

Dogs bark but cannot bite. And bulls below at the engine, the grand old bulls. Defying the railway thunder in fury of controversy, tearing up the earth with angry hoof and horn.

Sisters fair and young glimmer on the eye a moment, looking through the palings, instant flash of beauty seen no more.

Mother with babe and water-pail resting in the garden gateway, hand to the eyes, shading off the sun.

Her children on middle rails, or climbing to the uppermost, clapping hands, waving hats. "Hooray! and hooray!"

All coming, swimming, flashing past, flying; flying and eclipsing in the rear. As the Day Express West shoots impetuously on and on.

Remnants of the forest retained for fuel or timber: hickory, elm, maple, walnut, chestnut, cherry, leafy branches blossomy shimmer on the eye a moment, unwinding as a ribbon, as a rich and dazzling ribbon, a flying, flying rainbow falling from the sky.

London: fifteen minutes for refreshment. Depot of three lines. Babe of Imperial name. Fair to look upon, this nursing city enfolded by its river, the virgin Thamesia. Around it gardens, hop grounds, vineries, orchards and the wide plains of wheat.

Euryntia is seen at a window of the Palace drawing-room car, and the emotion of the whole depot crowd is: "Oh! the beautiful woman!"

"All aboard! All aboard!" "Who, who," the engine, and the train again moves. Puffing and snorting it speeds along the bridge. De Peri in the cars gives wonderful performances with his magnetising eyes. The Donna Euryntia holds court in the gorgeous saloon. Let them alone.

At Komoka, to Wyoming and Strathroy, sonorously musical the names; to Petrolia, to St. Clair, and intervening region of oil-field fortunes on this branch. But the home of Euryntia is reached along the main line.

Up by Mount Brydges, highest land of Canada, cultured to the summit. Appin and Glencoe, homes of old Highlanders. Historical clansmen—Macdonalds of the second sight.

By the Thames and vales of wheat. Native soil of the curling walnut. Woods, precious in workshops. Cherry trees five feet through, read by their rings four centuries old. Oh, the blossoms of the centuries, and the ripening of the cherries all that time! And the festivals of birds in the deep forest solitudes, in times before the coming of white men and wheat. Counties of Middlesex, Kent, Essex to-day. Land of cattle for the shows; of milk and butter and honey; of corn and wine and oil. And of oil well engines. Hundreds of timber pyramids, tapering like towers of churches, rise in the forest, a mystery to the stranger. They encompass the machinery, the tanks and the wells.

To Chatham on the plain, county town of Kent, town of wheat and walnut woods, port of Lake St. Clair.

By the marshes of Essex. Myriads of voices in melodious notes and cadences; tenor, bass treble, high key and low, fast time and slow. Myriads of voices intoning a psalm of the universe, song of the rana awakened by the spring.

Out of the swamp, on a ridge by the river. Arriving at Windsor, Michigan State but a mile away, and City of Detroit.

Steaming and sailing fleets of gaily painted ships, singly or in trains led by tug-boats up the stream, or free in the wind flitting hither and thither, up to Lake Huron, down to stormy Erie.

To the depot at Michigan Central. The train of freight cars aboard one ferry-boat. Amazing leviathan. Ark of the Canada Great Western Railway. It lies by Windsor town like a section of the shore. It goes out upon the river like an island to be "annexed." It returns with another train of cars; the ship and its loading like a fragment of Michigan mainland.

The smaller ferry steamers; dancing on the water, skip around from shore to shore, carrying for the two countries the visiting friendly people.

Says the Captain of N. Y. Police, when about to cross from Canada:

"Won't you come along, De Peri?"

"Nay, I think not. Business keeps me on this side."

Says the boy to his father:

"We lose the chance of the five thousand dollars by not going over."

"You go, Dod. Follow the Euryntia people."

Take note of Toby Oman, and of that bad man Irlam. Cannot go myself at present. Am not sure if that Captain really meant 'quits,' when he said 'quits.'

"Whisper, pa. Afraid you be annexed, eh?"

"Doddy, you know too much. Go follow the Donna Euryntia and earn this five thousand dollar reward. Get the papers they found in the old trunk."

To be continued.

Some sinner has stolen the thermometer from the Fond du Lac Reporter office. That paper informs the thief that it will be of no use to him where he is going, as it does not work higher than 313.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

HOW I WAS GUILLOTINED.

BY K.

Continued.

"What is the name of this house?" asked the girl.

"The *Café des Bons Garçons*.—very good fellows you are, I shall know you again."

This sealed his fate. Dread of discovery pointed to assassination. They demanded another cheque, and just as the signature was complete, one of them, it is supposed, struck him on the back of the head with the butt-end of a pistol. The poor victim was then dispatched with a dagger. Securing the property, the old man and the girl escaped, and after an interval, just sufficient to allow them to fly, the proprietor of the *Café* ran to the poste, and gave the alarm. His story was artfully concocted. Finding his guests sat long,—but this did not surprise him,—a pretty girl and her lover, *royez vous*,—he knocked at the door. Receiving no reply he entered, and was struck with horror to find the man dead and the others gone. How had they fled? The room was near the ground, and they had got through the window, no doubt. A shred of female habiliments hanging to the open window lent a probability to this surmise. The man was arrested, but as he knew nothing and was a useful agent of the Police, he was soon afterwards liberated.

All this I recollected. But, by a most unaccountable phenomenon, the paper seemed to act like a talisman, conjuring up the whole scene of the murder. I distinctly saw the face of each actor, and though the police had failed to trace them, I felt sure I should know them anywhere. "Ah! now, I see!" I repeated this aloud, as a new light broke in upon me, and Victor coughed significantly to remind me that caution was necessary. After reading the journals, I had rode in the Bois de Boulogne, and after various calls, had retired as was my custom to the *Café Anglais* to dine. Opposite me sat a middle-aged man, of military exterior, wearing the legion of honour.

By some circumstance I could not recall, we opened a conversation. I invited him to drink with me, and we grew communicative. Yes, I recalled, our conversation had turned on politics. Presuming on my nationality I had said very disrespectful things of the Emperor, and even lamented the fate of Orsini and his associates. But this man—Good heavens! *It was the man connected with the murder in the Café des Bons Garçons!* I almost leaped up with the suddenness of the conviction. I looked again and again at the face, limned before me with the rigid exactness of a photograph. I felt sure that I could identify that man in a crowd. Now the rest was induction. My treasonable utterances had been denounced to the public, probably by this man. It had been conjectured that the person which the murdered man had encountered was a countryman of his own. I remembered that there were stains of blood on my clothing from a severe cut received in shaving. Evidently I had been arrested on a charge of murder, and as there was not sufficient evidence on this head, I was to be executed as a conspirator in reality, but ostensibly as an assassin. The bullet-headed proprietor at the *Café* had said "*it is certainly him*," meaning that I was the murderer of the Englishman.

The discovery was overpowering. It was some time before I recovered myself sufficiently to read the beautiful compline service. Never had I read it so devoutly. None but the Eternal could save me.

I looked up from my book, and Victor gave an intelligent glance, indicating that we were free from observation. I scarcely dared trust myself to speak, but at last I asked:

"Whose hand is this?" pointing to the paper.

"Adèle's."

"How came she to know all this mystery?"

"Monsieur, she is a mystery in herself—she is what they call a *clairvoyante*."

"A *clairvoyante*! That explains."

Then I began to reflect on the subtle union of kindred spirits said to be *en rapport*. Evidently this girl's mind had a connection with mine. I had been a firm unbeliever in all this kind of thing. Following the hard dry theories of the schools, I had doubted everything that is undefinable. Yet now my theories seemed shaken. Here was a pure child gifted with seemingly preternatural intelligence able to invoke a similar apprehension of facts in me. What is this Soul of ours after all? Where is the terminus that separates it from mind? The deepest intellects both past and present have been involved in endless speculations about it. The Chaldean astrologers believed it to be lucid fire which is the creative and motive power of all things. So thought Zeno. It was held to be Number by Xenocrates, and Harmony by Aristocentus. The essence of Descartes' *Principia* is "*cogito, ergo sum*," which is only a repetition of Milton's thought in the "*Paradise Lost*."

"That I am, I know, because I think."

But the *Ego* that thinks proves a prior existence. Malebranche believed that we exist because we think. Others, again, adopt an abstract spiritualism, as Bishop Berkeley, who

believed that he existed because others thought of him. Locke held to consciousness; Pascal to a sense of pain; Hume to idealism; Paley to material psychology; Priestley to mental corporeality; and Pyrrho to absolute nonentity. The most assiduous study of the subject only reveals the fact that over the philosophy of mind the Creator has thrown an impenetrable veil. The most we can know is its *modus operandi*. And this sometimes is so erratic as to upset every received theory. We perceive free faculties in the mind. Perception, Association, Memory, Imagination, and Judgment. Closely observed, these convey the impression that the mind is a combination of faculties and their sympathy with the senses. Modern anatomy proves a plurality of organs in the brain. Very considerable portions of the brain may be removed, and the individual still exist. The vital functions may continue, the animal functions being deranged or lost. In tubercles of the brain the memory is principally affected, the fancy being often more retentive and vivid. Mind is not the product of organization. It only works by and through it.

Plato says: "The soul has a plastic power to fashion a body for itself, to enter a shape and make it a body living." Plutarch remarks, "The soul is older than the body, and the source of its existence and the intellect is in the soul." Holy writ infers that our immortal part is an emanation from the one vivifying soul of all things—God.

The Greeks by their divisions of *Nous*, *Pneuma*, and *Soma*, soul and spirit, spiritual body, or eidolon, and earthly body, conveyed the idea that soul and mind are the same under different combinations. Mind is soul evinced through the medium of the brain. Soul is mind emancipated from matter. If this principle could be established many anomalies might be explained. The existence of two minds, the sensitive and intellectual, was held by the Alexandrian philosophers and by Bishop Harsley. Christian philosophy recognizes the Spirit to be the *Eikon* "heon, the Image of God, the essence of life and Immortality. Whether or not it presides over the animal body, as Stahl held, or directs the functions of life, according to Aristotle and Galen, it seems to have an existence totally independent of its surroundings. In sleep we live in the soul alone, and there is no reason why its perceptive faculties may not be quickened to the height assumed by *clairvoyance*."

Reader, do you understand this subject any the better for all this? I do not. My conclusion is that of Faust, "all I know is that I nothing know."

Victor informed me that for some time his little girl had been oppressed with melancholy about me, although he had only briefly mentioned my case. That she went into her room on the day he was absent, and was found in a state of semi-trance, on recovering from which she wrote this paper. I handed it back to him to avoid any discovery, for I was periodically searched, to ascertain that I had no weapons concealed. With the same precaution, the bars of the cell window were struck each day with a heavy hammer to discover if they had been filed.

The ninth day dawned, my last! I rose at day-break to have as much time as possible. The curé came early, and it was arranged that I should make my general confession that night. I was visited a few hours later by the Procureur-General, and the chief officials of the prison, who read the death-warrant, and very respectfully bade me adieu! They announced that the execution was to take place at midnight. It struck me as a strange hour, but as well then as any time.

I disposed of my books and wearing apparel to Victor, with a special souvenir for Adèle. At four the curé returned, and the guardian retired. I had prepared for this hour carefully. I seemed indeed to forget him. The presence, consciously felt, was eternal. I poured out, in slow and deliberate phrases, carefully selecting those that best expressed my thoughts, the entire history of my life. The soul-combats, the doubtful mazes of studious enquiry; the coquetting with unbelief; trials of epicureanism; desperate rejection of all creeds; lowly returns to Faith, prompted by an all-absorbing sense of need; passionate prayers, holy aspirations; a strange revelation of the extremes of being, the multitudinous combinations of the soul that is held down to the mortal, while its longings for better things torture itself, until existence is loathsome, abhorrent!

The priest confessed himself frightened. He enquired if I had not something else to confess, in view of an immediate death. He alluded to the accusation made against me. No. He looked in astonishment, exclaiming: "Is it possible you are then innocent?"

"Do you think me guilty, after such a recital?"

"I cannot, I cannot," he said; "yet, I am bewildered, overpowered. If you are innocent, it is a terrible thing to die so."

"It is," I rejoined, "but I am resigned."

Words failed the poor, good-meaning man, to express his sorrow at the suspicions he had entertained of my guilt. After he had gone, I took up Pascal's *Pensées*, and my eye fell on the passage, "*Je mourrai seul!*" Others, even

this writer, had been enabled by a Faith, which lends second-sight to the mind, to realize, like Bernard of Cluny, the world of bliss, in sensible images. To absorb the real into the ideal. To me this was impossible. Only one thought was uppermost. Shall I feel after death? That is, will consciousness linger in agonising concentration—making a separate death-pang of each instant, the last more intense than the forerunner, until all that poets have written of hell, is gathered up, and condensed in one supreme sense of horror and torture, the very birth-pangs of despair!

They say Charlotte Corday was conscious, as exhibited by her blushing cheek. The eyes of the man who had promised to think of his wife to the last, sought her with one long look that grew fixed in death.

How fast the time went that day! A very choice dinner was sent in, and some brandy. I ate and drank well, and my health was as sound as it had ever been. After dinner I dressed myself in my best attire, with scrupulous care.

"Eleven o'clock!" It sounded hollow and wail-like over the court-yard. I retired to my own meditations, accepting the office of the curé, who began to recite in Latin the prayers of the dying. Some sentences impressed me deeply, especially, "Deliver, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant, as Thou didst deliver Daniel from the lion's den!" Mine would be a similar deliverance. At half-past eleven, a glass of hot claret was brought me which I declined. It is called in such cases, the *Vaticum*, or companion on the way. After a brief thanksgiving, I drank the wine gratefully, for a chill was creeping over me.

The door opened, and the Procureur entered, to announce that it was time. He was accompanied by the executioner and his aide. I requested that my arms might be pinioned last. The whole process was familiar to my mind, from my visit to the Roquette. I directed the executioners. They wished to remove my coat, but I ordered them to cut it away around the neck. Then the curé, out of courtesy, cut off my hair from the nape of the neck to the crown, quite close to the head. The cold steel of the scissors gave me an unpleasant thrill, but less so than the touch of the executioner. He was singularly gentle, however, and even delicate in his manipulation. My hands and arms were then pinioned tightly to my back. The curé recited the "Miserere," to which I responded, and we proceeded on our way. We descended into a large stone vault, which struck a sensation of cold and damp into the bones. The first object I saw was the guillotine. I had made myself perfectly familiar with it. The scaffold was much smaller than usual, and on it stood an elegant black cloth coffin with silver plates. I ascended the four steps leading to it without assistance, and then I turned to the spectators, some fifty or sixty persons. The torches they held gave a very unearthly aspect to the scene. I seemed to recognize some faces, but evidently those present were government employés. There was an awful silence as I spoke:

"Gentlemen, you have doubtless heard many a criminal protest his innocence at this extreme moment, in face of incontrovertible evidence of guilt. Consequently, you may rate my protest at the same value. The *Aumônier* here, and many who know the truth of this case, must be aware that I am innocent of the crime of murder." (They all started perceptibly.) "That you may deem me worthy of death for treason is possible, although I deny ever having done more than say some harsh things of your Emperor. As sure as you live, and I am about to die, this blood of mine will be exacted from each and all of you. I forgive, as best I am able, needing myself forgiveness."

They listened to the end, when the executioner asked if I was ready. I nodded assent, and received, on my knees, the final blessing of the curé. I was then laid carefully on my back, and strapped to the plank. My eyes were bandaged, but I saw everything as vividly as if they had been otherwise. A moment which seemed an age ensued, and then I felt a sharp keen blow on the head. I realised that the knife had fallen! Breathing was suspended, and my ideas grew confused, as through a blow aimed on the temples. Four or five things remained distinct amid the gathering haze—my mother's face as I had seen it last; the home of my childhood; a very dear dead friend; and the face of the man of the *Café Anglais*. Then a sharp throe of hot, consuming pain; a sense of sinking, falling, floating, and I knew no more.

"Why, Monsieur is awake!" exclaimed a voice that I recognised as my old nurse's.

"Dieu Mercil!" devoutly ejaculated Dr. Colville, "You've had a tough bout of it, friend!"

"Awake! Alive! Could it be possible? I tried to speak."

"What has been the matter?"

"Catlepsy, I should think," rejoined the physician.

"You narrowly escaped premature interment."

"How long have I been here?"