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Grip's Illustrated News

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THE FIRST OF APRIL, 1872.—THE GREAT SNOW-STORM.

THE MONTREAL DEATH-RATE FOR LAST MONTH.

We published lately Dr. Carpenter's Memorial to the Council on the city mortality during January and February. He has followed it up by a similar one on the increased rate for March, from which we make the following extract:

The mortality of the city has been steadily increasing, each month, from an average weekly death-rate of 69 in November to 120 in March; the death-rate of children advancing from 42 in November to 84 in March. The interments during the last week of the month were 118, including 82 of children, and 43 from small-pox.

During the past quarter, we have lost nearly 48 living souls each week, as compared with the winter quarter last year. Should the same loss continue through the year, we shall at its close have sacrificed the lives of 2,479 of our citizens on the altar of wilful neglect of the known laws of health.

As the Council have just passed a by-law concerning privies, which will (if faithfully carried out) greatly increase the existing offensiveness of the sewers, it is even more urgent than before that the most practicable plan for ventilating these sewers be at once carried out.

As the approaching warm weather will greatly increase the existing elements of disease, the spring cleansing of the city should be superintended in a far more systematic manner than in former years. The existing staff of medical and police officers may be made far more efficient under proper management, but it cannot be expected that the members of the Board of Health can give as much time to this work as its urgency requires.

Under these circumstances I am authorised to state that a gentleman, long resident in the city, and who deservedly enjoys the respect of all classes of the inhabitants, has offered to give his whole time for three months in organizing the Health Department. The details of his plan will be communicated to the Board of Health, if the Council, at this meeting, think proper to accept his gratuitous services. Although the chairman of the Health Committee is unfortunately absent, the issues of the work are too important to allow even of a week's unnecessary delay.

The following extracts from the "Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts" just published, will be found of important application to our own condition:

"Small-pox has been epidimic in Lowell and Holyoke, but in no other towns. It appeared in Worcester, but was driven out by the vigilance of the health authorities. It tried Springfield, but failed. Boston has been almost entirely exempt. There can be little doubt that it would not have spread in Lowell and Holyoke, had the health authorities acted with more promptness and decision. In these cities are many French Canadians, who are notoriously perverse in refusing vaccination: and when sick with small-pox, conceal, if possible, the nature of their disease. Neither their ignorance nor their foolhardiness should be allowed to endanger the lives of those among whom they dwell."

"It is impossible for members of the [Boston] City Council to give the time needful for the discharge of such responsible duties as legally belong to them in connection with the public health. They are not chosen with any regard for their fitness to comprehend sanitary questions; and although they command respect for their faithful and gratuitous performance of very onerous labour, it cannot be wondered at that as health guardians of a great city like Boston, they failed."

THE FIRST OF APRIL SNOW STORM.

If ever poor mortals were mercilessly fooled on the first of April it was this year. After an exceptionally long and stormy winter, that dragged its slow length along month after month, without the slightest perceptible sign of moderation, all hands in "this Canada of ours" began to look forward, as the spring months drew near, to corresponding spring weather. March came in, like a lamb, with a thaw which awoke eager hopes of a speedy disappearance of the snow. But as the month wore on, the weather became more boisterous. Sanguine individuals who had prematurely laid aside their furs and betaken themselves to "spring styles," were fain to don warmer clothing with an imprecation on the clerk of the weather. Householders who had spent time and labour in conforming to the police regulations with respect to the clearance of side-walks, beheld with dismay their handiwork undone by the driving snowstorms. Ship-owners who had advertised their fast-sailing steamships to commence running in the middle of April, hid their diminished heads in confusion and withdrew their advertisements. Then came a day or two of fine weather. Hope once more sprang, eternal as ever, in the human breast; but when the last day of March came, with a blinding, eddying storm, it "bade the world farewell," and men sat themselves down resigned to their fate. When the first of April—that day consecrated to 'run-away knocks, delusive pocket-books, and "sells" in general—dawned, the spectacle presented was something like that depicted by our artist on the first page. Never since that first of April when Noah let the poor dove out of the ark—only to find that the waters had not abated, and that there was no place whereon it might rest the sole of its foot—never was such a gigantic sell perpetrated.

OLD CHRIST CHURCH, OTTAWA.

At its present rate of progress Ottawa will soon vie with any city of the Dominion in the matter of architectural adornment, and that too, independently of the Government buildings. New churches in ornate styles, new stores, new dwellings, new bridges, and new institutions of a public character are either being erected, or soon will be, to add to the beauty of the capital and the convenience of its inhabitants. The congregation of Christ Church are now erecting a more spacious and handsome structure than that which up to the beginning of last month had been in use; and on Sunday, the 3rd March last, the Rev. Mr. Lauder preached a "farewell" sermon in the old church, which is being demolished to make room for the new. The scene was one of peculiar interest, especially to the older members of the congregation, and the sermon, which was both appropriate and impressive, has been printed, by request.

The first church was built in 1832, and was consecrated in 1833 by Bishop Stewart of Quebec. The building having become too small, was enlarged in 1841, and a cruciform shape given to it, by the addition of transept and chancel, which were consecrated by Bishop Strachan, of Toronto, on Sunday, October 8, 1843. The church having been built in the plainest style, became unsuited to the architectural and material progress of the city, consequent upon its becoming the Capital of the Dominion of Canada; and it has therefore been determined by the congregation to erect in its place an edifice of a superior character and better adapted to meet the present requirements of the Church of England in Ottawa. The parish of Christ Church was formerly a mission station, served by the Rev. Mr. Annesley, minister at Hall. The first resident clergyman after it became an independent parish was the Rev. A. H. Burwell, who resigned in 1837. He was succeeded in the same year by the Rev. S. S. Strong, D.D., who resigned October 1, 1857, when the present incumbent, the Rev. J. S. Lauder, M.A., was appointed.

The following lines from the Ottawa *Times* of the 8th ult. very fully express the sentiment of the "ancients" of the parish. They were written, we believe, by a prominent member of the Civil Service, and have been printed with Rev. Mr. Lauder's sermon; we insert them here as a fitting accompaniment to the illustration of "Old Christ Church."

Ottawa, 5th March, 1872.

Dear Old Times—

They are pulling down Old Christ Church. It was not handsome, certainly, but it had memories attached to it which the new one cannot have. I, for one, cannot help feeling grieved, and perhaps some lines, in which I have tried to give expression to my grief, may find an echo in the heart of more than one old Bytownian: if you think so, you may print them and oblige

Yours most truly,

JANE.

Farewell old Church, where on my infant brow
With solemn rite the mystic sign was traced,
And when my youthful faith renewed the vow,
On my bowed head confirming hands were placed:
Where first I shared the Christian feast divine,
Christ's flesh the bread, the atoning blood the wine:
Before whose altar once I stood a bride,
And where through many a year I knelt in prayer,
A thoughtful wife, with children by my side,
And on my Saviour cast my every care:
Where over ony the thrilling words were read,
Which when the weary leave this scene of strife,
Console the living, sanctify the dead,
And tell of resurrection and of life.

A fairer fane may rise to take thy place,
Whose broader aisles may own a statelier grace;
Through pictured windows richer light may stream,
On moulded architrave and sculptured beam;
From lofties tower the Sabbath bell be rung,
By fuller choirs the swelling anthem sung:—
These will be well—but no new church can be,
What ever hast been—thou dear old Church to me.

VIEW FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF UPPER LONG POND, ST. JOHN'S.

Between the two lofty headlands is the entrance to St. John's, Newfoundland, called the Narrows. On the left, against the sea, is the Government House and St. Thomas' Church. On the right is the Colonial Building. In the middle distance, below Government House, is Carpasian, the country seat of Walter Grieve, Esq. Immediately below the Colonial Building is the property and residence of the Hon. J. S. Clift, member of the Executive and Legislative Councils. The building to the right of this, with extensive gable, is the Avalon Curling and Skating Rink. Close to it is the Victoria Skating Rink, but hid from view by the residences of Wm. Boyd, Esq., and of Mr. Robinson, of the Surveying Service. The cottage on the extreme right, in the middle distance, is the property and summer residence of Miss Warren. In the lower part of the sketch is Upper Long Pond with its belt of spruce trees.

THE OLD HOUSE AT THE COTE DES NEIGES.

In the present issue we give an illustration, from the pencil of Mr. Alfred Sandham, of the old house at the Cote des Neiges to which tradition assigns the honour of having been the place wherein the articles of capitulation were signed in 1760. This venerable building is now used as an outhouse by a market gardener! *Sic transit gloria mundi.* Its dumb and dingy walls were silent witnesses to the transfer of half a continent, a hundred years ago; now they encase potatoes, winter cabbages and "garden sass!" The building is situated a short distance beyond the Cote des Neiges toll-gate, and we have every reason to believe that it has been correctly associated with the historic incident already mentioned.

THE GORE, KING STREET, HAMILTON, ONT.

In former issues we have had occasion to speak of this attractive little spot in the very centre of the "Ambitious City." With two fountains, a beautiful shrubbery and handsome railing, it forms an admirable breathing place for the citizens. In its immediate neighbourhood, on King and James Streets, some of the principal marts of trade, wholesale and retail, are situated. During the summer time "the Gore" is very much admired by visitors.

LAUGHING GAS.

Dr. Colton recently lectured in Brooklyn, giving some practical illustrations of the peculiar effects of nitrous oxide or laughing gas, which is composed of a mixture of two parts of nitrogen and one part of oxygen

Now, said the lecturer, the air we breathe is composed of oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon. Any gas that will extinguish fire will not support life; therefore, if oxygen were removed from air we should die. This Dr. Colton illustrated by a couple of jars, in one of which was pure air, and in the other air without oxygen. A number of experiments followed. An ordinary gas burner was lighted, then gradually some laughing gas was applied to the common gas, producing a white and remarkably powerful light, making the gas lights around the room and on the stage appear quite dim. Dr. Colton stated that three miles of piping, for the conveyance of this kind of gas, is down in New York, and in a short time it would be used opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Abroad it had been used some time to light large public buildings, such as the Grand Opera Houses at Paris and Vienna. The lecturer believed that, after a while, it would be introduced into all large cities.

The next part of the exhibition was the inhalation of laughing gas by several ladies and gentlemen who were invited on to the stage by Dr. Colton. Just sufficient was given to exhilarate. Since 1844, Dr. Colton had given the gas to 55,923 persons for dental operations, and none of them had felt the worse for it. He inhaled a small quantity daily, and felt the better for it. They had removed nineteen teeth from a Brooklyn lady that morning, and she never felt the slightest pain; indeed, she was astonished, when she awoke, to find that her teeth were out. Dr. Colton then gave the gas from a small bag to two or three ladies and ten gentlemen. The first lady danced with ease and even elegance, clutching the Doctor round the waist and making him dance with her. When the effect of the gas was off, she stood in the centre of the stage, looking at the audience, and wondering, apparently, what she had been doing. She ran to the couch and covered her face with her muff. Then a tall gentleman had a try; he was talkative, and said, "You know how it is yourself—delightful! beautiful! delicious!" His speech, however, was cut short by a pitch forward towards the audience, and, had it not been for the ropes placed in front of the stage, he would assuredly have fallen over. A small dark man came next; he was pugilistic, and cleared the stage in no time. Then there was a dancer, who threw his legs about as if they did not belong to him, and had a desire to get rid of them; he was most amusing under the influence of the gas, and the audience were convulsed with laughter. A little boy was put to sleep for a minute, and laid out flat upon the stage; he was quite insensible. After this came a young man who snored like a pig while he was taking the gas. He was inclined to make a speech, commencing thus: "Happy—wonderful—worth seven miles of travel—happy don't express it—a little more—would go fifty miles." Other gentlemen took the gas, and the effect was similar.—*Scientific American.*

Poisonous Exhalations.—Poisonous exhalations from drains are a far greater source of mortality than is generally supposed. Prince Albert, consort of Queen Victoria, no doubt came to his end from such a cause, and the heir "apparent" has just been snatched from the jaws of death, to which extremity he was undoubtedly reduced by breathing the exhalations from a defective drain. If all the guards that are usually thrown about royalty fail to secure immunity from such exposure, what are we to expect in humble life, when from necessity exposure is often knowingly submitted to. Only two or three weeks since the English mail informed us that a large number of operatives in a factory in Preston, England, became suddenly ill, and had to cease work. Several had already died, and others were not expected to recover. An examination showed that they had been working over a defective drain. No doubt the list of mortality is largely swelled by such causes, operating in unknown ways and quarters in every large city in the world, to say nothing of less populous neighbourhoods. It is time that the public was taught to have more regard to such dangerous exposures in less populous neighbourhoods. It is time that the public was better informed with regard to the danger from such exposures, and that more attention was paid to the drainage system of our cities and houses by those who have immediate official authority in such matters. Defective drainage and impure milk, lead to more deaths than any other ten or a dozen causes combined.

The Cause of Whooping-Cough.—The germ-theory of disease, which some pathologists seek to extend so widely, has been applied by Dr. Letzerich to explain the extremely infectious disease, whooping-cough. He thinks he has discovered a form of fungoid growth which vegetates in the air-passages, and by its irritation causes the convulsive attacks of coughing. The expectorated mucus in patients suffering from this disease is said to contain masses of brownish red spores with occasional threads of mycelium, which in later stages of the disease become very abundant. The spore are coloured blue by iodine and sulphuric acid. These observations were controlled first by cultivation of the spores on pieces of bread soaked in milk, and further, by introducing masses of the fungous growth thus obtained into the trachea of young rabbits. This was effected by tracheotomy, but the animals rapidly recovered from the effects of the operation, and in a short time became affected with a cough of a very violent and noisy character, in fact, a genuine whooping-cough. The rabbits thus affected were killed, and their air-passages and lungs found to contain an enormous quantity of the same fungus as that met with in the sputa from human whooping-cough; and, in fact, the mucus expectorated by the rabbits showed precisely the same appearance.

A Warning to Those in the Habit of Using "Hair Restorers."—The painful effects of poisoning by lead are not by any means confined to painters, white lead manufacturers, and others whose trades bring them into constant contact with this deleterious metal. There are some persons whose obstinacy allows them to use it, in cosmetics and hair washes, in spite of the warnings of the medical profession; and the evil is augmented by the fact that such preparations may be used for years without impunity, and the palsy, paralysis, and other effects do not appear till the whole system is thoroughly impregnated. One medical man writes to a contemporary to say that he has one patient who has been paralyzed for nearly three years, her vision is imperfect, and her memory is gone; and another victim to this criminal practice has constant torture in her eyes, and is obliged to stay in a dark room. Many similar cases have been reported; but the practice still continues, and now Dr. J. M. Crocker publishes an account of a man, aged 55, who was afflicted with what appeared to be muscular rheumatism, affecting mainly the deltoid and other muscles of the shoulders. When first visited, he was suffering from pains which he had felt more or less severely for a month or two. Both arms were in this manner crippled. Dr. Crocker ordered cotton batting to affected parts, lemon juice and opiates internally; and the patient made quite a rapid recovery, but when seen in the month following, he was suffering from an almost complete paralysis of extensor muscles of fingers and hands, with dropping of wrists. He could readily and forcibly grasp, but found difficulty in letting go. Subsequently, upon inquiry, it was discovered that for fifteen years he had used a hair renewer made by himself, of three teaspoonfuls lac sulphur and two teaspoonfuls sugar of lead to a pint of water. With this he had drenched his head and scalp as often as once a week. Under use of iodide of potassium and galvanism, he has made a good recovery, the hair dressing having of course been discontinued.

Cure for Diptheria.—A simple treatment of diptheria may be found in the use of lemon juice. Gargle the throat freely with it, at the same time swallowing a portion, so as to reach all the affected parts.

PETER PAUL RUBENS.

Rubens was the most eminent among the great painters of the Flemish school. He was born at a time when his family were in adversity. John Rubens, the father of the painter, had fled from Antwerp during the political and religious troubles in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and sought refuge in Cologne. There, on the 29th of June, 1577, (St. Peter's and St. Paul's day), a son, destined to possess great genius, and to achieve distinction, came as if to comfort his parents in their exile. As was customary in those times, the boy was called by the names of the two Apostles to whom his birthday was dedicated. The house is still shown in Cologne—a sculptured medallion of the great painter over the entrance—where Peter Paul Rubens was born, and where, ten years after (1587), his father, John, died.

Rubens was a very bright, beautiful boy, both quick and diligent in learning. His widowed mother returned to Antwerp; and, after a few years of desultory study, the fatherless boy was placed, at the age of sixteen, as a page in the household of a lady of rank, the Countess of Lalaing. The youth disliked this employment, and, at his urgent desire, he became the pupil of Adam Von Oort, an eminent painter. So diligent was the youth that even his leisure hours, intended for recreation, were generally devoted to his favourite study. The surprise and delight of the teacher on one occasion have been handed down to us by Stever's beautiful painting. After studying with this master some time, he went to a famous court painter, Otho Venius, who was painter to the Infanta Isabella of Spain. By this second master, who appreciated the genius of his pupil, he was advised to go to Italy to pursue his studies.

Rubens was twenty-three when he visited Venice, Mantua, and other places famous as schools of art. Being of good family he was appointed to a post as Gentleman of the Chamber to the Duke Vincenzio Gonzaga, under whose patronage he had opportunities of study afforded him, which he eagerly availed himself of. The great lesson of the life of Rubens is his wonderful industry. No temptations of society, or allurements of pleasure, ever diverted him from his diligent practice of his noble art. True, he had not, as so many men of genius had, to contend with the bitterness of poverty, or the obscurity of a humble lot; but every condition of life has its special and peculiar temptations and besetments: and the young, handsome, brilliant painter, with his poetic temperament, and the seductions of courtly circles, might have lapsed into the mere man of indolence and pleasure. Industry was his great safeguard. It is most likely that the adversity which had to some extent shadowed the first ten years of his life had been salutary in its influence as God's discipline. One fact is clear, from the immense number of his works, that, however he was helped by noble patronage, he was far more effectually helped by his own noble diligence. Ever, by God's blessing, a man's best earthly helper is himself.

Rubens was a most tender son to his widowed mother, and it was one of the deepest sorrows of his manhood that, tidings of her illness reaching him at Genoa, he hastened as quickly as the then modes of travelling permitted to Antwerp, and was too late to see her in life.

In 1609, Peter Paul married his first wife, Elizabeth Brants, and settled at Antwerp. A famous picture in the Munich gallery represents himself and his wife—a very lovely woman—seated in a garden.

Marie de Mediei, the wife of Henry IV., of France, (the mother of Louis XIII., and of Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I. and Queen Consort of England), became the patroness of Rubens. At her command he painted the series of pictures in the Louvre, at Paris, mostly representing scenes in the life of this Queen. It is said that he must have been greatly aided by his large staff of pupils, as it has been pronounced impossible that he alone could in the time have completed so great a number of pictures.

In 1626, Rubens lost the beloved wife whose sweet face it is said glows with loveliness in so many of his pictures, and three years after his bereavement (1629), the great painter visited England as ambassador from the Court of Spain to Charles I.

It is very rare in the history of the Fine Arts, or statesmanship, to find the office of ambassador filled by an eminent painter. But Rubens was equally a student of courts and of nature. His manners were at once so courtly and prepossessing that he became a great favourite in England. Charles I. was a lover of Fine Arts, and Vandyck, who has given us the best portrait of the unfortunate Charles, and of many nobles of his court, was a pupil of Rubens.

A lady, justly celebrated as an art critic, Mrs. Jameson, tells us that at first she disliked Rubens' pictures, but studying them at Munich, where there are eighty-eight, she came to marvel at their beauty as much as at their number. Of one in particular, a religious subject, she says:—

"As I gazed, a feeling sank deep into my heart, which did not pass away with the tears it made to flow, but has ever remained there. One instance out of many of the moral effect which has been produced by painting."

The "Descent from the Cross," in the cathedral at Antwerp, is a picture of world-wide fame. In our own National Gallery the allegorical picture of "War and Peace" is a specimen of this great master, which is accessible to all visitors; so also the ceiling at Whitehall, which was sketched by Rubens while in England, and finished afterwards at Antwerp.

The writer of this sketch has visited the house of Rubens, at Cologne, which is always pointed out with pride to tourists, and seen his paintings at the Louvre, and at Brussels; and, while marvelling both at his genius and facility, has felt that there is more of the earthly than the heavenly in his pictures—a strong and rather coarse type of beauty. The painter, Rubens, has been compared in this respect to the poet Dryden, as having more human passion than spiritual power.

In 1631, Rubens married Helena Forman, a young bride equalling the painter's first wife in personal graces, and, like the former, often represented in his paintings.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the grace and charm of his pictures, there can be none as to the fine and generous character of the man. His hand was ever open to relieve the distresses of the less fortunate devotees of Art. He helped Vandyck with the most liberal aid; and was so alive to the claims of gratitude, that when Queen Marie de Medici was expelled by her heartless son, King Louis XIII., from France, and had wandered in search of an asylum to the Netherlands, and thence to England, and was from political troubles unwelcome everywhere—becoming at length exposed to absolute want—it was Rubens who came to her aid. She had in the days of her prosperity patronized him, and in her adversity the painter sheltered her. Under his hospitable roof, at Cologne, the widow and mother of kings found a peaceful refuge in which to die, closing a career of startling changes soothed by the fidelity and gratitude of this loyal friend.

Rubens, full of honours and wealth, died the 30th of May, 1640, in the sixty-third year of his age, and is buried in the church of St. Jacques, at Antwerp, where his genius is regarded with pride. But though that may be honoured, it is his industry, liberality, and gratitude that make his life valuable to us, for they are qualities that all can emulate.—*British Workman.*

ALLAN EDSON'S "MOUNTAIN TORRENT"

We have already had occasion more than once to reproduce works by this talented and rising artist, all of which have been received with great favour by lovers of art. The picture we reproduce this week—a scene in the Eastern Townships—is the property of Mr. G. E. Desbarats, and is at present on exhibition in this city.

SIGNOR HAZAZER'S DANCING ACADEMY.

Within the past few weeks Signor Hazazer, the well-known Professor of Dancing and Deportment in this city, has opened his academy in the new Cathedral Block on St. Catherine Street, where he has taken a handsome and commodious suite of rooms. On another page will be found an illustration, after a sketch by our own artist, of the scene in the large ball-room, on the occasion of a Saturday afternoon class.

MISCELLANEOUS.

According to a late communication by Ehrenberg to the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, he has succeeded in determining the existence of 548 species of organic forms, absolutely invisible to the naked eye, and yet held in suspension in the atmosphere.

The aggregate international commerce of the world, at the present time, is estimated at $9,237,000,000 in value. Of this large amount Great Britain, mainly through her subsidized steamship lines, is able to control within a fraction of $3,000,000,000—or nearly one-third of the entire world's commerce.

Mineral Caoutchouc.—A Parisian journal reports the finding, in Australia, of a mineral substance resembling caoutchouc in most of its characteristics. It contains 82 per cent. of an oily hydrocarbon. We shall be interested in any further particulars of this discovery, as they may lead, on future investigation, to the production, by synthesis, of one more organic substance.

Ammonia as a Cure for Snake Bites.—As many as 8,000 persons die annually, in British India and Burmah, from the effects of snake bites. The Inspector of Police to the Bengal Government now reports that of 939 cases, in which ammonia was freely administered, 702 victims have recovered, and in the cured instances, the remedy was not administered till 3¾ hours after the attack, on the average. In the fatal cases, the corresponding duration of time was 4¼ hours.

A Rival to Tea and Coffee.—Tea and coffee are threatened with a Brazilian rival, called guarana. Guarana consists of the seeds of a tree known to botanists as the *paullinas sorbitis*, which is very abundant. The tree produces a fruit about the size of a walnut, containing five or six seeds. The seeds are roasted, mixed with water and dried. Before being used they require grinding, when they fall into a kind of powder. The active principle is an alkaloid, identical with that found in tea or coffee, but there is twice as much of it in guarana as there is in tea. The effects are similar to those of tea and coffee.

Care of the Feet.—Concerning this subject the *Scientific American* very truly says: "Many are careless in the keeping of the feet. If they wash them once a week they think they are doing well. They do not consider that the largest pores are located in the bottom of the foot, and that the most offensive matter is discharged through the pores. They wear stockings from the beginning to the end of the week without change, which become perfectly saturated with offensive matter. Ill health is generated by such treatment of the feet. The pores are not repellants but absorbents, and this fetid matter, to a greater or less extent, is taken back into the system. The feet should be washed every day with pure water only, as well as the armpits, from which an offensive odour is also emitted, unless daily ablution is practised. Stockings should not be worn more than a day or two at a time. They may be worn one day, and then aired and sunned and worn another day, if necessary.

Pulverized Solid Cod Liver Oil.—The difficulty of overcoming the nauseating qualities of cod liver oil has attracted the attention of many pharmaceutists, among others of M. Tissier. He takes of white gelatine, 4 parts, distilled water, 25 parts, simple syrup, 25 parts, refined sugar in powder, 50 parts. The gelatine should be heated, in a water bath, with the water and syrup till dissolved, the cod liver oil and sugar being mixed in a mortar; the two compounds should then be stirred together, and the stirring continued till the mixture is cold. It will then appear as a gelatinous mass, and powdered sugar should then be added till a firm paste is made, which, after being cut in small pieces, must be left to become so hard as to be easily granulated in a mortar. The second addition of powdered sugar will bring the quantity up to 250 parts, 20 per cent of which will be cod liver oil. It should be kept in a tightly stoppered bottle.

A very distinguished Paris physician says: "I believe that during the twenty years I have practised my profession, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms. Put the bulb of a thermometer into a baby's mouth and the mercury rises to ninety degrees. Now carry the same to its little hand; if the arm be bare and even cool, the mercury will sink to fifty degrees. Of course, all the blood that flows through these arms must fall from ten to forty degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say, when these currents of the blood flow back to the chest, the child's vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at the frequently recurring affections of the tongue, throat, or stomach? I have seen more than one child, with habitual cough or hoarseness, entirely relieved by simply keeping the hands and arms warm."

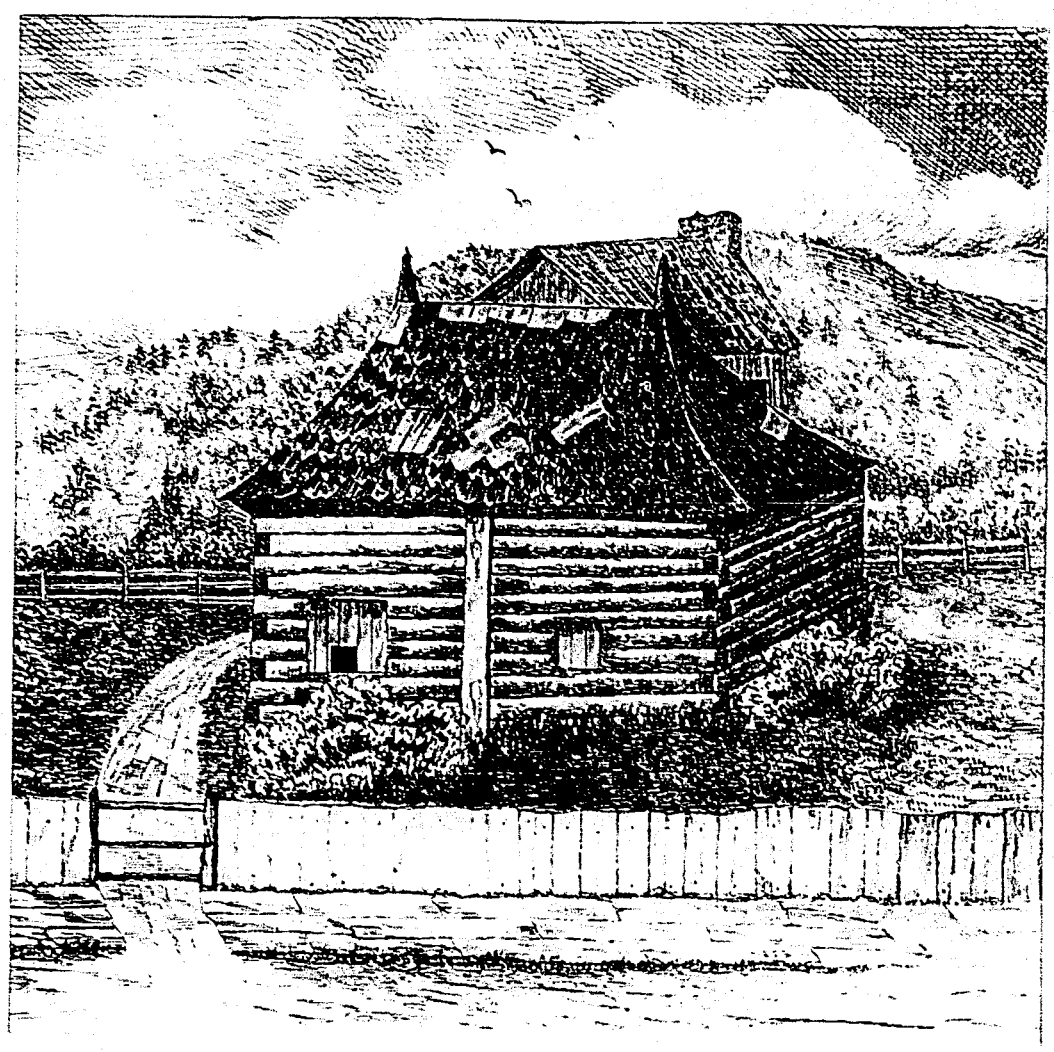
Guest: "How came this dead fly in my soup?" Waiter: "In fact, sir, I have no positive idea how the poor thing came to his death. Perhaps it had not taken any food for a long time, dashed upon the soup, ate too much of it, contracted an inflammation of the stomach, that brought on death. The fly must have a very weak constitution, for when I served the soup it was dancing merrily upon the surface. Perhaps—and the idea presents itself only at this moment—it endeavored to swallow too large a piece of vegetable; this remaining fast in his throat, caused a choking in the windpipe. This is the only reason I could give for the death of the insect."

A Sunday's dinner is made the most sumptuous meal of the week in a great many households, and the guests retire from the table more like gorged anacondas than intellectual human beings, with the result that during the whole afternoon there is such an amount of mental, physical and religious sleepiness, if not actual stupidity, that no duties whatever are performed with alacrity, efficiency, and acceptableness. The Sunday dinner made of a cup of hot tea, some bread and butter, with a slice of cold meat, and absolutely nothing else, would be wiser and better for all; it would give the servants more leisure; the appetite would be as completely satisfied half an hour afterward, while body, brain and heart would be in a fitting condition to perform the duties of the Sabbath with pleasure to ourselves, with greater efficiency to others, and doubtless with larger acceptance to him toward whom all our service is due.

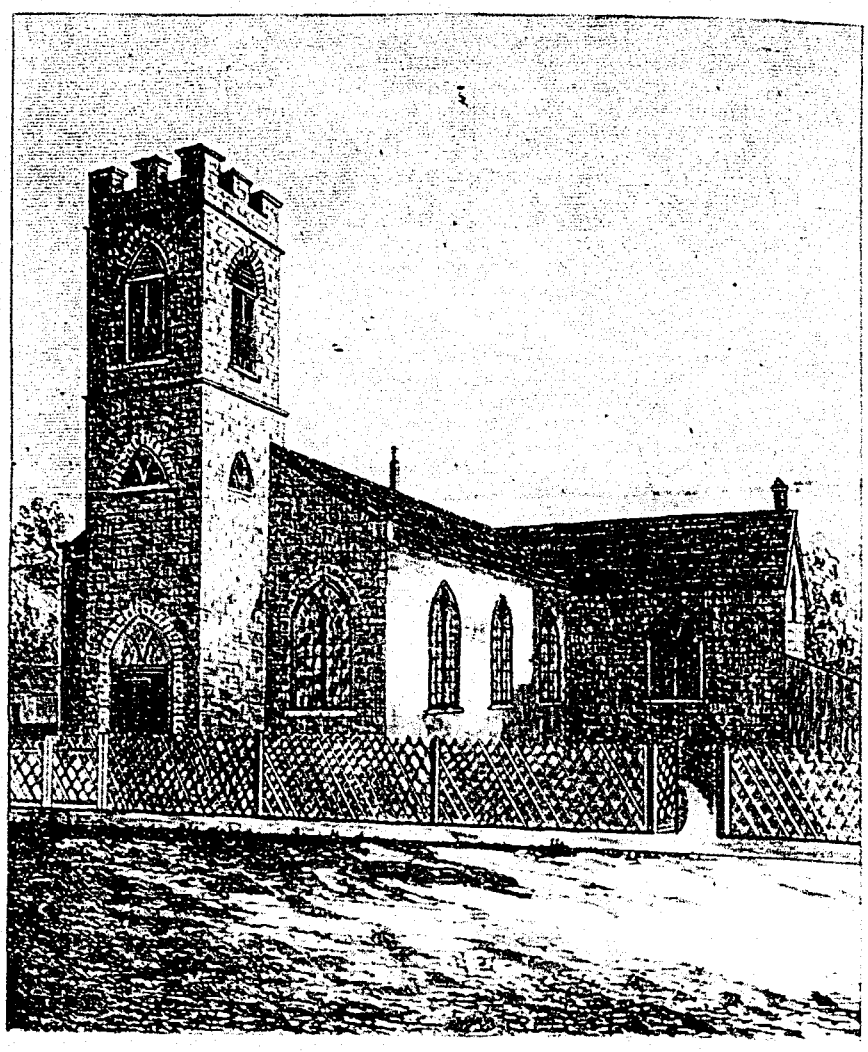
A new system of photographic lithography has been introduced in Berlin. It is found that caoutchouc, like Jew's pitch and some other hydrocarbons, is capable of receiving a photographic impression; and a thin film of caoutchouc dissolved in benzole is spread upon paper, which is exposed in the camera in the usual manner. The portions which have been subjected to the action of the light are rendered insoluble, and the other portions are then washed away, as in Mr. Pouncey's process, which on former occasions we have explained. The caoutchouc wherever it remains on the paper will receive a greasy ink from a roller which is now passed over the damped sheet, and the impression thus obtained may be transferred to the lithographic stone and printed from in the usual manner. The plan is virtually a reproduction of Pouncey's, with the substitution of caoutchouc for pitch of Judea.

On Bathing.—The benefit to be derived by all classes from personal ablution is of universal interest, and highly esteemed in ancient record. The physical strength and vigorous constitution of the Greeks and Romans are justly attributed as much to their habits of bathing as to their regular exercise. It must be remarked generally, in reference to cold bathing, that the head should touch the water first, as the blood naturally recedes from that part of the body which first comes in contact with the cold. The water, on touching the surface of the body, gives a shock to the whole system, and the blood is forced from the superficial to the deep-seated vessels; and, on leaving the water, provided the bather has been in a moderate time, a reaction takes place from the centre to the surface; this kind of circulation is very healthy, and in it consists the great benefit of the cold bath. Warm baths are of greater importance than is generally supposed. They may be taken with advantage both summer and winter, and while the body is at any degree of temperature. They are not in any degree, when used in moderation, debilitating; but, on the contrary, are attended with health and vigour. The warm bath has a powerful effect in exciting the circulation of the blood, and in promoting perspiration and other natural secretions, thereby effectually arresting many incipient diseases. In connection with the bath, for any partial ablution, common salt may be advantageously used. It dissolves in water, and prevents any risk of taking cold; it is also a powerful tonic, and general invigorator of the system.

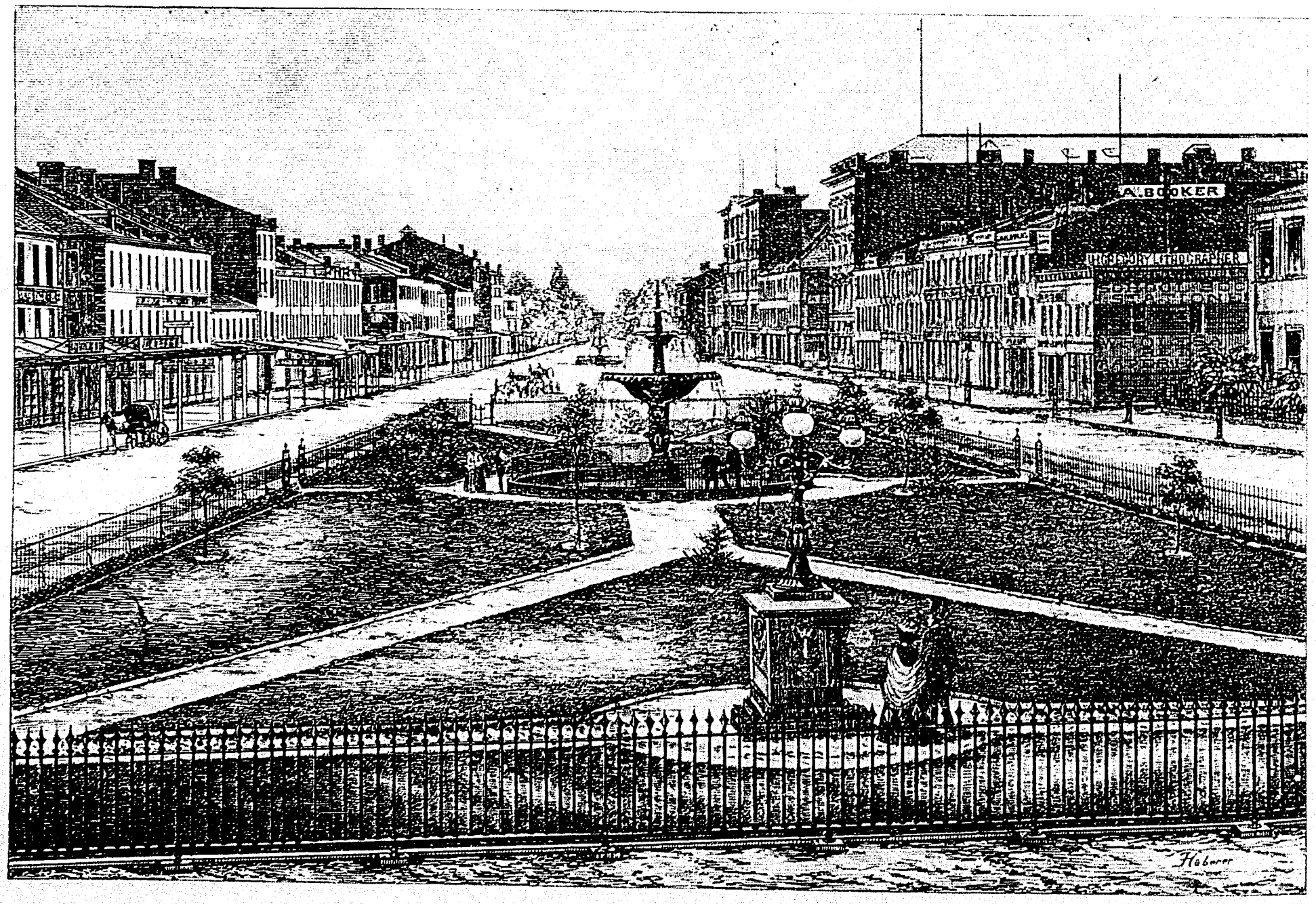
A Scene in the House of Lords before King William entered to Dissolve Parliament.—Having to go home in order to dress, the gold gown being required, I got to the House soon after two o'clock, the hour to which we had adjourned: and after prayers I left the Woolsack, in order that I might be in readiness to receive his Majesty. Lord Shaftesbury, on the motion of Lord Mansfield, then took the Woolsack, and Wharncliffe rose to move the address, of which he had given notice. Then began a scene which, as it was represented to me, was never exceeded in violence and uproar by any bear-garden exhibition. The Duke of Richmond, interrupting Wharncliffe, moved that the Lords take their seats in their proper places; for, said he, I see a junior baron (Lyndhurst) sitting on the dukes' bench. Lyndhurst, starting up, exclaimed that Richmond's conduct was most disorderly, and shook his fist at him. This brought up Londonderry, who did not speak, but screamed that the noble Duke, in his attempt to stop Wharncliffe, had resorted to a wretched shift. Wharncliffe then began by reading the word of his motion. I was here told by Durham what was going on, and that unless the King came soon the Lords would vote the address because Wharncliffe meant to make no speech; so I rushed back into the House, and began by exclaiming against the unheard-of doctrine that the Crown ought not to dissolve at a moment when the House of Commons had refused the supplies. This was loudly denied, but I persisted that the vote I referred to had in fact that effect. I went on purposely speaking until we heard the guns. Then came great interruptions and cries of order which continued till a messenger summoned me, when I said I had the King's commands to attend him in the Painted chamber. Shaftesbury again took the Woolsack, and they continued debating until the procession entered. When the door was thrown open, the King asked me "What noise was that?" and I answered, "If it please your Majesty, it is the Lords debating." He asked if we should stop, but was told that all would be silent the moment he entered. The Commons were summoned in the usual way; and, having received the Speech, he read it with a clear and firm voice. I doubt if any part of it was listened to beyond the first sentence, prefixed to the draft, and which I alone had any hand in writing; "I am come to meet you for the purpose of proroguing this Parliament, with a view to its *immediate* dissolution." He dwelt upon immediate. While we were waiting for the rest of the Commons, beside the Speaker and the few who accompanied him, the King asked me many questions, as to who such and such peers were, and what were the names of the commoners who stood behind the bar. I remember Cobbett was one, whom he had never seen before.—*Life and Times of Lord Brougham.*



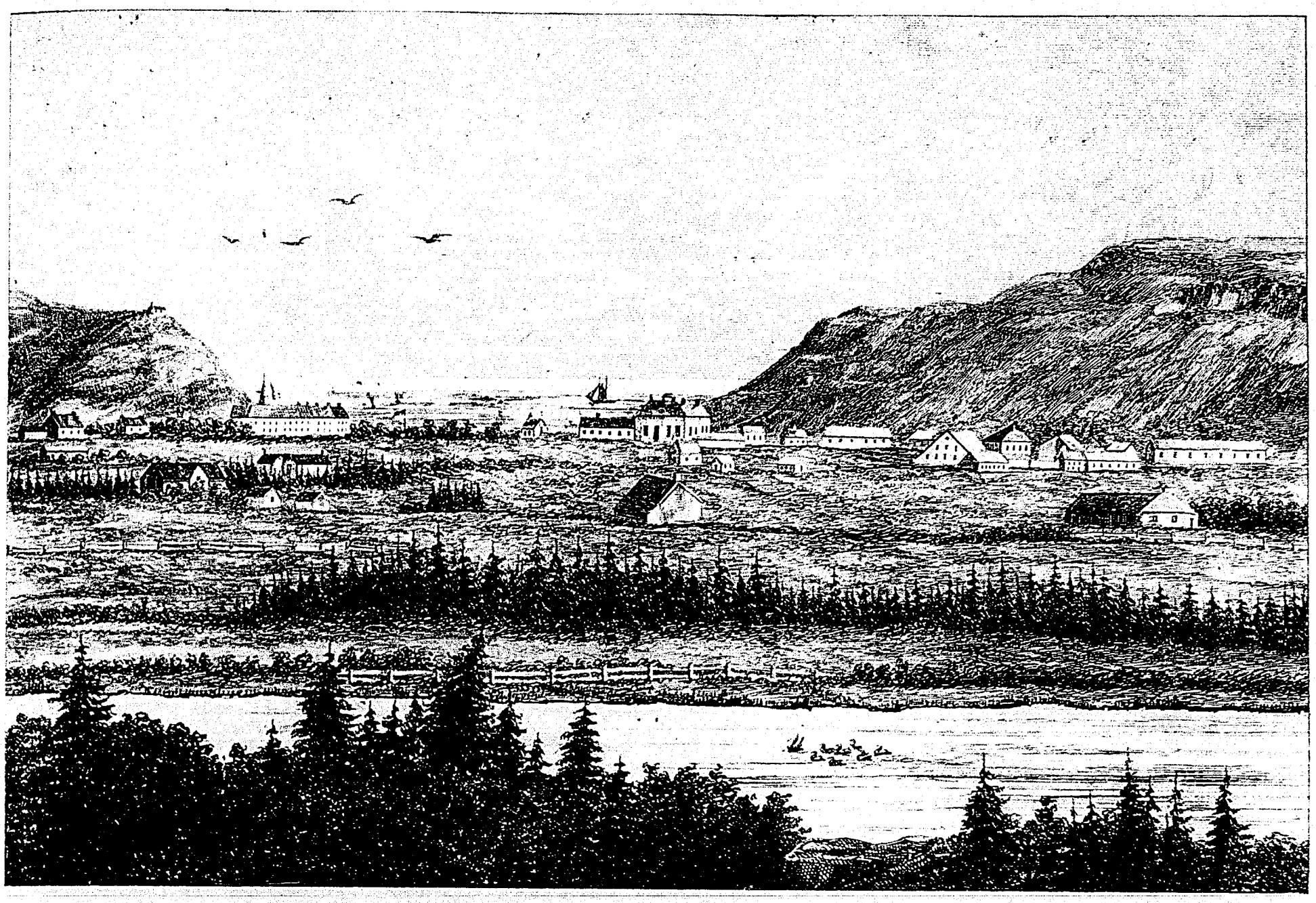
Montreal.—Old House on the Côte-des-Neiges Road, where the Capitulation was signed in 1760.—From a sketch by Alfred Sandham.—See page 226



Ottawa.—Old Christ Church, Sparks St.—See page 226



Hamilton.—The Gore, King St.—From a photograph by Milne.—See page 226.



NEWFOUNDLAND.—VIEW FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF UPPER LONG POND, LOOKING TOWARD THE "NARROWS."—SEE PAGE 226.

MONTREAL.—SIGNOR HAZAZER'S DANCING ACADEMY, NEW CATHEDRAL BLOCK.—SEE PAGE 227.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872.

Sunday,	April 14.	—*Second Sunday after Easter.* Abraham Lincoln assassinated, 1865.
Monday,	" 15.	—French Canada Trading Company established, 1627. Domenichino died, 1614. Johnson's Dictionary appeared, 1755.
Tuesday,	" 16.	—Battle of Culloden, 1746. Thiers born, 1797.
Wednesday,	" 17.	—Benjamin Franklin died, 1790. Brock's Monument destroyed, 1840.
Thursday,	" 18.	—First Newspaper in America published, 1704. Great Fire at Montreal, 1,100 houses burnt, 1768.
Friday,	" 19.	—*St. Alphege, Abp. & M.* Melancthon died, 1560. Byron died, 1824,
Saturday,	" 20.	— Jacques Cartier sailed from St. Malo, 1534. Island of Montreal granted to the Sulpicians, 1664. Ex-Emperor Napoleon born, 1308. Omar Pasha died, 1871.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 9th April, 1872, observed by Hearn, Harrison & Co., 242 & 244 Notre Dame Street.

			Max.	Min.	Mean.	8 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
W.,	April	3.	40°	27°	33°5	30.10	30.10	30.05
Th.,	"	4.	42°5	32°5	37°2	30.25	30.20	30.18
Fri.,	"	5.	44°	28°	36°	30.17	30.17	30.12
Sat.,	"	6.	48°	36°	42°	30.15	30.14	30.10
Su.,	"	7.	49°	27°	38°	30.05	30.02	30.02
M.	"	8.	49°5	37°	43°2	30.05	30.10	30.03
Tu.,	"	9.	51°	35°	43°	29.75	29.70	29.65

Our readers are reminded that the subscription to the News *is $4.00 per annum,* PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All unpaid subscribers will be struck off the list on the 1st July next, and their accounts [at the rate of $5.00 per annum] placed in our attorneys' hands for collection.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1872.

It is impossible that the present session of Parliament can pass without a discussion on the relations of the Dominion with the Empire. Too many of our public men have spoken on the topic before the people; too many of our journalists have discussed the matter either *pro* or *con* to permit of its escaping a fair discussion in Parliament unless members are absolutely upon "trimming sails" without regard to right, principle, or honest conviction.

It has recently been announced that the hon. member for North Lanark has declared himself in favour of Canadian independence. In a recent address at Hamilton he is reported to have spoken to the following effect:

"He proceeded to point out what, in his opinion, was the position we should occupy in future, namely, that of an independent country in alliance with Great Britain, as Belgium was with European nations. He dwelt upon the advantages which such an alliance would confer; such as immunity from wars in which Great Britain might engage upon questions in which we had no interest, while the fact of alliance itself with a nation so powerful would ever constitute a check upon the aggressiveness of our neighbours. He saw great difficulty if our present relations continued, while there was a prospect of security in the condition which he indicated."

An "independent country in alliance with Britain," Canada already is *de facto;* and without the recognition of other nations, without, in fact, a guaranteed neutrality, her position could not by possibility be improved. To cut her adrift from the British Crown just now would be, as we have said before, like the act of a fraudulent debtor making away with his property to swindle his creditors; and until the final award of the Geneva Conference, and its acceptance by both parties to the Washington Treaty, we should regard any change in our relationship as a gross fraud upon the United States, which the latter would be at liberty to resist in any shape deemed advisable, whether in the shape of the annexation of Canada or war against Britain. Upon this point there can be no two honest opinions. Canada as an integral part of the British Empire did its duty faithfully by both North and South during the unfortunate civil war. No claims for indemnity have sprung out of the conduct of the Canadian Government or the Canadian people. The St. Albans' Bank robbery was recouped with a promptitude and unanimity on the part of Canadians that ought to make Americans blush when they think of the repeated raids of the Fenian scum which Canada has patiently endured; and for which the British Government is too contemptible and craven-hearted to demand indemnity. The record of Canada is pure and spotless as between Great Britain and the Republic. The United States may regard with satisfaction the long unguarded Canadian frontier; but they should not forget that theirs is, inland, equally as long, and on the sea-coast—their weakest point—twice the length; so that however much Canada might suffer in case of an Anglo-American war, it is absolutely certain that England would gain immensely in a strategetic point of view in having absolute control of the navigation of the Gulf and the River St. Lawrence, leading, inferentially, to the mastery of the whole of the Upper Lake navigation. So long as England and Canada are united under the same Crown it would be madness for the United States to go to war with them. On the day that they separate the United States would be safe to go to war with either with the moral certainty of victory. England would no longer have land basis of operations; and Canada would be powerless on her own land borders as well as ineffective at sea; so we conclude that those who advocate the separation of Canada from the British Empire are merely taking a roundabout way of guaranteeing the invulnerability of the United States, and discounting Jonathan's good nature and disinterested feelings towards Canada to a degree in which, for our part, we have no faith.

Believing fully in the good intentions of the respective parties to the Washington Treaty it must yet be recognised that the fatuity seemingly attendant on British statesmen in Treaty-making was fully developed at Washington. A document drawn up in the mother tongue of both the contracting parties is scarcely signed and accepted by each until we are told that it has two entirely distinct meanings—a British sense and an American sense! England has been famous for giving up by Treaty what she had won by arms; and it seems she is still bound to exhibit her title to consideration for diplomatic stupidity. But the American claim is so preposterous—amounting in fact to the proposition to place a neutral in a worse position than a defeated belligerent—that no intelligent diplomatist will recognise it. The fact, however, that even a loophole was left in the Treaty through which to pass the demand for "consequential" damages shows how weakly the British Plenipotentiaries were instructed by the Imperial Government. It may possibly be that a perception of this vacillating policy, and a mistaken notion that Canada is a source of weakness to England, have inspired some of the new advocates of Independence. But if they would reflect upon the matter, and the relative positions of the principal parties to the questions discussed in the Washington Treaty, they would see that unless England is prepared to surrender all that is asked—that is, more than a conquered nation would give up—then she may rejoice that she possesses Canada as a rear line of attack, which would not be the case were the Dominion an independent nation. It is hardly necessary to discuss the question of independence *per se*, because, if declared to-morrow, it would hardly last a year. Independence under present circumstances means, virtually, annexation, and that means something which the people of Canada do not like.

ONTARIO INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

We have received a copy of the first annual report of this institution, which under guidance of Dr. Palmer, the Principal, assisted by six teachers, is doing an admirable service to the unfortunates for whose benefit it was established. The report of the Government Inspector, Mr. Langmuir, shows, however, that while there are at least three hundred and twelve deaf mutes of school age in the Province of Ontario, there are but one hundred and seven entered for instruction at the institution, so that much has yet to be done to bring it up to its full measure of usefulness. It appears that of the total number of pupils, fifty-four are supported by parents or guardians, forty-five by the municipalities to which they belong, and the remaining eight, being otherwise unprovided for, by the Province. The Inspector represents that there should be at the present time, if parents and the municipalities did their duty, two hundred and fifty pupils at the institution, independently of those supported by the Government. In the Principal's report there is a very interesting account of the progress of the institution since its opening in October, 1870, and a flattering notice of Professor J. B. McGaun's successful efforts in promoting the education of deaf mutes, during the twelve years previous to the establishment of the Provincial Institution in which Professor McGaun ranks as senior teacher. Under Dr. Palmer's guidance we have every confidence that the institution will be made of great benefit to the Province, and we trust the municipalities will cordially take their share of the work in maintaining the pupils whose parents, though too poor to pay for their education, have yet a just claim on the communities in which they reside.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Received—Labour and Capital: How to Unite Them, &c. By F. P. McKelcan, C E.

We shall notice this little pamphlet in another issue. Mr. McKelcan's views seem to deserve the serious consideration, not only of those who desire to promote immigration, but of all who desire to see the utmost facility of exchange between capital and labour, in which lies the secret of industrial success.

OBITUARY.

ANDREW C. WILSON OF OTTAWA.

We deeply regret to have to record the death of a young and promising journalist, Mr. Andrew C. Wilson, of Ottawa, who died at his residence, New Edinburgh, on the 5th inst., at the early age of thirty-four. Mr. Wilson was well-known as the editor of his father's paper, the *Daily News* of Ottawa; and many who appreciated his abilities would have been glad to have seen him in a position where the public could have had a better opportunity of profiting from his writings. He was an active friend of the cause of temperance; an earnest promoter of education, and, while Conservative in politics, was liberal in his opinions, and we believe, as towards his neighbours, "in all things charitable." The Ottawa journals tell us that he died of consumption, and it is to be feared that a too zealous application to work and study may have prematurely broken down a constitution not very strong at the best. Mr. Wilson's life was a notable example of filial devotion and constant effort at self-improvement. "Whom the Gods love die young."

PATRICK BRENNAN, MONTREAL.

When it falls to the portion of a man to exceed the allotted "three score years and ten";by nearly half the lifetime of a generation, it is hardly possible that we can mourn his "taking off" with the same sad feelings as we do those whose memento is fittingly represented by the broken column at mid-height. At eighty-four years of age we are less surprised to hear that a man has died than that he should have been alive. Yet on Sunday morning last, after a hale, hearty, and most active life, Mr. Patrick Brennan breathed his last, after having turned that patriarchal period. Mr. Brennan came to Montreal in 1819, and consequently spent about fifty-three years in the city. He was thus one of the oldest, and, we believe, one of the most respected among our citizens. He was a native of King's County, Ireland, where he was born in 1778, and came to Canada in his thirty-first year, in the very prime of life. He prospered in his worldly goods, and won and held to the last the affection of his countrymen and the esteem of his fellow-citizens generally. He opened his purse with no niggard hand at the call of charity; and he is now "gathered to his fathers," full of years and honours, at a period when even his nearest and dearest can but feel that the loss has been to them and the gain to him. A very large concourse of people attended his funeral on Tuesday morning last.

JACOB STELLER, MONTREAL.

Another of the old inhabitants has been taken away at the venerable age of seventy-three. Mr. Jacob Steller, the oldest German resident in the city, died on the 6th inst., and was buried on Monday last, his funeral having been attended by a large number of citizens. He was a native of Stremphabach, Wurtemburg, and came to Canada fifty-six years ago. For a time he resided in Quebec with his uncle, Mr. Wurtele. He afterwards made his residence at Montreal, and had won the respect and esteem of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

ARTIFICIAL STONE—NEW INVENTIONS.

Mr. William McKay, of Ottawa, has obtained a patent for the manufacture of artificial stone. He manufactures not only sandstone, but porphyry, granite, lapis lazuli, sienna, and white and veined marble, with six different kinds of sandstone. The specimens, which have been shown to us, are not imitations merely of these different descriptions of stone, but are really what they pretend to be, artificially made. When struck together they sound like stones, not with a thud like artificial cements, or of crockery ware, like bricks. They accept a polish as would jasper or agate, and not an enamel like vitrified bricks. Their superiority to naturally prepared stone, consists in this, that they do away with the labour of the quarryman, dispense with the services of the sculptor, obviate the necessity of mallet and chisel, or of the granite pick, and, consequently, while of equal beauty, hardness, and durability with stone procured from the quarry, cost infinitely less than any kind of naturally made stone whatever. They are made from the refuse, as it were, of different kinds of natural stone by chemical agency in moulds, and can be made into figures, consequently, without the sculptor's aid, and, indeed, for ornamental purposes, are unequalled, as they will preserve their first appearance under all atmospheric circumstances whatever. These stones, it may be well to remark, can be most advantageously and cheaply used in the facings of brick buildings—for window facings, jam linings, and the architraves of doors—with a fine effect, and at less than half the cost of the ordinary sand or lime stones now in use for such purposes, while whole fronts may be built with this artificial stone in the most elaborate style of architecture. It can, in fact, be applied to all or any of the purposes for which ordinary stone is used. There is a fortune in this invention to any man, or company of men, with a capital, as it will assuredly altogether supersede both brick and quarried stones in due time, as the importance of the discovery becomes recognized.

Mr. McKay has further invented and patented, we believe, two other of his discoveries, or, if it suits better, inventions. He has coated ordinary shingles with a solution of stone, which, without much interfering with their weight, renders them incombustible, impervious to water and unaffected by the atmosphere. It is wood literally steeped in stone.

By the way, we had almost omitted to mention among the uses to which the artificial stone may be turned that it is es-

pecially suitable for table-tops, counter-tops, mantel-pieces, hearthstones, and tesselated pavements.

His third invention consists of what he terms "Alphabetical Bricks," as, for instance, one brick made like the letter H forms a hollow wall, the two sides being bound together by the bar of brick in the centre, and forming one brick. The bottom and top is closed up by the letters T or L or I, so ⊥T⊥ lying flat and joined together, and over each other make a complete hollow wall, which may be used for purposes of ventilation and for carrying off smoke, indeed, doing away altogether with the necessity for chimnies. We may mention that these letters can be so combined as to form either the English or Flemish bonds.—*Ottawa Ex.*

THE FASHION PLATES.

Our two pages of fashion plates give the latest styles in ladies' House and Promenade costumes for early spring.

No. 1. Costume for a young girl from 10 to 12. The underskirt is of blue cashmere, with a gathered flounce pleated at the top and trimmed with black velvet ribbon. Grey poplin overskirt and Pompadour waist, the latter trimmed with pleated ruffles and rolls of the same material Batiste blouse with long sleeves, and sash of blue grosgrain ribbon.

No. 2. Grey *Toile-de-Laine* House Dress.—This dress consists of a double skirt and basque-waist. The underskirt is trimmed with a broad gathered flounce, headed with two bias folds of a darker shade. The overskirt and basque-waist are similarly trimmed and button up the front. Cravat and head bows of maroon *Crêpe-de-Chine*.

No. 3. Costume for a Young Girl from 10 to 12.—Costume of reddish-brown or maroon woollen-poplin. The underskirt is kilt-pleated. Overskirt and Pompadour waist are trimmed with pleated ruffles and rolls of the same material as the dress. Batiste blouse with long sleeves.

No. 4. Brown Cloth Suit. The whole dress—consisting of skirt, panier, and basque-waist—is of tan-coloured cloth, trimmed with bias stripes of silk of a darker shade and silk fringe to match.

No. 5. Promenade Costume of Brown Silk, trimmed with rolls of the same and fringe to match. Round hat of black tulle.

No. 6. Bleached *Toile-de-Soie* Morning Dress.—This dress consists of skirt and tightly fitting basque of bleached *toile-de-soie*—a twilled material, woven of wool and silk—trimmed with pleated ruffles of the same material, embroidered batiste insertion and lace edging.

No. 7.—Silk Dress in Two Shades of Brown.—The dress consists of a triple skirt and high basque-waist of brown silk of two shades. The under and overskirts are of a light shade, and are trimmed with dark brown cord embroidery. The second skirt and basque are of a deeper shade and plain. The overskirt is looped up at either side with three embroidered loops of dark brown silk which cross over the back of the basque

No. 8.—Pearl Grey Poplin Dress trimmed with pinked silk ruches of the same colour. The underskirt has in addition a single ruche of the material of the dress. Sash of a darker shade of grey.

No. 9. Silk and Cashmere Costume.—The underskirt and waist are made of some fashionable coloured silk; the sleeveless jacket and overskirt of cashmere to match. The overskirt buttons in front and is looped-up at either side with a sash.

Nos. 10 and 11.—Black Cashmere Talma.—The Talma is lined with lustrine, and the capuchon with grosgrain. Trim the Talma with bias strips of cashmere, scalloped and embroidered with silk cord. The scalloped edge should be trimmed with black lace and black silk fringe. Furnish the capuchon with cord-work and tassels.

Nos. 12 and 13.—The basque is made of light grey *tricot*, with a binding ⅜ of an inch wide of satin of the same shade. The collar, together with the strips at the lower edge of the basque and round the sleeve, is of a darker shade. Light grey satin buttons.

Nos. 14 and 15.—Black Cashmere Basque, scalloped and edged with cord; with silk lining and a silk fringe trimming 1¾ in. deep. A triangular piece, similarly scalloped and trimmed is sown on the back as shown in the engraving.

Nos. 16 and 17. Grey Tricot Basque, trimmed with black velvet ¼ in. broad and black velvet bows, and gathered at the back with a bow.

No. 18. Black Grosgrain Basque, edged with a ruching of the same 3 in. deep. Trimmed with black cord work and a *passementerie* border ½ in. deep.

ARSENICAL POISONING.

The third report of the Massachusetts State Board of Health contains a valuable article on the evil effects of the use of arsenic in certain shades of green The subject is not new; more than one hundred years ago the use of arsenic as a pigment in certain manufactures was forbidden by law in France. But the beauty and healthfulness to the eye of the colour, and the thoughtlessness or cupidity of makers of wall paper, artificial flowers, toys, lamp shades, confectionery and other articles, render it necessary to warn the public again and again of the injury—sometimes a fatal one—inflicted by its use.

It appears that arsenic, aside from its use in medicine and in destroying vermin, is employed in the arts, mainly as a large ingredient of *green colouring pigments*. Into one of these it enters as the arsenic of copper, known popularly as Scheele's green, and into another as the aceto-arsenite of copper, which is called Schweinfurt green. The generic name of emerald or mineral green is applied indifferently to either. Of these two colours, the first contains fifty-five per cent, more than one half, of white arsenic; the other in every one hundred grains, contains fifty-eight grains of arsenic. Both pigments furnish the prettiest and most durable shades of green, each costs comparatively little, and the process of manufacture does not require great skill. Hence, in spite of their deleterious effects, both are used. At one time, in Paris, when it was proposed to make the use of arsenic illegal in the manufacture of wall paper and artificial flowers certain of the makers said such a law would force them to close their shops; and in 1860 a paper maker in England said that in his shops alone two tons of arsenic were used weekly.

The most frequent instances of poisoning by these colours have followed the use of green paper hangings. Makers of the paper, dealers in it, paper hangers and even people who live in the rooms papered with it have often suffered under every symptom of poisoning by arsenic, and in some cases have received lasting or fatal injury. In 1862, in London, four children died in succession, and a *post mortem* chemical examination in the case of the last one showed traces of arsenic. The walls of the room in which they lived were covered with green paper, in which chemical tests showed the presence of arsenic—three grains in every square foot. In 1859, a middle aged woman in Boston was attacked with the well known symptoms of arsenic poisoning; and although her life was saved by removing the paper, yet her health was permanently injured. Such cases might be multiplied almost indefinitely from the reports of physicians.

Some years ago this subject excited considerable discussion, and arsenical paper hangings became unfashionable. The fashion appears to have changed again, however. Dr. Flank W. Draper, author of the article on this subject in the report, says that, in every store he visited while making his investigations, he found paper for sale which, on being tested, showed signs of the presence of arsenic. Under these circumstances, it would be well if every one who wishes to buy any green wall paper would subject it to the following simple chemical tests:

Take a fragment of the paper and put it into a solution of ammonia. If arsenic be present, the liquid will assume a bluish colour. In case a further test is required, pour a little of the ammoniacal solution on crystals of nitrate of silver; and arsenic, if present, will show itself by leaving a yellow deposit on the crystals. As arsenic is used in colouring all qualities of paper, from the cheapest to the costliest, a knowledge of this test will be of service to every one, whether dealer or customer.

It is of some interest to know how the poisoning by wall paper is effected. Formerly it was held that the poison was set free by some kind of decomposition, and vitiated the air as a gas. The modern theory is, however, that "the poison escapes from the paper into the atmosphere in the form of dust, mechanically disengaged," as by dusting or wiping the walls, or jarring them in any way. The dust of a room whose walls were covered with paper containing arsenic, on being submitted to a delicate chemical test, is said to have exhibited unmistakable traces of the poison.

But it is not alone in colouring wall paper that the poisonous pigments are used. Confectionery, pastry, ornaments and toys are coloured with them, articles that soon find their way to children's mouths. Toy boxes of water colours furnish an illustration. One of the green blocks of paint, weighing 38·26 grains, on analysis was found to contain 8·89 grains of arsenic. The shelves in closets and pantries are sometimes covered with arsenic paint, from which the poison is easily absorbed by any warm or moist substance. The brilliant green paper so common for covering paste-board boxes, for tickets, for *bonbon* wrappers, for lamp shades, is coloured with arsenic. The green of artificial grass and leaves is generally produced by arsenic. In one case, in a single twig of twelve leaves, ten grains of pure arsenic were found. Arsenic is used to colour cloth for women's dresses. Dr. Draper procured a sample of the stuff called tarlatan, resembling muslin, at one of the retail stores in Boston, which was found to hold feebly 8·21 grains of white arsenic to every square foot. To handle or to wear such goods is dangerous to life.—*Scientific American.*

SURFACE ELECTRICITY.

It is well known that Faraday made numerous experiments upon this subject, and has varied, under different forms, that which Coulomb has realised with the hollow sphere and its two covers. It is still under this form, the least commodious, that this experiment is repeated in the lecture-room.

If the loss is considerable on the day when this experiment is performed, it ceases to be sufficiently conclusive: for it requires, first, to electrify the sphere alone; second, to recover it rapidly with its two covers; third, to take them off; fourth, to prove that these covers are electrified; and, fifth, that the sphere is not. The second operation cannot be executed with great rapidity on account of the form of the covers.

Amongst other experiments Faraday has made the following: he took a cylinder made of metallic gauze placed upon an insulated horizontal metallic disc, the design being to afford proof that the exterior is alone electrified. An animal, such as a mouse, placed in the interior, showed no commotion, even when the whole apparatus was electrified so strongly that bright sparks might be obtained from it.

Faraday did more, he constructed a cubical chamber 12 ft. on each side, with laths, the walls were of wire gauze and of paper, and the whole chamber was suspended by means of silken ropes. The chamber, even the interior, could be electrified strongly on connecting it with an electric machine. Faraday enclosed himself in this chamber with electroscopes and various other apparatus, but he failed to find the least trace of electricity, whilst the walls were so strongly electrified that vivid sparks were obtained from the outside, and "brushes" escaped spontaneously.

M. Terquem has endeavoured to repeat this experiment in lectures, on a small scale, in the following manner. He took any form of birdcage, whether of wood and iron wire, or entirely of metal, and suspended it to some insulated conductor in communication with the electric machine. Inside the cage was placed a gold-leaf electroscope, and also pieces of tinsel, the feather of a quill, and pith balls. Whilst it was possible to obtain vivid sparks from the cage nothing moved in the interior. Within the cage was suspended a bundle of linen yarn, and underneath the cage a similar bundle; the interior bundle remained undisturbed, whilst the exterior was greatly excited and electrified, all the bits of yarn spreading out, and on approaching the hand the peculiar crackling due to electricity was heard.

Bands of paper being stuck along the length of the wires of the cage, the exterior bands would twist strongly, and get displaced, whilst the interior remained vertical and unmoved when the cage was electrified. To complete the experiment, a bird might be placed inside the cage, and by his singing and general demeanour prove that he was not only completely indifferent to the phenomenon of electrical charge and discharge, but that behaving so proved that the interior of the cage was perfectly free from all electrical phenomena, whilst the exterior alone was susceptible to the electrical influences.

We quite agree with M. Terquem, that this experiment is very simple, full of proof, very easy indeed to prove, and, above all, requires neither complicated nor costly apparatus, and is one that might be frequently introduced into the lecture room as a proof of one of the most interesting points in electricity.—*Engineering.*

CHESS.

☞ *Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.*

T. W. J., Halifax, N. S.—The rule you mention, with reference to "Queening a pawn," is recognized as correct by Chess-players generally.

Staunton's "Handbook" is probably the best for beginners.

The well-known position you sent (inserted as Problem No. 45) is solved as follows:—

White.	*Black.*
1. R. to K. B. 5th	K. to Q. sq.
2. R. to Q. B. 5th	K. to K. sq.
3. R. to Q. B. 8th, mates.	

VARIATIONS.

White.	*Black.*
1. R. to Q. 5th	K. to K. B. sq.
2. R. to K. Kt. 5th	K. to K. sq.
3. R. to K. Kt. 8th, mate.	
1. R. to K. Kt. 5th	K. to B. sq.
2. R. to Kt. 3rd or 4th, &c.	K. to K. sq.
3. R. to Kt. 8th, mate.	
1. R. to Q. B. 5th	K. to B. sq.
2. R. to Kt. 5th	K. to K. sq.
3. R. to Kt. 8th, mate.	

Several other variations must be obvious from the above.

A. H. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.; "Tyro," Montreal.—Solutions received, correct.

Wm. S., Montreal.—Your solution is not correct

We welcome an addition to Chess literature in a column appearing weekly in *The Mail*, a newspaper which made its *début* lately in Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO v. SEAFORTH.

SECOND CONSULTATION GAME BY TELEGRAPH.

The players for Seaforth were Dr. Smith, Dr. Gouinblock and Mr. H. R. Jackson; for Toronto, Messrs. H. Northcote, G. H. Lariminie and J. H. Gordon.

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

White. Toronto.	*Black.* Seaforth.
1. P. to K. 4th	P. to K. 4th
2. P. to K. B. 4th	P. takes P.
3. B. to Q. B. 4th	K. Kt. to B. 3rd
4. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd	B. to Q. Kt. 5th
5. P. to K. 5th	P. to Q. 4th
6. B. to Q. Kt. 5th, ch.	P. to Q. B. 3rd
7. P. takes Kt.	B. takes Kt. (*a*)
8. Q. P. takes B.	P. takes B.
9. P. takes P.	Q. to K. 2nd, ch.
10. Q. to K. 2nd	R. to Kt.
11. Q. takes Q. ch	K. takes Q.
12. B. takes P. (*b*)	R. takes P.
13. B. to Kt. 3rd	Q. Kt. to B. 3rd
14. Kt. to B. 3rd	B. to K. 3rd (*c*)
15. Castles. (K. R.)	K. to Q. 2nd
16. Q. R. to Q.	R. to Kt. 5th (*d*)
17. R. to Q. 3rd	R. to Q. B.
18. Kt. to Q. 2nd	Kt. to R. 4th
19. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd	Q. R. to K. Kt.
20. K. R. to B. 4th	R. takes R.
21. B. takes R.	R. to Kt. 5th
22. P. to K. Kt. 3rd	Kt. to B. 3rd
23. Kt. to K. 4th	R. to Kt. 3rd
24. Kt. to Q. 6th	Kt. to K. 2nd
25. Kt. takes P. at Kt. 4th	B. to B. 4th
26. R. to Q. 2nd	P. to Q. R. 3rd
27. Kt. to B. 7th	B. to K. 5th
28. Kt. takes Q. P.	Kt. takes Kt.
29. P. to Q. B. 4th	R. to Q. B. 3rd
30. K. to B. 2nd	K. to B.
31. P. takes Kt.	R. takes P.
32. R. takes R. ch.	B. takes R.
33. P. to Q. Kt. 4th (*e*)	P. to K. R. 4th (*f*)
34. K. to K. 3rd	K. to Q. 2nd
35. K. to Q. 4th	B. to Kt. 8th
36. P. to Q. R. 3rd	P. to K. B. 3rd
37. P. to K. R. 3rd	B. to B. 4th (*g*)
38. P. to K. Kt. 4th (*h*)	P. takes P.
39. P. to K. R. 4th	K. to K. 2nd (*i*)
40. K. to B. 5th	B. to K. 5th
41. P. to K. R. 5th	K. to Q. 2nd
42. P. to R. 6th	B. to B. 4th
43. K. to Kt. 6th	K. to B.
44. P. to Q. 5th	B. to Q. 6th
45. P. to Q. B. 4th	B. to K. 5th
46. K. to R. 7th	B. to Q. 6th
47. P. to Kt. 5th	P takes P.
48. P. takes P.	B. to K. 5th
49. P. to Kt. 6th	B to B. 4th
50. P. to Q. 7th, ch.	K. takes P
51. K. takes P.	Resigns.

(*a*) This does not seem so good as P. takes B.

(*b*) White have now the freer game.

(*c*) P. to Kt. 5th strikes us as better for Black here.

(*d*) This open file is favourable for the defence throughout.

(*e*) To prevent Black from winning a pawn by B. to Kt. 8th, &c. the ending now requires the greatest exactitude.

(*f*) B. to K. 5th followed by P. to K. B. 4th, as suggested by the *Globe*, seems to be the correct play.

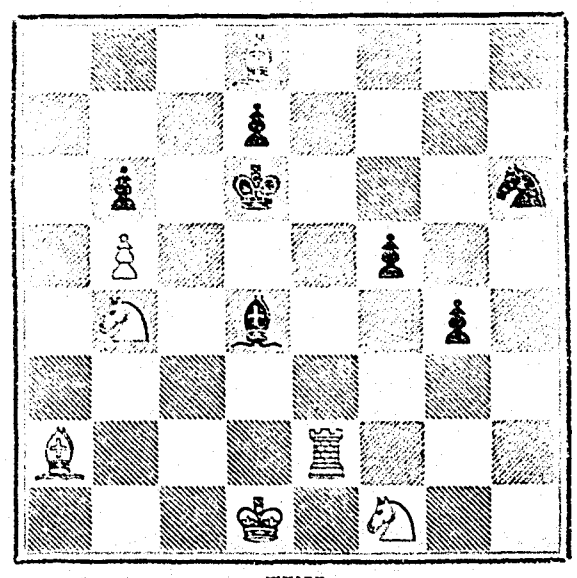
(*g*) The best move apparently.

(*h*) P. to R. 4th seems to leave an easy "draw" for Black.

(*i*) A fatal error: even yet P. to Q. Kt. 3rd seems to draw, if properly followed up.

PROBLEM No. 46

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

1. Costume for a Young Girl. 2. Toile-de-Laine House Dress. 3. Costume for a Young Girl. 4. Brown Cloth House Dress. 5. Brown Silk Dress. 6. Bleached Toile-de-Soie Dress. 7. Silk Dress in two Shades of Brown. 8. Pearl Grey Poplin Dress. 9. Black Silk and Cashmere Costume.

SPRING FASHIONS.—See 231.

10 and 11. Black Cashmere Talma, (Front and Back). 12 and 13. Tricot Basque in Two Shades of Grey (Front and Back).
14 and 15. Black Cashmere Basque, (Front and Back). 16 and 17. Grey Tricot Basque, arranged for Lady and Young Girl. 18. Black Grosgrain Basque.

SPRING FASHIONS.—See 231.

[*Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.*]

ONLY A DAISY.

Only a daisy, indeed,
Plucked from its stem for the whim of an hour;
Cast on the path as a valueless flower:
Left there to die as a weed.

Love and trust reared its head
Up from the fostering lap of the ground,
Into the bright happy world it had found:
Now the poor daisy is dead.

'Tis but a daisy has died:
Strolling down through the park one day,
He, the young lord from the Hall, came this way,
Plucked it, and threw it aside.

Nay, had it been but a rose,
Delicate, scented, Persian sweet,
Would it have lain so sad at my feet?
What is a daisy? Who knows?

Had he but just let it lie,
Maybe some day there had come to the place—
One who would care for its innocent grace,
Take to his heart the "day's eye."

Fredsrick A. Dixon.

THREE DAYS OF SANCTUARY.

(*From the Overland Monthly.*)

Little, if anything, about the story can be gleaned from the Martelle annals. For it was not a matter of which the family could endure even the memory; and hence, in those records, so carefully devoted to the commemoration of high alliances and deeds of gallantry and honour, there appears, in the case of Hugh Martelle, only a barren entry of birth and death.

It began in the great cathedral, late upon the afternoon of St. Paneras' Day, when the soft twilight was gradually closing in about the gray, sculptured walls. When a few lingering rays of the setting sun, gleaming through the richly stained glass of the windows, fell upon the marble pavement of the nave, pouring over the tessellated blocks broad patterns of gold and purple light, which, for a moment, shone bright and dazzling then became flickering and uncertain, and, at last, one by one, gently faded away. When, after a moment of confusion, the great cathedral had become deserted, excepting where, here and there, at the foot of some heavy, overshadowing column, a single form could be seen crouching down, unwilling, in the awakened fervour of devotion, to quit the sacred place.

Then it was that the clashing of steel, mingled with loud oaths and alternate cries for assistance and revenge, resounded from the very entrance of the porch. At a sound so unsuited to the sanctity of the place, each remaining worshipper started up, and stood with blanched countenance gazing down the nave, endeavouring to comprehend the meaning of the angry clamour.

"A De Bracy! Revenge! A De Bracy!" cried three or four infuriated voices at the porch. "Down with him!"

"A Martelle! Help!" was the single response, in a tone of alarm and desperation.

The clash of weapons continued: they fought their way still farther into the body of the cathedral, and, in a moment, while the few worshippers stood irresolute whether to remain or fly, one of the combatants, holding in his hand a rapier dripping with blood, was forced through the inner door into the nave. For a second he yet stood at bay; and then, as three or four pressed hard upon him, he turned and fled toward the altar. The others pursued for a few steps, then suddenly stopped, impressed with the irreverence of their action, slowly sheathed their swords, and, scowling fearfully, strode out. Only one remained, with his weapon unsheathed, watching the receding figure of the fugitive. He, too, at length thrust his sword into its scabbard, with an energy which made the arches of the building echo, and then, with an oath of disappointed rage, he passed out through the porch. The few whose devotions had been so suddenly interrupted, stole cautiously away, and the fugitive was left apparently alone.

The flying man advanced toward the altar, near which he flung himself, panting from the exertion he had undergone, and smiling now and then in satisfaction at his escape and their discomfiture. Nevertheless, a shade of trouble passed across his face, as he fancied that he saw figures clustering about the far-off porch. But his fears were vain. The sanctuary of the altar was too powerful to be violated, and, though an army might peer in through every window, the criminal who had once gained the holy precincts was safe.

All at once the fugitive heard himself addressed, and, looking behind, he saw an old, white-haired priest near him.

"Hugh Martelle," said the old priest, starting with an expression of pain as he recognized the features turned toward him, "how is this? What brawl have you been engaged in? Why enter this place with your naked sword? There is blood upon it, too! Speak!"

"I slew an enemy who attacked me in the street, Father Ambrose," was the response. "I was driven to this place by his adherents; and I now claim shelter and sanctuary."

"Sanctuary you can have, my son," the priest replied. "But put off your sword. No one should dare to approach God's altar with a weapon in his hand. Shall I take and keep it for you?"

For a moment the fugitive clutched his rapier more tightly. He was unwilling to be left entirely defenceless. He remembered cases where even the altar-steps had not restrained the revengeful passions of men; and he dreaded lest that might happen now, and he be cut down like a dog, without a single protecting weapon. But he could not go into the public street; and it was years since the protection of the Church had been outraged. So, with a sigh, he sheathed his sword, unbuckled the scabbard, and handed both to the old priest.

"O Hugh, my son!" said the priest, as he turned away, "I would that any one but you, whom I have watched with so much care for years, for the love I bore your parents, had been placed in such a desperate case. Perhaps, though, my fears are groundless. It may be that what you did was in self-defence, and could not be avoided; and perhaps, ere long, the magnanimity of your enemies may insure your freedom. Meanwhile, as you wait for man to relent, why not seek the pardon of God, who is ready to forgive at any time? Will you not now confess?"

"Confess? I cannot now, Father Ambrose. I would rather wait."

"Be it, then, as you will, Hugh. To-morrow, perhaps, if you are here, your mind will be in a better frame. And now, rest in peace. God's altar will be your security, unarmed as you are."

The old priest turned away, with a sigh, and Hugh Martelle was left alone. His thoughts were none of the most cheering. He knew that he had done that for which there could be no forgiveness among men; he might be protected for a day or a week, but hunger or the desperation of weariness would force him into the world again, and that for months to come, were he to tarry so long, his enemies would be watching every avenue of escape.

The great cathedral grew yet darker and darker. The bright spots of sunlight had long faded from the marble floor, and the hideously carved corbelheads had entirely vanished from the sight. The only light of a cheering nature which could be seen was beyond the doorway, where the glitter of a silver-smith's shop, opposite the cathedral, threw a faint beam across the narrow street. Upon this little glow, Hugh Martelle dreamily fixed his gaze. By it he saw the forms of people passing to and fro. Now it was a group of belated workmen hurrying homeward, then a courtier preceded by a link-boy bearing a flaming torch, and now a band of noisy young men, swaggering along with wild and reckless yells. He wondered whether, in the gathering darkness, he could steal forth and evade pursuit; and, with the hope, he resolved to make the attempt. But, at that very moment, he saw, against the dimly lighted window of the silver-smith's shop, two forms arrayed in casques and breastplates, bearing in their hands their naked rapiers. He sank back with a groan of discouragement.

The air was chilly in the great cathedral, and suddenly Hugh Martelle felt a sharp, shooting pain in his right arm. He placed his hand upon the spot, and detected a clammy, cold, sticky substance: it was blood. He had been wounded in his encounter—unknowingly, while the excitement lasted. It was only a flesh-wound—not dangerous, if properly attended to; but, neglected, would cause him much suffering. Every moment the pains increased, and tormenting thirst began to parch his lips. He tore off his sash, and endeavoured to bind up the wound; but having only his left hand to work with, failed in each attempt: when suddenly a low, soft voice said:

"Hugh Martelle, let me do that for you."

Raising his eyes, he beheld a female figure bending sympathizingly over him. At first, in the gathering darkness, he could not recognize the speaker; but gradually, as he laboriously scanned the dark, liquid eyes, the parting lips, and the waving hair, and endeavoured to recall the somewhat familiar tones of the voice, he faintly whispered:

"Is it you, Louise?"

"Yes, Hugh."

The young girl removed the tangled scarf and bound up the wound, touching him all the while so lightly that not another twinge of pain came to agonize him, and his heart, for the moment, reproached him. A year had passed since he had seen her. A poor girl, living by single toil in the miserable quarter of the city where artists, artisans, and students congregated, her beauty had won his heart; and, by his systematic vows—believed by her, but uttered by him in mere gallantry—he had won her affections. Then other objects engrossed him, and he forgot her, until now, when all others forsook him, she came to his relief.

"Louise, I have wronged you," he muttered.

"Wait—let me finish this," she said, as she carefully smoothed down the last fold of the bandage. Then placing her hands upon his shoulders, she strove to gaze into his face. Even in the darkness, he could feel those black eyes burning into his soul, and he drew her unresistingly to his lips.

"I have wronged you, Louise," he said again.

"But it is I, Hugh, who was foolish in believing that a knight of a proud family could always stay to comfort a poor, unknown girl," she answered. "They say you have slain Gaspard de Bracy," she added, "and that will atone for much."

"You knew De Bracy?"

"Knew him?"—and her eyes flashed. "The base, unmanly ruffian tried to woo me, not by fair words, but by force! His lackeys, Hugh, would have borne me away to him, in spite of tears and entreaties, had not a band of students, with only their bills and clubs, beat back the swords of De Bracy's men."

A ray of hope flashed on Hugh Martelle's soul.

"And can you still command the assistance of your brave students, Louise? Listen. You see how my enemies encompass me, so that I cannot escape without help. To-morrow, at early dawn, bring a party of brave men to beat down those knaves who guard this door. Once rescue me from their toils, and we will go together to another land, where we can live only for each other. I am wearied with the follies of this court. Help me only to escape, and I will turn student, artist, artisan, or what you will, if I can thereby remain at your side until death."

"O, Hugh! will you do all that for me?" exclaimed the amazed, delighted girl.

"As my soul lives!" said he. There, at the altar's foot, they matured their plans. She would bring him food, in the morning, to replenish his wasted strength; she would bring him a sword, that he might assist in his own deliverance; and she would bring a band of fifty students to deliver him. As they heard the sacristan close one of the ponderous doors, they were warned to separate. With a parting kiss, the confiding girl skipped down the nave and left the building; and he, with the pain of his wound assuaged, and hope brightening almost into certainty, lay down upon the altar-step to sleep.

Hugh Martelle slept, and dreamed. He dreamed of freedom, but not of the freedom of another land, with the life-long love of the poor Louise. In his visions—true companions of his waking thoughts—he had merely used her to insure his escape, and, after a few months of cunning intrigue, had purchased amenity for the past, and regained his position at the Court. For this, he had again abandoned the young girl; and, when he awoke, the influence of his dreams still controlled his thoughts, and he raised himself with a curl of derision upon his lips.

As he awoke, he bent his ear to listen for the sounds of deliverance. Then, remembering that previously she was to bring him food and a weapon, he eagerly watched to see the light form come hopefully tripping up the nave. It was time, for the cold ray of dawn was already stealing through the windows, and chasing the shadows from every dark crevice of the arches. The huge doors had already been thrown open. No worshippers had yet entered the cathedral; and, if Louise should now come, they would be alone.

She came at last—not tripping along in the gaiety of anticipated happiness, but with the quiet tread of terrible determination. The lips were compressed, and the eyes flashed fire. Her appearance startled him, and, with a thrill of dread, he glided from behind a pillar and hesitatingly advanced to meet her. Summoning a deceitful smile upon his face, he stretched forth his arms to enfold her, but she sprang aside.

"Touch me not, Sir Hugh Martelle," she cried.

"Louise!" he murmured, with a conscious-stricken face, as he partly guessed the truth. Once more he advanced toward her, but she shrank from him.

"Touch me not!" she exclaimed, again; and, while her voice, in the shrill accents of contempt, rang through the arches, her whole figure trembled with passion. "Is it true, then, what I heard spoken last night of you in every street and lane of the city, in palace-court—where I went to listen—and in my own low hovel, where they made me hear?"

"What, Louise?"—and he stood before her, hardly daring to meet her eye.

"Hearing your name branded with contempt by all the lowest and basest, not one of whom would have been low or base enough to do as you have done! Hearing the name I once loved, because I thought it might be a surety for noble deeds, now hissed and hooted at, and only mentioned with a sneer or curse!"

"But, dear Louise!" he repeated, with suppliant, outstretched arms.

"Stand back, Sir Hugh Martelle! I tell you again that I will not have you touch me! They say you struck a coward blow; that when you saw your enemy, you did not meet him face to face, like a man, but stole up behind and slew him, unsuspicious that danger was nigh."

She knew it was true, for she heard the story repeated unvaryingly from castle-court to tavern-haunt, and heard nobles and beggars unite in the same curse upon the coward. Still she bent her gaze earnestly upon him, hoping to hear from his own lips a contradiction. But he could not speak. He stood before her, confessing the truth by his trembling mien.

"It is, then, true," she exclaimed; and her voice, while it rang with anger, had a low wail of agony woven into it. "Oh, Sir Hugh Martelle! God forgive me that ever I had aught to do with you! Rather should I have been the prey of your victim. He was rough and cruel, and could not have known what power there might be in gentle and unforced affection; but he would have died an hundred deaths ere he consented to dishonour his fair name as thou hast done."

"Louise," he murmured, imploringly, "I confess it all. It is done, and can not now be undone. I repent it much. Forgive it all, and let us fly. There, in the other land we have spoken of, we will forget the past, and strive to lead a better life."

"With you?" she cried. "Go with you, whose name is a by-word and scorn to rabble crowds? With you, whose memory must henceforth be one of infamy? Rather would I be the slave of the poorest beggar in the city, did he have an honest soul. Rather would I live with a gallows thief: for many such exist through daring deeds, and would scorn to fill the pouch by coward stabs."

"I have gold, Louise. We will——"

"I would not touch your gold, Sir Hugh Martelle. There is the mark of blood upon every piece. Stay now in your shame and die. Your gold will not save you. All your wealth could not buy the help of one of those who, last night, would have perilled themselves for you at my bidding."

"Go, then!" he uttered, with an oath, as his rage overcame his prudence. "Leave me to die here, if you will. Get you again to your hovel and your artist-students, and find out the value of their coarse love."

"Coarse it may be, but honest, Sir Hugh Martelle. There is not one of them who will not now stand a thousand times higher in the sight of Heaven than you. I will go, and forget that I ever defiled my sight by casting a glance upon you."

Once more he tried to move her pity.

"Louise, can it, indeed, be you who treat me so? Last evening, you acted differently. See! with what care you then bound up my wound. Let us escape from here; and whatever you wish, I will then do. Only, for the love of Heaven, suffer me to escape."

"I bound up your wound!" she interrupted. "It must have been some devil in my form. Or, if I did, it was when I thought you were yet true of heart and great of soul. Where is it? Let me see! I bound up that? Eternal infamy be the portion of that hand that did it, if it suffers its foul work to remain. There! there! Now die in your shame, Sir Hugh Martelle!"

Ere he could prevent her, she had torn away the bandage. A cry of pain escaped him as the sudden action re-opened the wound. He fell back against a pillar, and when he recovered himself, he saw her indignant form stalking down the nave.

Soon people came in, not to go through their devotions, but only to gratify their hate or curiosity by a sight of the fugitive. He knew all such the moment they entered. They did not steal in tremulously, with hearts bowed down by reverential awe; but they stepped through the threshold as coolly as though entering their own homes, and gazed earnestly around in search of their object.

A knight of the Court stepped in. He bore upon his cap the insignia of a De Bracy, and, with a quiet glance, he swiftly swept the circuit of the cathedral, to be sure that the fugitive had not escaped. Recognizing him, at last, still standing against the pillar, he glanced defiance, significantly touched the hilt of his sword, drew it half forth, let it fall back again with a clash, and haughtily departed. There was a corner of the cathedral, near the altar-step, which was so environed with pillars and cumbrous mouldings that it was dark when all else was light. Thither he retreated, unable to endure the inspection any longer.

His wound pained him. The rudely dissevered bandage had dragged the flesh apart; and the open sword-cut, clotted with blood, began to fester. He could not close it again, or even wrap the bandage around with tolerable skill. With a curse, he flung the sash away; and, as the cold currents of air circled around and touched the flesh, the sharp, shooting pains increased, until, little by little, they extended from limb to limb, and, at last, every part of his body thrilled with anguish. He had eaten or drank nothing since the afternoon before, but this alone would not have discomforted him. His wound, in leading to fever, had produced an intolerable thirst, and, at last, he sank down helpless.

It was not sleep he felt, for all the time he had a dim consciousness of his situation. He lay prostrate in the corner, at times finding strange, horrible images chasing themselves through his brain. Yet all the while he dimly saw the groined

arches spanning the roof above his head, the grinning corbel ornaments gazing down upon him, and faintly heard the echoes, as one person after another entered or departed.

The shadows of evening had already closed around, the lights shone out from the silver-smith's little shop on the other side, and the last worshippers had left the cathedral. The great folding-door was not yet closed, and the hum of voices in the street was very tempting to the imprisoned man. It made him the more deeply sigh for freedom, and he wondered whether he might not glide forth into the open air, unperceived. He slowly and cautiously dragged himself along towards the door. The way seemed clear of enemies, and, with a heart full of hope, he took a step into the street. At the same moment, a single figure started forth from a neighbouring buttress, with dagger drawn. At a whistle, others emerged from retired corners, and the fugitive beheld eight sturdy, armed men, prepared to dispute his flight.

Baffled in his attempt, Hugh Martelle re-entered the building, which never appeared so gloomy as after that faint touch of the soft evening air.

He saw a man sitting outside the rail at the altar. How he had come there Hugh Martelle did not know, for he had not seen any stranger enter; but that he was not a devotee, nor yet an officer of the cathedral, was evident, for the man was clothed in coarse, torn garments, and held a stout club at his side, as though it were a tried companion. He thought the man had been secretly dispatched to slay him, regardless of the church's sanctity, but at the first word his fears all vanished.

"Ho, comrade!" said the man, leaning leisurely upon his club and looking him in the eye. "Have you come out to take me in? Whatever I may have done, I am poor game for cavaliers, such as you are, to seek. No, no; you have come hither on no such errand, for you are unarmed, I see, and no man ever yet dared try to capture me single-handed. Why, man, where is your sword? Birds of such fine feathers should have their pretty fighting toys, I think."

There was something offensive in this familiarity; and Hugh Martelle was uncertain whether it would be becoming in him to answer. But there was something so very pleasant in the sound of a friendly voice, that he determined to waive his rank, and condescend to partial intimacy. None the less, perhaps, as he reflected that the huge, rough man might be brought to lend him fair assistance to escape

"My sword?" he answered. "You must ask old Father Ambrose where that is. He would not let me have sanctuary here, unless I remained unarmed; and so I was obliged to strip me of my weapon."

At this the man burst into a hearty, careless shout of laughter.

"Good! Your hand, comrade! Ha! ha! to see the like of this! That we two—birds of such different feather—should meet here to save our necks from being stretched a day or two before they ought. What have you done?"

"It matters not"

"What! afraid to tell? You need not be, comrade. I blab no secrets of the confessional; not I. But I have no fear that others should know what I have done. My trade is a good one while it lasts. Money is plenty, with only the assurance that some day my luck must fail, and I adorn a tree. Well, what of that? After all, a short and merry life is the best. Perhaps I have now nearly run my course; perhaps, with a little cunning, I may get out of this, and take to the road again. In either case I can try to be content. Do you comprehend who I am now, comrade?"

"I do."

"Good. I have eased many a fat priest and old dowager of their purses. Many a yeoman, coming home from the fair, with his gold coin in his pouch, has emptied his pile into my hands To-day, I broke into the house of a rich burgher. I was nearly taken in the act, and have only had time to fly hither for safety. Now, then, that you know me, comrade, tell me who you are. Sit here with me while you talk. I have about me a morsel of cheese and a flask of wine, and will share them with you."

The flask which the robber drew forth was tempting to one suffering such agonies of thirst, and Hugh Martelle felt all his aversion to the strange companionship disappearing. He eagerly sat down, and waited to be questioned.

"Well, comrade, your profession?"

"A courtier."

"Ah! I see. You have conspired against the King, perhaps; or else made too free with some of the Queen's attendants. And your name?"

"Hugh Martelle," was the hesitating answer.

"What?" roared the robber, drawing to one side. "Not he who, they say, met his enemy in a dark lane and stabbed him in the back? Then you are no comrade of mine, and must go elsewhere for a meal. None but honest men do ever share the loaf with me."

"Honest men, did you say?" repeated Hugh Martelle, contemptuously, stung to the quick by the sneer of the robber. "You talk about honest men, indeed!"

"Ay, and indeed," shouted the robber, gathering up his few poor articles of coarse food, and removing himself, as though from fear of contagion. "I, at least, never struck a man down in secret. I never took a coin upon the road without standing face to face with my man, and giving him a chance to defend himself. Purse-drawer and cut-throat as I may be, no man can convict me of such scoundrel cowardice as thine. I sit down to share a meal with such as you? I tell you," and the robber, advancing, shook, in the face of the other, a huge, knotted fist, "I tell you this, that if you ever dare come near me, or say a single word to me, I will brain you like an ox."

Going to the other side to eat his meal by himself, Hugh Martelle was left once more alone. For a moment, he remained transfixed, almost sinking to the earth for shame, that he, who had been once the most honoured noble of the Court, was now not even judged worthy of the companionship of a common felon. Then his resentment kindled up, and he wished he could have his sword again, that he might chastise the fellow. Even at the altar's foot he felt that he could pour out the low blood, which had been moved to heap such insults upon him. Once, in his rage, he glanced upon one of the bright, metal candle-sticks within the rail, and he half resolved to strike down his insulter with its twisted end. But, looking over, he saw that the robber was distrustful, and, while eating the homely fare upon his lap, was still watching out of the corners of his small, quick eyes; so he retired to his corner, and gnawed his fingers in all the shame and misery of conscious self-abasement.

The great cathedral doors had long been closed, and the two criminals seemed left alone for the night; when, suddenly, the grating of a key was heard in the lock, and three or four men, in cloaks, and with lanterns, entered. At first, Hugh Martelle believed that his enemies were wearied with watching, and had determined to inflict their vengeance upon him, regardless of the sanctity of the place. So thought the robber regarding himself, and he straitened up his athletic figure for a deadly conflict.

"Do you want me?" he cried. "Then come and take me, if you can. Or do you want Hugh Martelle? There he stands. You can have him, if you will. I shall not interfere to prevent it."

The men did not answer, since they did not understand the purport of the words. For the cathedral was so long and deeply arched, that what was spoken at one end reached the other in merely a confused, unmeaning manner. The men, supposing the sound to be a complaint for assistance from some pent-up prisoner, scarcely turned their heads. They traversed half the length of the nave, and then turned into one of the transepts. Here, beneath a low arch, which spanned one corner, they stopped, set down their lanterns, and threw off their cloaks, disclosing shovels and crowbars. With these they proceeded to tear up part of the pavement, and throw up the earth beneath it.

Relieved of his fears, Hugh Martelle now stealthily approached to watch the work; for the lights, dimly as they burned, enlivened that portion of the cathedral, and he feverishly desired to listen to the sounds of the human voice, even though he might take no part in the conversation. So he glided from pillar to pillar, until he approached one from which he could easily watch the men at their work.

The men toiled steadily, without a word, or giving utterance to any sound, excepting their quick, deep breathing, and in a few moments a pit of considerable extent was excavated. As it became deeper, two of the men got into it, and still threw out the earth until their heads alone appeared above the level of the floor. They then stopped, wiped the perspiration from their faces, and one of them said:

"Truly, the old fellow can rest now safe enough, without being put any deeper, I think."

"Yes," said a second. "And here is the coffin of another of the family, just where we put it last. Listen!"

Pushing a crowbar down, it gave out a hollow sound, as it struck the half-rotten wood. Then the men jumped out and prepared to go away; when Hugh Martelle, moved with curiosity, stepped out and confronted them.

"Whose grave is that you are opening, my men?"

One of them raised the lantern, and, seeing the rich dress of the person before him, commenced a respectful answer; when another tapped him upon the arm, and whispered something into his ear. At this the face of the speaker changed to a sort of ferocity, and his voice became harsh and guttural, and placing the lantern close to one of the pavement stones, he said:

"Read for yourself, Master."

With a thrill of dismay, Hugh Martelle deciphered the name "De Bracy." This, then, was the family tomb, and he had been watching the digging of his victim's grave.

"How like you it? muttered one of the men, in a scornful tone. "Is it deep enough? You should know."

"If not, let him dig it deeper himself," cried the robber, suddenly advancing. "By the mass! he should be made to dig it all; for it is he that has prepared the filling of it."

"Good!" exclaimed the men, not displeased at the hit. "And who are you?"

The robber coolly mentioned his name—one which, for deeds of daring upon the King's highway, and for a wonderful combination of lucky escapes, had been sounded throughout all that quarter of the kingdom. Upon hearing the name the men crowded around, shook him by the hand, and asked him for a narration of his adventures. Then, in a moment, while Hugh Martelle was tauntingly driven from the company of the gravediggers, the robber was seated among them in familiar intercourse. They listened greedily to his stories. Some endeavoured to plan an escape for him; but this could not be done without danger to themselves, and the idea was abandoned. But they tried to add to his comfort as much as possible by contributions—one giving him a flask of wine, another some dry bread, and a third a little money. Hugh Martelle, burning with envy, saw the robber—who had enjoyed the pleasure of friendly social intercourse—rapturously taking leave of his newly gained friends.

All that night, Hugh Martelle was tortured by horrible visions. At times he saw the murdered man lying before him. Upon the breast lay the stone inscribed with the name of De Bracy; and the corpse, which, in its appearance of life, seemed yet no corpse, was continually struggling to arise from beneath the weight in order to attack its murderer. When, at last, he awoke, and found the morning light streaming in upon him, he arose more worn and haggard than ever.

The robber, being coolly bent upon enjoying himself, even in his hours of adversity, had left the main building, and had climbed up into the belfry-tower, where, with the solace of his social flask of wine, he sat down upon a projecting cornice and enjoyed the prospect. But Hugh Martelle did not perceive that the man was absent; for his sufferings had so frightfully worked upon his mind that, at times, his powers of reasoning seemed swept away

Toward noon the silence was suddenly broken by the chanting of many priests. Now it rose high upon the hair in prolonged strains, and now it sank into a low, subdued melody—a hushed tone of wailing. Nearer and nearer it came, and then was heard the grating of the slow footsteps of a gathered multitude. As the sounds increased, Hugh Martelle lifted up his head, confusedly parted his tangled hair from his haggard brow, and strove to listen. At length, when the swelling chant was at the very door, remembrance returned, and he convulsively shook and frightfully gnawed his hand, in the desperation of his misery. In terror and shame he aroused himself from his corner, and sought to flee from observation. There was but one place where he could be completely out of view. It was a confessional, that stood at the side of the transept, near the open grave. Into this he retreated, and pulled down the curtain before it; and there, while he would have wished to shrink back into the farthest corner, some inward fiend continually urged him to peep forth at the side, and witness the funeral pageant.

First came the choristers, in long, white scarfs, followed by men bearing candles which feebly flickered and fruitlessly strove against the clear light of day. There were priests, in their richest vestments, bearing crosses and incense; the bearers, carrying the coffin between them; the relatives and members of the house of De Bracy, bowed down in all the agony of grief; richly dressed nobles of the Court, manifesting sympathy by their presence; servitors and attendants, flaunting in mourning badges; assistants, carrying the arms and armorial bearings of the deceased, and last, the usual number of strangers. All these Hugh Martelle saw, as the procession slowly advanced along the nave, and now, the death-chant still ringing mournfully through the arches of the great cathedral, turned into the transept. The bearers deposited the coffin at the edge of the grave; the priests gathered closely around; the relatives of the house stood near, gazing upon the face of the deceased; the spectators sought places upon projecting cornices, or clung around the bases of the great pillars, in attempt to gain a full view of all that might transpire, and, amid the tolling of bells and the wafting of incense, the priests commenced the burial service.

All this while, actuated by the same strange fascination, the slayer remained in the confessional, with the eye closely fastened to the curtain-chink This was apparently punishment enough, for none can realize the hell that burned in the man's breast as he watched. As the rites proceeded, and the mourners crowded around to take their last look, a strange, ungovernable fancy seized upon the watcher's soul. It was a desire to see for himself how his victim looked; and, under that diabolical prompting, Hugh Martelle emerged from the confessional like a ghost, and slowly faltered toward the body.

He proceeded, at first, without molestation. The mourners and all those who took part in the ceremonies were either turned away or had their eyes fixed upon the floor, and did not see the intruder. The few who did observe him were of the mere chance spectators, who knew him not; while those who now recognized him parted in silence before him, shunning his contact as though he bore a contagion. Unmolested, he advanced toward the coffin-head; and, just as the son of victim bent over to take his last look in life, the murderer leaned over that son's shoulder.

For a moment, only. Ere he had time to scan a single feature of the pale corpse, a woman's shriek rank through the transept, and Hugh Martelle was discovered. There were loud oaths of men, and a sudden drawing forth of swords and daggers. A moment more, and the sacrilegious intruder would have been slain where he stood, without regard to the rights of sanctuary; for the son of the murdered man already had his dagger gleaming in the air, when one of the priests hurriedly threw himself between.

"Forbear! In the name of the Church!" cried the priest.

"I will have vengeance!" was the determined demand; and a murmur of approbation arose from all around. But the priest was inflexible. He resolutely stood in the way; and, ere the avenger could strike, a few who were anxious to prevent the threatened profanation hurried the intruder away. They passed him quickly to the outskirts of the throng, where he was left to himself. The charm which had led him into such danger was broken, and he was now as anxious to retire as before he had been to advance. He fled across the nave and through a small, open doorway in the side-wall of the porch; and while the priests below were still exerting themselves to repress the angry tumult, he slowly ascended a winding stairway.

The way grew narrow as he advanced, until, suddenly, the stairway came to an end, and he emerged into the light of day. Then he found himself upon the cathedral roof.

A glorious sun was shining down, and, for a moment, Hugh Martelle was too much dazzled by the sudden brightness to realize the prospect before him. At length, however, his eyes became accustomed to the scene, and he gazed around, with a strange kind of pleasure. Below him, a hundred feet or more, lay the great city. It was stretched out like a map, and he could peer into every street and lane. He recognized the parks in which he had loitered; and, at one side, crossing the view, lay the great square, with its fountains and its boundaries of vast palaces, where he had so often helped swell the throng of courtiers

As he gazed downward his sight grew dizzy, and for the moment he clung firmly to a buttress; but strange temptations assailed him, and he resolved to die: one moment, and he would be at rest, dashed to pieces on the pavement below.

As he approached nearer the edge, intent upon hurling himself down, the robber started up before him.

"Come not here," said the robber, who, throughout all the morning, had been seated upon the very edge of the roof and calmly enjoying the prospect, and who now imagined that Hugh Martelle was approaching to work him an injury. "Dare not to stir a step toward me, thou cowardly assassin, or I will hurl you to the bottom of this wall."

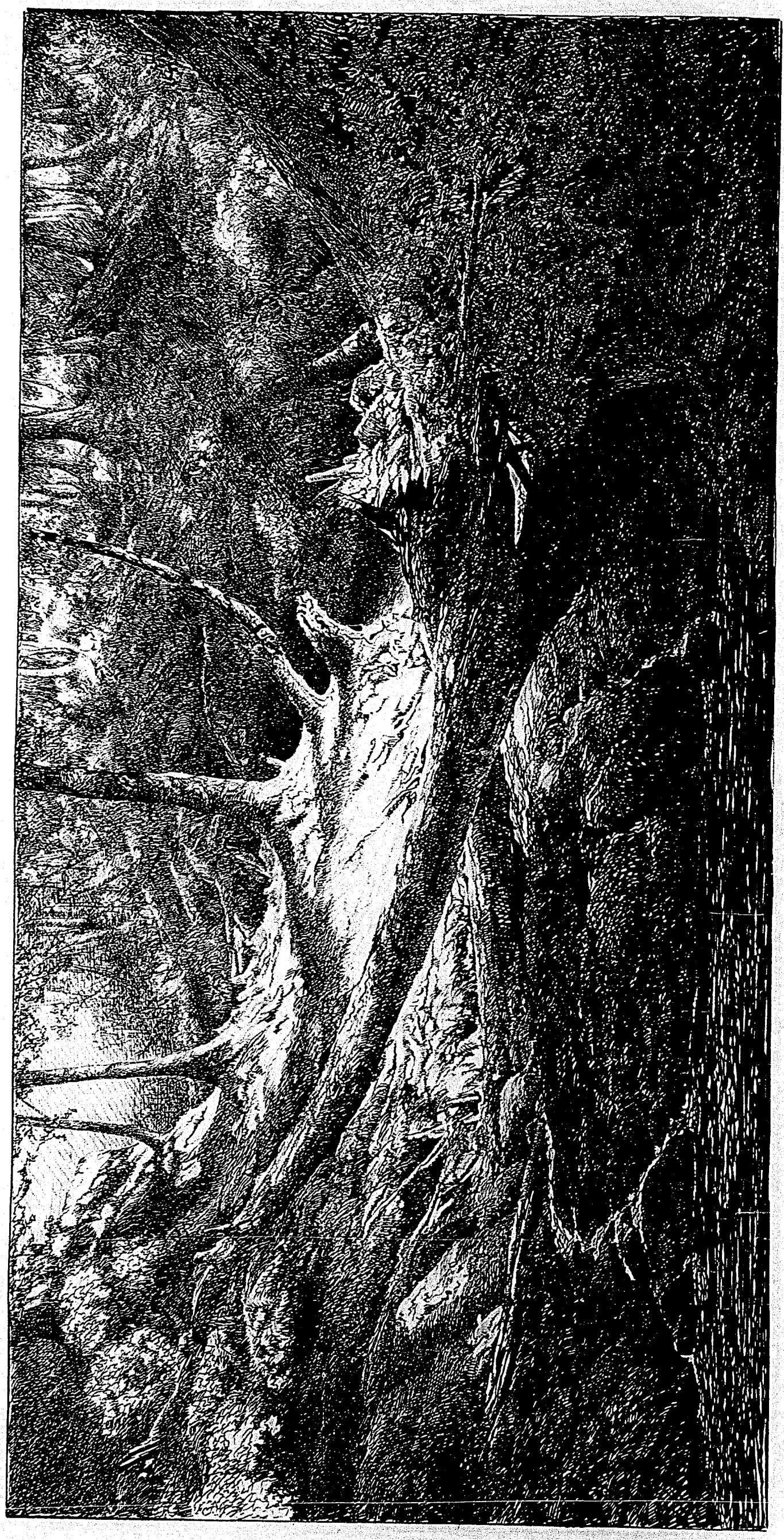
As Hugh Martelle gazed upon the tall, brawny figure of the robber, and saw his arms stretched out in readiness to execute the threat, he trembled. A moment before, and he had felt himself ready to court death. Now, when it was offered by another, he shrank from the trial. The old love of life came back like a flash. With hasty steps he re-entered the tower, descended the staircase, and once more stood within the main body of the building.

There, all was quiet again. The burial rites had been concluded, the mourners had dispersed, and the men who, the night before, had dug the grave, were now shovelling back the earth and replacing the stones of the pavement. Besides them, there was no one in the cathedral; and Hugh Martelle, still tired of life, yet not willing to resign it unless compelled, shrank back to his dark corner, to nurse his pain, and fruitlessly revolve new projects of escape.

Once, in his circuit of the building, he approached the transept where the murdered man lay buried. The sun was down, and a single silver moonbeam glided through the window and fell within. It glanced across the floor, and glistened upon the dark robes of a kneeling female figure. For a moment Hugh Martelle stood behind, and vacantly wondered. Then his recollection faintly returned, and he knew, by the attitude and figure, though he could not see the face, that the sister of the buried man was before him, engaged in prayer for the dead.

His first thought was to fly—no matter where, so long as he could avoid the sight of that living reproach to his violence. There could not be a more improbable suggestion than that of pardon. He only knew that, through the pity of women—a pity awakened by tears, and pleadings, and self-reproaches—a faint hope of life might still be found; and he hastened to attempt the trial.

He turned, and approached the kneeling figure. Still immersed in her devotions, she did not hear him as he drew near. At last, he stood directly by her, and for a moment listened.



EXHIBITION BY THE SOCIETY OF CANADIAN ARTISTS.—THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.—BY ALLAN EDSON.—SEE PAGE 227

PETER PAUL RUBENS.—See page 227.

He could hear that she was murmuring prayers for her brother's welfare and for her own sins, but not a word of pardon or pity for the murderer. No matter. Perhaps, when she saw his worn and contrite looks, she would also pray for his forgiveness; and he softly touched her upon the shoulder, and murmured, "Alice de Bracy."

She turned with a start, and, recognizing him, sprang to her feet, uttering a shrill cry of terror. Then, as her first flush of fear abated, all the scorn and contemptuous hatred of a wronged and insulted woman kindled in her eyes.

"Alice de Bracy," he tremblingly stammered again.

"Touch me not with your foul hands, Sir Hugh Martelle!" she cried. "The hands which are yet red with my brother's blood! Have you come up thus softly behind to murder me also with a coward blow?"

"But hear me, Alice," he muttered, and he kneeled upon the pavement before her.

"Go! Speak not to me! Coward! Murderer!" she cried. "Help!"

There was no help near, apparently; for it had grown darker now, and the cathedral seemed deserted. Hugh Martelle noticed this with a smile of satisfaction, and he fondly imagined that, if he could only detain her for a moment, he could reason her into a more complacent mood. He grasped her by the robe, still kneeling; but, at that instant, he was struck down with a weighty blow upon his forehead, and fell senseless.

"Shall I finish him as he lies?" asked the robber, who, having come down from the roof, had loitered into the transept.

"Nay, let him lie and await the judgment of God," she sobbed, her terror giving way to tears. "And you?"

"I, fair lady? In truth, I am only a poor highwayman, and am here shut up because I have tried to rob a burgher. I am not fit to speak with such as you, glad as I am to have been able to succour you."

"You shall be pardoned to-morrow for this service," she said. "I will myself speak to the King in your behalf. Now lead me to the door."

Gallantly the robber, first stopping to bestow a trifling kick upon the form of the prostrate man, led her to the cathedral porch. There, having obtained new promises of pardon upon the following day, he once more took his seat near the chancel-rail, while the senseless noble still lay prostrate upon the tomb of his victim.

For an hour after, Hugh Martelle lay with his head touching the cold stone. Then he awoke from his torpor, and partly raised himself, feeling half ready to blaspheme against Heaven that it had not let him die where he lay. After a moment he stood up, and dragged himself to the seat by the altar-rail, and there threw himself down. He felt a strange weakness, and the thought crossed his mind that it might be the premonitor of death, at last. But he did not care. The life of the past day had been one of too much torture for human endurance, and he now felt willing to die. Laying back his head, he sank into a soft, dreamy reverie, in which the actual present and the visionary past united in forming pleasant images.

At last, in those waking visions, he saw a face which sent a thrill of mingled emotions to his very heart. It was again before him as he had first beheld it in its lowly window. He saw the raven hair clustering about the neck; he saw those dark eyes beaming upon him with all the inexpressible depth of woman's love; he almost felt the soft arms winding in trustfulness about his neck—and, starting with the impulse of that long-forgotten emotion, he awoke into full consciousness, with her name trembling upon his lips.

"Louise?" he muttered.

"I am here," was answered, in a gentle tone; and a form, which had been kneeling over him, now softly placed its arms upon his shoulder. It was she—Louise—once more returned. She had been where she had listened to the conversation of the artist-students, and she had heard his actions so terribly commented upon, such revilings heaped upon his head, that, at last, in spite of all her stern resolves, her soul had been moved to pity, and all her once-cherished love had returned.

"Louise?" he again muttered, unable to comprehend how, after the contempt which she had heaped upon him, she should now return, so full of all a woman's best and noblest affections.

"It is I," she said. "I will not leave you again, dear Hugh. I have come to stay by you to the last. "Oh, Hugh! forgive me now for all the wrong and cruel things that I have said."

"Forgive?" he whispered.

"I was wrong, dear Hugh. You were in suffering; and I, instead of lifting you up again, as was my duty, strove only to crush you. I could not have been myself then, Hugh. Forgive it all."

He listened vacantly, and then the full appreciation of her love came like a flood upon him. He could not speak; but, bending down his head, he let the hot tears well forth. She, with choking sobs, kneeled down beside him, again bound up his wound, and also tied her handkerchief upon an ugly gash which the robber's bony fist had made upon his temple. Then she took out a flask of wine and applied it to his lips. The taste acted like magic upon his fevered soul, and, before many minutes, he felt new life within him.

"Oh! if he could now escape, no longer would he have a thought of afterward deserting her. He would be content to dwell with her for ever in that other land of which he had spoken, and would gladly leave to others all the pomp of courts: for he had found, at last, the value of a heart, which, ill-used as it had been, had ever remained worth more than all the glitter and glory of worldly power and distinction.

"And why should I not yet escape?" he whispered. But she gloomily shook her head.

"They will not aid me now, Hugh."

In her compassion for his feelings, she did not tell why it was that her student-friends would no longer assist her plans; but he perceived it all, and upon that topic spoke no more.

"I see. And yet, Louise, you have done one thing you promised; you have brought me a sword."

"That have I, indeed," she said, taking the sword from beneath the folds of her dress, where she had concealed it, and handing it to him. "But yet, of what avail, indeed, can be one sword?"

"It will avail, at least, to die with, as a man should die," he murmured, drawing his hand along the edge, and a pleasant smile, as of some inner comfort and resolution, came into his face. "Listen, Louise. You see that there is now no escape for me. Is it not better, therefore, that I should give up my poor life like a true-born knight, rather than like a rat caught in a cage, and so starved to death?"

"What mean you, Hugh?" she cried, dimly perceiving his meaning.

"You will know anon, Louise. Only promise me that you will stay here in peace and quiet, and not, with unavailing entreaties or resistance, fetter the little manhood which now I feel. And you will forgive all the wrong I have done you?"

"There is nothing to forgive, dear Hugh," she faintly whispered.

"There is much, much, indeed," he said. "But let that pass. Pray, too, to Heaven for me, that I may be there forgiven, also. And now, one kiss for farewell."

Sobbing, she put her arms about his neck; while the robber, at a little distance off, looked on curiously, but without attempting interruption. Long her head lay upon his shoulder, and her tears fell thick and fast, as the first dim consciousness of his intention stole more distinctly upon her. But yet, with a certain wild impulse of heroism, she forbore to urge him against his purpose If, by one action, he could redeem himself, should she dare to restrain him?

At last he lifted her head from his shoulder, pressed one parting kiss upon her lips, and tottered to his feet. Leaving her, half fainting, against the rail, he slowly crept toward the open door, the bright sword naked in his hand. Behind him, at a few paces' distance, softly crept the robber, curious to mark the result. So the two advanced, and, at length, Hugh Martelle stood near the entrance and looked forth.

The moon was behind a cloud, and all was dark, except where a few of the larger stars gave forth an uncertain light. At a little distance off could be seen the great square which the palaces bounded, now alive with men carrying torches, and the palace windows glowing with a thousand lamps. It was a festive night. Loud music rang upon the night air, and chariots and chairs continually drew up to the broad portico, bringing new guests. But opposite the cathedral, the houses clustered together in a black, indistinguishable mass, except where, here and there, the shop-lights sent a feeble gleam across the street. Few persons could be seen; only, at stated distances, the relentless men-at-arms, with naked swords in hand, silently watching the cathedral door, so that none should escape unquestioned.

For a moment, the doomed man stood just within the entrance and gazed out. For that moment, perhaps, his soul shrank within him, as he saw that he was recognized by the pursuers, and that at once every blade was pointed toward him, in readiness to drink his blood. Then, with a single glance behind, and his lips moving in a muttered prayer, he stepped outside, and the fierce work began. A short-lived work indeed; for what can any man, weak and worn with wounds and hunger, do against numbers who are strong and active? As he bared his breast to meet the storm, he struck down with desperation the first and the second who ventured forward; but it was, after all, a feeble resistance that he could make—fighting with no hope of victory, but with the single purpose to atone, by a brave, manly ending, for the foul blight upon his name.

"And it was well done, indeed, caitiff though he may be," muttered the robber to himself, as, after gazing for a moment from the doorway upon the lifeless, bleeding body that lay in the street, with the dark crowd of avengers pressing about it, he strolled leisurely inward and up the broad nave to where, against the chancel-rail, reclined the half-senseless form of the young girl.

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THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

By Anthony Trollope.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the next morning, Michel Voss and his son met in the kitchen, and found Marie already there. "Well, my girl," said Michel, as he patted Marie's shoulder, and kissed her forehead, "You've been up getting a rare breakfast for these fellows, I see." Marie smiled, and made some good-humoured reply. No one could have told by her face that there was anything amiss with her. "It's the last favour of the kind he'll ever have at your hands," continued Michel, "and yet he doesn't seem to be grateful." George stood with his back to the kitchen fire, and did not say a word. It was impossible to him even to appear to be pleasant, when such things were being said. Marie was a better hypocrite, and though she said little, was able to look as though she could sympathise with her uncle's pleasant mirth. The two men had soon eaten their breakfast and were gone, and then Marie was left alone with her thoughts. Would George say anything to his father of what had passed upstairs on the previous evening?

The two men started, and when they were alone together, and as long as Michel abstained from talking about Marie and her prospects, George was able to converse freely with his father. When they left the house the morning was just dawning, and the air was fresh and sharp. "We shall soon have the frost here now," said Michel, "and then there will be no more grass for the cattle."

"I suppose they can have them out on the low lands till the end of November. They always used."

"Yes; they can have them out; but having them out and having food for them are different things. The people here have so much stock now, that directly the growth is checked by the frost, the land becomes almost bare. They forget the old saying, 'Half stocking, whole profits; whole stocking, half profits!' And then, too, I think the winters are earlier here than they used to be. They'll have to go back to the Swiss plan, I fancy, and carry the food to the cattle in their houses. It may be old-fashioned, as they say; but I doubt whether the fodder does not go further so." Then as they began to ascend the mountain, he got on to the subject of his own business and George's prospects. "The dues to the Commune are so heavy," he said, "that in fact there is little or nothing to be made out of the timber. It looks like a business, because many men are employed, it's a kind of thing that spreads itself, and bears looking at. But it leaves nothing behind."

"It's not quite so bad as that, I hope," said George.

"Upon my word then it is not much better, my boy. When you've charged yourself with interest on the money spent on the mills, there is not much to boast about. You're bound to replant every yard you strip, and yet the Commune expects as high a rent as when there was no planting to be done at all. They couldn't get it, only that men like myself have their money in the mills, and can't well get out of the trade."

"I don't think you'd like to give it up, father."

"Well, no. It gives me exercise and something to do. The women manage most of it down at the house; but there must be a change when Marie has gone. I have hardly looked it in the face yet, but I know there must be a change. She has grown up among it, till she has it all at her fingers' ends. I tell you what, George, she is a girl in a hundred;—a girl in a hundred. She is going to marry a rich man, and so it don't much signify; but if she married a poor man, she would be as good as a fortune to him. She'd make a fortune for any man. That's my belief. There is nothing she doesn't know, and nothing she doesn't understand."

Why did his father tell him all this? George thought of the day on which his father had, as he was accustomed to say to himself, turned him out of the house because he wanted to marry this girl who was "as good as a fortune" to any man. Had he then been imprudent in allowing himself to love such a girl? Could there be any good reason why his father should have wished that a "fortune" in every way so desirable should go out of the family? "She'll have nothing to do of that sort if she goes to Basle," said George, moodily.

"That is more than you can say," replied his father. "A woman married to a man of business can always find her share in it if she pleases. And with such a one as Adrian Urmand her side of the house will not be the least considerable."

"I suppose he is little better than a fool," said George.

"A fool! He is not a fool at all. If you were to see him buying, you would not call him a fool. He is very far from a fool."

"It may be so. I do not know much of him myself."

"You should not be so prone to think men fools till you find them so; especially those who are to be so near to yourself. No;—he's not a fool by any means. But he will know that he has got a clever wife, and he will not be ashamed to make use of her."

George was unwilling to contradict his father at the present moment, as he had all but made up his mind to tell the whole story about himself and Marie before he returned to the house. He had not the slightest idea that by doing so he would be able to soften his father's heart. He was sure, on the contrary, that were he to do so, he and his father would go back to the hotel as enemies. But he was quite resolved that the story should be told sooner or later,—should be told before the day fixed for the wedding. If it was to be told by himself, what occasion could be so fitting as the present? But, if it were to be donc on this morning, it would be unwise to harass his father by any small previous contradictions.

They were now up among the scattered, prostrate logs, and had again taken up the question of the business of wood-cutting.

"No, George; it would never have done for you; not as a mainstay. I thought of giving it up to you once, but I knew that it would make a poor man of you."

"I wish you had," said George, who was unable to repress the feeling of his heart.

"Why do you say that? What a fool you must be if you think it! There is nothing you may not do where you are, and you have got it all into your own hands, with little or no cutlay. The rent is nothing; and the business is there ready made for you. In your position, if you find the hotel is not enough, there is nothing you cannot take up."

They had now seated themselves on the trunk of a pine tree, and Michel Voss, having drawn a pipe from his pocket and filled it, was lighting it as he sat upon the wood.

"No, my boy," he continued, "you'll have a better life of it than your father, I don't doubt. After all, the towns are better than the country. There is more to be seen and more to be learned. I don't complain. The Lord has been very good to me. I've had enough of everything, and have been able to keep my head up. But I feel a little sad when I look forward. You and Marie will be both gone; and your step-mother's friend, M. le Curé Gondin, does not make much society for me I sometimes think, when I am smoking a pipe up here all alone, that this is the best of it all. It will be when Marie has gone."

If his father thus thought of it, why had he sent his son away? Had it not already been within his power to keep both of them there together under his roof-tree? He had insisted on dividing them, and dismissing them from Granpere, one in one direction and the other in another;—and then he complained of being alone! Surely his father was altogether unreasonable.

"And now one can't even get tobacco that is worth smoking," continued Michel, in a melancholy tone. "There used to be good tobacco, but I don't know where it has all gone."

"I can send you over a little prime tobacco from Colmar, father."

"I wish you would, George. This is foul stuff. But I sometimes think I'll give it up. What's the use of it? A man sits and smokes, and nothing comes of it. It don't feed him, nor clothe him, and it leaves nothing behind—except a stink."

"You're a little down in the mouth, father; or you wouldn't talk of giving up smoking."

"I am down in the mouth—terribly down in the mouth. Till it was all settled, I did not know how much I should feel Marie's going. Of course it had to be, but it make an old man of me. There will be nothing left. Of course there's your step-mother—as good a woman as ever lived—and the children; but Marie was somehow the soul of us all. Give us another light, George. I'm blessed if I can keep the fire in the pipe at all."

And this, thought George, is in truth the state of my father's mind! There are three of us concerned who are all equally dear to each other, my father, myself, and Marie Bromar. There is not one of them who doesn't feel that the presence of the others is necessary to his happiness. Here is my father declaring that the world will no longer have any savour for him because I am away in one place, and Marie is to be away in another. There is not the slightest real reason on earth why we should have been separated. Yet he, he alone, has done it; and we—we are to break our hearts over it! Or rather he has not done it. He is about to do it. The sacrifice is not yet made, and yet it must be made, be-

cause my father is so unreasonable that no one will dare to point out to him where lies the way to his own happiness and to the happiness of those he loves! It was thus that George Voss thought of it as he listened to his father's wailings.

But he himself, though he was hot in temper, was slow, or at least deliberate in action. He did not even now speak out at once. When his father's pipe was finished, he suggested that they should go on to a certain run for the fir-logs, which he himself, George Voss, had made—a steep grooved inclined plane by which the timber, when cut in these parts, could be sent down with a rush to the close neighbourhood of the saw mill below. They went and inspected the slide and discussed the question of putting new wood into the groove. Michel, with the melancholy tone that had prevailed with him all the morning, spoke of matters as though any money spent in mending would be thrown away. There are moments in the lives of most of us in which it seems to us that there will never be more cakes and ale. George, however, talked of the children, and reminded his father that in matters of business nothing is so ruinous as a ruin.

"If you've got to get your money out of a thing, it should always be in working order," he said.

Michel acknowledged the truth of the rule, but again declared that there was no money to be got out of the thing. He yielded, however, and promised that the repairs should be made. They then went down to the mill, which was going at that time. George, as he stood by and watched the man and boy adjusting the logs to the cradle, and listened to the apparently self-acting saw as it did its work, and observed the perfection of the simple machinery which he himself had adjusted, and smelt the sweet scent of the newly-made sawdust, and listened to the music of the little stream, when, between whiles, the rattle of the mill would cease for half a minute, George as he stood in silence, looking at all this, listening to the sounds, smelling the perfume, thinking how much sweeter it all was than the little room in which Madame Faragon sat at Colmar, and in which it was, at any rate for the present, his duty to submit his accounts to her from time to time—resolved that he would at once make an effort. He knew his father's temper well. Might it not be that though there should be a quarrel for a time, everything would come right at last? As for Adrian Urmand, George did not believe—or told himself that he did not believe—that such a cur as he would suffer much because his hopes of a bride were not fulfilled.

(To be continued.)

It is said that several large spots can now be seen on the sun. Perhaps old Sol has the small-pox. Who knows?

"Oh! you cruel—cruel man," cried Mrs. Jellikens, "my tears have no effect on you at all." "Well, drop 'em then," said the brutal Jellikens.

Lycm.—Professor Stephen Pearl Andrews states clearly enough that "the absolutoid and abstractoid elementisms of being echoes or reappears by analogy within the relatoid and concretoid elaborisms."

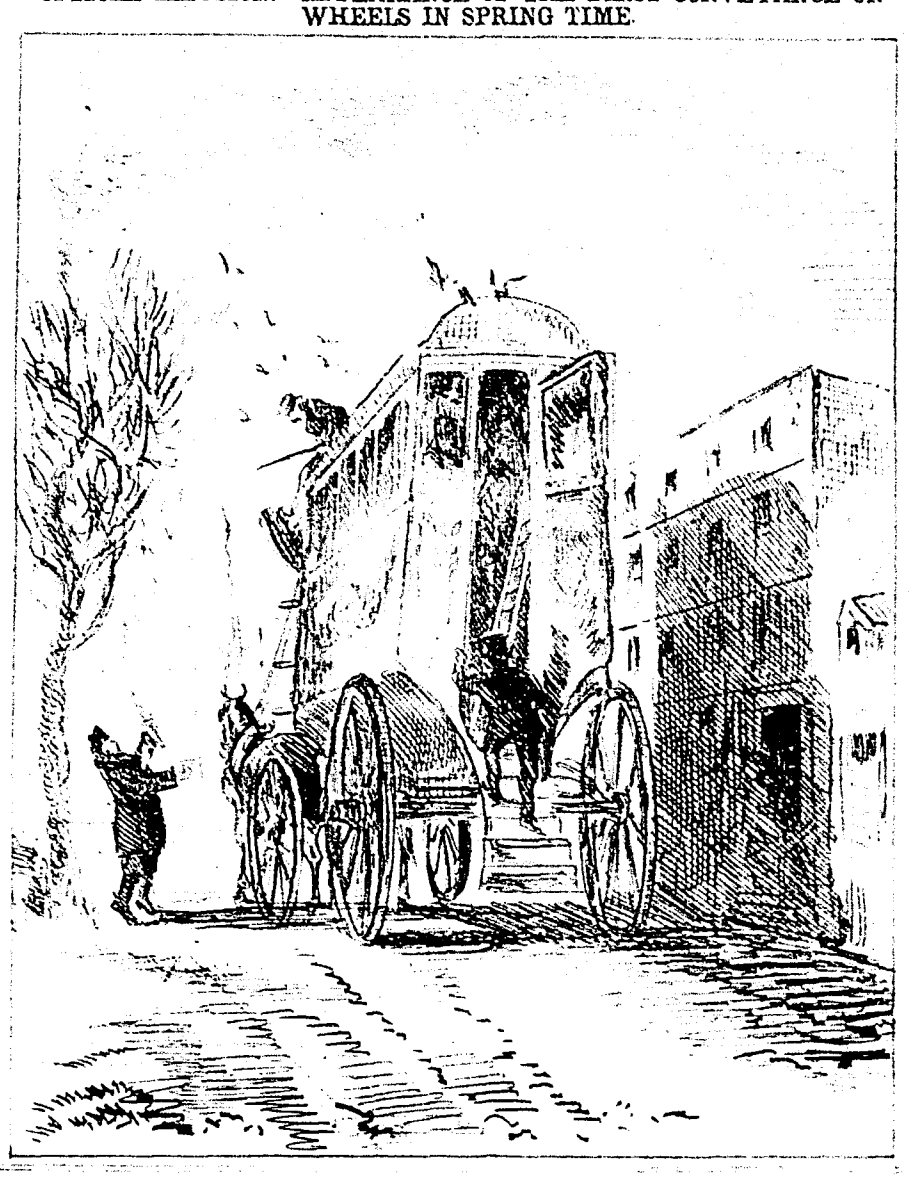
A benevolent lady of Brighton has recently taken a house in Duke Street, Brighton, and fitted it up at her own expense as "a public house without drink." It is to be called "The British Workman, No. 1," and it will be open every day between the hours of 7 a.m. and 10 p.m. Working men, committees of sick clubs, and other clubs, and other societies will be welcome there, free of cost. Tea and coffee, &c., can be had, if desired, at cheap rates. There is a coffee-room, a smoking-room, well warmed and lighted, and supplied with newspapers, &c.; and a room is also set apart for bagatelle.

The Oberammergau Peasants have been demoralized by the great success of their Passion Play last year. They are about being led into a temptation that will be perilous to the future of that undertaking. It has been the custom to present their famous play but once in ten years, and that in the intent to keep alive the religious interest of their region. But the strangers brought them a goodly sum of money last season,—62,000 florins,—about half of which was divided among the actors, after paying expenses; and now they have voted some 10,000 florins for the erection of a permanent theatre in which to give annual representations. Even if these are successful, the simplicity and innocence of the peasant-life will be materially affected by a yearly influx of pleasure-seeking strangers. The charm of this play depends, however, so greatly upon its freshness and rarity that both actors and visitors will lose much of the zest of its enjoyment if it is to become a fixed business of the Oberammergau—*Scribner's for April.*

Recruits and Deserters.—The following statement shows the number of recruits enlisted in the United Kingdom and finally approved, and the number of deserters from the army, in ten years:—In 1861 there were 8,138 recruits approved, and there were 4,559 desertions; in 1862, 4,642 recruits and 2,895 desertions; in 1863, 6,924 recruits and 2,971 desertions; in 1864, 11,234 recruits and 3,097 desertions; in 1865, 10,444 recruits and 3,519 desertions; in 1866, 10,663 recruits and 3,583 desertions; in 1867, 13,941 recruits and 3,449 desertions; in 1868, 10,782 recruits and 3,011 desertions; in 1869, 8,183 recruits and 3,341 desertions; in 1870, 14,927 recruits and 3,171 desertions. The total number of the recruits in the ten years was 99,878, and there were 33,578 desertions, so that one of every three recruits was needed to replace them.

Quite Correct.—The Indian Medicine known as the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills will be found to be the most reliable curative and blood purifier when spring after a long and inclement winter re-opens the pores of the skin and an alterative is required to transfer impurities from the body through these natural outlets. The Remedy and Pills can be confidently recommended as the surest, safest, and easiest means of attaining this desirable end, without weakening the most delicate or incommoding the most feeble. When from frequent chills or impure air the blood becomes foul and the secretions vitiated, this medicine presents a ready and efficient means of cleansing the former and correcting the latter; it may fairly be said of this celebrated Indian Medicine that it radically removes all corrupt and disordered elements from the system. 5-14 d

OPTICAL ILLUSION.—APPEARANCE OF THE FIRST CONVEYANCE ON WHEELS IN SPRING TIME.



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