

Flash, flash, flash, the great guns of twenty batteries, and of the insidious unsuspected gunboats. Long lines of infantry open fire, rat-at-at; at-a-tat, at-a-tat; rat-at-at! A few men taking aim at an object, but soon all aim ceasing by obscuration of smoke. Flashes of opposite fire, or sound of rifle shots direct the aim mostly. Some bullets of rifles blue hit a man of grey in the smoke, as the grey may hit the blue, but more miss.

The roaring, riving shells, not so often do they miss. They rise, they curve, they descend, exploding as they come, splinters tearing the limbs, or tearing the life out of the blue and the grey about equally. The men are equally valiant and obedient. The Chiefs in command equally prescient and resolute. The commissariat of both armies equally defective.

The mother down East may reckon the birth-days, but never more will her three sons stand by that old notched post. Though one may creep to it, or be wheeled on a chair, should he recover under the skilful surgery of Doctor Ocean Horn. Richard his name, Richard Brand, both feet shot away.

Of such a homestead, reckon many thousands this day. Of such a day expect more, and some yet deadlier, though none may be contested in higher gallantry.

Column in blue, column in grey have deployed into line, taking ground to the front, ground to the rear. Advancing in echelon, changing front to the left, front to the right. Manœuvring to get around flanks. Rushing to close quarters. Capturing field batteries. Storming redoubts. The battalions less actively engaged, harassed to the wearied soul in their impatience to charge up the acclivity and storm the insolent artillery near them.

But General in blue, and General in grey, know why the inactive columns must remain as they are, and where they are. The units of the impatient mass do not. It is the hardest trial of heroes to stand exposed to occasional shots, and not know why. Compared with their trial of courage, the bravery of charging at a rush, bayonet to bayonet, face to face in fight, is like the escape of the imprisoned.

At last, and long before the final at last, both armies are subdued by the enemy they both despised in the proud time of coming from home—the inexorable democrat, hunger. Exhausted and bleeding they mutually solicit truce to gather in the wounded, bury the dead.

Then the masses in the insurgent grey, who led the bold attack, retire. The columns under the nation's flag who accepted the attack, keep the ground they fought on.

And thus closed one of the earlier days in the four years of the reaping of the harvest of man's inhumanity to man; grown from seeds sown in ancient ages, and from modern commercial adventure.

Commercial adventure! Out of which has also arisen most of the moral refinement, wealth and glory, termed civilization.

Old Kensbrig, as you know, told young Lud (our Lillymere), it was worth the risk of going into battle for the pleasure of coming out. And the veteran told others after this combat, to which he had gone in search of Eurynia and Lillymere, but losing trace of both, that:

"The horror inspired, looking on the carnage of battle, was almost balanced by admiration of the skill, tenderness, professional devotion of America's noble outflow of surgeons and nurses."

Said he in continuation:

"I was one of many left bleeding on a field of battle, many years ago. Awakening from the stupor which enveils approaching death by loss of blood, I beheld one of several Spanish ladies looking in my eyes, putting cordial to my lips, whispering at my lips, a prayer or a kiss, or both, I know not; but I live, and should have died, only for those gracious ladies of Spain."

He continued:

"Then Florence Nightingale came on wing to battle-fields and hospitals, with the bright train of sisters following. Glorious Florence Nightingale!"

Interposed a prostrate wounded Canadian Irishman:

"Know you not, sir, of the Sisters of the Kingdom of Grace at Montreal, in season of the ship fever, following the flight from famine and fever in Ireland? Ah, sir, the magnanimity of woman in that drear conflict with pestilence and death, where renown or high name with the world there was none; none to this day; the perishing crowds only poor Irish Immigrants."

Rejoined Kensbrig, fervently:

"I know of that weird year of woe in Montreal, and never meet the Sisters of Grace but I could kneel in reverence at their feet. All the previous year, and the year before, I traversed the famine-stricken counties of the south and west of Ireland on foot, reporting the measure of the misery to bounteous hearts and hands in England, who contributed liberally to special funds at disposal of the people's trusted priests, whom I named in correspondence; in addition to six millions sterling given from the national exchequer."

"Yes," he continued, "I know the noble story of heroines of the Holy Sisterhood in Montreal, in season of the fell pestilence

which accompanied the exodus from Ireland. But I also know women in Montreal, not of that Sisterhood, who assume duties as nearly approaching the angelic-secular, as any successors of Martha and Mary may perform; some only approximately, by vicarious contributions, but one—I lived within sight of her a time. She would comprise in her own character in eye of the world, if the world knew her, more heroines than a volume would hold, and better heroines than commonly go to books, though less romantic. Though not a Catholic of the Church of the Holy Sisterhood—but old True Blue of the Scottish Covenanters, she has yet become Queen-Governess of the secular shrine of Saint Andrew; of Scotland's Saint Andrew. Listen while I depict her, briefly."

"Pardon interruption, Mr. Kensbrig, that subject belongs to my respected secretary, Mr. Reuben, whom I expected here by this. I left him at the capital, looking for Eurynia. You know me, I presume?"

"Lady Mary Mortimer! The world knows your honoured name. I, and those two hundred shattered remnants of battle left under my care until surgeons can attend and nurses arrive, were giving solace to wandering minds by recalling the names of a few of the many estimable women met in life, some known to fame, but by far the greater number living unknown, and making fragrant the wilderness of miseries, and rude conflicting industries, with their sweet and tender natures. Oh woman, diviner part of man, flower of human life, what a mysterious inspiration are you to me! Thought reveals a time in the riches of memory, recalling the absent and the gone—the loved and gone, and behold, one of Nature's truest gentlewomen appears unexpectedly as a vision."

"Of things present let us speak, Mr. Kensbrig. Until I saw American ladies in the field hospitals, the last two days and this morning, I was unaware of how much a woman may do. I'm also here to work, not to talk, nor stand directing. I'm one of the nurses sent to this tent of wounded soldiers."

Saying which, Lady Mortimer laid bonnet and shawl aside, and, with another woman assisting, got water; bathed wounds; washed bandages; prepared and administered delicate food to the wounded; both speaking cheerful words in voices soft and soothing.

Two days later came Eurynia. She had been arrested, but enlarged by Peter, with this speech:

"Madam, there is not within any State or Territory of the Union a lady more profoundly respected than the Donna Eurynia. A nation's life is in the issue of this war. I have no doubt of the issue, nor of the perpetuity of the nation's life. But to secure the issue, independent action of citizens must cease for a time. Madam, you are influential and good. Very rich in money, they say. The safety of the nation is with you a high faith. Still, you are not the Executive. It was necessary that the power of this central seat of action should, by flash of electricity, arrest you. And now, madam, having experienced now the eye of Government penetrates distances, and how the hand of the Executive takes firm grasp, you are at liberty. Go where you may have business. Sorry for the inconvenience, but it was well to establish the cardinal fact that in this convulsion of the Republic the hand of power is in this room. At this table, madam, and to abide here until events recall it. The nation is bound to protect itself. Every nation is bound to protect itself."

"Sir," returned the Donna, "it is well. There was a time when I aimed to accomplish the unity of all races, classes, and interests in the American nation; and to aid in giving missionaries of high moral thought and purpose to the world; but I find the germs of rebellion and despotism to be more prevalent in persons and communities than heretofore deemed possible. Farewell. I go west. Should you think to arrest me again, send a telegram inviting me here. I'll come at once and be arrested."

"They parted on very good terms, except that, secretly, Peter thought the Donna Eurynia a mysterious woman. She had imputed despotism to him for acts which were necessary precautions. Such a woman might become dangerous."

The lady departed west. She had only alluded to the rebellion and despotism of passion convulsing her own being. Her mind, of a capacity and power to work for the well-being of nations, was now distracted with jealousy of a London girl of fashion, probably at that moment ministering tenderly to young Lillymere on the battle-field; or in camp hospital; or weeping over his grave; or searching in heaps of dead for his body; or smiling in prosperous love under sunshine of his lustrous summer. The Donna knew he had become a hero; knew that Lillymere and Simon Lud, the impetuous captain of the Redbolts, were one. But the last heard of him were the telegrams, night between the days of battle, informing that: "In hand to hand encounter on horseback, Captain Simon Lud had struck El Abra from his saddle and made him prisoner."

And this later flash of words: "El Abra has

escaped; Lud and the Redbolts in hot pursuit."

Reuben came from England with Lady Mortimer; and, unknown to Eurynia, was travelling west on the same train.

Said the lady as she sped along in the private drawing-room car with a suite of ladies, two medical secretaries and one chaplain:

"Seems I'm in person like to this nation, divided. Some long silent natural sin in me, perchance. If sin it be, it is budding at a season most undesirable. Sin! Is a pure womanly affection to be denied me, yet permitted others? The wrong, if any, is my departure from Reuben. Yet the promise to him was made in girlish frolic years ago when a child. Not binding now. Still I'm not to forget that in peril he did me service; has been faithful—I think faithful—possibly faithful, and I received him warmly and openly."

In silent tumult of heart she continued:

"It may have been his sudden reappearance, after years of separation, which inspired momentary weakness. I wept on him in joy. It was joy. But he is mature in age. Three years older than I. Lillymere, the young, the incomparable, was present, and yet I had joy at seeing Reuben."

"Lillymere! Illustrious, beautiful, bashful boy! Daring chivalrous young hero! Perhaps he may despise me. Yet I'm half his second cousin. Would that Reuben might come from England. Would that Lady Mortimer came, followed by Mr. Secretary Reuben. I might then, perchance, be withheld from the gulf into which I'm like to plunge pursuing Lillymere."

"Reuben, in another coach of the same train, unaware the Donna was so near, communed with himself thus:

"Were I not in literary service of Lady Mary, I'd seek a professional alliance in the suite of Eurynia."

"Second thoughts, better not. I might forget she is immeasurably beyond me in fortunes. I might, in presumption, incur the Donna's deep displeasure."

"Was it not so, that after the first glow of friendship, evinced at meeting one she had not seen a long while, her manner became cold to me, her conversation reserved?"

"Esse! Bell Eurynia! Lady of matchless financial fortunes if not dissipated by this war. Of mental aspirations and pursuits lofty in their objects, above the common passions or feelings of human nature, I may only admire from a distance. But mayn't I build castles in the air?"

"Ecstasy of dreaming! Let me in luxury of thought build in the air, and imagine that this Empress of all the philanthropies: Princess proprietress of boundless treasures of gold; peerless Eurynia should say: 'Roy Reuben, in consideration that your pen ever aims at the exaltation of the lowly and toil-worn, the vindication of right against wrong, I elect you to share with me the duties and delectable satisfaction of renovating the ethics of nations.'

"Too much dreaming. To work. What is the business Lady Mary brought me to do? Between us to find the heir of Lillymere and take him to England. I to induce Mrs. Renshaw of Conway, in Canada, formerly the widow Lud, to go to England. And to search in the States for her son, Abram Lud, to conduct him to England. A free pardon given him for olden conspiracies and treason, that he may appear with his mother before the Committee of the Lords with such collaterals as they possess, to prove that this youth was

the child confided to them at Iridale in Lancashire. And that the child confided to them had been the babe stolen from temporary custody of the girl stranger from America, the infant's half cousin, Essel Bell.

(To be continued.)



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates," will be received at this Office until FRIDAY, 24th SEPTEMBER instant, for the construction and insertion of SIX PAIRS OF LOCK GATES for the proposed enlarged Locks Nos. 9, 10, and 11, on the GRENVILLE CANAL.

Plans and Specifications can be seen on application at this Office, or at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, and at the Engineer's Office, on the Works at Grenville, where printed Forms of Tender may also be obtained.

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By Order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, {
Ottawa, 8th Sept., 1871.

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Plans and Specifications can be seen on application at this Office, or at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, and at the Engineer's Office, on the work at Grenville, where printed Forms of Tender may also be obtained.

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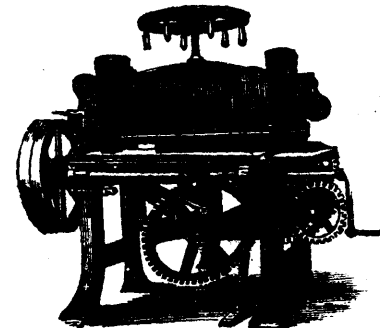
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