

"No, Doctor, not a relapse. I apprehend a relapse means a return to a previous state. It is not so with me. I never felt as I feel now. Even the nature of the pain has changed."

"You still feel pain, from the bullet?" I asked.

"The Russian bullet," he replied, with a sickly smile; "I don't believe it's a single bullet at all; for the last week I have felt as if I had the contents of an ammunition wagon in my body. Seriously, Doctor, I don't think I shall ever get to the company, for I am convinced I can't live through a fortnight of such pain as this."

I questioned him more particularly as to his feelings—the site and nature of the pain, &c. When he had answered all my questions, I was of much the same opinion as himself, for I felt almost certain that the ball had induced aneurism of the aorta—a hopelessly incurable disease. Should my fears be well founded, the aneurism might burst at any moment, and death ensue instantly.

"Are you going to see the show, Doctor?" he asked, still with the same ghastly attempt at pleasantry.

"What show?"

"Over there," he said, pointing with his finger; "over there, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Come along, I see you are going. They can't push me out of the church, as they would out of their house in Eaton Square."

In vain I attempted to dissuade him. He would go, and we entered the church together.

When we arrived the ceremony was just about to commence.

My poor little Clara, decked out in all her costly wedding finery, and surrounded by groups of gay bridesmaids, was there. To my surprise, she was composed and quiet—never speaking unless addressed, and even the pale lips would only murmur a monosyllable or two. Once I observed the colour come rushing to her face: it was when she recognized my unhappy companion.

Their eyes met for one moment; then the colour faded slowly from her cheek, and, with an expression of sorrowful resignation, she raised them slowly to heaven.

And now the service commenced. I took my place by the side of George Selby until its conclusion. Clara performed her part unflatteringly. Though she spoke in a low voice, she pronounced the responses firmly. Before it was concluded, Selby pressed his hand to his side, and asked my permission to go to Cavendish Square, and rest in my study until I came. He felt faint from the pain he endured, he said, and could not see the play out; he would call a cab, and leave at once. He did so, and I now fixed my whole attention on the bride. In order to observe her more closely, I moved from my place to one nearer to the altar. Though I could discover but little trace of emotion, I saw with alarm that she became paler and paler. Even her lips assumed an ashen hue, dreadful to behold. Still she continued, unflatteringly, to play her part. Surely, I thought, this cannot last. Something must go when everything—nerves, feelings, the whole system, are strung up to such a pitch; she must either weep, scream, faint, or—my thoughts were interrupted by the bustle consequent on the conclusion of the ceremony. All hastened around to congratulate the young wife, and to salute her as Lady Burley. I, too, approached her, and alarmed by her continued deadly pallor, took her hand, and endeavoured to find her pulse. Not the

faintest sign of pulsation could I detect. I looked up in her face. Her large blue eyes met mine. I saw in them that which confirmed my worst fears. The pupils were dilated till the whole iris seemed occupied; the effect was beautiful, but to me it was a terrible symptom.

"Come with me into the vestry-room," I whispered, hastily taking her arm; "you feel faint, I think?"

As we passed across the chancel, the bright morning sun streamed full in her face; but though I could scarcely bear the glare, it seemed to have no effect on those soft blue eyes. As I looked in her face, I observed that the pupils were still widely dilated; the same expression might be seen in their blue depths.

"Run and call Mrs. Mansfield!" I said, to one of the bridesmaids, who, alarmed by the deadly pallor of Clara, had accompanied us into the vestry;—"quick she is fainting!"

I felt the increasing weight of her arm on mine, and caught her as she fell towards me. Producing a small case of powerful medicines, which I always carried with me, I hastened to do all in my power to restore her from her swoon. In vain. I then endeavoured to bleed her, but no blood would flow. The large blue eyes still gazed calmly upwards to heaven, but saw not. The lips were parted, as if she was about to speak, but neither sound nor breath came from them.

At this moment, Mrs. Mansfield, with several other ladies hurried in.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the affectionate mamma; "Clara has fainted; one of those dreadful 'nervous attacks' she is so liable to. Is she coming round. Doctor! the carriage is at the door, and Sir Richard is impatient."

She did not seem alarmed—these "nervous attacks" were so common.

I looked once more into the soft blue eyes before me. A slight, a very slight film had begun to gather over them.

"Is she coming round, Doctor?" asked Mrs. Mansfield somewhat impatiently.

I rose from my knees, and dropped the cold hand I held.

"MADAM," I said slowly and distinctly, "YOUR DAUGHTER IS DEAD!"

I returned home immediately, and found George Selby was seated in an easy chair facing the door. His head had fallen back, and his eyes, fixed and wide open, seemed to glare at me. A perfect torrent of blood had escaped from his mouth, and completely saturated his dress and shirt front. I knew at once that all was over—the aneurism had burst, and death had been instantaneous.

#### CANADIAN ITEMS.

**A GOOD INVESTMENT.**—The Government of Ontario has now invested in securities of the Dominion the sum of \$850,000—half a million in debentures, and the balance in 6 per cent stock. We believe that both classes of securities were purchased at 98, and that they are now worth 105. By these fortunate investments the Government has netted some \$50,000.

Lieut. Forth, of H.M. Ship *Constance*, now at Halifax, has deserted, taking a considerable sum of the mess money.

Among the regiments likely to come to Canada next year, to relieve those whose time of foreign service has expired, are the 72nd Highlanders, 81st, and 89th.

The members of the St. Catharines Garrison Battery assembled at the Drill Shed for reorganization under the new Militia Act. Unfortunately, only about half of the Battery were present, many being out of town; but out of the 26 members present 23 kept up their connection with the corps. This speaks well for the boys, and shows that the spirit they evinced in '66 is not yet dead. This battery has been complimented by Adjutant-General McDougall, Col. Durie, and other inspectors, as one of the most efficient in the Dominion. With its new corps of officers, there is no doubt but what it will easily maintain its position. In Captain Oswald, they have an old veteran of the Crimea whose experience in actual warfare will add greatly to the efficiency of the force. Lieut. J. G. Holmes has been for years in the Volunteer service, and is amply qualified for his present station, as a first class certificate from the School of Gunnery testifies. James Bradley, the 2nd Lieutenant, has been in the Battery since its organization, and is well posted in the manoeuvres of field or garrison artillery. Altogether, the boys of the St. Catharines Battery have no need to be ashamed of their leaders; but long may it be before they are compelled to lead them to the field of carnage.—*St. Catharines Times*.

**MILITARY DINNER.**—A dinner was given at the Commercial Hotel, New Lancaster, on Saturday the 5th inst., by the officers of Co. No. 4, V. M., to their non-commissioned officers and men, to which a large number of gentlemen of Lancaster and vicinity were kindly invited. The whole company formed the order of battle at 7 p.m., and made such a vigorous attack, that had it not been for the continuous reinforcement poured in, they must have cleared the field. As it was, the opposing forces rapidly disappeared, and the victors being satiated, allowed a truce, when the mangled remains of the enemy were quickly removed from the scene of slaughter. The scene being changed, the chair was taken by Major McLennan, and the Vice-Chair by D. McGruer, Esq., both of whom performed their duties in the most admirable manner, their pithy and appropriate remarks at the introduction of the various toasts eliciting loud and frequent applause. \*\* The new Militia Law was read and explained by Major McLennan, and the new rolls passed round for signatures, and I am happy to say that the re-enlistment was nearly unanimous, and many new names were also added,—facts which speak volumes for the officers who have had charge of the Company as well as those now in command.—*Cornwall Freeholder*.

**"DEPARTED GLORY."**—The *Hamilton Times* in a column of rhetoric, concerning the withdrawal of the troops from the "Ambitious City," winds up with the following wail:—"There is less squeaking of the hinges of back gates, where tearful Bridgets were wont to stand and listen to the enraptured tones of soldiery love, every word of which struck the heart like a percussion cap; the marble walls of palatial unlicensed groceries no more resound with heroic revelry. The soldiers are gone."

A correspondent of the Charlottetown (P. E. I.) *Herald* at the Magdalen Islands, writes under date of the 5th inst., that a whale measuring over seventy-five feet in length, was washed ashore at Brier Island during a recent storm, and yielded about forty barrels of oil.