

protected the flight of others, but had not himself fled. This peasant had used his gun so energetically—the barrel for firing, the butt-end for knocking down—that he had broken it; now he grasped a pistol in one hand and a sabre in the other. No one dared approach him. Suddenly Gauvain saw him reel and support himself against a pillar of the broad street. The man had just been wounded. But he still clutched the sabre and pistol in his fists. Gauvain put his sword under his arm and went up to him.

"Surrender," said he. The man looked steadily at him. The blood ran through his clothing from a wound which he had received, and made a pool at his feet.

"You are my prisoner," added Gauvain. The man remained silent. "What is your name?" The man answered, "I am called the Shadow-dancer." "You are a brave man," said Gauvain. And he held out his hand.

The man cried, "Long live the king!" Gathering up all his remaining strength he raised both arms at once, fired his pistol at Gauvain's heart, and dealt him a blow on the head with his sabre.

He did it with the swiftness of a tiger, but some one else had been still more prompt. This was a man on horseback, who had arrived unobserved a few minutes before. This man, seeing the Vendean raise the sabre and pistol rushed between him and Gauvain. But for this interposition Gauvain would have been killed. The horse received the pistol-shot, the man received the sabre-stroke, and both fell. It all happened in the time it would have needed to utter a cry.

The Vendean on his side sank upon the pavement. The sabre had struck the man full in the face; he lay senseless on the stones. The horse was killed.

Gauvain approached. "Who is this man?" said he. He studied him. The blood from the gash inundated the wounded man, and spread a red mask over his face. It was impossible to distinguish his features, but one could see that his hair was grey.

"This man has saved my life," continued Gauvain. "Does any one here know him?" "Commandant," said a soldier, "he came into the town a few minutes ago. I saw him enter; he came by the road from Pontorson."

The chief surgeon hurried up with his instrument-case. The wounded man was still insensible. The surgeon examined him and said:

"A simple gash. It is nothing. It can be sewed up. In eight days he will be on his feet again. It was a beautiful sabre-stroke."

The sufferer wore a cloak, a tri-coloured sash, pistol, and a sabre. He was laid on a litter. They undressed him. A bucket of fresh water was brought; the surgeon washed the cut; the face began to be visible. Gauvain studied it with profound attention.

"Has he any papers on him?" he asked. The surgeon felt in the stranger's side-pocket and drew out a pocket-book, which he handed to Gauvain.

The wounded man, restored by the cold water, began to come to himself. His eyelids moved lightly. Gauvain examined the pocket-book; he found in it a sheet of paper, folded four times; he opened this and read: "Committee of Public Safety. The Citizen Cimourdain."

He uttered a cry: "Cimourdain!" The wounded man opened his eyes at this exclamation. Gauvain was absolutely frantic.

"Cimourdain! Is it you! This is the second time you have saved my life." Cimourdain looked at him. A gleam of ineffable joy lighted his bleeding face. Gauvain fell on his knees beside him, crying: "My master!" "Thy father," said Cimourdain.

V.—THE DROP OF COLD WATER.

They had not met for many years, but their hearts had never been parted; they recognized each other as if they had separated the evening before.

An ambulance had been improvised in the town-hall of Dol. Cimourdain was placed on a bed in a little room next the great common chamber of the other wounded. The surgeon sewed up the cut and put an end to the demonstrations of affection between the two men, judging that Cimourdain ought to be left to sleep. Besides, Gauvain was claimed by the thousand occupations which are the duties and cares of victory. Cimourdain remained alone; but he did not sleep; he was consumed by two fevers, that of his wound and that of his joy.

He did not sleep, and still it did not seem to himself that he was awake. Could it be possible that his dream was realized? Cimourdain had long ceased to believe that such happiness could come to him, yet here he was. He had refound Gauvain. He had left him a child, he found him a man; he found him great, formidable, intrepid. He found him triumphing for the people. Gauvain was the real support of the revolution in Vendée, and it was he, Cimourdain, who had given this tower of strength to the Republic. This victor was his pupil. The light which he saw illuminating this youthful face—reserved, perhaps, for the Republican Pantheon—was his own thought; his, Cimourdain's. His disciple, the child of his spirit, was from henceforth a hero, and before long would be a glory. It seemed to Cimourdain that he saw the apotheosis of his own soul. He had just seen how Gauvain made war; he was like Chiron, who watched Achilles fight. There was a mysterious analogy between the priest and the centaur, for the priest is only half-man.

All the chances of this adventure, mingled with the sleeplessness caused by his wound, filled Cimourdain with a sort of mysterious intoxication. He saw a glorious youthful destiny rising, and what added to his profound joy was the possession of full power over his destiny; another success like that which he had just witnessed, and Cimourdain only need to speak a single word to induce the Republic to confide an army to Gauvain. Nothing dazzles like the astonishment of complete victory. It was an era when each man had his military dream; each one wanted to make a general; Danton wished to appoint Westermann, Marat wished to appoint Rossignol, Hébert wished to appoint Rousin, Robespierre wished to put all these aside. Why not Gauvain? asked Cimourdain of himself: and he dreamed. All possibilities were before him; he passed from one hypothesis to another; all obstacles vanished; when a man puts his foot on that ladder he does not stop; it is an infinite ascent; one starts from earth and one reaches the stars. A great general is only a leader of armies; a great

captain is at the same time a leader of ideas; Cimourdain dreamed of Gauvain as a great captain. He seemed to see— for reverie travels swiftly—Gauvain on the ocean, chasing the English; on the Rhine, chastising the northern kings; on the Pyrenees, repulsing Spain; on the Alps, making a signal to Rome to rouse itself. There were two men in Cimourdain, one tender, the other stern; both were satisfied, for the inexorable was his ideal, and at the same time that he saw Gauvain noble, he saw him terrible. Cimourdain thought of all that it was necessary to destroy before beginning to build up, and said to himself, "Verily, this is no time for tendernesses. Gauvain will be 'up to the mark'" (an expression of the period).

Cimourdain pictured Gauvain spurning the shadows with his foot, with a breast-plate of light, a meteor-glare on his brow, rising on the grand ideal wings of Justice, Reason, and Progress, but with a sword in his hand; an angel—a destroyer likewise.

In the height of this reverie, which was almost an ecstasy, he heard through the half-open door a conversation in the great hall of the ambulance which was next his chamber. He recognized Gauvain's voice; through all those years of separation that voice had rung ever in his ear, and the voice of the man had still a tone of the childish voice he had loved. He listened. There was a sound of soldier's footsteps; one of the men said:

"Commandant, this is the man that fired at you. While nobody was watching he dragged himself into a cellar. We found him. Here he is."

Then Cimourdain heard this dialogue between Gauvain and the prisoner.

"You are wounded?" "I am well enough to be shot."

"Lay that man on a bed. Dress his wounds; take care of him; cure him."

"I wish to die." "You must live. You tried to kill me in the king's name; I show you mercy in the name of the Republic."

A shadow passed across Cimourdain's forehead. He was like a man waking up with a start, and he murmured with a sort of sinister dejection—

"In truth, he is one of the merciful."

VI.—A HEALED WOUND; A BLEEDING HEART. A cut heals quickly; but there was in a certain place a person more seriously wounded than Cimourdain. It was the woman who had been shot, whom the beggar Tellemarch had picked up out of the great lake of blood at the farm of Herben-Pail.

Michelle Fléhard was even in a more critical situation than Tellemarch had believed. There was a wound in the shoulder-blade corresponding to the wound above the breast; at the same time that the ball broke her collar-bone, another ball traversed her shoulder, but, as the lungs were not touched, she might recover. Tellemarch was a "philosopher," a peasant phrase which means a little of a surgeon, and a little of a sorcerer. He carried the wounded woman to his forest lair, laid her upon his seaweed bed, and treated her by the aid of those mysterious things called "simples," and thanks to him she lived.

The collar-bone knitted together, the wounds in the breast and shoulder closed; after a few weeks, she was convalescent. One morning she was able to walk out of the carnichot, leaning on Tellemarch, and seat herself beneath the trees in the sunshine. Tellemarch knew little about her; wounds in the breast demand silence, and during the almost death-like agony which had preceded her recovery she had scarcely spoken a word. When she tried to speak, Tellemarch stopped her, but she kept up an obstinate reverie; he could see in her eyes the sombre going and coming of poignant thoughts. But this morning she was quite strong; she could almost walk alone; a cure in a paternity, and Tellemarch watched her with delight. The good old man began to smile. He said to her:

"We are upon our feet again; we have no more wounds." "Except in the heart," said she. She added, presently—"Then you have no idea where they are."

"Who are 'they'?" demanded Tellemarch. "My children."

This "then" expressed a whole world of thoughts; it signified—"Since you do not talk to me, since you have been so many days beside me without opening your mouth, since you stop me each time I attempt to break the silence, since you seem to fear that I shall speak, it is because you have nothing to tell me."

Often, in her fever, in her wanderings, her delirium, she had called her children, and had seen clearly (for delirium makes its observations) that the old man did not reply to her. The truth was, Tellemarch did not know what to say to her. It is not easy to tell a mother that her children are lost. And then, what did he know? Nothing. He knew that a mother had been shot, that this mother had been found on the ground by himself, that when he had taken her up she was almost a corpse, that this quasi-corpse had three children, and that Lanenac, after having had the mother shot, carried off the little ones. All his information ended there. What had become of the children? Were they even living? He knew, because he had inquired, that there were two boys and a little girl, barely weaned. Nothing more. He asked himself a host of questions concerning this unfortunate group, but could answer none of them. The people of the neighbourhood whom he had interrogated contented themselves with shaking their heads. The Marquis de Lanenac was a man of whom they did not willingly talk.

They did not willingly talk of De Lanenac, and they did not willingly talk to Tellemarch. Peasants have a species of suspicion peculiar to themselves. They did not like Tellemarch. Tellemarch the Commandant was a puzzling man. Why was he always studying the sky? What was he doing, and what was he thinking in his long hours of stillness? Yes, indeed, he was odd! In this district in full warfare, in full conflagration, in high tumult; where all men had only one business—devastation, and one work—carnage; where whosoever could burned a house, cut the throats of a family, massacred an outpost, sacked a village; where nobody thought of anything but laying ambushes for one another, drawing one another into snares, killing one another. This solitary, absorbed in nature, as if submerged in the immense peacefulness of its beauties, gathering herbs and plants, occupied solely with the flowers, the birds, and the stars, was evidently a dangerous man. Plainly he was not in possession of his reason; he did not lie in wait behind thickets; he did not fire a shot at any one. Hence he created a certain dread about him.

"That man is mad," said the passers-by.

Tellemarch was more than an isolated man, he was shunned. People asked him no questions and gave him few answers; so he had not been able to inform himself as he could have wished. The war had drifted elsewhere; the armies had gone to fight farther off; the Marquis de Lanenac had disappeared from the horizon, and in Tellemarch's state of mind for him to be conscious there was a war it was necessary for it to set its foot on him.

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AUG. 18.—It is said Gov. Dix intends to dismiss the charges against Mayor Havemeyer.

Mr. Thomas Bird Harris, Grand Secretary of A. F. & A. M., died in Hamilton on the 18th inst. after a month's illness of typhoid fever.

M. Victor Hugo lately met with an accident which, though serious to a person of his age, it is hoped will not prove dangerous.

The Japanese still occupy a portion of the Island of Formosa, and it is feared that China will take steps to make the Japanese Government evacuate the island.

Gonzalez, who made himself conspicuous in the Magee affair, and his accomplice, have been tried by Court Martial, and sentenced to five and three years' penal servitude respectively.

The Carlist chieftain Tristany has captured General D'Urgel 67 miles north-east of Lerdea. The fighting was desperate, and losses heavy on both sides. An immense quantity of stores fell into the hands of the Carlists.

AUG. 19.—A flood at Austin, Nev., has caused damage to the amount of \$1,000,000.

The American team beat the Canadians at Halifax in one innings and 31 runs.

Tilton's solicitors have notified their client's intention to commence a suit against Beecher.

It is announced semi-officially that Barnard has been awarded the contract for the British Columbia section of the Canadian Pacific Railway Telegraph.

It is officially announced that three assaults of the Carlists on Alicantz have been repulsed, with a loss to the garrison of 60 killed and wounded.

China has given Japan ninety days to withdraw its troops from the Island of Formosa, and is meanwhile making extensive preparations for war.

Acting on instructions received from his Government, the Spanish Consul at New York claims a fee of 40 cents on each package shipped for Spanish ports.

A report is current in New York of Spain being about to cede to Germany the Island of Porto Rico, in the West Indies, in return for the recognition of the Spanish Republic.

It is understood that writs have been issued against the Ottawa Citizen and the Brant Union, claiming \$10,000 damages from each for scandal.

Carlist advices report a second engagement at Oteisa between Morlonos and Dorregaray, in which the former was defeated with heavy loss and driven back to Longreo.

AUG. 20.—Russia has at last consented to recognize the Spanish Republic.

Two German men-of-war, the "Nautilus" and "Albatross," have sailed for Spain from Plymouth.

Professor Goldwin has been elected School Commissioner by a majority of 277 over Dr. Sangster.

The report of the proposed cession of Porto Rico to Germany is contradicted on the authority of Secretary Fish.

The French Government have promised that the judicial proceedings in relation to the escape of Bazaine shall be vigorously prosecuted.

The French Government have officially notified the press that the publication of articles by those deprived of civil and political rights is prohibited.

Information received at the British Foreign Office says that some officers of an English man-of-war, cruising off the North Coast of Spain for the protection of British interests, were fired on by the Republican troops.

Judge Blatchford, of New York, has decided that the United States District Attorney and the Clerk of the United States District Court are respectively entitled to 2 and 1 per cent. on all moneys recovered in Custom House seizure suits.

The condition of certain portions of the Southern States excites such grave apprehension as to lead to the belief that the issues at the next election will turn upon the question of race. Both sides appeal to the Government for protection.

Official information has been received from the International Boundary Survey. Mr. Cameron and his party have reached the Rocky Mountains in safety, without meeting with any difficulties with the Indians, who were friendly throughout. The party will leave on their return trip early in September.

The German Minister to the United States says the report of the cession of Porto Rico is a monstrous absurdity; that Germany's sole ambition is to establish itself on a foundation of lasting peace; and that his Government had no wish to increase their domain, and were specially opposed to the acquisition of an island so remote from Europe.

AUG. 23.—Tilton is preparing complaints for libel against the New York Tribune and World and the Brooklyn Eagle.

The papers in the Beecher-Tilton suit were served on Beecher's lawyer on Friday. The damages are laid at \$100,000.

Legal proceedings have been instituted by the French Government against Le Temps, National, and Bien Public for the publication of a letter from Bazaine.

Russia has refused to recognize the Spanish Republic, which has caused other powers to hold back. Germany and Austria, however, are said to have forwarded credentials to their representatives at Madrid.

At Lancaster, in Kentucky, fighting has been going on for several days between the whites and blacks, and both parties fired on the United States troops who attempted to quell the riot.

Despatches from Custer's expedition say the exploration of the Black Hills has been completed, and gold and silver are found in such great quantities that with a pick and pan a single miner can take out one hundred dollars within a day.

AUG. 24.—The people of Madrid refuse to submit to a fresh conscription.

The War Department of Spain has signed a contract for 130,000 American breech-loading rifles.

Austrian and German *chargés d'affaires* at Madrid have been notified of the recognition of the Spanish Republic by their respective Governments.

The King of Denmark, accompanied from England by his daughter, the Princess of Wales, has returned home from his journey to Iceland.

Five hundred people have been thrown out of employment by the burning of a stocking factory at Nottingham, England, the monetary loss on which is half a million dollars.

The Spanish Government has made a claim on the United States for indemnity in the affair of the "Virginius," and for other alleged wrongs. The American Government declares Spain's position in the matter to be untenable, and replies by counter-claims.