Gesticulating wildly, the priest shrieked, "Fly, fly my children!" Then, seizing the acolyte by the arm, he muttered as if thinking aloud, "How long, oh Lord! how long?" Again the lad shook the priest.

"Wake up, mon père! wake up! M. l'Anglais is here."

But it was useless. Le Loutre raised his hands supplicatingly and murmured, "Lord, have mercy upon us, Christ, have mercy upon us!" Presently a bell sounded faintly. The dull ear of the priest caught the sound. He drew a deep sigh, then another and another. Slowly coming to himself when the spasm had passed, he looked about him.

"Alas! my son," he said sorrowfully to the lad, "thou hast found me sleeping.—Our blessed Lady, pardon me—the spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak.... And who is this?" he asked,—apparently seeing Yolland for the first time. Before either could reply, he continued with something like his accustomed impetuosity, "Ah! I remember now, it is M. le Captain Yolland. Pardon me, Monsieur, sleep hath made me stupid. Thou, my child, may'st



leave us," he added with a peremptory wave of his hand towards a portière, behind which the lad immediately withdrew. Then, turning on Yolland (that strange sympathetic look those wonderful eyes of his could assume at pleasure, he said in a low mysterious voice,

"My son, I have sent for thee to save thee."

"Pardon, Monsieur, but does the Commandant still hold to his first intention of hanging me for a spy? I fancied he had abandoned that."

"It is not of this world, but the next that I speak," rejoined Le Loutre, gravely shaking his head,—"not the body, but the soul that I would save."

"Thanks, Monsieur, for your good intentions, but may I enquire how you propose doing it?"

"Certainly, I am going to marry thee," replied the priest, in a tone, that struck Dick as being disagreeably exultant.

"Marry me!" repeated Yolland, amazed. "Am I to understand by that, Monsieur, that you would marry me to the church? Make a priest or monk of me?"

"By our Lady no! thou would'st not make a good priest. That is not thy vocation my son, neverthe-

less I am about to enroll thee in the ranks of Holy Church."

"But, my father, as you know, I am already in her ranks,—nominally at least."

"Alas! thou say'st truly 'nominally'. It is a fighting soldier of the church I would make thee, and that thou may'st fight the more heartily against wrong, oppression, heresy, and schism, I am going to arm thee with a help-meet. A good wife will keep thy steps and thoughts from wandering."

For an instant Dick was amused, then annoyed at the absurd proposal to marry him against his will. He was on the point of protesting strongly, when the strange scene he had witnessed upon entering the sacristy recurred to him. What use to argue, he reasoned; the Abbé is mad, worn with fasting and vigil. His mind, always fixed on the spread of the church, has now become morbid and intense, actually insane. My best course will be to seem to agree, for nothing enrages a mad man more than opposition. Thereupon checking the words that rushed to his lips, Yolland merely said,

"I do not know, my father, what I might become were I married to a Catholic girl that I loved, but that cannot be; the only girl I

have any inclination to make my wife is a Protestant."

"I've one for thee!" eagerly exclaimed Le Loutre without heeding Dick's last words. "Yes, yes, she shall be thy wife." Then he added, more as if thinking aloud than speaking to any one, "Another wants her,—but he shall never have her, never. I'll put her in a convent first. She's mine to give, and mine to hold; and I'll marry her into the house of Radcliffe."

"But, Monsieur, supposing I agree to your proposal, is the young lady to have no voice in the matter? Is she to be disposed of like a bale of merchandise? That's not the English way!"

"Bien! it is the French, my son! How can the young people without experience know what is best for them? When it is possible, I consult their feelings, those who are betrothed I marry, but many do not know their own minds; true, this young girl is different; but it must be, it is imperative," said the Abbé decidedly.

"And what, may I enquire, is the name and quality of the lady you intend sacrificing on Hymen's altar to the inevitable?" asked Yoland, with not a little curiosity.

"After the benediction thou shalt know all. Suffice it now to

know she is thy peer in every respect. Trust me, my son, she is a chosen vessel." Then, stopping in the walk that he had kept up during the foregoing conversation, Le Loutre said in a matter of fact way, as if it were settled,

"L'Abbé de Guerne, and Father Manach are now in the church shriving the young people of a marriageable age, preparatory to a marriage mass at break of day. I'll fetch Mademoiselle."

"But Monsieur, pray remember I'm a Scotchman and have very decided notions about marriage; first and foremost, I will not marry any woman I do not love."

"Pooh! I've heard all that nonsense ere now; the English make a little romance of marriage, and play with passions, and call it 'Love'; many a good girl have I seen set a madding by the notice of men. Marriage is a very serious affair, and all coquetting and galantries should come after the benediction, not before; but I'll not be hard on thee my son, I'll give thee an opportunity to become acquainted with thy bride; thou wilt have three full hours before the Mass,—improve them. Mademoiselle is now in the church, I'll go fetch her." And the priest turned impetuously away.

Yolland caught his hand as he

raised it to withdraw the portiere,—"Just one moment, Monsieur,—pray tell me before you go if Miss Adair is still alive; and if so, where she is. Remember, you promised to tell me some time,—I beg of you to do so now?" Dick breathlessly urged, at the same time unconsciously tightening his hold upon Le Loutre's hand.

"Forbear my son, to detain me, thou shalt know all in due season." And the Abbé slipped his hand without apparent effort from Yolland's grasp, strode to the arras, raised it,—then let it fall, retraced his steps, and said, quietly, as if the marriage were a foregone conclusion,

"If you and the demoiselle come to an understanding before I am free, come into the church."

"I suppose if we agree not to get married, I can return to my old quarters by the door I entered this?" Yolland coolly enquired.

"The only way out of this, is through the portals of Holy Church," said Le Loutre oracularly.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## In Which Man Proposes, Woman Opposes, and God Disposes.

"By George! this is a peculiar situation," Dick muttered to himself, as the priest finally disappeared behind the arras. Then, seating himself on one of the old chests, he racked his brain for some solution of the problem, but none presented itself at the moment. Could it be a snare, a trap, to make him appear disloyal to his king and country if Beauséjour were taken by the English? "No", he reflected. "Le Loutre would never stoop to such a mean trick as that; my first supposition is the right one,—I have to do with a lunatic; these vigils, this anxiety, coupled with opposition from those who should second him, have made him mad. If it were any other man, I'd settle this with my sword quick enough, but one can't fight a priest with arms; and as for stratagem, I'm not his match there, I'm free to confess. I shall have to leave it to accident or fate to get me out of this. One thing I'm determined on—I'll be no party to this scheme of his. If worse come to worst, no power on earth shall make me promise to love and

cherish any other than my own little sweetheart; not that I have any objection to a tête-a-tête with this French girl! I hope she's good looking! I'll have to be on my guard though, as I suppose Le Loutre will have told her I want to marry her, and everything I say she'll take in dead earnest,—no flirting, no compliments,—she will not understand them, and it would be embarrassing to have to explain myself. Beware, Richard Yolland! beware! No French or Acadian damsel shall be thy wife; pretty and piquant though she be, she'll not be your little sprig of clover. Peste! I'm more than half converted to de Vannes' opinion that the Jesuits are meddlers and mudlars. It would seem that there is nothing too insignificant for them to occupy themselves with. Le Loutre, now, not content with mating all the Acadian young folk he can lay hands upon, has an itch to do the same with his prisoners. However, I'll get out of it somehow. He surely must know that a ceremony performed against my consent would not be valid on English ground. He thinks because I'm a Catholic I'll stick to it, but I won't! I'll carry it to Rome first, that I will! Confound it! of all ridiculous things to be worried

about, and this is the second time within the last month I've been threatened with marriage; if I come off victor it will be something to laugh at, though it's no laughing matter now," he admitted to himself with a grimace.

The priest was not long gone. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes the curtain was again lifted, this time giving a glimpse of the church within, as Le Loutre held back the muffled door for two veiled figures to enter; these he introduced, in his imperious way, as Madame le Blanc, and Mademoiselle Marie, and immediately withdrew.

Yolland made a profound bow, which salute the ladies returned with a profound courtesy. Then an awkward pause followed, which the younger of the two broke, by quietly walking over and kneeling down before the little shrine. The elder woman followed her example, and presently both were apparently absorbed in their devotions.

Yolland was greatly relieved by this move, as it gave him an opportunity to leisurely observe the strangers. The matron, he immediately decided, was of the well-to-do Acadian class,—but the young girl, he was quite unable to classify. His first notion on see-



ing the long white veil, was, that she was arrayed in bridal toilet. He now perceived it was nothing more than the customary white covering that young Catholic girls are in the habit of wearing in church on festival occasions, in place of the ordinary black veil.

Yolland had ample time to give his thoughts full license. The longer he looked, the more certain he was, that, in spite of her costume, (a grey homespun skirt, white chemisette, black bodice, red silk apron and little cap to which the veil was fastened by large pins) Mademoiselle was no Acadianne habitante. He could not distinguish her features under the veil, but the willowy figure, the well poised head, long neck, and sloping shoulders, were all indications of high birth; but who was she? And of what relation to Mme. le Blanc? Not her daughter, he felt sure,—but then where are her parents? Have they no voice in the matter of this marriage? he queried.

After some half hour spent thus, it grew monotonous, and Yolland began to wish Mlle. Marie would quit praying and talk to him; finally, he rose and paced the room, lingering a few seconds each time he passed the shrine; his presence, however, was never as much

as noticed by a glance from the kneeling girl; her eyes were always fastened upon the rosary she held.

"One thing is certain, she is no coquette or she would not be praying all this time, when she might be talking to me," he thought, with masculine vanity." Then again, she may be a poser, and doing this to show off those long eyelashes of hers,—I noticed they were curly like her hair; her hands, too, are lovely, clasped over those ivory and gold beads. I'd give a good deal to know if she is doing this for effect,—she's a deep one if she is; perhaps she despises me because I am British, her country's enemy, though, if the Abbé has told her nothing more about me than he has told me of her, she won't know, and will never guess my nationality from my dress, that's certain," Dick reasoned as he inspected his French clothes. He paced the room for some ten minutes longer, glancing again and again at Mlle. Marie, whose face was now hidden in her hands, as if to shut out all thoughts of him. It was becoming unsupportable. "Poor little Mawkin, I wonder if she will be as nice when I find her? I fear not. Hers has been a hard lot, poor child. Of course I'm not bound to marry her, but I'll not

marry another till I find her, alive or dead, that's certain. Strange I never noticed Mawkin's hands, and Lawrence admired them so much; well, I was young then, and not as far gone as I now am."

At last, after what seemed to our impetuous hero an eternity of suspense, he determined to put an end to it, so plucked up courage to address the little devotee. Bending down, he said softly in his pure Parisian French,

"Mademoiselle, M. l'Abbé wishes us to become acquainted,—surely you have prayed long enough! Will you not give me a few minutes attention?"

As he spoke the girl slowly lifted her long lashes, and fixed her eyes—which he saw were filled with unshed tears—upon his face, with a pleading look that went straight to his heart. Ere he finished speaking she had risen and was standing at his side.

"You ask, Monsieur, if I have prayed long enough,—that remains to be proved. I have been imploring Our Lady, the Blessed Virgin, to protect me from you. I have asked her to change your intentions, and make you my ally and not my enemy. Have I prayed long enough Monsieur?" she enquired archly in a highly cultivated voice. The tone and accent

unlike any Dick had ever heard before, gave him no clue as to who she was or where she came from. It thrilled him through and through.

"Your prayers were quite uncalled for, Mademoiselle, I was your friend and admirer from the first moment I saw you," replied Dick gallantly.

"I know what you mean,—M. l'Abbé has told me all,—but that is not the kind of friend I mean," she stammered, a little, uncertain how to express herself, but far too much in earnest to blush or appear self-conscious; the danger was too threatening for that.

"Pardon me, Madame, I feel sure that M. l'Abbé has not told you all,—I would - - -"

"Yes, yes he has," she interrupted. "But you will not insist upon going through the ceremony, when you know I shall hate you ever afterwards. Oh dear, Monsieur, I pray you to have pity upon me. Please say you will not consent to such a sin," she pleaded, her little hands clasped prayer-like.

The girl's beauty and grace of manner strangely touched the young man. He looked admiringly at her lovely face, her cheeks aglow, her eyes struggling to keep back the unwelcome tears, and in spite of his resolution to the con-

trary, Dick's vanity was not a little piqued by what she said. Up to this time, he had thought himself quite irresistible with the fair, any one of whom, he fancied, he might have had for the asking. Truly he was not so much to blame for this opinion when we take into account the number of young ladies thrown at him, when it was known he had come in for an estate and title.

Upon Le Loutre proposing to marry him to one of his flock Dick's only thought had been how to soften his refusal to the young Acadianne. Lo and behold! this unsophisticated girl was declaring she could never love *him*. He would see if she were in earnest.

"Are you sure, Madame you could never love me?" he asked, studying her face attentively the while.

"Quite, quite sure, Monsieur. Shall I get down on my knees to you, to show how much in earnest I am? I'll do so if you say so."

"Heaven forbid, that any woman should kneel to me! Now, may I enquire why you are so sure that you could never love me?" asked Dick wilfully returning to what the girl had said.

"Oh, I've a hundred reasons! each one as good as the other. First, I couldn't marry a foreigner. I love your people, but I love my

own far far better; with me, you must know, love of country is almost a religion; a woman loses her nationality when she marries an alien. I could never love any man well enough to merge my country and my identity in his. M. l'Abbé says I hold too much to these things, but he does the same himself,—ah! you are smiling,—you think because he is a man that makes all the difference in the world,—not I! there'll come a time when there will be one law for man and woman.”

“Is not M. Le Loutre a bit mad, think you?” Yolland asked abruptly.

“You do not like him?” replied the other interrogatively.

“Pardon, Madame, I admire him.”

“Do you? I am very glad of that, for I love him dearly. He has always been my true friend; even now in urging me to marry, he is doing it from a mistaken idea that it is for my good,” she said thoughtfully. Then, changing her tone, she exclaimed, “But we are wasting time wandering thus from the main point. You'll give me your word, Monsieur, that you will not insist upon this unnatural alliance, now that you know I would hate you were we married to each other?”

Yolland hesitated a moment before replying. There was something strangely attractive about the young girl. He was interested more than he was willing to acknowledge, even to himself. Her utter indifference to him annoyed him.

"The notion seems riveted in her that I'm bent upon marrying her *nolens volens*," he thought. "I'll undeceive her."

"Mademoiselle, if you knew me better you would know that, no matter how much another, be he priest or king, insisted upon our union, I would never ask you to marry me against your wish."

"Upon this, Mademoiselle exclaimed, half laughing, half sobbing, "My prayer has been answered; the Blessed Virgin has changed your heart."

"But this has been my intention from the first. Your prayers were quite uncalled for, Madame."

Without heeding Yolland, the girl continued,

"You'll promise me, Monsieur, that you will hold out against M. Le Loutre? I know he is very masterful and likes to have his own way, but if I'm not very much mistaken you do too," and she looked at Dick so confidently yet withal in such a dignified way, that he felt like a brute and not

one bit pleased with the role he was playing.

"Yes," he thought, "Le Loutre was right when he said he would give me a couple of hours to fall in love with Mademoiselle. By George! if ever I catch the Abbé, I'll keep him till he answers my questions. Bother! he's such a slippery individual he'd worm himself out of a key-hole. But I'll settle this with Mademoiselle."

"It seems a strange promise to give, Madame, but rest assured that neither M. Le Loutre nor anybody else in the world could *make* me marry you. I would like to be your friend, however, and, if you will accept me as such, I trust I may prove myself worthy of your esteem."

"Thanks, many thanks! I sorely need a friend, and shall gladly accept your offer; something assures me you are a gentleman, upon whose honour I may rely; so to prove my words I am going to tell you the reason above all others why I could never love you, Monsieur. It is a secret, not a soul knows, not even M. l'Abbé." There was a sweet fixed determination in the girl's face, far too much in earnest to blush or think of such little feminine coquetry, as she said deliberately,

"All my love is given to another,



one of my own dear country-men. I may never see him again, but I can never love another as I love him; he has all my heart, and I'd kill myself rather than marry any one else."

As Dick looked at the animated countenance, the sensitive mouth with its fearless but appealing expression, above all the deep fascinating eyes that claimed his friendship, he grew ridiculously jealous of this unknown man,—whom he mentally styled "a dirty Frenchman." However, not wishing to be outdone by this slip of a girl, he rather ungallantly rejoined that, "she need not flatter herself that M. Le Loutre was ignorant of her lover,—that the weightiest reason he had advanced for their union was this,—that his marrying Mlle. Marie would keep her from some one else, who was unworthy of her."

"Oh! that is another man, a horrid creature, M. l'Abbé knows all about him; he used the same argument with me, urging that once your wife the wretch would no longer menace me. But it cannot be, you have come too late Monsieur, I'll enter a convent rather," she pensively declared.

"Yes, too late to save you, in the way M. Le Loutre proposes. You have honoured me with your

confidence, Madame, I also have a secret to confide; years ago, I, too, gave my heart and troth to a country-woman of mine, and though I have no mind either to drown or pistol myself, I trust I shall be as constant and true to my love as you are to yours. Pardon my frankness Madame, but could I tell you her sad history, I am very sure your tender heart would bid me be faithful to the memory of my little sweetheart."

"Is she dead, Monsieur?" asked the girl in a whisper.

"Heaven grant she may still be alive! She is a prisoner, but where confined I knew not until——"

"How was she made prisoner, and by whom?" questioned the other eagerly.

"She was taken captive by the Indians, and then ransomed by your people, the French. But where they hid her I only——"

Again Mademoiselle cut him short. "You say she is with the French,—are you not a Frenchman, Monsieur?" she enquired with wide open eyes.

"No, thank God!" he replied in English.

"Pardon Monsieur, I do not understand; you speak French like a Frenchman, and your dress——"

"Oh bother the dress; I thought you knew I was a Britisher! Why

you said only a moment ago that you couldn't marry an Englishman."

"Pardon Monsieur! I could not have said that, for a British subject is the only one I will marry."

"*Are you British?*" exclaimed Dick in astonishment. "How came you at Beauséjour in time of siege?"

"Monsieur Le Loutre had me brought; for I, like yourself, sir, am a prisoner."

"And your name—your English name, no! you need not tell it me, for I know it,—you are Mawkin Adair!!! No other woman on earth could have moved me as you have done!" he cried breathlessly, snatching her little hand, and holding it in both of his.

"And you, Monsieur, are——?"

"Dick Yolland! your old friend and true love!" he cried drawing the girl to him, and folding her tenderly in his arms.

"And you are really and truly Mr. Yolland?" she stammered, confused for the first time during the interview.

"Yes, really and truly 'Mr. Yolland', but why on earth don't you call me Dick? I know you love me, for you told me so, not half an hour ago Miss," rejoined the young man gaily, as he watched the colour spread over the girl's

face. "She's thinking of what she said," he mused.

"And you never suspected that I was Mawkin?"

"No, strange to say, I did not. You see your change of name put me off the track. Why did you not keep your own?"

"Why I did! Mary is my Christian name,—Mawkin is only a nick-name; I thought you knew that."

"Of course I did! what a fool I was not to think of it; but then, I never suspected M. Le Loutre of playing a trick upon me. I can't solve his reason for doing it, can you?"

"Yes, I understand it now, for I have the key. The dear old Abbé wished to provide me—should he be killed and the English become sole masters of Acadie,—with a protector against the machinations of Lawrence. He knows everything, Dick—all about us."

"By George, you're right! it's as plain as day. What a stupid ass I've been! But why couldn't the Abbé tell us what he was about?"

"Oh, that's his way of doing things. The dear soul never does what he is expected to do. By the by, it is not strange, however, that you did not recognize me, I

fancy I am vastly changed," Mawkin said with a sigh.

"Oh, prodigiously! a great deal better looking, darling. I ought to have known those April eyes—though,—all tears and smiles—storm and sunshine," he murmured, attentively regarding the little face that he had framed with his hands. "But, I say, Mawkin where are the freckles?"

"Freckles do not flourish in captivity," replied the young girl with a rainbow smile.

"And am I so altered, darling that you did not recognize me?" Dick asked.

"Please remember it is four years and more since we parted. I did not even know if you were in this country, I never heard your name mentioned, and M. l'Abbé gave me to understand I was to marry a Frenchman."

"What a precious old humbug M. l'Abbé is! I can fancy him chuckling in his sleeve at the trick he has played us."

"Don't you think M. Le Loutre a bit mad?" Mawkin asked demurely.

"Not I! he is the best match-maker I ever came across. He should be canonized as the patron Saint of Matrimony. I'm thankful to say captivity has not taken all the old fun out of you Mawks, you

are as saucy as ever. By Jove! though, I shall be afraid to let you out of my sight, lest you run off to tease me. Come!" he cried impetuously. "Let's go into the church and get married! it is broad daylight, and M. Le Loutre said there was to be a marriage mass early this morning."

"Yes, a lot of the Baie Verte young people are to be married then;—but Suzanne Cormier—you know her? is to be married at ten o'clock. I was to be her maid of honor, and have a new white dress all ready for the occasion; we'll be married at the same time with Suzanne."

"I hate to put it off an instant. I've got you now, my darling, and I want to keep you. Pray don't mind about the dress, you look charming in this."

"I'm glad you think so, but wait till you see me in the other! Monsieur, you must learn patience, and not expect to have everything you want on the instant," retorted Mawkin laughingly. "The Cormiers are here in the fort, guests of M. de Vergor, so that I shall only leave you for an hour or two at most, while I make my toilet; I'll be so much more beautiful in my new toggery, that it will quite repay you for deferring the ceremony, dear," she urged.

"And must we really part for *two whole hours, sweetheart?*" Yolland questioned, as he tightened his clasp, fearful of losing his newly found treasure for an instant.

"Yes, we really must. You know, or, ought to know, it is a woman's prerogative to fix the time of her wedding, and I am going to claim all the prerogative of my sex. Make up your mind for that, Dick!"

"I'm afraid I shall have to, and to your claiming a good many of mine, too," laughed the young man.

"Of course I shall! you'll be a henpecked husband, if I marry you, sir. Now let me tell you it is the most fortunate thing for you that your white frock is made, otherwise you might have to wait till the siege is over," Mawkin rejoined, too happy to be serious.

"By George; it is most fortunate, looking at it in that light. But the way! I wonder what your friend Mme. le Blanc thinks of all this?" said Dick, not a little amused at the sight of the latter still on her knees before the shrine.

"Oh! Mme. le Blanc neither thinks nor sees,—M. l'Abbé tells her not to. But come!" cried the happy girl, freeing herself from Yolland's arms. "As you insist upon being married this mornin'"

we have no time to lose. I'll hurry off and find Suzanne, and leave you in the church to tell our decision to M. l'Abbé."

"I hate to part with you," he answered, again throwing his arms about her and covering with kisses the little hands, with which she hid her face from him.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### A Summary of Le Loutre's Prophetic Sermon, and by What Interrupted.

YOLLAND held back the muffled door for the two ladies to pass into the chapel, then followed. At the benitier, Mawkin lingered a moment to offer the holy water from her finger tips. As she did so, she turned and looked up at him with such frankness, trust, and womanly tenderness, he felt sorely tempted to detain her; but he checked the impulse, and she quietly moved off, and was soon lost in the crowd, with which the place was packed.

Before joining the worshippers, Yolland stood for some minutes where Mawkin had left him; he felt, as he glanced around, as if suddenly wafted back again to



Europe. The chapel was truly a little bit of Old world transplanted to the New; the walls of the nave were hung with highly coloured pictures, the souls in bliss on the right hand, those in torment on the left, and all depicted full face, with large staring eyes that followed one. Above the high altar was a snow white dove, and on either side life-size statues of the Virgin and St. Joseph, the patron saint of Nouvelle France; while the altar itself was adorned with crucifix, candle-sticks and vases of shining brass.

The church was crowded, chiefly with Acadian Habitants, though a sprinkling of regulars from the garrison might be detected. The pictures, the stations, the lighted candles, the acolytes, the gorgeous vestments, the glitter of gold and tinsel, the tinkling bell,—the mysterious elevation of the Host, all made an impression upon the simple Habitants and ignorant savage, that the missionaries were not slow to take advantage of; the Catholic Church was not only an exponent of a life to come, but also of a higher civilization in this world. Within its walls many a restless nature found consolation and happiness, from present misery and future woe.

The Acadians would have been

like clay in Le Loutre's hands had it not been for the counter-influence of Bigot, de Vergor and such like unpatriotic and unprincipled extortioners.

When the office was ended, and the tapers on the altar had one by one been extinguished, Le Loutre, having laid aside his vestments, clad only in the ordinary black soutane, his tall form bent as if carrying a veritable cross, advanced slowly to the chancel steps, from which he addressed the congregation. The rising sun, as it streamed through the beautiful stained glass window,—which the faithful in France had given the priest for his church in Acadie—illuminated the Abbé's wan face, and wreathed his head with a golden halo, that, to the excited people seemed almost supernatural, and added not a little to the effect of the preacher's melodramatic words. At first his voice was low and tired. He regained, however, fire and energy as he warmed with his subject.

"It is three weeks and more since I issued the mandate, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness.' How many have done so? How many?" he thundered, looking around him. "Is there one, O Lord?" he sighed, after a long and eloquent pause.

"Bear with me this once, if I chide," he continued sadly. "Something tells me it will be the last time; that the day is at hand when ye, my sheep, will be scattered, when ye shall hear my voice no more. Upon the arrest of M. l'Abbé Daudin, I showed thee what thou might'st expect from a treacherous nation which thus expelled a holy priest. I warned thee, that a like fate was in store for thee; that if ye recrossed the river at the instigation of the English, ye would all miserably perish, deprived of the blessed sacrament of Holy Church. But ye have not heeded my command, neither have ye harkened to my words. On the contrary, ye have inclined the ear to them that mock, and call me Moses, and liken ye to the Children of Israel, as of old, ye have cried, saying, 'Let us alone that we may serve the English, for it had been better for us to serve the English than that we should die in the wilderness.' The Lord heareth your murmurings which ye murmur against him. And what am I? Your murmurings are not against me! but against the Lord. The Lord will requite thee! ye have made ye gods of your houses, and your orchards, of your flocks and your herds. These have ye worshipped and not the Lord. And

when I put the torch to your homesteads, yea, even to your Church, to compel ye to leave, know ye not I did it for the salvation of your soul? Believe me! I would put the knife to the throats of your wives and children to save them from falling into the hands of the English heretics!" he cried in a frenzy.

Here, Le Loutre's exhausted body almost succumbed; after a few moments, however, his indomitable will got the upper hand, and he resumed his discourse, using strange figures and metaphores,—a habit probably caught from constant intercourse with the savages.

"Yea, thou art a rebellious and stiffnecked people, but thou shalt not bow the knee to Mammon! I will snatch thee, whether thou wilt or not, from that perdition into which thy folly hath plunged thee! Why halt ye between two opinions? Choose this day, my children, whom ye will serve—God or Mammon?" he demanded with fierce energy, paused a moment, then continued "My brethren, I know your hearts and your thoughts! Ye say, who made thee a ruler and a judge over us? Give us a sign! Thou shalt have a sign! Yesternight whilst reciting the rosary of the Virgin, I was im-

paradised in a trance, and beheld the mother of Him, whose cross I bear,—and as I looked, behold she wept! and I marvelled with great wonderment, and fell upon my face; thereupon she said unto me, 'Wherefore O man, dost thou marvel?' and I made answer, 'I marvel to see thee weeping, blessed Lady.' Then she said, 'weep thou, too, and bewail, O man, for the sacred tunic woven without seam, is being rent asunder; arise and see!' And as I looked I saw the old serpent, the devil,—with a face like unto Voltaire—crowned and seated upon a throne, above which was written in letters of gold, 'Reason is God.' And before the throne were gathered all the nations of the earth, each boasting of its share in the heavenly vesture. Prussia, showing a few shreds, declared that the original garment was quite worn out, good for nothing. What was worth preserving she alone possessed. Russia, with her hands clinched on some fragments, boldly contested that the garment was not worn out, only torn by dissention, which would never have happened had the Greek Church had the keeping of the sacred vesture, as it should have had, by right of pri-mogeniture. England, with her accustomed trickery, had secured a number

of bits. Of these she made a cloak in which she flaunted before the world. Many mistook it for the true vesture, but she protested that it was better than the original, being the old garment washed, and reformed to suit the times; even as she spoke I saw divers people of her own nation cutting and paring the Anglican cloak, and filling up the rents with gold and sophistry. 'And where, cried I, is France? What is she doing while the heretics are rending the sacred tunic?' 'Thou mayst well enquire, O man,' our Lady made reply,—'France is making merry, dancing and junketting, laughing and scoffing, indifferent that the Sacred Tunic, bequeathed to her by Christ himself, to guard and keep until He comes to claim his own, is being stolen from her.'

"This, my brethren, is the sign vouchsafed thee. The Sacred Tunic is not only an emblem of the entirety of Holy Catholic Church, but also the unity of its blessed Sacraments. If La Patrie, drunk with pleasure, has neglected her duty, is that any excuse for you to do likewise? Will you not rally to rescue this sacred garment from the hands of the heretics? Remember the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. Thy sins have been many. Come,

wash them out with blood! Drive the heretics out—ye will have your reward hereafter!" As Le Loutre paused for an instant, sobs and groans might have been heard from all parts of the church. "Curse me Meroz! said the angel of the Lord, Curse ye bitterly! curse ye the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty!" he excitedly shouted.

In a voice almost choked with sobs, he said tenderly, "Provoke me not, O my children! to call down curses upon ye, because ye came not to the help of the Lord against the heretics." Then, as if the spirit of prophecy urged him on in spite of himself, he continued, "God hath revealed to me what is hidden from others. Forty years long shalt thou wander among a strange people,—but a remnant shall be saved——"

Even as Le Loutre spoke there came a terrific crash, that shook the building like a storm-tossed ship; the excited people started to their feet with shrieks, prayers and imprecations, and would have rushed pell-mell for the door, had not the many sided prelate—an instant before all excitement, now when only bodily danger menaced, cool and collected—begun singing

the familiar hymn of the "Sacred Tunic." His powerful bass voice soon quelled the panic, and ere the hymn was finished the greater part of the congregation joined in the refrain.

"Saluons, saluons la Tunique  
sacree,  
De sueur et de sang tant de fois  
inondee,  
Sur le corps divin du Sauveur,  
De Jesus, de Jesus cherchons la  
trace sainte,  
De douleurs de travaux, nous  
trouverons l'empreinte  
Et la vertu du Redempteur."

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## CHAPTER XVI.

**In Which we See War, Stripped  
of Her Trappings—Horrible and  
Cruel.**

WHEN the crash came, Yolland's first thought was of Mawkin. He rightly concluded that a ball, thrown by the besiegers, had shattered some part of the fortification,—and heartily prayed, and earnestly hoped that his darling was safe. After minutely scrutinizing his fellow-worshippers, to make sure that she was not among them, he quickly made his way to



the courtyard, which was filled with shrieking savages, men-at-arms, and Acadian habitants, all in the greatest excitement and dismay. From a soldier he learned that a shell of some two hundred weight had fallen upon the casemate, where were the jail and bachelor quarters. Thither he hastened, little anticipating the awful spectacle that met his view when at last he gained admittance to what was once the mess-room—now but a heap of stones and rubbish. It seems a party of officers were at breakfast when the bomb burst. They were now being dragged from the debris, dead or dying. Three of them, disfigured almost beyond recognition, were lying in a row in the corridor; a fourth was being dug out. It was the dashing Canadian, who, the evening before, had recklessly declared that, 'if he were killed, he would have the pleasure of attending his own funeral.' A few minutes later, another corpse was extricated and laid beside these; this, Yolland recognized with horror and sorrow to be his compatriot—Ensign Hay. The body was shockingly mangled, but the face was without a blemish, the smooth red hair unruffled, and the eyes wide open in astonishment, as they had often been in life.

"My dear, dear Hay, are you really dead?" murmured Dick, burying his face in his hands, and, soldier though he was, bursting into tears; presently, growing calmer, he threw himself on the stones, by the side of his comrade, and tenderly pillowed the poor head in his arms, pressing from time to time warm kisses on the cold brow. Contemplating thus the glassy eyes, and wounded body, a great compassion filled him for the poor young wife thus suddenly deprived of her protector, and he bowed his head in prayer, as he lifted up his heart in gratitude to the merciful God, who had spared his own life and that of Mawkin.

He was aroused from his meditations by a hand laid on his shoulder. "Wilt thou have him buried with the others?" some one asked. Yolland glancing up encountered the priest's piercing eyes, and sweet tender smile.

"No, it is better not. The face is so natural, his young wife may wish to see him. I'll take him to our room, if I may; perhaps later the Commandant will consent to his being removed to Fort Lawrence."

Le Loutre motioned to a sergeant standing near to aid Yolland, and together they carried the dead man to his room, and laid him on the

little camp-bed he had quitted, full of life and hope, such a short time previous.

The devotion with which the Abbé fulfilled his sacred mission filled Yolland with respect and regard. For the time, everything else was put aside; the corpses were taken into the little church and shrouded with their country's flag, then the altar prepared for a funeral mass. When that solemn rite was over, the French officers bore their dead comrades with slow and measured tread to graves dug in the court-yard, where the priest committed them to the dust.

Hardly was the farewell volley fired over the graves, before de Vergor summoned his remaining officers to a council of war. It was a stormy session, passion waxed high. The majority, headed by the Commandant, urged immediate surrender. Le Loutre and a few of the more spirited officers, strongly opposed such ignominious cowardice.

Upon Le Loutre entering the council chamber, de Vergor, seated at the far end of a long table, surrounded by his staff, greeted him in these words,

"You're late, mon pere, we have decided to capitulate."

"Thou speakest hastily, my son, we are assembled here to deliberate upon ways and means to circum-

vent the enemy, not to surrender," calmly objected the Abbé.

"Is that your opinion, mon pere?" sneered the Commandant. "Pray favour us with your advice, —we are barely six hundred men, the English over two thousand,— what do you propose? Do you know of any miracle by which we can raise two thousand warriors armed cap-a-pie?"

"Victory, my son, depends more upon ardour than upon numbers. Dost thou not remember how the Lord delivered Jericho into the hands of Joshua, and how the—".

"Yes, yes I remember, we've heard all that before," interrupted de Vergor, as he tapped his snuff-box with faintly suppressed impatience. "Your ambition, mon pere, is excessive; not content with filling the role of Moses, you want to play that of Joshua likewise. You must know, we have no choice left us but to surrender. Despatches received last night from Isle Royale inform me that English vessels are cruising before Louisbourg, and to force the blockade in order to come to our aid would be to expose themselves to surprise and capture; consequently to hold out any longer, now that assistance is refused us by Du Quesne, would be a useless sacrifice of life on both sides. In fact the condition of the Fort

since the ravage of the shell this morning makes surrender imperative."

The Abbé drew himself up to his full height, and faced his opponent, his soldierly appearance, in spite of the old black soutane, contrasting violently with the Com-mandant's, whose gorgeous white uniform, set off with violet and gold lace, instead of relieving his bad figure, only served to heighten its defects.

"Messieurs!" he cried with flashing eyes, "I will never consent to capitulate; it would be better for us all to be buried under the ruins of this fort than to yield at this juncture. Thus far it has been but a *velvet siege*.' Will you surrender Fort Beauséjour before it is invested?—before one *regular battle* has been fought? Let us fight like men and shed our blood to avenge those who were killed to-day! It is glorious to conquer—but still more glorious to die for church and country!"

"By the mass! mon pere, you've a double reason for holding out 'both Church and Country'. Claim your allegiance! now, I don't care a sou what church gets the pickings; and as for these acres of snow,—I've made all I can out of them, and intend going back to France to enjoy my well earned

leisure, eh! De Vanne, my boy, will you join Bigot and me?" asked de Vergor, turning to his kinsman, with a leer in his eye.

De Vannes, taking his lace handkerchief from his belt, and waving it with a little derisive flourish in the direction of Le Loutre, replied, Yes, I'll join you with pleasure, and the sooner we end affairs here, the sooner we go."

"Unhappy man, unhappy garrison, unhappy Acadians!" cried Le Loutre. "The Lord is my witness that I am working for His glory, and not my own. Would to heaven that the canons forbade not the priests to put on the capote and take the sword and gun, and I would show you how to fight!" Then, turning to de Vergor he continued with fervour, "Pray God to pardon thee, my son, all the trouble thou hast caused these poor refugees. What will become of the Acadian habitants if thou capitulate, and they are taken with arms in their possession? What, I ask? Their fate is in thy hands; their blood be upon thy head, my son, if thou doest not to them as thou wouldst be done by!"

Religion had not quenched the soldier in Le Loutre: he was a true Knight Templar, and disloyalty and cowardice stung him to the

quick. His glance commanded the respect, and his word went to the heart of some few present, who now fully realized what a disgraceful surrender their Commandant was contemplating. Pierepont, the engineer, seconded the Abbé with a warmth that delighted him. No knowing what they might not have accomplished in time, had not Pichon, though apparently absorbed in examining his fingernails, remarked the veering of opinion in time to stop it. Springing to his feet, "M. le Commandant!" he asked, "why these useless recriminations? I propose we put it to vote."

"Exactly, mon ami, you have hit the nail on the head—to vote; it shall be put. Messieurs, those in favour of capitulation stand by me! those contrary-minded join M. l' Abbé!" said de Vergor.

De Vannes, Pichon and two or three others of that set, immediately surrounded the Commandant. Pierepont and young Bellisle as promptly joined Le Loutre. The rest remained neutral, some from timidity, others from indifference.

"Bien! mon pere, you will hardly think of holding out with but two followers!" stammered de Vergor.

"Monsieur, if I alone had the conduct of affairs at Chignecto, I would have fifteen hundred men

with me; that is, all the Acadians who are able to bear arms, which, with my Micmacs, is sufficient to hold Beauséjour and repulse the besiegers; but alas! I have not the conduct of affairs, and for honour and glory, once supposed to be the incentives of gentlemen and soldiers, you have substituted those of interest. Monsieur, now and forever know that nothing shall induce me to agree to this cowardly capitulation."

"I very much doubt the English accepting any capitulation on your part, M. l'Abbé; perhaps you do not know they have set a price on your head," observed Pichon, with a sinister expression.

"Yes, I know it well. Thank God! Judas is not among the Acadians; the honour of being a traitor belongs to a Frenchman!" rejoined the priest, sternly regarding the commissary, who started and trembled with terror in spite of himself, betraying the coward and traitor. In desperation he retorted,

"Monsieur, I shall not submit to insult from any one; be he soldier or priest, he must answer for it! you have had the temerity to question the honour of our Commandant——"

"Enough!" roared de Vergor. "My honour concerns myself



alone! when needed I will attend to it; now, I am sure it is safe in the hands of my friends. You, Messieurs, are judges of my motives. As for these cursed Acadians, what are they that we should sacrifice our lives for them? miserable cowards! who slunk away and hid when I ordered them to repair instantly to Beauséjour; if they will not lift a hand themselves to repel the enemy, they surely can't expect us to fight for them. What is Holy Church or La Patrie to them? Nevertheless, to give you pleasure, M. l'Abbé, I'll give the Acadians we have pressed into our service a written paper, stating they took up arms only on compulsion. Will that satisfy you, mon pere?"

Receiving no answer, de Vergor's unhandsome face became distorted with passion, and a second time he stammered,

"Will that not satisfy you, mon pere?" But the priest turned his back upon him, and stalked out of the chamber, thoroughly dissatisfied with the aspect of affairs.

Upon the adjournment of the council shortly after, Pierepont remarked to a brother officer, "A bad day's work this!"

"Shocking!" cried de Vannes, who overheard him. "Who would have imagined that one shell would

have made such havoc in your *bomb-proof casemates*, Monsieur? But cheer up! it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good—it is promotion for some."

"Not if we surrender; that will be a dear bargain," returned the other.

The Commandant now ordered a flag of truce to be raised on the ramparts in sight of the enemy. This was no sooner done than Le Loutre hauled it down with his own hands, at the same time urging, exhorting, even commanding, in the name of the king and Church, the officers to uphold the honour of France, and die rather than yield. But the prelate's words were of little avail. Some mocked, others derided his courage, or denounced it as madness; few had hearts sufficiently loyal to care if Beauséjour fell or not; the venality of the superior had stifled any sentiments of loyalty the younger men might have had. Consequently, despite the indignant protests of Le Loutre, the Commandant had his way. Within an hour he despatched the valiant de Vannes and M. Scherif,—one of his staff— with overtures of peace to the English Commander, Colonel Monckton. These were rejected; but M. Scherif returned with others, and finally the following

terms were agreed upon :

First,—The Commandant, officers, staff, and others employed for the King and garrison of Beauséjour, shall go out with arms and baggage, drum a-beating.

Second,—The garrison shall be sent by sea direct to Louisbourg, at the expense of the King of Great Britain.

Third,—The garrison shall have provisions sufficient to last until they get to Louisbourg.

Fourth,—As to the Acadians, as they were forced to bear arms under pain of death, they shall be pardoned.

Fifth,—The garrison shall not bear arms in America for the space of six months.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

**Beausejour Capitulates—Termination of the Velvet Siege. God Save the King.**

AT seven of the clock on the evening of the sixteenth of June, our old friend, Captain Scott, with a party of Provincials marched into Beauséjour, to the music of "God Save the King." The arms of France, and the King's Posy

were then taken down from over the gate, and the name of Beauséjour changed to that of Cumberland. Next, the golden Lillies of France were lowered,—never to float again from battlement and tower in Acadie—and the Standard of Britain raised in its place. As the Union Jack unfurled in the breeze, it was saluted by a general discharge of all the ordnance in the fortress.

Strange to relate, this surrender, and what they humourously called "The Velvet Siege of Beauséjour," gave no great uneasiness, either to the Commandant or his friends. They were as gay and debonair as ever. The poor Acadians, however, were filled with forebodings of ill; they were again required to move. Having brought all they could save from their burning homesteads into the fort, they naturally went out laden with the few articles they could carry with them.

Le Loutre alone was absent at the occupation of Fort Beauséjour; the ardent Abbé's work there was ended,—his forecast confirmed.

While these preliminaries were taking place, Yolland had remained in the back ground, an interested looker-on; he now came forward to offer his congratulations. The meeting was a joyful one. Cool,

calm Scott embraced him again and again.

"This is an unexpected happiness," exclaimed the Captain. "I'm delighted to see you. Do you know we had quite given you up, my boy!"

"Had you? I trust I am disappointing nobody by coming back to life. I fancied you all knew I was here," laughed Dick excitedly.

"We did not; it was only upon my arrival at Annapolis Royal that I heard a report of your capture by Indians; I can assure you, we have been very anxious on your account. But what brought you here to Beauséjour?"

"Oh, it is a long story!" replied Dick evasively.

"And what of the quest? If you have kept up your botanical studies, perhaps you can tell me if sweet clover blooms in Acadie?" Scott jokingly asked.

But Yolland blushed, hesitated, and replied so incoherently, that the other was struck by his strange manner.

"Something is wrong, what is it?" enquired the Captain. Then, remarking Dick's French dress for the first time, he cried, "You surely have not gone over to the French?"

"Hardly! You are surprised at my dress,—fact is—as the Indians stripped me of my own clothes,

I was glad to accept any decent covering," laughed Dick. But I'll tell you all as soon as we are alone. I've a secret I'm dying of impatience to impart. When will you be free to listen?"

"Let me see—de Vergor insists upon entertaining us English at supper to-night. I fancy they'll make a night of it. However, I'll plead important business, and slip out as soon as possible after midnight. If you follow, we can have one of our old-time talks. I suppose you've a room to yourself?"

"Hay shared it with me; the poor fellow is lying there now."

"Bless me! I quite forgot poor Hay; is it true he was killed along with the French officers by that two hundred pounder of ours?"

"Yes, only too true; they were all at breakfast when that cursed shell burst in upon them. It is the merest chance in the world that I was not there. Good-natured, jolly fellows they were, mostly young Canadians. I don't know when any thing has cut me up as this has, it was so unexpected; fancy, seven dare devil young men, sent into eternity before they had time to breathe a prayer. Poor Hay was the only serious one among them. Do you know Scott, I'm getting to loathe and detest war!"

"Stuff and nonsense! we all must die sooner or later, and it is not always the best who die in bed; I for one ask but to die in arms with my face to the foe; as for Hay, I don't one bit mind the lad being there if you don't; we can talk all the same! Dead men tell no tales!"

"I mind it very much," Yolland replied with warmth. How coolly you 'take things, Scott! To hear you talk one would suppose you had no heart."

"Pooh! It's all in the way of business; a soldier has no right to grow sentimental over such things. If he wishes to cultivate his emotions he had better quit the service."

"I agree with you there, it's what I intend doing."

"Well, well, my boy, you are your own master, and can please yourself,—with me it is very different. However, if you had rather, we can have our pow-wow on the ramparts,—though I warn you it will hardly be safe to tell secrets there."

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According to agreement the two friends withdrew from the revelers shortly after midnight, and repaired to a deserted part of the ramparts; here Scott seated himself on

a gun, took out his pipe, filled it and smoked away with his usual contentment. His companion, meanwhile, strode impatiently back and forth. Suddenly he stopped, and said in an agitated voice,

"Oh Scott! I've found her, I've found her!"

"What! Her! Who? You don't meant to tell me you have found your sweet clover?" asked the other incredulously.

"Yes, I do! it is she, her very self! but more charming and beautiful than of old!"

"And pray, is the sweet clover and Miss Adair one and the same person?"

"Yes, the sweet clover is Mawkin, and Mawkin is the sweet clover, and both are mine,—mine to love and cherish till death us do part!" cried Dick with exultation.

"Zounds! you are not married?" exclaimed Scott.

"No, but we will be, ere this time to-morrow!"

"I congratulate you, with all my heart, dear boy," said the Captain, cordially clasping the other's hand. "I would suggest, however, your keeping hush about it, for I am certainly advised that His Excellency intends marrying her himself, if he finds her."

"Confound His Excellency! he'll



have to go over my dead body to do it! Bah! between ourselves, Scott, Lawrence has not the ghost of a chance. Why we were in the Church, and in another half hour we would have been man and wife had not that infernal bomb fallen when it did, compelling the Abbé to go to the dead and dying! but I am an ungrateful wretch to complain, since God has been pleased to spare our lives. The delay, which my impatience has magnified, is really a very short one,—Le Loutre has made all arrangements for our marriage——”

“Le Loutre!” interposed Scott. “Where in the name of goodness is the scoundrel? Is he hiding in the village, or with his Micmacs?”

“I do not know in the least where M. l’Abbé is; I only pray he may reach some place where he will be rewarded for all he has done for others,” replied Yolland warmly.

“Yes, I hope with all my heart he may, for I am very sure the only place he will get his reward will begin with H., and not be Heaven.”

“Well, well, old Chap, we must agree to differ in our opinion of Le Loutre. I’m too prodigiously happy at this moment to quarrel with anybody; even for *Lawrence*, I’ve a feeling akin to pity that I

am depriving him of such a priceless jewel. By George! I can hardly realize my own good fortune. Would you believe it, Mawkin has been in love with me all these years? In fact confessed that she lost her heart on ship-board to Obadiah Bloodgood, the sly puss! I'll pay her back for running away. By-the-way, you'll be my best man, Scott?"

As the Captain hesitated a second before replying, Dick added hastily, "Perhaps I'm asking too great a favour, as you are a friend of Lawrence?"

"No, my boy, I'm your friend and yours only. I hesitated—hem!—not having your—foolhardiness—but—don't you think, Yolland, it would be as well to put off your marriage until you have made your arrangements to return home? Then, on the eve of sailing, the ceremony might take place—"

"Do stop, Scott! I'm in no mood to take advice. I'm determined there shall be no further procrastination, for Lawrence or any other man. M. Le Loutre, bless him! found time to write a long letter before he quitted the Fort, in which he gave me explicit directions what to do. He has arranged everything. We are to be married after midnight at the

Thibeaudeaux, where there is a little chapel. Either Pere Germain, or the Abbé Le Guerne, will tie the knot. Say, my friend! will you come with me?"

"Yes, since you're bent upon having a papist ceremony I'll go with you to see that they do it all right. It is amazing though, the prodigious interest Le Loutre takes in you, my boy. One might suppose that at such a critical time as the siege and surrender of Beauséjour his pate would have been filled with more important business than getting you married. Faith! I can't fathom him, can you?"

"At first I was as much perplexed as you are, but when the key was given me I saw there was method in his madness," and Yolland briefly related to his friend what had happened since.

"I see it all now,—all—all," murmured Scott, as Dick concluded, "It is his *revenge upon Lawrence.*"

After a little more talk, Scott exclaimed, pointing to a faint red streak in the eastern horizon, "Ah! there is the dawn, what do you say to turning in?"

"Oh! I'm far too happy and excited to sleep,—but you go, don't mind me."

"I certainly shall not! I've heard

before that love was so exhilarating while it lasted one had no need of food or sleep. Unfortunately, not being in love, I must woo sleep,—so will wish you Good-day, and God be with you."

So say we all of us.

THE END.

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