

## GONE HOME.

Two little lambs in Heaven  
Safe in the shepherd's fold,  
Two little rosebuds taken  
Out of the cold.

Two fair blossoms blooming  
In that sweet garden of light,  
Two little cherubs singing  
Robed in white.

Two bright jewels sparkling,  
Set in Emmanuel's crown,  
Two pairs of soft eyes from Heaven  
Looking down.

Two little angels treading  
The streets of gold,  
Two little darlings taken  
Out of the cold.

Montreal.

H. BERWICK.

## PRE-HISTORIC CANADA.

In this week's issue of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS we have grouped sketches of various stone, flint, clay and bone articles which were used by a people, who, at one time, thickly populated various portions of the United States and Canada, as evinced by mounds of earth laid out for the purposes of defence or for enclosing villages. In some parts of the United States, these mounds have been raised several feet above the surrounding country, and cover several acres. A number of the mounds built by these people have been found in different parts of Canada, and although not so extensive as those in the United States, they have given to the antiquarian as a reward for searching them, some most interesting relics of the race which made them. The engravings we give are the two-thirds of actual size of the relics sketched, and are taken from a most complete and valuable collection belonging to Mr. Albert White, residing near Aylmer, Ont. Nearly all we show were collected by Mr. White from mounds of various sizes in the Township of Malahide, County of Elgin, which were built by this strange people generally known to us as the "Mound Builders." Seven of the relics which we show are generally, although erroneously, supposed to be of purely Indian origin. We have no account of the North American Indians making pottery, nor were they ever seen by the early colonists of the New World, fashioning from flint the arrow spear and lance heads; and when questioned by the colonists in regard to the makers, the Indians invariably disclaimed all direct knowledge of the people who manufactured the pottery and other articles, or erected the great mounds of earth; but, some of the tribes had a tradition among them that many hundreds of years before, the country was peopled with strange light-faced persons, but of their origin and disappearance they know nothing.

There is strong evidence in the County of Elgin, and especially so in the Township of Malahide, that this people once lived here in populous villages, flourished for a time and then passed away. A few years since, as Mr. John Gillet, of Aylmer, in the county named, was clearing up a piece of land covered with pine and oak, measuring in scores of instances three and four feet in diameter, he discovered in extracting the roots, and ploughing the land, upwards of seventy-five mounds which consisted of ashes and charcoal in which were found many hundred strangely-formed pipes and thousands of fragments of well-burned pottery, such as numbers 9, 10, 11, 12, 15 and 16, rudely ornamented with various designs, and the fragments readily showed that they were part of cups, jugs, bowls, and other articles, and where the piece of pottery permitted it, it was ornamented on the inside as well as on the outside. The material of which the pottery was formed is a light clay on the outside, and what seems to be ground quartz mixed with dark clay on the inside, both being about a quarter of an inch in thickness. In some instances, this pottery is finely glazed and shows a degree of workmanship which it does not seem possible that the Indians, if they had ever fashioned it, could have lost all knowledge of the art of making at the time the discoveries of the New World first met them. Mr. Gillet counted forty of these mounds of ashes we have mentioned which at one time must have been upwards of forty feet in diameter. A battle had probably been fought here and the villages burned by the enemies, for on ploughing the earth it was found to be thickly strewn with large flint spear heads, such as numbers 13 and 14, and the smaller arrow heads, such as numbers 4, 8 and 34, which were so fashioned that upon piercing a person and the shaft of the arrow being withdrawn, the flint head, possibly poisoned, remained in the flesh to do its deadly work. The mounds of ashes indicated that the buildings had been regularly laid out in streets, and the depth of ashes and amount of charcoal gave evidence that the structure had been far more substantially built than the Indians were ever known to make their tents or bark huts, and the age of the trees which were growing on the mounds would show that several hundred years, if not upwards of a thousand, had passed since this strange people had their village burned. In this vicinity have also been found hundreds of round smooth stones notched on the sides, as indicated by number 17, which some authors in writing of them, have claimed as having been used in warfare, the pre-historic races throwing them from slings; other authors claim, and we think with good reason, that they were used as weights, around which cords were tied to hold fishing nets in a proper position. Number 1 is a large, dark blue stone, axe-like, which

weighs three and a half pounds and was probably used to break the bones for the marrow of the wild animals which were killed in the chase. A few years since, on the farm of Mr. Chute, in the Township of Malahide which borders on Lake Erie, the waves washed away a portion of the bank and disclosed a cave-like hollow which contained the bones, and in many cases almost the entire skeleton of scores of different animals, and from the size of the bones they must have belonged to species long since extinct. The large marrow bones, in some cases, showed distinctly that they had been cracked and broken for the marrow. This was a place, no doubt, where the ancients of this vicinity, according to a curious custom, deposited the bones after the flesh had been picked from them. Number 39, which is part of the jaw-bone of some wild animal, was taken from this bone-cave. Numbers 5, 6, 7, 26, 27, 28, 29 and 33 are specimens of spear and arrow heads which are formed of white and blue flint; some of these are polished and show that no ordinary skill was used in making them, and the difference in the style of the work, as shown in numbers 24 and 34, give evidence of the skill displayed by different workmen. Number 26 has a saw-like edge which, upon entering the flesh and being pulled out, must have left a very painful wound. Numbers 22, 28, 29 and 32 are half-formed arrow and spear heads which, for some reason, the ancient workmen threw aside before they were finished. Numbers 18 and 23 are made of a dark slate, and the two were probably used for the same purpose, but different writers do not agree as to what they were used for. Some are inclined to think they were rude ornaments, while others advance the idea that they were used for fashioning bow strings, the coral of the raw-hide being drawn through the small circular holes, which are a trifle larger on one side, until the strip assumed a round shape. Some writers think they were used to make fish-nets, the wild prepared flax being drawn through the holes, at the same time twisted into cord. Numbers 36, 37 and 38 were undoubtedly used as needles in making clothing. Number 30, the edge of which is shown by number 31, is a curiously shaped arrow head; it is nicely polished, and being such a queer shape, the maker must have designed it for a particular purpose. Number 20, the edge of which is shown by number 21, is a beautifully formed and finely polished stone-hammer which, it is thought, was used to brain the large game when wounded, and numbers 2 and 3 were probably used in taking the skin from the slain animals. Number 25 is a fragment of a stone-knife, the edge of it still being sharp.

Little by little, the strange story of the lives of the ancient mound builders is being unfolded by the archaeologists, and considering the great advance made within the last quarter of a century in this direction we may hope that during the next decade the mystery surrounding the origin, every-day life and final disappearance of the Mound Builders may be unlocked and thrown open to the world by those who are searching the pre-historic obscurity surrounding primitive man in the United States and Canada.

## A PRACTICAL DINNER.

In place of our usual domestic receipts we give the following from the pen of Jay Charlton, New York correspondent of the *Danbury News*:

## MENU.

*Potage à la julienne* (Julienne soup.)  
*Macaroni au fromage* (Macaroni with cheese.)  
*Ragout de mouton* (mutton stew.)  
*Epinards aux œufs* (spinach with eggs.)  
*Soufflé de pommes* (fried apples.)  
*Café* (coffee.)

The first dish is a very simple soup, and if well-made is delicious. At our house, we tried a long time before we achieved success. Now, we have it as clear as amber and as delicious as a soup can be. At a slight expense one may have it as nice as Delmonico gives it. I know that Mrs. C. at last has made it so.

RECIPE: All the pieces of meat of any kind, chicken necks, bones (Francatelli uses ham, too), are put into a pot with cold water, and boiled slowly until all the juices are extracted. This is "stock," and if it is poured into a bowl or jar, it will jelly, the fat hardening on the top like a cake. Take the latter off. You know how your bowl of gravy hardens. The juice underneath the yellow fat is soup stock. We make it about once a week, to last a week.

Put a pint of this stock into a stew-pan. Having put some very thin slices of turnip and carrot, say a half a carrot to a half a turnip, a half an onion, a bit of celery, and the least bit of sugar, into a frying-pan for a few minutes, pour the whole into the stew-pan, and leave to simmer slowly on the back of the stove. If you experiment on this, you may obtain eventually a soup that would cost twenty-five cents a plate at Delmonico's. The housewife will see that it costs almost nothing for two plates.

*Macaroni with cheese.* Get very thin macaroni. It comes in five sizes. It should be about twice as thick as vermicelli. Macaroni should never be washed. It should be put in pieces as long as you choose into salty water and boiled, while being constantly stirred to keep from burning. It ought to boil tender in less than twenty minutes. Then it should be thoroughly dried. Do not let it boil so long that it loses shape and adhesiveness and becomes mush or pulp. On this put melted

butter and grated cheese. I prefer that the macaroni should be boiled in soup stock, then when dried, well mixed with a very little tomato and rolled cracker, keeping it wet, and having plenty of melted butter and grated cheese upon it. This is a cheap, nutritious dish. Morretti, the Italian, corner of Fourteenth and Fourth avenue, cooks it well; but he is likely to give his regular customers tid-bits of other things that he does not give to transient guests. For this reason, I never go to his place; but if you have a dollar to spare you may get a good dinner there, with macaroni. It is not an elegant or over-clean place; and, as I said, Morretti does not treat all alike.

*Ragout de mouton.* Mutton stews may be made from end pieces of mutton, necks, sides, etc.; though, for my part, I cannot see why a stew should not be made of the very best parts of meats. We always use sirloin steaks for beef stews; and so we eat all the meat. Fry inch-square pieces of mutton in suet fat; or take cold mutton already cooked; and then add enough water for juice; adding very plenty of onion, as many dice of potatoes as there are dice of meat, just a little carrot, and pepper, salt, and allspice to please the taste. You may even drop bits of dough as big as marbles into the stew, but look out that you do not get it too thick. I like mushrooms in my stews. But this is a luxury not always to be afforded. With this stew you will have bread. In Europe no butter is eaten with it. I like it with pickled beets, or a little horseradish on my bread.

*Epinards aux œufs.* Spinach may be had all winter. We boil it until it is done, and then mash it through a sieve or colander, until it is a dark-green mush. Then we put it into a frying-pan where there is butter, a little lemon juice or vinegar, pepper and salt; and (now look out) just as little mace or nutmeg as will not spoil it. Generally, Mrs. C. uses soup stock to fry it in, and I think this is better as well as cheaper than butter. Put a large tablespoonful of this spinach, after it is fried, not dry, but done, on a half slice of dry toast, and on the top put half of a hard-boiled egg. Egg is necessary, but toast is unnecessary.

*Soufflé de pommes* is a successful dish of my own invention. As Mrs. C. made it, there was much to like in it. Cut a very delicate apple into half-moon slices, not more than a fifth of an inch thick on the back. Put into a baking-pan such proportions of butter and syrup (or sugar) and a little lemon as will make it a nice boiling liquor, and, if you wish, cinnamon and nutmeg. When it is boiling put in your slices of apple, and let them boil or fry until they are nearly dry; but by no means bake or burn. When done, put on a little sugar and spice, and set them out doors until they are very cold. They are delicious.

*Café.* Take equal parts of fresh Mocha and Java. On two tablespoonsful of the ground coffee, for each cup, pour a small cupful of boiling water. Pour the liquor out of the pot, and again upon the coffee until it is of a proper color. If you have a sieve pot, all the better. It costs little. After the right color is obtained, put upon the stove until it begins to boil; and serve in very small cups, with sugar, but without milk.

The above dinner is good enough for a king. I have given it to gentlemen who praised it honestly. Twenty such cheap dinners may be given with success. They cost a mere nothing. Everything is in the cookery. I insist that there is no dish served with elegance in a high-priced restaurant that cannot be had at home, if the lady of the house has the patience and talent to study and cook it. A nice dinner is as great a feat of skill as a tidy or a piece of needle-work for an undergarment. If there should be any demand for my experience, and I confess it is all cheap experiment with my family, I will be glad to give further attention to it. I know that cookery recipes are usually humbugs. I shall give nothing that we have not successfully tried.

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

If a lady can't weep for her lost husband, she can at least wear watered silks.

A DANBURY girl has settled the matter. She says a frosty moustache is just like a plate of ice cream.

A WRITER says that nature has nothing out of place or out of season. We'd like to know how he accounts for a cold sore on the lip of a pretty girl.

THE BARNSE prefer coins with female heads on them, being under the impression that male coins are unproductive and do not make money.

SHE was dropped heavily on a sidewalk, and the sawdust burst from her hands and legs in profusion. She was a doll.

A MAN being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

SAID she, "Dear, it is just twelve years since that Christmas eve, when you washed my face with snow and kissed my tears away." Said he, "Is that all?"

A NEW YORK girl sang "Darling, I am Growing Old," with an expression so pertinent and forcible that her procrastinating lover was brought to time on the spot.

"Does our constant chatter disturb you?" asked one of three talkative ladies of a sober-looking fellow-passenger. "No, ma'am; I've been married nigh on to thirty years," was the reply.

Now is the time when the music of the bells and the curt air kindle enthusiasm in the youthful sleighers; and as she asks him why he rubs his frosted moustache against her glowing cheek, he says, poetically, "Oh, I've found a red ear."

A YOUNG lady sat down to write a poem to her Milwaukee lover. She began it thusly:

"Oh, when shall I rest in thy sheltering arms?"

Her quick sense of propriety at once detected the error, and she corrected it as follows:—

"Oh, when shall I rest 'neath thy sheltering ear!"

ADONIS:—Miss Jones, do you think Brown so awfully ugly? Miss J.:—Ugly! No, indeed! Why, we all think him extremely nice looking! Adonis:—Well, I was talking to him on the stairs just now, and a lady passed, and I heard her say, "That's the ugliest man I ever saw!" And there was nobody there but him and me!

A MAIDEN lady, not remarkable for either beauty, youth, or good temper, came for advice to a Mr. Arnold, as to how to get rid of a troublesome suitor. "Oh! marry him—marry him!" he advised.—"Nay, I would see him hanged first."—"No, madam, marry him, as I said to you, and I assure you it will be but a short time before he hangs himself."

A LITTLE school girl asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." The teacher replied that it meant "the world." Some days after, the teacher asked the geography class to which this little "bud of promise" belonged, "What is a zone?" After some hesitation, this little girl brightened up and replied, "I know; it is a belt round Mrs. Grundy's waist."

THE merry jingle of the sleigh bells, the sparkle of the crystal snow in the lambent light of the moon, and the confining creature that nestles closely to him beneath the buffalo robes, tenderly clasping his left hand in hers while his right holds the reins, constitute the winter night's poem that is floating through the dotting lover's soul and leaves him in doubt whether to let go long enough to get his handkerchief out, or draw his coat sleeve across his face.

A BURLINGTON woman who was sure she was going into a decline teased her husband for six mortal weeks to buy her a \$130 health lift; and he had just about made up his mind to get it, when one morning he saw her rush out and pull a six year old shade tree up by the roots and chase a book agent clear across the pasture, then he changed his mind and invested the money in a ladder, so that he could get up on the roof at a second's warning without squeezing through the scuttle.

"A KISS," says a writer, "is a seal expressing a sincere attachment—the pledge of future union—a present taking the impression on an ivory coral press—crimson balsam for love-wounded hearts." We had no idea that a kiss, when dissected, would prove such a simple thing. Imagine a young man, as he bids his girl adieu on the front step at three o'clock a.m. on Monday, darting back, as she is about to close the door, to snatch some "crimson balsam for a love-wounded heart." And a girl might ask her lover for some of that balsam right before the old folks, and they would think it was a new kind of gum drop.

## ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE Ottawa Times has suspended publication.

COAL of apparently good quality has been discovered at St. Andrews, N. B.

THE Nova Scotia coal-owners urge the Local Government to remove the royalty on coal.

MR. LAFLAMME's election in Jacques Cartier is being protested on the ground of bribery by agents.

APPLICATION will be made at the next session of the Dominion Parliament for powers to bridge the St. Lawrence river at Quebec.

A NUMBER of vessels are reported hemmed in by the ice on the Cape Breton coast, some of them having been crushed.

THE City Council of Montreal has passed a set of resolutions respecting the recent strike of the Grand Trunk engineers, calling upon the Government to take steps to prevent the occurrence of any similar movement.

## SCIENTIFIC.

To prevent pumps freezing, place a small tack just under one edge of the leather valve which retains the water, sinking the tack into the leather to hold it. This will cause a small leak, and the water will not remain long enough to freeze.

SOME inventor has found out the means of sending portraits by telegraph. The *modus operandi* has not yet been disclosed, but experiments have been made, and—if we are to believe the papers—with complete success. The trial was made by the police authorities of Paris and Lyons.

THE Jardin d'Acclimation has just received from the French consul at Yokohama a specimen of a curious creature termed the *polype médusaire*, which is said to possess the singular property of turning water into vinegar. The first day on being put into one of the tanks, it succeeded in getting rid of all its neighbors.

ACCORDING to the British Mineral Statistics of 1875, just published, there is no fear of a falling off in the coal production, the figures being 123,000,000 tons for 1872, 127,000,000 tons in 1873, 125,000,000 in 1874, and the unprecedented quantity of 131,567,105 tons last year, representing a value of over forty-six million sterling. Next to coal and iron, lead and salt form the two largest products, both yielding over a million sterling each.