

faces ruddy with the excitement of getting to the depot; but the pale cheeks of the children and the chill-blue veins of the women's fingers tell that malaria is present in that locality. Beware of men who offer houses for sale after living in them about two seasons, unless it is ascertained that it is business and not the ague that calls them thence. It is not true that the hill-tops are without the fever; nor that it is always in existence along the rivers. Sometimes the ague infects a hitherto healthful town, because fields are laid out into broad avenues. If a man over-solennly avers that there are no chills and fever in his locality, wait patiently until you see him shake.

In the country places there must be much carrying to and fro of market-baskets. The more rural the place the hungrier the children will be and the less there will be to eat. The New York markets may, at least during the first few seasons, contain all the berries and beef. It is a mistake to suppose that all the milk is watered in New York. Country butchers charge more for meats than is charged in New York, and the best butter, berries and vegetables are sent to the markets of New York, which take them in large quantities. There are green-grocers in country villages who do not know of the existence of such articles of luxury as asparagus, cauliflower, or fat raspberries. The autocrat of the country village is a ruthless peddler with a tin horn. If one markets in New York he will have to carry his own basket, unless he is witty enough to give a baggage master a small commission to make the purchases. Yet it is true that there are very many healthful pleasant, sociable, and easily attainable neighborhoods in the country near New York, and that any man who has from two to three thousand dollars in cash may own a house and a small plot of land worth four or five thousand dollars. In two years, with a spade and the ambition to spend some of his leisure hours in the woods, he may make his home worth more by a thousand dollars than its value under the natural increase. But he will meet with discouragements; he will commit many blunders; he will find many demands on his time and his labour; and in the end he may only partially succeed in realizing his dream. To many men with wives and children, the task may be worth undertaking; but only to such as do not vainly imagine that they are fitted for what is found only in the descriptions of the horticultural journals.

ROYAL THANKSGIVINGS DURING THE LAST CENTURY.

The use of St. Paul's Cathedral, as the great church of London, for those special religious services in which the city and the whole nation should join with the Sovereign, the Court, and the Council of the kingdom, in thanking God for signal public benefits and mercies, is of very ancient date. It seems to have commenced with the Lancastrian Plantagenet Kings, on the accession of Henry IV. in 1399, but it was zealously observed by the Tudors. It was a sign of that hearty popular sympathy with the reigning family which had grown up with the increased political influence of the middle classes, represented by the city of London and its trade guilds, as the Norman baronial aristocracy had wasted itself in foreign and civil wars. The courtiers and nobles might accompany the King to Divine worship at Westminster Abbey, where he was crowned amidst the poets of his realm. The people of England's capital city would expect to meet their King at St. Paul's; for in those days, until the middle of the sixteenth century, the King was himself a Londoner, often dwelling in the Tower or in Baynard's Castle, near Blackfriars, or sometimes at Bridewell. Queen Elizabeth, though she did not live in the City, liked to visit it, and went in a triumphal chariot, in November, 1588, to return thanks at St. Paul's for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The Stuart Kings, who were never on the most friendly terms with the London citizens, seldom appeared in this cathedral; but Queen Anne went there in 1704, to give thanks for the victories of Marlborough in the Netherlands, and for the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Vigo. There was another thanksgiving in 1704, for the battle of Blenheim. Our Hanoverian Monarchs, upon rare occasions, have practised the same good old custom in this noblest sacred building of the modern world.

After the recovery of George III. in April, 1789, from a very dangerous illness, a day of general thanksgiving to Almighty God was appointed by Royal proclamation. For the greater solemnity of the day, his Majesty was pleased to go to the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, accompanied by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Cumberland, and his Highness Prince William, attended by both Houses of Parliament, the Judges, and other public officers, to return thanks to God for His great mercies and blessings. The procession was begun at eight o'clock in the morning, by the House of Commons, in their coaches, followed by the Speaker, in his state coach. Next came the Masters in Chancery, the Judges, and after them the peers in the order of precedence, the Lord Chancellor in his state coach closing this part of the procession. Afterwards came the Royal family, with their attendants, escorted by the Horse Guards. The King and Queen set out from St. James's Palace, soon after ten o'clock, in a coach drawn by eight cream coloured horses, followed by the Princesses, and proceeded through the gate at the stable-yard along Pall Mall and through the Strand, "amid the loyal acclamations of a prodigious concourse of people." The streets were lined as far as Temple Bar by the brigade of Foot Guards, the Grenadier companies of which were posted in the cathedral, and patrolled by parties of Horse Guards. From Temple Bar to St. Paul's the streets were lined by the Artillery Company and Militia of the City. At Temple Bar the King was met by the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and a deputation from the Aldermen and Common Council, all being on horse-back, when the Lord Mayor surrendered the City sword to his Majesty, who having returned it to him, he carried it barcheaded before the King to St. Paul's. At the Cathedral his Majesty was met at the west door by the Peers, the Bishop of London, the Dean and Canons of St. Paul's, the band of Gentlemen Pensioners, and the Yeomen of the Guard attending. The King and Queen sat under a canopy of state near the west end of the choir, and opposite the altar. After a special service, the Royal procession returned to St. James's, guns were fired in the parks, and the day was wound up with illuminations in all parts of the metropolis, of great splendour and magnificence.

Again, on Dec. 19, 1797, the King (George III.) and the

Queen, with the whole of the Royal family, the great officers of state, and the members of both Houses of Parliament, went in grand procession to St. Paul's to take part in the general thanksgiving for the three great naval victories obtained by his Majesty's fleet under the command of Lords Howe, St. Vincent, and Duncan. On that occasion a large number of the men of the Royal Navy and Marines joined in the pageant, bearing the captured French, Spanish, and Dutch flags. At Temple Bar their Majesties were received by the Lord Mayor, mounted on horseback, and carrying the sword of the City. The Sheriffs and the members of the Corporation were in attendance at the cathedral, where the King and Queen were met on their arrival by the Bishop of London and the Dean and Chapter, who conducted them to their thrones. Detachments of Foot Guards formed a double line from the west door to the dome. During the service the flags were placed with much ceremony upon the altar.—*Illustrated London News.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

REGIMENTAL SOUBRIQUETS.

LONDON, Ont., March 4, 1872.

To the Editor of the "ILLUSTRATED CANADIAN NEWS."

SIR,—In your issue of March 2nd I notice an interesting paragraph respecting the *soubriquets* of various regiments in Her Majesty's service: you have, however, omitted to mention one of the best-earned and most honourable titles in the whole army, in reference to which I remark as follows:

In describing the bloody battle of Albuera which was fought on 16th of May, 1811, Sir Wm. Napier says:

"Still the struggle continued with unabated fury. Colonel Inglis, twenty-two officers and more than four hundred men, out of 570, fell in the 57th alone."

Since that glorious though fatal day, sir, the 57th has been known throughout the British army as "The Die-hards," a title of which I trust they are still modestly proud.

The following anecdote which was told to the regiment at Kilkenny, some 20 years ago, by the late General Sir John Macdonald, himself a distinguished Peninsular officer, and, I believe, an Albuera man, may perhaps explain the exact cause of the honourable *soubriquet*; as near as I can remember he told us: The men were falling fast, when Colonel Inglis exclaimed,

"Close up, men! Close up! Close your ranks, and die hard!"

Nobly, splendidly was he obeyed by the regiment of that day, and that their successors have proved worthy of the name transmitted to them let "Sevastopol," "Inkerman" and "New Zealand" testify.

In conclusion I may observe that I believe the 28th Regiment is known as "The Slashers," and the 56th as "Pompadours," but the reasons I am unable to explain. I enclose my card, and remain, sir,

yours obediently,

An old "Die-hard."

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HANGED.

The number of persons who, having been hanged, have subsequently found themselves in a position to give an account of their sensations during the process, is exceedingly small, and their experiences should, when found, be made a note of. A correspondent of the *Gaulois*, moved by private affliction, once tried to hang himself, but after remaining suspended for some time he was fortunately cut down before life became extinct, and has committed to paper a full relation of his adventure. Having resolved to put an end to a life which was no longer endurable, he drove a nail into the wall of his chamber, attached a looped cord thereto, stood upon a chair, and placed his head in the loop. At this critical moment he confessed that he had some notion of taking his head off, and getting off the chair. But "l'amour propre vis-à-vis de lui-même" sustained him, and he very slowly kicked away the chair. The immediately consequent sensation was, he states, "very strange." From the soles of his feet to the crown of his head "a sort of general mixing up of the fluids of the body" ensued. Suddenly there flashed before his eyes a sparkling, dancing light of a colour, which he finds it difficult to describe, but in which blue and a sombre red predominated. Presently the flashing light concentrated at a single focus, and thence spread away into space in ripples such as are made in a pond when a stone is cast into it. At the same time a fearful weight pressed upon his head—a compression, as if his temples were tightly bound in a ring of iron. His hands and feet were full of pins and needles. Needles without number seemed to pass out of the ends of his fingers by a process of continual expulsion. Then came a terrible "snapping" at the nape of the neck; and along his spine there passed a wriggling (*fréttement*) which he "can compare only to a small serpent tearing a passage along the vertebrae." His last sensation was one of acute pain at the throat and shoulder-blades, and finally came a state of perfect unconsciousness, upon recovering from which he was not unnaturally surprised to find himself still in a world which he had been at such pains to quit.

There has just died in England, at the age of seventy-three or seventy-four, a gentleman who has for many years been known in certain literary circles as the Chevalier, or Count, John Sobieski Stuart. It is asserted by his friends that he was the eldest grandson of the "Young Pretender." The real Stuart descent of this gentleman was questioned and examined at considerable length in an article which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for June, 1847, and which was known to be written by Mr. John Wilson Croker, who held him to be not a Stuart, but a Hay-Allan.

Big brains (says the *N. Y. Mail*) seem to produce a great variety of results. Fisk's brain weighed fifty-eight ounces. Daniel Webster's weighed but fifty-three ounces and a half. Cuvier had sixty-four ounces and a half, while Professor Abercrombie possessed sixty-three. Ruloff, the murderer, who was executed at Binghampton last spring, had fifty-nine ounces of brain. This seems to indicate that a man with a great brain is likely to be something or other.

In the course of an address delivered to workmen, Mr Spurgeon commented on the excuses people made for not going to church. Some persons, said Mr. Spurgeon, complain that they cannot understand the sermons they hear. The reason was that the ministers would use big words. He (Mr. Spurgeon) always endeavoured to get rid of all the big words out of his sermons, and was as particular as their wives were to get the stones out of their plum-pudding. They would get in somehow, but the main thing was to preach as simply as possible. Long sermons, also, were a great evil. If a person preached a long sermon, it was because he had nothing to say. It might appear odd, but it was nevertheless a fact, that when people had nothing to say they took a long time about it; but when they had got something worth telling they out with it at once. Therefore, he repeated, when a man makes a long sermon, he sets out with a very little, and begins to spin, spin, spin. He was of the same opinion as Dr. Chalmers, who was once asked how long it took a man to make a sermon. "That," he replied, "depended upon how long you wanted it. If your sermon is to be half an hour long it will take you three days. If it is to be three-quarters of an hour, it may take you two days, or perhaps only one; but if you are to preach for a hour, why there is not much occasion to think a great deal about it. It may be done in an hour."

A Poughkeepsie dry-goods clerk, who last summer saved the cook of a canal boat from drowning, has received a letter from her father, stating that "as ye saved the gal, she's yourn." The clerk demurs.

An English gentleman asked the terms for a year of a suite of apartments. "How old are you?" was the answer of the *concerge*. "Sixty," was the reply; "but what has that to do with it?" "Everything," responded the *concerge*. "You can't have the rooms. My master objects to deaths on the premises." Candid and speculative.

The *Gospel Banner* beseeches its friends not to overwhelm it with obituaries of infants, and also instead of saying "the disorder which terminated the earthly career of the much lamented woman whose obituary I write, was that fatal, insidious, and treacherous disease which has carried so many thousands into premature and untimely graves," to say briefly, "she died with consumption."

Miss Farnham, the Inventor and Patentee of the Princess Louise Chart, is giving lessons at Madame G. de Fontenay's, 251 St. James Street, Montreal, from 10 to 12 a.m. and from 2 to 5 p.m.; at Albion Hotel from 7 to 9 p.m., for a few weeks only. Agents wanted in every City and Village in Canada. 5-10 a

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CANADA IN WINTER," KINGSTON.—The matters treated of have already been illustrated and described in the *C. I. News*, hence the publication of your communication would savour of a repetition, or at least would fail to tell our readers anything they do not already know.

W. J. A. M. D., Quebec.—Received too late for insertion this week, will appear in next issue.

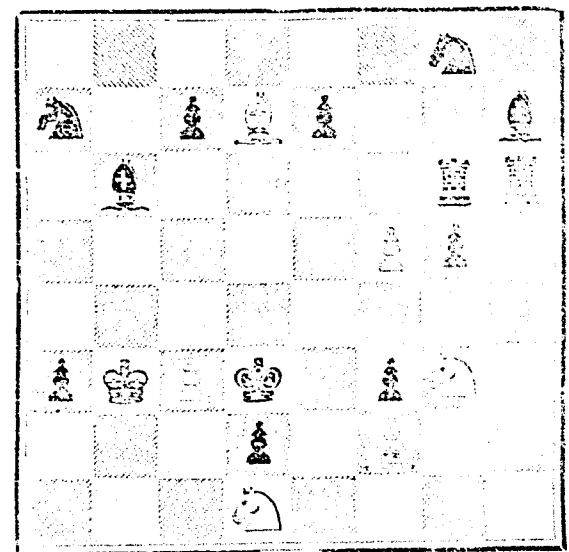
X.—In our next.

CHESS.

Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be acknowledged.

PROBLEM No. 42

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 41.

White.	Black.
1. Kt. takes P.	Any move
2. Q. to B. mate	

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 22.

White.	Black.
1. R. to R. 6th.	K. to Q. 5th
2. R. to K. 5th. ch.	K. takes B.
3. K. to R. 6th. mate.	

VARIATION.

White.	Black.
1. R. to Q. B. 6th. mate.	K. to Q. B. 4th.