

left. I advance my centre, and will cut him in two; then whip his broken corps separately."

Peter replied to this, and within ten minutes the commander in midst of battle nine hundred miles away, read:

"Attack the enemy's right. Turn his flank. Then he has you in front, with the river in his rear. Shell him. Charge on him. Drive him into the Mississippi."

Two senators sent a message requesting a brief interview on business. Said Peter to the boy:

"Go to the door, Julian Isador. Inform Senators Pensylaine and Wurtch they may have ten minutes; no more."

They entered. Senator Pensylaine spoke:

"Sorry to interrupt even a minute. But the demand outside for information is so urgent we could not forbear intruding. All quiet?"

"Quiet on the Rappahannock. Quiet at New Orleans. May have news to-morrow, or next day, from the West. Everything goes well with the nation. Is all well with you, Senator?"

"Mr. Seadeep! Why inquire? What interest have I, other than the well-being and honour of my country?"

"No other, Senator; certainly not. Be seated. This reminds me of a good story of a boy stealing apples—he lived out in the same section with us—his name was—Ah! pardon me a minute; keep your seats, gentlemen. This from—just received."

Peter ran his keen grey eye, and mental lens, keen as any that ever gleamed in human head, over the telegram handed by Elfa:

"Mr. Wurtch," he said; "be so good as—only a few minutes."

"Certainly, Peter, certainly," rejoined Senator Wurtch; making a slip of the tongue, accidentally, or intentionally, in saying "Peter" instead of "Your Excellency," or something equivalent. What! asked to retire while something confidential was told Pensylaine!

"This is an indignity Peter may regret," said he in thought, unspoken. But gracefully bowing Mr. Wurtch retired.

"Come to the window, Senator Pensylaine. I submit this telegram to you as having occasional unofficial correspondence with England, so we are informed. Well, not yourself of course, but through members of your family."

"No Sir; nor through any members of my family. This war, since the incident of the Trent, has interrupted such occasional correspondence as members of my family may have had with casual fellow travellers now in England."

"Yes? Is that so, Senator?"

"That is so."

"Well now, I'd not have expected that. Any way this nation is bound to put down the rebellion and come out of the war the most powerful people on earth. Have had no correspondence with England through members of your family lately? Is that so, Senator Pensylaine?"

"That is so."

"Well now, Senator, I'm bound to inform you, that correspondence has continued until yesterday. Letters came from England to your wife and daughter yesterday, and they wrote in reply this morning. They are arrested, and the letters received and written are in hands of Government. But this telegram, I'm happy to inform you, Senator, conveys assurance that the letters are quite harmless. Indeed highly honourable to your family and to the English Duke of Sheerness. Mrs. and Miss Pensylaine are under arrest at Philadelphia; but if you undertake, Senator, to read their foreign correspondence in future, and save Government the trouble, I may at once order their liberation. The Duke of Sheerness was as much surprised at the 'Own Correspondence' of the London —, January 21st as we. It has been officially disclaimed on the part of Canada. But the affront is not the less that such correspondence should have been published in London."

"What was it, Mr. Seadeep?"

"Presently, Senator. Excuse me now. We are in midst of a great battle. Two armies of nearly one hundred thousand each, are now engaged, and have been two hours. I was directing movements of the nation's armaments when obliged to pause and have your wife and daughter arrested and this correspondence read. Not a word of this battle to be spoken out of doors, Senator, until —"

Elfa Isador had laid three telegrams on Peter's table, while he talked at the window. They were now read in order of arrival. Being pleased at having ascertained that the Duke of Sheerness, in name of the English nation generally, had expressed marked disapproval of the — of January 21st, and willing to soothe the Senator, Peter invited him to a share of confidence in the telegrams coming in from the field of battle. He read:

"Movements determined by local circumstances before receipt of your order." Later. "S. will telegraph what you may —" (words indistinct.) "I am in the field."

Said Peter, musingly:

"One battle in progress. Three naval squadrons operating. The great army about

to advance. The draft unavoidable. Unfair criticism in the country and out of the country. Seven hundred editors. Problem: Thunderbolts may be controlled by lightning rod, but the vehm of seven hundred editors, reporters, traitors, copperhead senators, wives and daughters; what science under heaven could shield a nation with them all under lock and key? or not under lock and key?"

"Let them alone, I guess, is the only science," rejoined Senator Pensylaine.

A telegram just received was handed by the pretty little maid, Elfa Isador. Peter read, and wrote the order to go out to a city about two hundred miles West. "Arrest Hon. Jabez Postimerk, under suspension of Habeas Corpus. Seize and send on here, the letters received by him from Baltimore at 5, this p. m."

Ten minutes later, John telegraphed, by written order of Peter;

"U. S. Marshal, at Buffalo. Arrest Mrs. Eliza Sylvester, of your city. She was at Niagara Suspension Bridge at 5.30, this p. m., to get into Canada, but turned back. Has a ticket to Buffalo by the 6.05 train."

A telegram came in from the army of the West, signed Shafferblasten.

"Battle extended. Five miles, from right to left. Advancing left and left centre. Obstinate resistance at the right. Casualties heavy. I am directed to guard you against newspaper reports."

An extra, professedly giving news of the battle, was now selling on the streets. It indicated a retreat of portions of a division, which had been advancing by a wide detour, and was unexpectedly attacked from masked batteries. Soon this extra was repeated in other cities, as telegrams to William promptly told. In consultation with Peter, William telegraphed to the cities:

"Suppress false news. Place military guard in offices issuing extras. Government has intelligence of the battle. All going well."

Twenty-five minutes later, Peter read a telegram from Canada, and wrote on a paper which the page, Julian, laid before William, who telegraphed to Detroit, Michigan:

"Three fishing boats, with armed incendiaries, agents of El Abra, will leave the Canada shore at a point between Windsor and Sandwich, this p. m., at ten, to land on Michigan shore between the city and Fort Wayne. Have a force in ambush to arrest them. Consult with De Peri, the Canada detective. You will find him at 8 p. m., in Johnson's back room, foot of Woodward Avenue."

A telegram came in:

"Army of the West. Enemy making new dispositions under smoke and night. We make corresponding movements. Urge on reinforcements. He is to be whipt to-morrow, be sure of that. More surgeons and nurses wanted, casualties heavy. Returns not yet filled."

Mr. Pensylaine, who had gone out to ascertain by private telegram if his wife and daughter were liberated and in their own house, returned to the postponed conversation with Peter, William, and John. He brought with him Samson Steelyard, Esq., M. P. P., from Canada. A gentleman known to you since he was a Lancashire handloom weaver. Subsequently as farmer, manufacturer, financier, magistrate, and member of the Provincial Legislature. Also, an elderly lady, Bess of the Barn, whom you saw with Steelyard, and her husband, Humfry Horn (now no more.) The three standing upon a boulder rock at Stone Grove; books in hand, thresher's flails raised aloft by Humfry and Bess—emblems of manual labour; praying Heaven that machine-making capitalists, and mechanics who displaced handloom weavers from work, might have reason; that reason might restrain the handloom weaver insurgents, and political rebels less excusable, then marching under Abram Lud to initiate revolution in London. The time, you remember, when the Yeomanry Cavalry charged unbidden on the Blanketeers, riding some to earth; scattering whom they did not ride over; cutting with sabres whom they scattered.

Mrs. Humfry Horn had lived a widow the intervening years, in England partly; in Texas and Mexico mostly, where she had residence, as matron, with the families of the younger Luds. And came to Canada when the war began, a loyal American lady, thinking she had acumen to counteract other lady emissaries from the South; and persuasive influence to advance the interests of amity as between the British Empire and the United States.

On a day of July, 1861, a lady traveller alighted from a waggone, which with her driver was left by the wayside, while she walked through a maple grove, attracted by glittering water seen through the branches. She beheld a man watching two of the superb palatial steamers of Canada. The Ships staggering in the rapids, snorting and blowing as they breasted the mighty current, daintily picking their steps as it were, from this island shore to that; from one reach of slack water to the next; while other steamers coming down glided gaily past.

The man was seated on a stone under shade of a maple tree, beside a shallow margin of the great river of the two nations. In his hands were note-books and manuscripts. Unobservant of the woman who stood, in antique dress with a thresher's flail—for it was Bess of the

Barn, the man read, in a loud voice, from his manuscript of 'Canada a Battle Field' this passage:

"And such a conflict. The mutual devastation of two thousand miles on one side of the boundary line, and as many miles on the other. Commercial cities, market towns, happy homesteads all a wreck! Railroads, lake and river steamers a wreck! The entire population of unpolitical women and children, now living happily on both sides of the line, wholly ignorant of the day the Exceptionals are hastening. Day of devastation, ruin, death, worse than death; unsuspecting that such a day may come."

The woman approached, scanning him narrowly as he ate of oatmeal cakes and lapped up water with his hand.

"Sir," she began, "why do you eat bread of oats in this land of wheat?"

He replied, rising and bowing:

"Madam, I eat the bread of oats from fidelity to the land I was born in. Bone, muscle, brain, soul, derive a more generous nourishment from oats than from any other food. With work in hand of gravest import to the world's well-being, I eat the food and lap the drink of the indomitable."

"Your work, sir?"

"Exploring on foot a frontier of two thousand miles by nook and crook of shores. Gathering thoughts of a scattered population. Writing 'Canada a Battle Field,' in trust I may guide to reason the people fringing the two nations, this side the river and that; who, of all on earth, have smallest cause to snap and snarl at one another."

"Sir, a godlike work. I pursue the same lofty object. Your name? Yes? Eyden Kensbrig. Never had the happiness to hear the name before. Come with me. Be Secretary to Bess of the Barn."

"I am already in the honoured employment of the Donna Eurydia," he replied.

"What! the Donna Eurydia of Florida? She is a rank copperhead traitress. Don't you know that?"

"No, Madam, and don't believe that. Farewell. Go your way. I go mine."

At the nearest railroad station he took the Grand Trunk train to Detroit, six hundred miles west. There, by appointment, he met Lillymere, who had enlisted by name of Simon Lud, as you know.

"The Donna Eurydia a traitress to the nation? Impossible," Kensbrig mused to himself. But on the subject remained silent.

Nine months passed. It was that momentous day in April, 1862, when the Army of the West encountered the Insurgents in battle. Both alike gallant. The South beginning as rebels, sprang at a leap to the rank of heroes. The worse for humanity in the future, probably.

Bess of the Barn, on business about Doctor Ocean Horn her son, and Samson Steelyard, Esq., as a friend, were introduced at a late hour of that eventful day to Peter, William, and John.

The writer of a novel would not dare invent for his modest page the astounding story of a journal then leading public impulse in Europe. It is literally transcribed at this day, on this page, that I may reiterate on behalf of beautiful Canada what Squire Steelyard urged on Peter, William, and John, that the alleged designs of the Provinces were never heard of until read in the journal of impulse.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Steelyard," said Peter. Then after conversation, during which the child pages, Elfa and Julian, were told to retire for the night, and the theme uppermost in all minds had been guardedly touched, Peter remarked:

"You fail to understand, do you, what the Hon. Mr. Seward meant in his letter read at the Cooper Institute on last anniversary of Washington's birthday." Taking a newspaper, "This is the passage:

"Disloyal citizens have seized upon this great anniversary to pervert it to a more complete organization of the conspiracy for the overthrow of the Union, of which Washington was the founder, and for the betrayal of the people of the United States back to the foreign yoke, which the hand of Washington smote and broke."

"It refers, Mr. Steelyard, to this, which a month previously was published in London, by the journal which is said to lead public opinion. It purports to have gone from 'Our Own Correspondent' in Montreal, 5th January, 1862. Listen:

"The great problem which the Northern and Eastern States have to solve is, not how to bring back the South into the Union, for there are few who believe that to be possible, but how to prevent the loss of the Western States also; and this difficulty is the key to the attempts to provoke a collision with England, and to the extraordinary virulence against Canada."

"When the United States regarded Canada as a property to which it was next heir, it viewed her growth in population, wealth and power with complacent satisfaction. But when it recognizes, as it does now, that instead of being absorbed into the Union, Canada is a formidable rival for dominion, and likely to be the nucleus around which the shattered fragments of the Republic will

eventually crystalize into a new and overshadowing Empire, it gnashes its teeth at those who have balked its destiny. So the whole pack of Federal journals is in full cry after Canada and the Canadians, and the magnitude of the disappointment is shown by the virulence of the clamour."

Steelyard exclaimed in fervour:

"Such designs are utterly unknown in Canada. Were never heard of them in the Provinces until that paper came out by mail."

Peter continued:

"Now, I read a passage from a New York journal, leading American thought, in reply to that:

"The energy of the United States in organizing an invincible army and impregnable navy; the grand results already achieved and to be achieved by the war, will demonstrate the strength of the Republic, and the stability and permanence of democratic institutions. The result in Europe, combined with the distress arising from the injury inflicted by the war on the commercial and manufacturing interests, will be to give a great impetus to the cause of democracy, and to rekindle the flames of revolution."

"Napoleon will probably save himself by riding upon the whirlwind and directing the storm. But the British oligarchy are doomed, and the people will throw off their yoke forever, as the French people long since have done with their nobility."

"The French revolution is yet to be finished in England. In that day her aristocracy will call upon the United States for help; but they will call in vain. Not only will the independence of Mexico be maintained, and Canada cut loose from the sinking old hulk of the British Empire, and every island in the West Indies which now owns British sway be set free to choose its own destiny, but the people will be disenthralled."

Steelyard ventured to suggest that the building of El Abra privateering ships was due to the commercial instincts unrestrained by moral principle, rather than to the existence of an order of persons deriving rent from property, and usually called aristocracy. Also, that American enterprise, unchecked by moral restraint, gave commanders crews and armaments to those ships. Also, that some of the ill-feeling in England may have arisen from the Trent misadventure.

"Which subjects," said Peter, "are not to be argued here. I only pointed to the N. Y. Herald of March 28th, as suggestive of what reciprocity in outrage is tending to. An English writer of note—made eminent by the great journal he writes in, with volumes of Robinson's Admiralty Reports before him, selects the decisions which bear against the United States. Strange he should not alight upon Lord Stowell's judicial dictum, supreme authority of all English jurists. This: If one power, by its citizens, or by inadvertence, commits a breach of international law, it is monstrous to plead that every other, or any other power, may commit breaches of international law. Rob. Rep., Vol. III."

Said Steelyard, mildly:

"The activity of newspaper enterprise is a fact lying out of all ordinary governmental control and logical to the fast age we live in. The Montreal letter of 5th January, 1862, seems one of that sort. I suggest that the families of aristocracy are not at fault; but rather the daring commercial instinct of our great families of Anglo Saxon people."

"Anyway," rejoined Peter, "the war is ours, not yours. The running, riding writers getting but a distant sight of the smoke of battle, then off in a hurry with the news; hurry scurry news; in the levity of inaccuracy, from field of our early uncertainty, wounding the honour of a great and proud people, to be first with a story to tell; the telling to recoil; the recoiling striking fire! Fire in the hearts of millions! Such enterprise in journalism, let me tell you, is dangerous."

A telegram from the West came in:

"Midnight. Making new dispositions of forces. The notorious guerilla, El Abra, at head of his mounted band, was encountered by cavalry Redbolts under the gallant young commander, Simon Lud. Hand to hand combats on horseback are reported; conducted partly in the dark, but occasionally in the blaze of bush fires."

Later:

"El Abra struck from his saddle by Lud, and now a prisoner. Important documents found on his person."

Later:

"El Abra escaped. Lud and the Redbolts in hot pursuit."

[To be continued.]

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