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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKE: H. M'S. MAILS STOPPED FOR FOUR DAYS.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions:—$4.00 per annum in advance, $4.50 if not paid strictly in advance, $3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters in advance.

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NOTICE.

The index of the last volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS has been printed, and is now ready for delivery. Those who preserve and bind their copies, and we invite all our subscribers to do so, may have the index by sending us a post-card requesting it. It is chiefly in bound volumes that the permanent value of such a publication as ours becomes manifest. The amount of information on all topics, with the pictorial treasures, is then found to be far beyond expectation.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, January 20th, 1877.

STOPPING THE MAILS.

There are many aspects under which the late Railway Strike may be viewed, and the press has very properly given it full consideration. We need not go over the ground again, but shall confine ourselves to a single point. We refer to the stoppage of the mails. From the Friday night, when the movement began, until the following Tuesday afternoon, when traffic was partially resumed, the mail service to and from the West was completely interrupted. During all that time, there was no communication beyond Belleville, except by telegraph. This is the situation depicted in our front-page cartoon. The Postmaster-General vainly plies whip and spur. The traditional and legendary donkey sketches out both fore and hind feet, and refuses to stir an inch. Nothing can be done further, or rather, nothing is done, and the consequence is that the multitudinous and capacious mail bags are left standing in the middle of the highway.

As no good result can come of political diatribe, on the one hand, so there is no need of expending sophistry and parodox on the other. It is the simple truth that the situation was an anomaly. It is an elementary duty of every Government to protect the mails, and never allow individuals or corporations to interfere with them. Her Majesty's mails are particularly inviolable. They have the right of way always and everywhere. We have seen a mob, in this city, scatter spontaneously to allow a Post-Office van to pass through its ranks. We ourselves remember that, travelling on a stormy winter night, between Longueuil and Chambly, we had to throw ourselves into a snow-drift, at the sound of the postilion's horn. Nay, when that functionary buried his sleigh in a snow-bank, we were duly summoned to come forward, and assist him out of his trouble. The engineers of the Grand Trunk can stop work if they like. That is a purely personal matter. But they have no right to interrupt the public service and the passage of the mails by violence. If they resort to this violence, they at once put themselves outside of the law, and it is then the Government's clear duty to step forward immediately to quell the violence. It was perfectly ridiculous that, during the four memorable days, letters had to be sent from Montreal to Toronto, by way of Albany. It was equally ridiculous to hear that arrangements had been made to send the English mail by way of New York, instead of keeping the route open to Halifax. Statesmanship consists of prescience and opportunity of action, and the Government have learned a lesson which leads to the hope that the late abuses will not be repeated. The Grand Trunk is, in winter, what the St. Lawrence is, in summer, the main artery of the country's material life, and the Government are the appointed custodian of the inviolability of this great channel. The stoppage of the mails is like highway robbery, and it is a disgrace that it should be tolerated.

WEATHER PROPHECY.

We give to-day an amusing picture of the two rival prophets who have been engaging public attention throughout the country for many months back. Mr. VENNOR, a civil engineer and naturalist, has made several happy hits, and seems to have raised himself to the belief that he is really a prophet of the weather. He sends down little paragraphs to the papers which are oracular in their brevity and dogmatism, and has lately published an almanac full of wise saws and pleasing generalities. So long as Mr. VENNOR simply afforded amusement to the wits of the press and the clubs, we regarded him with sentiments of gratitude, but now that he takes his avocation *au sérieux*, it is time that he should be set up against his Caughnawaga rival, as we have done in the present issue. For our part, we deny that MR. VENNOR has ever made a forecast which others could not have made, or that any of his "prophecies" are based upon scientific data. The Caughnawaga Indian, on the contrary, has no pretension to weather knowledge, except that derived from the observation of natural phenomena—that is, phenomena of fauna and flora—and the consequence is that some reliance may be placed upon his reckonings. Meteorology is an infant science, and it will never do to force it beyond its present limits. The barometer can and does give indications twenty-four hours in advance, and the clouds are a pretty sure guide of proximate change in the atmosphere. But since the days of Admiral FITZROY, whose weather-rules have their value, down to the conscientious work of "Old Probabilities" for the past four years, there has not been classification and generalization enough to place meteorology among the exact sciences. The Indians and *voyageurs* have always shown wonderful perspicacity in their reading of the heavens and their remarks on the habits of birds and beasts, as connected with weather changes. Our cartoon represents the famous brave of Caughnawaga intent upon observation of the sky and landscape; and as between him and Mr. VENNOR, we leave our readers to choose, with this simple caution, that the trickery of science must always yield to the simplicity of common sense.

A CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

No honest man can deny that every one who pollutes the purity of the elective franchise by bribery or terrorism creates a heinous crime, and no honest citizen will deny that for the commission of such crimes, when duly and legally convicted, the perpetrator should receive condign punishment. Now it is an extraordinary fact that in the Dominion of Canada several elections to the Dominion Parliament have been set aside, and declared null and void on account of bribery, or terrorism, or undue influence practised by some persons, some of one and some of the other of the two great rival parties; and yet, with this flagrant fact glaring us in the face, we have yet to learn of a single prosecution by indictment against any of the offenders of either political party. Why is this? Who is to blame for this remissness? If the public prosecutors of either party have neglected the duty of bringing such offences to the notice of the Grand Juries, they are disgracefully culpable and should themselves be arraigned, and if not placed in the dock for their criminal neglect of duty, should be brought to the bar of public opinion by the public press. In considering the subject, we have been impressed with some views, in regard to the course prescribed by the law against candidates who have themselves been, in the opinion of the Judge who trys the election case, guilty of personal participation in the bribery, or illicit practices. We have heard the opinion which, we know, is concurred in by several leading members of the Bar of both political parties, that the clauses in the new Election Law, relating thereto, are utterly repugnant to the fundamental principles of the British Constitution and the vital doctrines of British liberty. By those principles and these doctrines, no British subject can be convicted and punished for a crime, except by the verdict of a Jury of his Peers, after trial upon an indictment found by a Grand Jury, or upon an information legally preferred by the Crown Prosecutor. True it is that statutes have been passed, authorizing the waiver of such privilege by the accused, and consenting to a summary trial by a magistrate. These cases, however, are mostly of petty and police offences, and in them, if the accused insists upon his right, he cannot be denied a trial by Jury. A trial by Jury, as has been emphatically said, is "the palladium of British liberty." Can it be supposed for one moment, that if a Canadian Parliament, or the British Parliament even, were to enact a law abolishing the trial by Jury, in cases of an accusation for murder, or burglary, or rape, or forgery, or any other heinous offence against the civil laws, and instead thereof, substitute the ancient French mode of trial by a Judge, it would be submitted to by British subjects, or sustained by the Courts? It is true that in times of public peril, when the Civil law is temporarily waived, and Martial or Military law put in force, in lieu of trial by Jury, Court Martials are resorted to, and their sentences enforced, even against the life of a criminal. But *inter arma silent leges*, and this shows the importance of adhering in times of peace to the practices and maxims of the Civil Law which the preservation of the liberty of the subject demands should be upheld. The tyranny of a single Judge is as odious to the law as the despotism of a military commander. Now the disqualification of a candidate, declared by a Judge, because in his opinion he had both been guilty of bribery or illicit practices, and the judgment disfranchising him and decreeing his ineligibility to be a candidate for Parliament or to hold office under the Crown, is as severe and degrading a punishment as it would be to send him to the penitentiary. It makes such candidate a pariah amongst his fellow men, a leper to be shunned and avoided. What is insisted upon is that no such sentence can be legally and constitutionally rendered by any Judge in Canada upon his mere naked opinion and *ipse dixit* of guilt, without the intervention of a Jury, and it is affirmed that the Act of Parliament allowing such a course, however recent English precedents may excuse it, is utterly subversive of the rights of British subjects and hostile to the principles of British freedom. We shall be astonished if no one whose personal rights are thus infringed upon does not raise the question and have the error in the law rectified.

IN Louisiana the Democrats are decidedly gaining ground. Senators Demas (colored), Wheeler and Hamlet, with Pinchback, entered the Democratic Senate and were greeted with cheers. After a short executive session, the two former were admitted to seats and sworn in. Hamlet was granted permission to make a personal explanation, which he did. Not being elected, as the Democrats claimed, he explained that he had withdrawn from the Republican Senate and would not serve with it—after which Pinchback was granted permission to make a personal explanation. He said the action of himself and these Senators was only decided upon after mature deliberation, and they intended to stand the hazard of the die; they had come there as Republicans, because they believed the interests of the State to be above party.

THE result of the general elections in Germany shows a dangerous revulsion of popular feeling in favour of the Socialist-Democrats, some of whom achieved astonishing victories at the polls. The doctrines of this party are of an extreme type, and include the theories of redistribution of property and social equality. Even the army, which was supposed to be kept thoroughly in hand, is tainted with socialism.

IN England they are getting nearer to the root of that dreadful disease, drunkenness. At a recent temperance meeting in his diocese, the Bishop of Ely said that he attributed drunkenness in poor men not to a desire for liquor, but to the comfort of the public house and the discomfort of their homes. How very, very true!

THE Russian papers are commenting in extremely hostile language on the proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India, and one of their number states that the Ameer of Afghanistan is arming against England.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ANCIENT MOUND BUILDERS' FORT.—We give this week an illustration of an ancient Fort in the western part of the County of Elgin. This Fort was first discovered by white men upwards of fifty years ago, and, even at that time, gave evidence of having been hundreds of years old. This singular earth-work is situated in the midst of a dense piece of woods, and unmistakable signs show that it was built by a people far in advance of the Indians, as we have known them. From north to south the enclosure measures 300 feet, and from east to west 280 feet, and the double embankments encircling it measure 30 feet across. On the west side there are traces of a stream of water which flowed towards the north, and without, the Fort was made still stronger by flowing water between the embankments. Oak, hickory, elm and beech trees from two to three and a half feet in diameter are growing on the embankments, and a careful examination shows that the earth was not thrown up around the trees, but that the trees commenced to grow after the embankments were made, which proves the Fort was made long before white men had made their appearance on this continent. Trees of several entrances to the Fort can be seen. The embankments are at the present time from four to five feet in height.

THE MEMBERS OF THE EASTERN CONFERENCE.—On this group of statesmen hangs the peace of Europe at the present time. The biographies of most of them have already appeared in our columns. It will be noticed that while Russia, Austria, Italy and Germany are represented only by their ambassadors at Constantinople, England and France have Special Commissioners. The total number of the Board is nine, presided over by Savfet Pacha, a shrewd diplomatist.

THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKE.—For particulars see article in the editorial columns.

PRE-HISTORIC CANADA.—There is a separate article on this subject to which we beg to call special attention.

THE RIVAL WEATHER PROPHETS.—Our readers are referred to the editorial article giving our views on this curious subject.

THE RAILWAY HORROR AT ASHTABULA.—Our illustration represents the wreck of the engines and cars, as seen in the chasm before the work of removal began. Over two hundred persons perished during that terrible night; the particulars of which were in all the papers.

PORT STANLEY.—Port Stanley is a pleasant little village of several hundred inhabitants situated at the southern terminus of the London and Port Stanley Railway, in the County of Elgin, on the shores of Lake Erie. During the summer months, hardly a day passes that a pic-nic does not visit Port Stanley, some of which number several thousand people. The village is surrounded by hills, and the most beautiful pleasure grounds overlooking the lake have been made. There, the thousands who annually visit "Canada's Saratoga," as Port Stanley is often called, pass a pleasant day in the groves or sailing on the lake.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.—The weird poem of Samuel Coleridge has been brought into fresh prominence by the illustrations which Gustave Doré has added to the text, making a volume of the rarest interest. The subject-matter of the poem is particularly suited to the genius of the great French artist. The illustration given to-day is intended to furnish our readers with an idea of the work. The particular lines which are interpreted by the wonderful pencil are given under the picture.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.—This is a diagram of that portion of the historic battle-field owned by Abraham Martin, and it is published in connection with the paper by Mr. LeMoine, our well-known historian and antiquary; one-half of which is printed in this issue. Next week, with the second half, we will publish views of the monument of Wolfe on the Plains, and of the Wolfe-Montcalm Monument in the Governor's Garden, Quebec.

ROUMANIAN TYPES AND UNIFORMS.—This picture derives particular interest at present from the fact that Roumania is stepping to the front, and complicating matters in the East by demanding a recognition of her independence from Turkey. The Roumanians are a sturdy race, and their sympathies with Russia are an element of great national strength.

THE FREE LANCE.

The City Council complain that they are too well reported. There is one remedy. Let them do as the Ottawa Council has done—give each reporter twenty-five dollars and he will stay away.

Joseph Cupit, of Michigan, has lost his wife who ran away with another man. Served him right. He should have followed the example of his mythological namesake, who was too wise ever to get married.

The Ottawa reporters have disgraced our profession, putting us on a level with politicians. They have received a bribe from the Corporation.

Why is the Montreal HERALD Muscovite in its Eastern policy?

Because it has a Russ on its staff.

Let bold contractors blow,
But the whole world wants to know
Who was the go-
Between
In Section 15.

The Tories are cunning rogues. They are trying to get up the cry of a New Pacific Scandal to obliterate the memory of the old one.

It is easier to go out of the Cabinet than to get into it.

The Kingston *Whig* says:—"That insanity is on the increase is evident from His Honor the Lieutenant Governor's speech at the opening of the session." Ambiguous.

On thee I loudly call,
I beg thee tell us all
About this wretched fall,
My Howley.

Thou will not choose, I ween,
To hide behind the screen
Of Sec-ti-on 15,
My Howley.

Thou hast a name to lose,
And will not dare refuse
To show the world this ruse,
My Howley.

Hence do not be afraid,
But enter on the raid,
And make the "gulléd jade
Wince," My Howley.

This startling despatch, from Ottawa, appeared the other day in a contemporary:—Three Christian Brothers, named Nethelm, Maximus and Maxanicus, while endeavoring to tie a mad cow in her stall, were seized with a fit and rushed wildly round the yard after the pupils. They were captured before doing any damage, and placed in a room, after which medical assistance was called in. They have been roaring like madmen for several hours, and are not expected to recover. It is a pity to spoil this story; but justice to the cow requires me to say that it was she did all the chasing, while the poor Brothers got sick unto death from poisonous gas breathed in the brute's stall.

LACLEDE.

"NELLY."

We had known her so long, so well, she was so sweet a child that she was endeared to us by ties of the warmest affection.

No child in the village was so bright or gay as she, ever dancing out and smiling and happy, her great blue eyes beaming like *moonbeams*, and her golden hair waving about in every gentle breeze that blew. Never cross, never impatient, always gentle, obliging, kind—little Nellie shall we ever forget you? Her mother doated upon her, worshipped her almost to idolatry. Poor woman! she was notto blame, it was her only child and her only happiness. Her husband, once a fine young fellow, had taken suddenly to the society of loose and dissipated companions, and was at the time we write a gambler, a drunkard and an old man prematurely, with shaking limbs and bloodshot, vacant eyes. Oh! how often had the loving wife knelt at her baby's cradle far into the night sending up warm, fervent prayers for him who was straying so far from the paths of peace. How many nights she had lain awake through the long, long hours watching for his well-known footstep all in vain. How many bitter, bitter tears she had shed for him. Ay, how many! Often returning weary and fretful from his midnight revels he would abuse her sadly—her and "Nelly" both. Sadly would the poor wife weep, but Nelly was ever ready to console her, and the mother knew that, though all around seemed dark and dreary, she had still one star to look up to, one star that was always bright and shining, and that was Nelly.

Early one morning, after a night of unusual excess, the father staggered home—mad with rage at himself, at all mankind, for he had lost his all and was standing on the verge of the precipice of ruin.

Gladly did his poor young wife welcome him home. Not a word of rebuke passed her lips as she advanced lovingly to meet him, but he pushed her rudely aside and throwing himself heavily on a chair, demanded why no meal was ready for him. She told him—bitter story—that there was not a morsel of food to eat, that she and Nelly had gone supperless to bed. He in turn abused her, yes, and cursed her. Hearing her poor mother abused, Nelly at once ran forward to plead and pacify her father. But he—was the man mad, or had some fiend entire possession of him?—he snatching up a fire log from the floor, struck her as she stood there, and the mother half-stupefied herself at what she hardly thought she saw, saw her golden-haired, bright-eyed darling senseless and bleeding on the floor.

A few days later there was sorrow in the house. In pain, poor thing, had little Nelly lain, her soft skin dry and hot with fever, and her little mouth parched with an unquenchable thirst. In pain truly, but still patient and gentle—still the same sweet "Nelly," and now they knew she was going to die.

Close by the bed was the dear mother who had loved her so fondly, so well, beside herself with sorrow, and weeping for her she was so soon to lose, and on the bed, shaking, quivering with emotion, with great tears rolling down his cheeks on to the loved one's head who nestled in his arms, was her murderer, her father! Sweet was the smile with which she left the world. Bright angels were beckoning her to a fair land, sweet music was wafted gently to her ears. Why should she be sorry to go? "Good-bye" was all she said. "Good-bye," and then they laid her down with bursting hearts pale and cold, and dead.

The winter snow was deep upon the ground, and the soft moon peeping through the latticed windows all that night, shone down upon the form of darling Nelly making her look more bright than ever in death, and strangely weird.

It is summer now, the daisies are appearing, and the grass grows green over little Nelly's grave.

Often in the dusky twilight may be seen a man and woman sitting by that little mound. She weeps still at the thought of her which can never die from her memory. And he, as he stands by her side, makes strong new resolutions that yet may make them happy.

God grant him strength to keep them, that so he may meet again, on a happier shore than this, her whom he once loved so dearly, who is "not lost but gone before."

Toronto. A. D. STEWART.

VARIETIES.

DISRAELI FIFTY YEARS AGO.—Here is a picture of him, drawn by a chance visitor at the Countess of Blessington's. "D'Isaeli," as the name was spelt in those days, "had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gilt of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, a conspicuous object. D'Israeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale, and, but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs, would seem to be a victim to consumption. His eye is black as Erebus, and has the most mocking, lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a perfectly successful cataract of expresion, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy a Mephistopheless. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick heavy mass of jet-black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to a collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously 'with thy incomparable oil, Macassar!'"

A NEW REMEDY FOR THE BALD.—Peis us afflicted with baldness will be glad to hear that a luxriant growth of hair may be produced by a very simple process, described by Consul Stevens in his commercial report on Nicolaef for the past year, which has just been issued. In the summer of 1875 Consul Steven's attention was drawn to several cases of baldness among bullocks, cows and oxen, and the loss of manes and tails among horses. A former servant of the Consul's permaturely bald, whose duty it was to trim lamps, had a habit of wiping his pretroleum-besmeared hands in the scanty locks which remained to him; and after three months of lamp-trimming experience, his dirty habit procured for him a much finer head of glossy hair than he ever possessed in his recollection. Struck by the remarkable occurrence, Consul Stevens tried the remedy on two retriever spaniels that had become suddenly bald, with wonderful success. His experience, therefore, induced him to suggest it to the owner of several black cattle and horses affected as above stated, and, while it stayed the spread of the disease among animals in the same sheds and rtables, it effected a quick and radical cure on the animal attacked. The petroleum should be of the most refined American qualities, rubbed in vigorously and quickly with the palm of the hand, and applied at intervals of three days six or seven times in all.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON'S COURAGE.—Absorbtion of mind in battle or in other circumstances of danger prevents the entrance of fear. The first Napoleon, it is said, was so attentive to the direction of his battles that his mind had no place in it for apprenhension about himself. A writer in Blackwood says of him:—

"Constantly we read of him standing in situations woere his staff and others were being destroyed close to him, and where shot and shell were falling profusely about; while he, surveying and contemplating the fortunes of the field, was absolutely insensible to what was passing at his elbow. At Hanau, while he was giving some directions, a shell fell quite close to him. He paid no attention to it, and no one dared to interrupt his speech; but those about him hardly breathed while they awaited the explosion. The missile penetrated so far into the ground that its bursting was harmless. Napoleon does not seem to have been aware that there ever had been any danger."

At the passage of the Elbe, when a ball struck some wood close to him, and sent a splinter on to his neck, he so far recognised the danger as to say, "If it had struck me on the breast, all had been over." When he was suddenly recalled to Dresden by the unexpected attack of the Allies, their fire was very hot over a space which he had to pass, and he crawled along there on his hands and knees, but never thought of waiting, or seeking another path.

"MARVELLOUS SWEET MUSIC!"—A story from Bayreuth shows to what extent some of Herr Wagner's disciples appreciate his compositions. A popular writer of English songs was going through the pianoforte score during his stay in Bayreuth, when a little group of devotees happened to call, and begged him to continue the exquisite strains of the *Götz-dämmerung*. This he did amidst a chorus of rapturous exclamations, until the music became so complicated that, skilful pianist as he was, he found himself on the wrong tack, and ran off into a sort of burlesque imitation of the master. Instead of the expected chorus of remonstrance from the devotees at the profanation of the wonderful music, to the astonishment of the player the ejaculations of delight were redoubled. He crashed away handfuls of abominable chords in the bass, and the disciples called upon each other to admire the harmony and grandeur of the theme. He rushed up and down the key-board in vague chromatic scales, interspersed with usual thumps on any notes upon which his aimless fingers chanced to strike, and in hushed tones his hearers bade each other to remark with what wondrous subtlety the leading motives were suggested and introduced. He played vague discords in ever-changing keys on all parts of the piano, and with upturned eyes the disciples pointed out with what grace and power the subject was brought before them—they could learn every detail of the story without a word of explanation, so eloquent was the music when heard only upon a piano; and they could but wonder how, after playing such heavenly music with so much skill, the pianist could still hint that Herr Wagner had ever been approached by mortal musician, and could even smile as he talked about the master's sublime genius.

CHAM, THE FRENCH CARICATURIST.—The greatest caricaturist in France is the Comte Amadeé de Noé, better known as Cham. He was born in 1819, and of most astocratic lineage, for his father, the Comte de Noé, was a peer of France. His mother was however English; and young Amadeé, having been brought up entirely by her acquired a British accent, which he retains to this day. Very tall, thin, and upright, scrupulously correct and English in his attire, of manner externally cold and polished, he throughly realizes the Parisian idea of the Londoner; the more so as, like the sailor in Gilbert's ballad, he never laughs and he never smiles, though he is one of the most practical jokers in existence. On one occasion, going into a restaurant, where he was unknown, he settled into a corner seat which happened to be generally reserved for a stockbroker who dined in the house every evening. The waiter said nothing; but the stockbroker coming in felt wroth at the usurpation, and was about to complain of it, when recognised the familiar features of the caricaturist. He thought he would have a joke at the expense of Cham, and calling the landlord aside, asked him if he knew that tall, thin, most solemn stranger. No; the landlord had not seen him before. "Ah—well, then, I advise you to order him out as quickly a possible, or else he will scare away all your other customers," whispered the stockbroker. "It is Heidenrich, the executioner." The landlord gave a jump, but without an instant's loss of time walked up to Cham and begged him to depart, adding that he would not ask him to pay for what he had eaten, and would, indeed, not consent to touch his money at any price. Cham's features betrayed not the slightest surprise at this communication. "May I ask who revealed to you that I am the headsman?" he said, in his gravest tones. "Is it that gentleman yonder?" "Ah, quite so," answered Cham imperturbably; "he ought to know me, for I flogged and branded him at Toulin not two years ago." It is alleged that the stockbroker recorded a vow never to play tricks on Cham again, and similar resolutions are generally made by those who measure with the nimble caricaturist.

ROUND THE WORLD.

DIAZ is everywhere successful, and Iglesias' troops are deserting to his standard.

THE area of the famine-stricken district in India is reported to be larger than that affected by the Bengal famine in 1874.

SEVERAL changes are announced to take place in the Spanish Ministry.

THE Government of Samoa is preparing to negotiate a treaty with the United States.

THE Budget of 1878 has been brought down to the French Chamber of Deputies. The Finance Minister estimates the surplus for the year at six million francs.

LITERARY.

THE *Gentleman's Magazine* is now entering upon its 147th year of continuous publication.

DR. T. W. PARSONS, the poet and translator of Dante, is one of the few literary men who is not forced to write constantly for bread and butter. He inherited a handsome fortune from his father, who was a dentist.

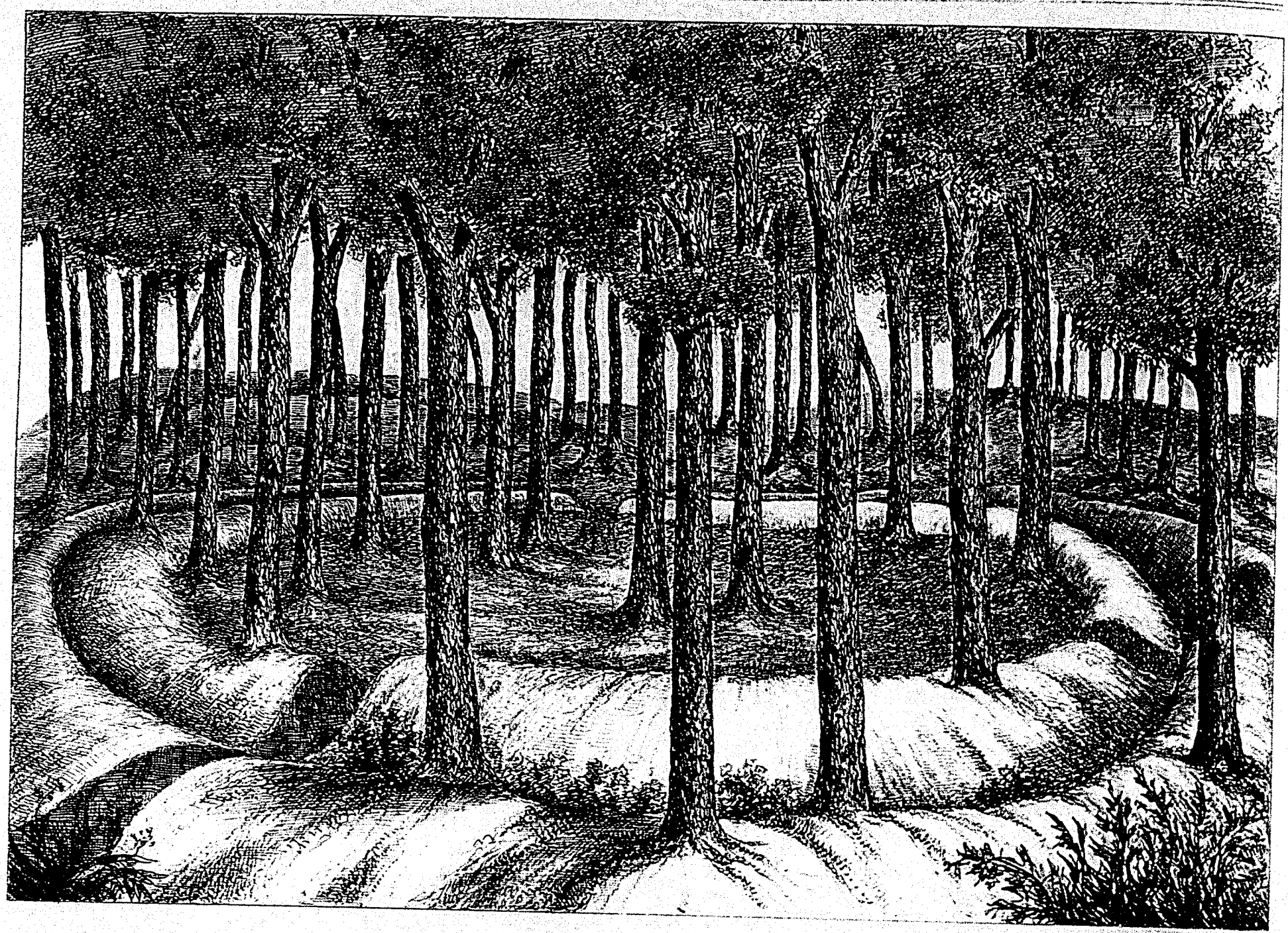
GEORGE DAWSON collected over four hundred editions of Sakespeare's works for the Birmingham Public Library. The Birmingham Shakespeare Club, of which he was founder and president, is having his biography prepared.

THE February "Galaxy" will be an unusually bright number. In this number will be commenced a new serial story by Justin McCarthy, called "Miss Misanthrope." It will run through the year. Henry James, Jr., will contribute an article called "The Letters of Honoré de Balzac." Walter Burlingame writes on the "Murder of Margary." Secretary Welles's articles on the "Lincoln Administration" will be continued. "Applied Sciences" will be treated of by Chas. Barnard. Poems by Bret Harte, W. Winter, and Mary Ainge De Vere will be found in this number.

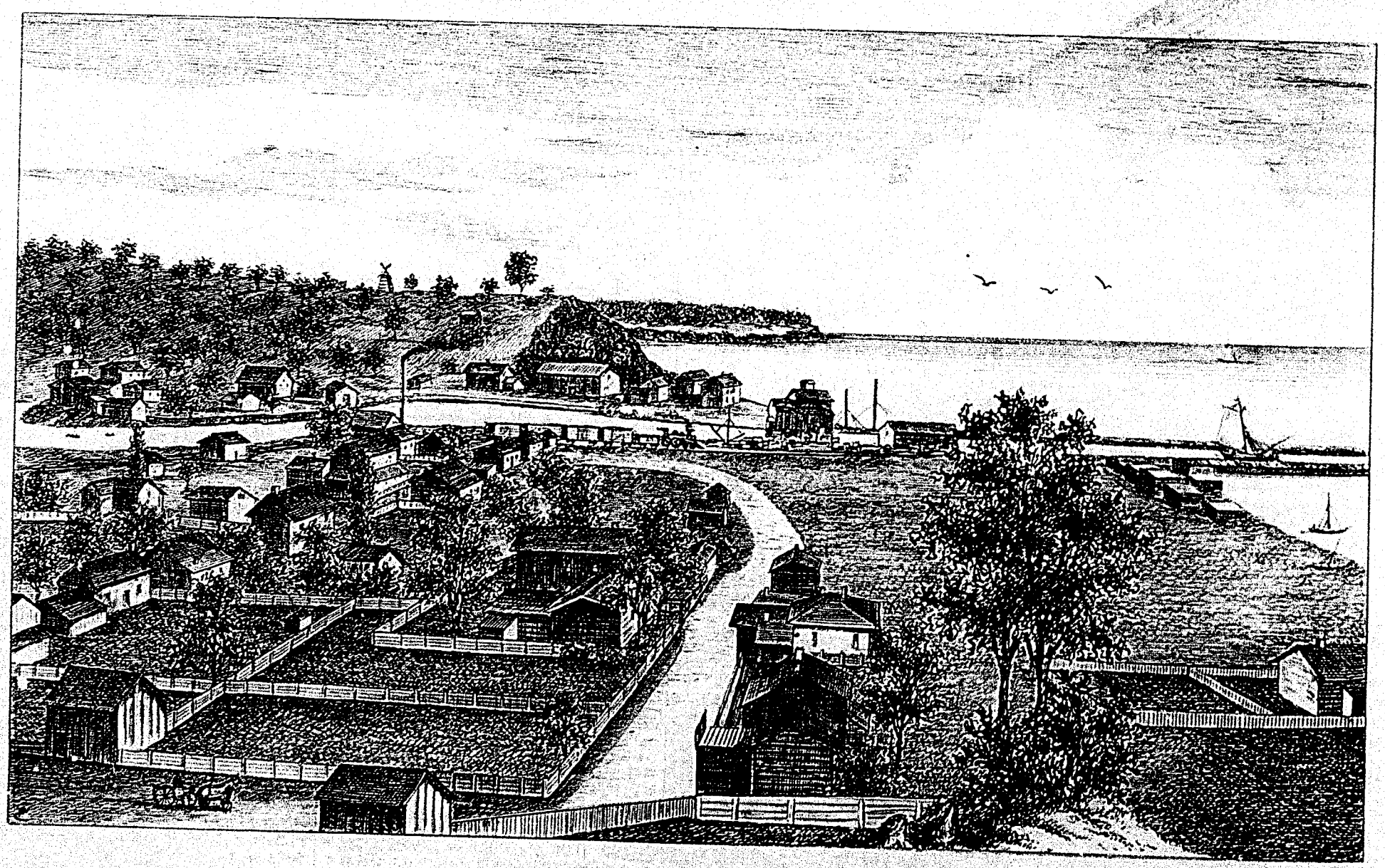
MR. SIDNEY LANIER, the new poet, who has been first flute in Asgar Hawerik's orchestra in Baltimore for the past three years, has been ordered by his physicians to leave his post and go South for the good of his health. Mr. Lanier has the erect and graceful person and the quiet manner of a gentleman, and he is a man of much general culture. He is tall and slender, somewhat pale, has eyes of a fine gray, and a black beard. The gods have made him poetical, both in temperament and in face, this being of a sensitive and thoughtful character. He is as accomplished in music as in the literary art.

A TRAVELLER from Boston writes to the *Advertiser* of that city an account of a visit to the Khedive's poet, on the Nile. The poet, who holds an official appointment, is old, dignified, and courteous, and has a young and pretty wife. A lunch was served with European utensils, and the partakers sat on chairs at a table; but the viands were Egyptian. "First," says the writer, "a large dish of spiced, minced bread was placed on the crowded waiter. When we had helped ourselves to this dish, it was quickly removed to make room for the next, the departing courses being set upon the floor. Second dish was mutton and cooked olives. Third, leaves of the grape rolled up and filled with highly-flavored rice and meat, and delicious buttermilk poured over it as a sauce. Fourth, joints of meat with fried potatoes. Fifth, rice served with cream boiled to a paste, oranges so fresh that their rinds seemed bursting with juice, and coffee completed the repast. The latter is always served in thimble-like cups, very strong, and made with finely-ground coffee. The people seldom use sugar, and never milk; a little cardamom seed is often used."

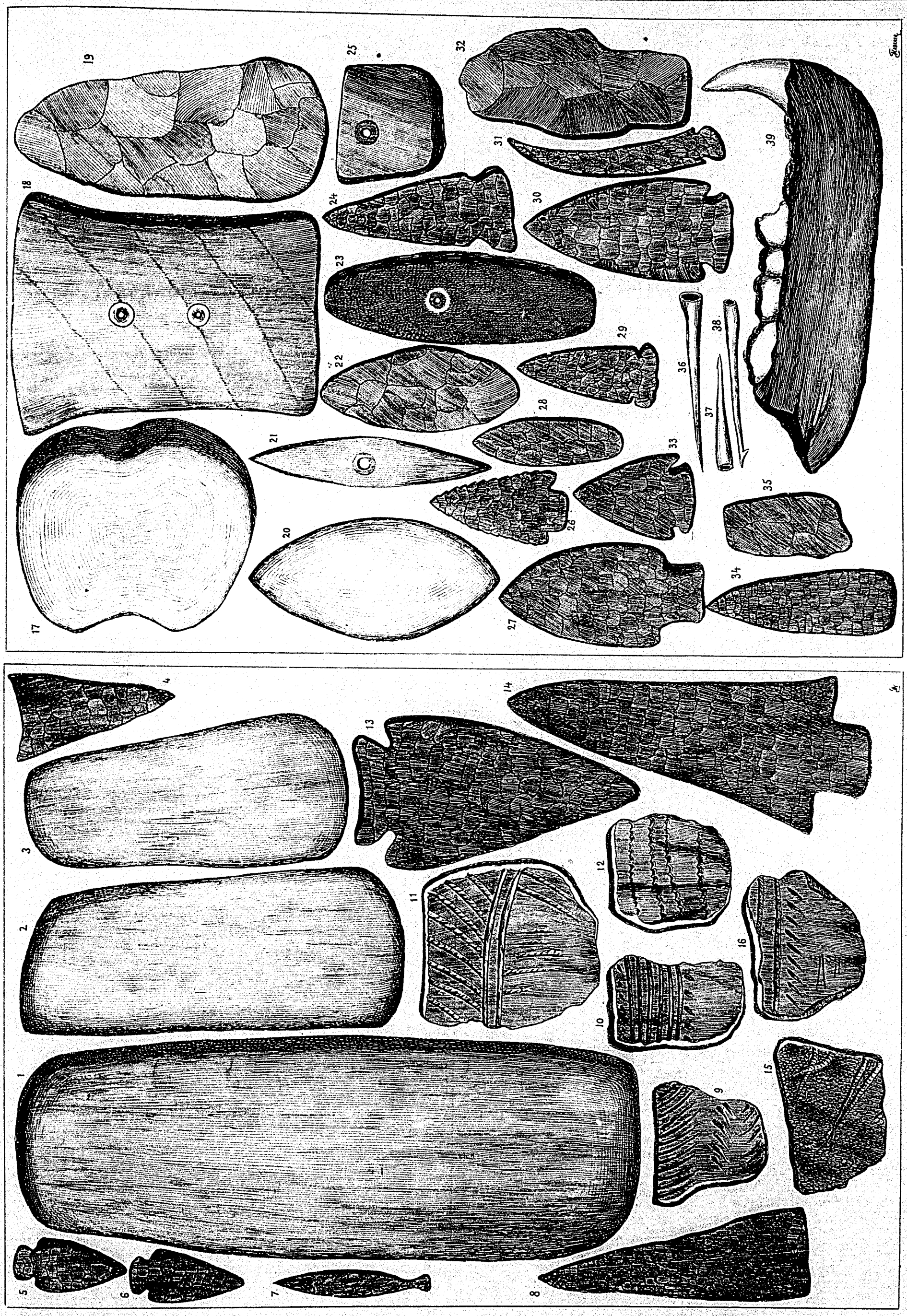
HAVE YOU A SICK CHILD?—Does your little one become paler and more emaciated every day? Has it a bad breath? Does it start and grind its teeth during sleep? If so the cause is WORMS, and the child will never be well till they are removed; but be careful, do not administer the dangerous vermifuges and worm compounds in ordinary use, they will produce worse than the worms. Use that safe and delicious remedy "DEVIN'S VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES;" they are certain beyond any doubt to remove every kind of worm. Take no other offered you.



ANCIENT MOUND BUILDERS' FORT, IN THE COUNTY OF ELGIN, ONT.



PORT STANLEY, ONT.



PRE-HISTORIC CANADA: SPECIMENS OF RELICS FOUND IN ANCIENT MOUNDS.

THE BRIDGE OF LIFE.

The Bridge of Life looms o'er a murky stream,
That glides along in silence and in gloom,
And bears adown to never-ending doom
All mortals, void of virtue's vivid gleam,
Who headlong sink beneath its turbid waves.
The tott'ring arches, bending 'neath the throng
That push and press their frantic way along,
Shake off the clust'ring crowds into their graves.
When o'er them sweeps the breath of Mighty God
As blows the blast upon the laden limb,
And hurls the rich fruit from the branches slim
To rot and die upon the mouldy sod.
But though the souls dive downward in the dark,
When rudely shaken from the Bridge, below
The watching Angels moving to and fro,—
And each one steering here and there his barque
Celestial with a never-ceasing care,—
Receive on board with joy each sinking one,
Who bears the saving seal set by the Son
Upon his brow in impress rich and rare.
Away at rapid rate they onward glide,
Above the waves, beneath the arches grim,
Until at last they hear the holy hymn
In Heavenly accents ring on ev'ry side—
The welcome home. And then before the feet
Of Him, who ruleth all, each save soul
Is set, while joyous anthems rise and roll
Through Heaven's high mansions from the Mercy seat.

C. E. JAKEWAY

Stayner, Ont.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

BY J. M. LEMOINE.

"Among modern battle-fields," says Col. (now Lt. General) Beatson, "none surpass in romantic interest the Plains or Heights of Abraham." No Quebecer would have the hardihood to challenge the assertion of this able engineer officer, stationed here from 1849 to 1854, and who spared neither time nor pains, with the assistance of our historians and antiquarians, Ferland, Fairbault and McGuire, to collect authentic information on this subject. Col. Beatson compiled a volume of historical notes, which he published in 1858, when stationed at Gibraltar.*

At the present time, when the Plains are in process of transformation into an ornate Park, it may not be out of place to submit a succinct history of these renowned Heights.

The Plains of Abraham will ever be famous, as having witnessed, more than one century back, the deadly encounter of the then two leading nations of Europe—England and France—to decide the fate of Canada—one might say (by the series of events it led to) the destinies of North America

Of this mighty duel, which crimsoned with human gore these green fields one murky September morning, in 1759—Smollett, Carlyle, Bancroft, Hawkin, Smith, Garneau, Ferland, Mills and other historians have vied with one another to furnish a graphic account. Of the origin of the name none until very lately could tell.

"Notwithstanding," adds Col. Beatson, "the world-wide celebrity of these Plains, it was not until very recently that the derivation of their name was discovered; and as it is still comparatively unknown, even in Canada, the following explanation of its origin will doubtless possess attractions for such as are fond of tracing to their sources the names of celebrated localities, and who may be surprised to learn that upwards of a century previous to the final conquest of Canada by the British arms, the scene of the decisive struggle for national supremacy in the northern division of the New World had derived its name from one who, if not a Scotchman by birth, would seem to have been of Scottish lineage. This apparently improbable fact will, however, appear less extraordinary when it is known that he was a sea-faring man; and when it is considered how close was the alliance and how frequent the intercourse which, for centuries before that period, had subsisted between France and Scotland.

"This individual, whose name was ABRAHAM MARTIN, is described in a small legal document, dated 15th August, 1646, and preserved among the archives of the Bishop's Palace, at Quebec, as (the King's) *Pilot of the St. Lawrence*; an appointment which probably conferred on its possessor considerable official rank; for we find that Jacques Quartier, or Cartier, the enterprising discoverer and explorer of the St. Lawrence, when about to proceed, in 1540, on his third voyage to Canada, was appointed by Francis I. *Captain General and Master Pilot* of the expedition which consisted of four vessels.

"That MARTIN was a person of considerable importance in the then infant colony of NEW FRANCE may also be inferred from the fact that, in the journal of the Jesuits and in the parish register of Quebec, he is usually designated by his Christian name only, *Maître* ABRAHAM; as well as from the circumstance of Champlain, the distinguished founder of Quebec and Father of NEW FRANCE, having been godfather to one of ABRAHAM'S daughters (Hélène) and of *Charles de St. Etienne, Sieur de la Tour*, of Acadian celebrity, having stood in the same relation to MARTIN'S youngest son, Charles Amador.

"The earliest mention of MARTIN'S name occurs in the first entry in the parish register of Quebec, viz., on the 24th October, 1621; when his son Eustache, who died shortly afterwards, was baptized by Father Denis, a Franciscan Friar. The second baptism therein recorded is that of his daugther Marguerite, which took place in 1624; and it is stated in the register that these children were born of the legitimate marriage of ABRAHAM MARTIN, surnamed or usually known as *the Scot* ("*dict l'Ecossois.*") Their family was numerous; besides Anne and other children born previously to the opening of the register in 1621, the baptism of the following are therein recorded:—

Eustache,	born in	1621.
Marguerite,		1624.
Marie,		1627.
Adrien,		1635.
Madeleine,		1640.
Barbe (Barbara),		1643.
Charles Amador,		1648,

who was the second Canadian raised to the priesthood, and became a canon at the erection of the Chapter of Quebec." As the reader will observe there is nothing to connect the Plains with that of the patriarch of *Genesis*. Nay, though our Scotch friend owned a family patriarchial in extent, on referring to the *Jesuits' Journal* we find, we regret to say, at page —— an entry, according to which the "Ancient Mariner" seems to have been very summarily dealt with: in fact committed to prison for a delinquency involving the grossest immorality. The appellation of *Plains of Abraham* was formerly given by our historians to that extensive plateau stretching from the city walls to the Sillery Wood, bounded to the north by the heights of land overhanging the valley of the St. Charles, and to the south by the *coin du cap* overlooking the St. Lawrence, whose many indentures form coves or timber berths, for storing square timber, &c., studded with deep water wharves.

The hill in St. John suburbs or ascent leading up from the valley of the St. Charles, where St. Roch has since been built, to the table-land above, was from time immemorial known as CÔTE D'ABRAHAM, Abraham's Hill. Why did it bear that name?

On referring to the Parish Register of Quebec, from 1621 to 1700, one individual only seems to have borne the name of Abraham, and that person is Abraham Martin, to whom under the appellation of *Maître* Abraham, repeated reference is made both in the Register and the Jesuits' Journal.

Abraham Martin, according to the documents quoted by Col. Beatson, owned in two separate lots—one of twenty and the other of twelve *arpents*—thirty-two *arpents* of land, covering, as appears by the subjoined Plan or Diagram copied from his work, a great portion of the site on which St. John and St. Louis Suburbs have since been erected. Abraham's property occupied, it would seem, a portion of the area—the northern section—which, for a long period, also went under the name of Abraham's Plains. It adjoined other land the Ursuline Ladies then owned, on *Côteau St. Louis*, closer to the city, when in 1667 (2) it was purchased by them; at that time, the whole tract, according to Col. Beatson, went under the general name of Plains of Abraham. Such appear to be the results of recent researches on this once very obscure question.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

Two highways, lined with country seats, forest trees or cornfields run parallel, at a distance varying from one to half a mile, leading into Quebec: the *Grande Allée*, or St. Louis and the Ste. Foye Road. They intersect from east to west the expanse nine miles in length from *Cap Rouge* to the city. These well-known chief arteries of travel were solidly macadamized in 1841. At the western point, looms out the oak and pine clad cliffs of a lofty cape—*Cap Rouge* or *Redclyffe*. Here wintered, in 1541-2, the discoverer of Canada, Cartier and his followers; here, in 1543-4, his celebrated follower, Roberval, seems also to have sojourned during the dreary months of winter.

A small stream, at the foot of the cape, meanders in a north-westerly direction through St. Augustin and neighbouring parishes, forming a deep valley all round the cape. The conformation of the land has led geologist sto infer that, at some remote period, the plateau, extending to Quebec, must have been surrounded on all sides by water. The *Cap Rouge* stream and St. Charles bring the outlets on the west, north and east. This area increases in altitude until it reaches the lofty summit of Cape Diamond, its eastern boundary. Nature itself seemed to have placed these rugged heights as an insurmountable barrier to invasion from the St. Lawrence. With the walls, bastions, and heavy city guns; with artillery in position on the *Cap Rouge* promontory; cavalry patrolling the Sillery heights; a numerous army on the only accessible portion of the coast—Beauport, Quebec, if succored in time, was tolerably safe; so thought some of the French Engineers, though not Montcalm.

"The two engagements," says Chauveau, "that of the 15th September, 1759, and that of the 28th April, 1760, occupied nearly all the plateau hereinbefore described. The first, however, it would seem, was fought chiefly on the St. Louis road, whilst the second took place on the Ste. Foye road. Each locality has its monument; one erected in honor of Wolfe, on the identical spot where he fell; the other in 1855, to commemorate the glorious fate of the combattants of 1760, where the carnage was the thickest, viz: on the site where stood Dumont's Mill (a few yards to the east of the dwelling of J. W. Dunscomb, Esq.)

"The victory of 1759 was a fitting reward of Wolfe's valor, punished the infamies of the Bigot *regime* and withdrew Canada from the focus of the terrible chastisement which awaited France soon after—in the Reign of Terror—for her impiety and immorality. The victory of April, 1760, was a comforting incident—a species of compensation to a handful of brave and faithful colonists, for the crushing disaster which had befallen their cause, the preceding September. It was the crowning—though bootless victory—to the recent brilliant, but useless success of French arms at Carillon, Monongahela, Fort George, Ticonderoga, Beauport Flats. It was, moreover, the last title, added to numerous others, to the esteem and respect of their conquerors."

Of the second battle of the Plains, that of 28th April, 1760, called by some writers "The Battle of Ste. Foye," by others "The Battle of Sillery Wood;" so bloody in its results, so protracted in its duration, we have in *Garneau's History* the first complete account, the historian Smith having glossed over with striking levity this "French Victory." The loss of the two rival Generals, at the Battle of the Plains, of September, 1759, though an unusual incident in warfare, was not without precedent. Generals Braddock and De Beaujeu, in 1755, had both sealed on the battle field their devotion to their country, with their blood on the shores of the Monongahela, in Ohio; in this case as in that of Wolfe and Montcalm, he whose arms were to prevail, falling first.

In 1759, everything conspired to transform this conflict into an important historical event. Even after the lapse of a century, one sometimes is fain to believe, it sums up all which Europe recollects of primitive Canada. The fall of Quebec did not merely bring to a close the fierce rivalry of France and England in America. It lent an immense prestige to Great Britain, by consolidating her maritime supremacy over France—a supremacy she then so highly prized. The event, after the discouraging news which had prevailed, was heralded all over England by the ringing of bells, and public thanksgiving. Bonfires blazed through the length and breadth of the land; it was a national victory, which King, Peers and Commons could not sufficiently extol, and still what has been the ultimate result? By removing the French power from Canada—the only counterpoise to keep down the restless and thriving New England colonies, New England, from being strong, got to be defiant. The surrender of Canada hastened the American Revolution. The rule of Britain soon ceased to exist in the New England Provinces; and later on, in 1810, by the abrogation of the right of search on the high seas, her maritime supremacy became a dead letter. As Mr. Chauveau has remarked, "if the independence of America meant the lessening of British prestige, it remains yet to be proved that France has benefitted thereby."

How much of these momentous changes can be traced to the incidents (perhaps the treason of Bigot)(3), which made the scale of victory incline to British valor on the 13th September, 1759!

Those desirous of obtaining a full account of the two Battles of the Plains are referred, amongst other works, to "Quebec Past and Present." I shall merely borrow from Col. Beatson's very rare volume some details not to be found in the ordinary histories.

"It has," says Col. Beatson, "been alleged that MONTCALM in hastening to meet the British on an open plain, and thereby to decide, in a single battle, the fate of a fertile Province nearly equal in extent to one-half of Europe, was not only forgetful of his usual caution, but acted with culpable temerity.'

Such action, however, proceeded from no sudden impulse, but from a noble resolve deliberately formed after the most mature consideration, and recorded some time previously.

Painfully convinced how little security the weak defences of the city could afford against the determined assault of well disciplined and ably led troops, he believed that however great the risk of meeting his daring adversary in the open field, this course was the only one that seemed to promise him any chance of success. Besides, he had immediately available a force numerically superior to that of the English General.

Montcalm's line was composed as follows, viz:—

		Regulars.	Militia.
Left Wing	The Royal Rousillon Regiment, a battalion of the marines, or colony troops, and Canadian militia.....	1,300	2,300
Centre.	The Regiments of Berne and Ginerine and militia.....	720	1,200
Right Wing	The Regiments of La Sarre and Languedoc, a battalion of the marine, and militia.....	1,600	400
		3,620	3,900

The total force, therefore, actually engaged, amounted (exclusive of Indians) to 7,520 men; of these however, scarcely one-half were regular troops, on whom the brunt of the battle fell and almost the whole loss.

Wolfe's *field-state* on the morning of the 13th September, showed only 4,828 men of all ranks, from the General downwards; but of these every man was a trained soldier.

WARBURTON'S "Conquest of Canada."

* The PLAINS OF ABRAHAM. Notes, original and selected, by Lt. Colonel Beatson, Royal Engineers—Gibraltar: Printed at the Garrison Library Press, 1858. (*This volume is very rare.*)

(2) Donation du 10 Octobre, 1648, et du 1er Février, 1652, par Adrien Duchesne à Abraham Martin, de 30 arpents de terre.

Concession du 16 Mai, 1650, par la Compagnie de la Nouvelle France, de 12 arpents de terre à Abraham Martin.

Vente du 1er Juillet, 1667, aux Dames Ursulines de Québec, par les héritiers d'Abraham Martin, d'un terrain contenant 32 arpents en superficie.

(3) A creature of Bigot, Capt. De Vugor, on the 13th September, 1759, after allowing his militia men to return home on leave, was in charge of the post at Wolfe-field, where Wolfe ascended after taking the captain prisoner; this was the key to the position. Ferland and other writers have imputed treason to De Vugor.

BURLESQUE.

A GOOD BOY.—He was standing at the corner of Campau and Jefferson avenues when a policeman came along, and pointing to a box at his feet this good boy said:

"The farmer who lost that off his sleigh will feel awful bad. I s'pose you'll take it to the station, won't you?"

"You are an honest boy," replied the officer. "Some boys would have lugged that box off home. "Yes, I'll take it to the station."

It was a stout box, weighing over eighty pounds, and when the officer set it down in the station-house all his bones ached. Some said it was butter and some said cheese, and so it was opened. The contents were cobble-stones. The officer ran all the way back, and he spent hours looking for the good boy, but without any luck. The g. b. knew his business.

BROWN'S MATRIMONIAL METHODS.—"Brown, I don't know how it is that your girls all marry off as soon as they get old enough, while none of mine can marry."

"Oh, that's simple enough. I marry my girls off on the buckwheat straw principle."

"But what is that principle? I never heard of it before."

"Well, I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me to know how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat straw nicely, and built a high rail fence around it. My cattle, of course, concluded that it was something good and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I dogged them away and put up the fence a few times, but the more I drove them away the more anxious they became to eat the straw, and eat it they did, every bit of it. As I said, I marry my girls off on the same principle. When a young man that I don't like begins calling on my girls, I encourage him in every way I can. I tell him to come often and stay as late as he pleases, and I take pains to hint to the girls that I think they'd better set their caps for him. It works first-rate. He don't make many calls, for the girls treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young fellow that I like comes around, a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law, I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted around my house. I tell the girls, too, that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan always works first-rate. The young folks begin to pity each other, and the next thing I know they are engaged to be married. When I see that they are determined to marry I always give in and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it."

FASHION NOTES.

SOME French toilets are lined with cork for warmth.

THE hair is still worn over the forehead. In Paris a high forehead is considered to be an abomination in nature! High foreheads and high chignons suit crinolines and hoops. With the Grecian dress clinging to us as drapery on a statue, we must have a Grecian head dress—that is a covered and low forehead, and pending curls at the back.

WRISTLET parties are the latest. The ladies furnish the wristlets, and each pair is numbered. One of each pair with the number is put in a box and is sold to the gentlemen by a committee, and corresponding wristlets with the numbers are worn by the ladies. The fun commences when each gentleman buys a wristlet and finds the owner of the mate to it, to whom he is to pay attention during the evening.

ARTISTIC.

HANS MAKART'S large historical painting, "Queen Caterina Cornaro Receiving the Homage of the Venitians," which was one of the chief features of the Art Department at the Centennial, has been bought for twenty-five thousand dollars by the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.

GUSTAVE DORE has brought back to Paris from Switzerland several important studies which he made among the mountains, almost in the cloud regions. He was accompanied by a number of hardy mountaineers who carried for him all the paraphernalia needed for painting pictures.

THE Byron Memorial Committee have now definitely decided to open a second competition for the proposed monument. They announce a public exhibition of the competing designs, to be held on June 1, 1877, upon the same conditions as those which regulated the exhibition recently closed.

A CERTAIN number of invalids, soldiers and officers having served in the armies of Napoleon the Great, lately performed a pilgrimage to the foot of Marshal Ney's statue, the masterpiece of the renowned sculptor Rude, erected on the Square of the Observatory, close to the Luxembourg Gardens, on the very spot where the brave officer was shot on the 7th of December, 1815.

DR. SCHLIEMANN has discovered in a tomb at Argos a large golden mask and an enormous breast plate of gold. He has also found the body of a man, wonderfully preserved, especially the face. The head was round, the eyes large, and the mouth contained thirty-two fine teeth. There is, however, a difficulty about preserving the remains. There were also found fifty bronze swords with great golden hilts—a mass of immense golden buttons, splendidly engraved, ornamented the sheaths of the swords; also two great golden goblets, and a great quantity of other objects in gold, articles in chased crystal, ten large cooking utensils of bronze, but no traces of iron or glass.

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. Gillett counted forty of these mounds of ashes we 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 archæologists, 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 (Franeatelli 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 jellify, 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 beck. 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. Ou 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 Burmese 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 confiding 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 doting 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.

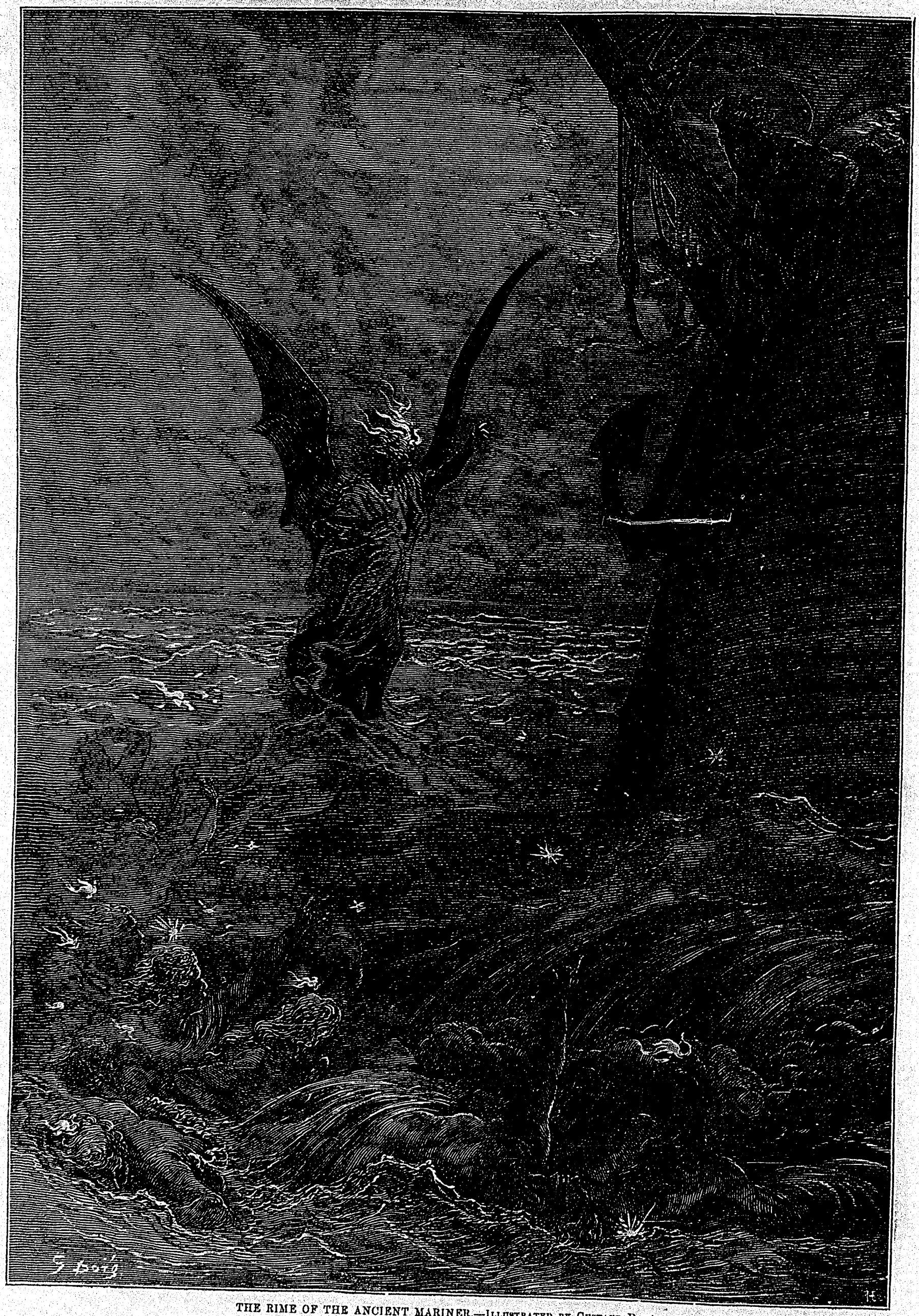
SCIENTIFIC.

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'Acclimatation 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 o 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 fory-six million sterling. Next to coal and iron, lead and salt form the two largest products, both yielding over a million sterling each.



THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.—ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVE DORE.

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oil,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

THE RIVAL WEATHER PROPHETS.

CANADA.

Land of fertile valleys, and mountains high—
Whose rugged summits pierce the azure sky;
Land of flowery prairies spreading wide,
Through which the gentle streamlets smoothly glide—
Where the wild buffalos in herds are found
O'er the noble red man's hunting ground.
Land of broad rivers, and mighty falls!
Whose roar each solemn thought recalls—
Land of fairy lakes, and inland seas,
'Midst boundless forests of giant trees—
Where the pioneer's axe is never still—
A land indebted to his strength and skill!
Where men of many nations are united,
To which the bond and free are all invited—
For yet there's room enough for millions more;
Both rich and poor are welcome to her shore:
Where every Christian virtue is regarded,
And every honest effort is rewarded;
Where the old may rest and the young may roam
Contentedly within a peaceful home.
Watching the little lambs in merry play,
Where once the cruel bear in ambush lay.
And where the nimble hare, the buck and doe
The savage wolf had for their bitter foe!
Where barns are yearly filled with hay and grain.
'Midst clear and fertile fields to till again.
Where the tenant and the squire are one—
Where the door to affluence is clos'd to none;
Land of clear blue sky and balmy breezes!
Land where the drifted snow so keenly freezes!
Where joyous travellers glide over hidden dells,
Charmed by the music of the merry bells.
Where cowards, traitors are not heard or seen;
Where all are loyal to our noble Queen:
Long may she live, of monarchs reign the chief—
Queen of the land of "Beaver and Maple leaf."

A. MACFIE.

Brucebridge.

JOAN:

A TALE,

BY

RHODA BROUGHTON,

AUTHOR OF

"*Cometh up as a Flower*," "*Red as a Rose is she*," *etc.*

PART I.

CHAPTER IV.

"……The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, see they bark at me!"

It is not quite easy to make out the name at a glance, from the fact that, through lack of a renewal of paint, the P has nearly disappeared. Still, enough of it remains to prove that it once was there; enough to make Joan's sunk spirits rise again with a leap.

It is right, then! It is Portland Villa, at last. The landlord's instructions were correct. She puts out her hand to unlatch the gate; only to discover that it is off its hinges, and—to remedy this defect—is tightly tied up with string. She sets down her dressing-case in the road, while her fingers struggle to untie the manifold hard knots which guard the entrance to Mrs. Moberley's bower.

While she is thus employed she hears the scampering of many little feet on the graveled drive, and from the house rushes forth a volley of dogs, one after another. There seem to be twenty, at least; but subsequent counting reduces them to six; all smallish; all apparently deeply, warmly hostile: all barking with a deafening volubility; all breathing wrath and indignation against the profane intruder who is tampering with their entrance-gates at ten o'clock at night. Their harmony accompanies her all the time that she is struggling with the knots. They also make it doubtful to her whether the bell which she has pulled on reaching the door has really rung. They bark themselves nearly off their own legs; and, if there were any dead in the neighbourhood, would infallibly wake them.

But their conversation has changed in tone. It no longer means enmity so much as excitement, agitation, half-welcome. Having smelt her clothes to be good and genteel, they have convinced themselves that in such a gown she cannot be come begging. Anyhow, theirs is the only welcome she seems likely to get; for, whether the bell rang or no, it is certain that nobody answers it. She rings again, and again waits. Nothing happens. Can it be the wrong day? Is it possible that they are all out—even the servants; and that this army of little dogs is keeping house alone?

She pulls out her aunt's letter from her pocket, and tries to decipher it by the starlight. "Monday, April 12th," as plain as Charles Wain above her head. If there be a mistake it is not hers. Emboldened by this fact, she rings a third time. After a considerable interval (not of silence, for the six dogs do not permit that, but of patient, dispirited waiting) she hears a slow and solid foot coming along the passage inside. A bolt is withdrawn; the door opens; a flood of light flows out from a lit hall, and a person—a female person—appears in the aperture.

"I suppose that Mrs. Mob—" begins Joan, then stops, for some lightning-quick intuition tells her that—wildly improbable as it seems—*this* is Mrs. Moberley.

"Why, *I* am Mrs. Moberley, my dear," says that lady, putting out both hands and drawing the girl in with them. "I did not think it could be you, because I did not hear any wheels; to tell you the truth, I think I must have been having forty winks—Hold your tongues, dogs! get away, Regy! get away, Algy! get away, Charlie! get away, Mr. Brown!"

During this speech Miss Dering is regarding her aunt with an intensity of gaze hardly compatible with her usual good manners; but, indeed, it is difficult to look at Mrs. Moberley on a first introduction in any other way than intensely.

Mrs. Moberley is certainly startlingly fat; but so you may say are many ladies, who, having outlived the thinning excitements of girlhood, take life easily, relish their food, and lapse without much difficulty into slumber. But Mrs. Moberley's is not that tight, compact, well-busked fat which, to one class of minds, is not without its attractiveness. Hers is of the unsteady order that destroys all landmarks and laughs at boundary-lines. Mrs. Moberley is absolutely without any shape at all.

"I do not know what Sarah can be thinking of not to have answered the bell!" she goes on, as she recloses the door and fastens the bolt; "but I suspect the fact is, that she is at her supper; and as I always say to the girls, it is my belief that, if the last trump were to sound while she was at her supper, she would wait till she had finished before she would attend to it—ha! ha!" Her very laugh is fat. If your eyes were shut you could swear that it had not proceeded from a slight person.

Joan is speechless. She is thinking that she no longer wonders at Wolferstan's wish that she could see her aunt. Certainly she is well worth seeing.

"But where are your things, child? what have you done with your luggage?" continues Mrs. Moberley, recovering from her mirth, and preparing to reopen the door; "are they outside?"

"I had to leave them at the station; I could not get a fly—there was not one."

"No fly!" repeats her aunt, in high and staccato accents of astonishment; "why, what had become of the fly from the Railway Inn? they have a very good fly there—quite a smart one; the girls always say that you could not tell it from a private carriage at a little distance."

"It was out."

"And—you—walked—all—the—way? Three miles and a half if it is a step" (opening her eyes as widely as the encroachments of her cheeks will let her).

"No, I did not," replies Joan, with an hysterical laugh, for she has eaten but one bun all day, is faint and most weary, and it is so much worse than she had expected. "I came in a butcher's cart as far as the Cancer Hospital."

"In a butcher's cart!" (lifting up hands and eyes). "This will be a fine story for the girls; I am afraid they will never let you hear the last of it. I wonder"—in a tone of quickened interest—"was it our butcher? You did not happen to notice the name on the cart, did you?"

"I never thought of looking," replies Joan, still struggling with a most painful inclination to laugh violently and cry violently at the same moment. "I do not think that he could have been yours, though; he did not seem to know you when I mentioned your name."

"In a butcher's cart!" repeats Mrs. Moberley, still chuckling with fat relish; "it was lucky it was night, was not it? people would have stared to see a stylish girl like you perched up in a butcher's cart, would not they!"

All this time they have been in the passage; but now Mrs. Moberley puts her arm round her niece—first giving her several hearty kisses—and begins to lead her toward the interior of the bower. But the passage is narrow; and, on the peril of becoming wedged between the walls, they have to part company and enter the drawing-room in single file.

Joan had thought that her heart was already so low down that it would be impossible to abase it any farther, but the sight of the drawing-room undeceives her. It is not that it is shabby, though it is that too in a very high degree, but there are many worse things than shabbiness. It is the air of slipshod finery about it which so utterly capsizes the poor remnant of Joan's spirits. A white paper, freely starred with large (once gold) heavenly bodies; many ornaments of a shelly, sparry nature, inexpensively florid; an impression of much cheap pink ribbon and gobble-stitch lace; and—though the month is wealthy April—not a flower, with the exception of a giant bunch of artificial ones under a glass shade.

"This is the drawing-room!" says Mrs. Moberly, introducing it with an air of pleased proprietorship; "we have not laid out much money upon it, for the excellent reason that we have not had much to lay—ha! ha! but the girls have managed to make it look pretty smart too, have not they?"

"They have indeed," replies Joan, emphatically, looking round with rather a moonstruck air, and taking in many details of wool, of beads, of red Bohemian glass, which at the first *coup-d'œil* had escaped her notice

"In a butcher's cart," repeats Mrs. Moberley, again resuming her chuckle, and sinking down into a chair in order the more luxuriously to enjoy it; "it really is the richest thing I ever heard! The girls meant to have gone and met you to-day—they had put their hats on, on purpose—when—who should come in but Micky—Micky Brand, you know; or, rather, of course you do not know, and whisked them off to tea at the Barracks!"

"Yes?"

Her eyes strayed to the dogs, who, now silent, and consenting to her adoption into the family, are sitting all six in row, very closely before the low fire, and, occasionally overcome by sleep, falling against each other.

"He—would not—take 'no,'" continues Mrs. Moberley, slowly; "he is so droll, is Micky; a vast deal of dry humor about him! I am sure that you and he will get on like a house on fire; I can see that you are just the sort of girl he will take to at once."

"Am I?" (with a sickly smile).

Joan is angry with herself for being so monosyllabic, but her tongue refuses to frame any words longer than "yes" or "no." There is one monosyllabic word, indeed, which her whole soul is crying aloud, but her lips do not venture to utter it, and that word is "tea!"

"He is in the 170th, you know," pursues Mrs. Moberley, warming with her theme. "I did not mention to you in my letter that Helmsley was a garrison town; I thought it would be a little surprise for you!" She is looking at her with such an air of good-natured expectancy, as she makes this exciting revelation, that Joan is really and honestly sorry that she cannot look more exhilarated by it. "A regiment is the making of a country place, is it not?" continues her aunt complacently; "and these are a very dashing set of fellows, they keep us all alive!"

Joan is saved from the necessity of answering a question to which she feels so incapable of making a satisfactory response, by the behavior of the dogs, who in a moment are all awake and on their legs, barking again with hardly less violent unanimity than that with which they greeted Miss Dering.

"Hold your tongues, dogs!" cries Mrs. Moberley; "hold your tongue, Mr. Brown! you are always the ringleader!" But small heed pays Mr. Brown. With one flying leap he is out of the window, followed by his five brothers and sisters; and all are barking their hearts out at their ease in the starlight. "It is the girls!" explains Mrs. Moberley; "I think I hear a man's voice too, do not you? I believe it is Micky; he said he should very likely come to make his bow to you, but I took it for a joke."

By this time the dogs' clamor is hushed. They are evidently apologizing for their mistake.

"Do not go yet!" cries a high young voice outside; "it is quite early! come in and have some brandy and soda-water!"

"Do not offer what you have not got," cries Mrs. Moberley, raising her voice, and laughingly calling through the window; "there is no soda-water in the house!"

"I modify my invitation, then," replies the young voice; "come in and have some brandy without the soda-water!" (laughing also).

But this Bacchanalian offer is apparently declined; for, after a few seconds of further parley, carried on in too low a key to be overheard, the Miss Moberleys enter the house and the room alone.

"What have you done with Micky?" cries their mother, eagerly. "Why did you not bring him in?"

"He would not come," replies one of the girls; "he said he had not time; but we think that it was because he had his mess-jacket on; he knows that it is not becoming!"

"Evidently anxious to make a good impression at first sight!" says Mrs. Moberley, and they all laugh—all but Joan.

Mirth is indeed far from Miss Dering's thoughts. At the present moment she is occupied in gazing at her two first-cousins with hardly less intensity than that which marked her first view of their mother. And yet they are of no uncommon type. Had she seen them officiating in the Helmsley refreshment-room, or behind the counter at the fancy repository in the little town near Dering, she would have passed them without an observation. It is as *first-cousins—her* first cousins—that they strike her as so astounding. First-cousins! in such hats! such jackets! such ear-rings! such beads! and with such a trolloping length of uncurled curls down their backs! Had you told her that Mr. Brown and Algy were her first cousins, it would have seemed to her less surprising.

"I dare say you do not know which is which!" says Mrs. Moberley, following the direction of her niece's eyes, and regarding her progeny with a contained pride. "I dare say you are trying to make out which is Bell, and which is Di, without my telling you. Do you see much likeness between them?" she goes on a moment later, as Joan still maintains a stupefied silence; "some say they might be twins, others do not see it. I suppose"—with a good-natured glance round the room, comprehensively inclusive—"I suppose there is a family look among us all."

"We are not at all alike really," cries the younger, least headed, least vivid-looking of the two girls, in an anxious voice; "if we seem so at first it goes off after a while."

"I am sorry we were not back in time to receive you," says the other, sitting down and taking off her hat. "Diana and I meant to have gone to meet you; we were just setting off, when—mother has told you?—he came on purpose—he gave us no peace!"

"I dare say you were very glad," says Diana, bluntly. "We should have crowded you up; I dare say that there was not more than enough room for you and your boxes in the fly?"

"The fly, indeed!" cries Mrs. Moberley, beginning to laugh again, "a fine fly!—It is evident that they are not in the secret. Is not it, Joan?"

At the sound of her own Christian name (and after all what else is her own aunt likely to call her?) Joan gives a slight and involuntary shudder, but it passes harmless and unobserved amid the fire of question, answer, ejaculation, and retort, that now ensues.

"You must have passed us on the road," says Bell, presently. "Did you notice? we were walking two and two; Diana and Micky in front, and I and another officer behind: we did not see you, but then"—laughing affectedly—"you were in the very last place where we should ever have thought of looking for you."

"Did it jolt very badly?" asks Diana, fixing upon her cousin's small wan face a pair of honest and very well-opened eyes, filled with compassionate inquiry; "worse than a 'bus? were you much shaken? you look so tired!" The genuine, rough pity of her tone goes nigher upsetting Miss Dering than all her former discomfitures. The tears rush to her eyes.

"It has been a long day," she says, faltering; "I set off early."

"And have you had nothing to eat?" cries Diana, turning her quick eyes round the room, in search of those signs of conviviality which are conspicuous by their absence; "no tea? nothing?" Then, as Joan observes an embarrassed silence, she goes on—her healthy cheeks flushing a little—"There is never much to eat or drink in this house, and what there is is not at all appetizing, but at least we can give you some tea."

So saying, she hastily leaves the room. It is some time—to Joan it seems a very long time—before she returns. At length, however, she reappears, bearing in her hands a tray, and with a face so very heightened and deepened in tint as sufficiently proves that she herself has been the cook.

"The servants had gone to bed," she says apologetically; "the fire was nearly out, and the kettle would not boil. Come, Joan"—eyeing rather ruefully the sorry fare—"I am sorry that there is nothing more inviting, but it is the best we have."

Joan obeys, nothing loath. The tea is very weak and rather smoky, and it is clear that one need go no farther than an English hedge for its original home; the bread is very stale, and the butter very salt, but, to a person who within the last twenty-four hours has refreshed herself with but one cup of coffee and one bun, few drinks do not seem to be nectar, few viands do not taste succulently.

It is a long, long while after Miss Dering has come to the end of her meagre refreshment, before the idea of going to bed presents itself to the minds of Mrs. Moberley or her daughters. At last, at last—a very long last—and when Joan can no longer hinder her tired head from sinking forward on her breast in uncomfortable jerky slumber, there comes a lull—a talk of going to bed, a dawdling, chattering preparation for carrying the idea into execution, and lastly a lighting of candles.

"Good-night, Joan," says her aunt, holding both her hands and looking at her with good-natured eyes, which evidently once were large, but which now, through the dishonest usurpation of her cheeks of territory not belonging to them, are decidedly small. "I hope we shall see more red in these cheeks to-morrow. Your mother used to have such a fine color, quite as high as Bell's, if not higher; often and often people have asked me if she were not painted." A moment later: "Do not trouble to get up to breakfast to-morrow, child—we often do not; we never have any particular breakfast hour—only just as any of us feel inclined. This is Liberty Hall, my dear, Liberty Hall." So saying, she looses her niece's little chill hands, and nodding her head several times disappears into her bower, while Joan, escorted by her two cousins, drags her weary legs up the narrow deal staircase of "Liberty Hall."

"This is your room," says Diana, throwing open a door and waving her flat candlestick about, so as to exhibit its dimensions, "the guest-chamber of *Liberty Hall*," with a little sarcastic mimicking of her mother's tone. "I will not say that I hope yon will find it comfortable, because I know you will not."

"There is a bed," answers Joan, with a small smile of utter weariness; "that seems to me the only thing of the least importance just now."

But, if she imagines that this broad hint will rid her of the company of her relatives, she is greatly mistaken. Diana sets down the candle, and Arabella seats herself upon a cane-bottomed chair. To hide her disappointment Joan walks to the window.

"You have the best view in the house," says Arabella, complacently; "you can see everything that goes along the road better even than from the drawing-room."

But it is air, not view, that Miss Dering craves. The room feels close and confined. She throws up the sash, which instantly and clamorously falls down again.

"It always does that," says Arabella, composedly; "there has been something odd about it for months. It keeps open pretty well with a bit of wood; there generally is a bit of wood, but of course Sarah has lost it."

She sets the candlestick on the floor as she speaks, and all three girls grovel on all-fours on the carpet in search of the missing wedge. By-and-by Joan finds it under the washhand-stand, and with it the decrepit window is propped open to admit the gentle April winds.

"I know you are longing for us to go," says Diana, brusquely, when this feat is accomplished.—"Come along, Bell, come, it is

cruelty to animals to keep her out of her bed.—Of course we will send our maid to dress your hair in the morning; she has not at all a bad idea of hair-dressing, though indeed we taught her everything she knows; she always does ours!"

Joan looks at the colossal heads before her, and shudders. "Thank you," she answers, rather hastily, "but indeed I have got quite into the habit of doing my own; I like it; it makes one feel so independent; good-night!"

Are they really going now? It seems so. Arabella is already out of the room, and Diana is at the door, when—oh, sorrow!—she returns.

"I hope you do not mind the light in your eyes in the morning," she says, looking up at the window; "unfortunately there is no blind, and the curtains do not draw very well, I am afraid there is something the matter with the rings; but if you pin them over it does nearly as well. Have you got some good big 'corking-pins?' because, if not, I will run and get you some."

Regardless whether she was speaking truth or fiction, Joan asseverates that she has plenty of corking-pins. There is no commodity, however improbable, with which she would not declare herself to be richly provided, in order to obtain the one boon for which her whole sad, tired soul craves—solitude.

Gone at last—really gone! And now she may sigh as loudly as she likes, and look round her with as undisguised disapprobation on her surroundings as they naturally inspire. When one is at a very low ebb, physically, it takes but a little to overset it. Joan at her best and strongest—the real Joan—would be ashamed to let any sordid *entourage* make her cry; but she is tired and below par, and tears of forlorn discomfiture fill her eyes, as she looks round on the threadbare carpet—on the large and straggly ugliness of the wall-paper, and notices that a bit is missing from the spout of the ewer.

She stands before the chest of drawers that serves as dressing-table, and looks at herself in the glass that is upon it. "I shall grow like them in time," she says, shuddering; "in time I shall learn to talk of men by their surnames, and to have a refreshment-room head of hair!" She pulls her hair down on her forehead to simulate a fringe, sets her hat at the back of her head, and tries to look like them; then, in a paroxysm of disgust, dashes the locks away from her brows and tosses her hat down. "No! I hope I may die first."

She says this aloud, and with such emphasis that her voice drowns the sound of a small knock that comes at the door. It has to be repeated before she hears it; then she hastily pulls her countenance into shape again, and cries, "Come in." (Here they are, back again.)

It is not "they," however. It is only Diana, looking rather shy. You would have said, half an hour ago, that a girl in such a hat, and with two such curls, could not look shy, but yet she does.

"I have not come for anything particular," she says, speaking very fast and confusedly; "it was only that it struck me just now that we had none of us said that we were glad to see you; we have none of us any manners. I dare say that you have found that out already—but we are glad—that is all! I will not come back again."

While making this speech she is redder than any July field-poppy, and redder still when, having given Joan a quick and shamefaced kiss, she flies out of the room again, banging the creaky door after her, and leaving Joan remorseful. And Joan's last thought before she closes her fagged eyes in her little, hard, lumpy bed, which feels as if it were stuffed with good-sized potatoes, is not of her spoutless jug or propped window, of all she has lost and all she is going to suffer—but of the kind and rosy face of her little underbred cousin.

Joan is not very old, but she has already learned this, that—whether ill-dressed, or well-dressed, whether well-bred, or ill-bred—love is the one thing very much worth having in this world. If they will love her, she will forgive them everything—even the size of their heads, and their taste for soldiers.

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

FIRST AND SECOND HONEYMOON.—The real honeymoon is not always a delightful moment. This, which sounds like heresy to the romantic, and blasphemy to the young, is a fact which a great many people acknowledge readily enough when they have gone beyond the stage at which it sounds like an offence to the wife or to the husband who is supposed to have made that period rapturous. The new pair have not that easy acquaintance with each other which makes the happiness of close companionship; perhaps they have not that sympathy with each other's tastes which is almost a better practical tie than simple love. They are half afraid of each other, they are making discoveries every day of new points in each other's characters, delightful or undelightful as it may be, which bewilder their first confidence of union; and the more mind and feeling there is between them, the more likely is this to be the case. The shallow and superficial "get on" better than those who have a great deal of excellence or tender depth of sentiment to found on. But after the pair have come to full acquaintance, after they have learned each other from A B C up to the most difficult chapter; after the intercourse of ordinary life has borne its fruit; there is nothing in the world so delightful as the honeymooning which has passed by years the legitimate period of the honeymoon. Sometimes one sees respectable fathers and mothers enjoying it, who have sent off their children to the orthodox honeymoon, and only now feel with a surprised pleasure how sweet it is to have their own solitude again; to be left to themselves dearer and nearer than they ever were before. There is something infinitely touching and tender in the honeymoon of the old.

LOVE OF OFFSPRING.—It is generally taken for granted that parents love their children; yet the care and anxiety most parents feel for their families quite overshadow their consciousness of loving them, and they fall back upon a sense of duty and obligation and responsibility that, however it may stimulate them to perform the actual exterior demands made on them, renders all their labour vain. This sense of duty is not the highest of motives. It is all very well to require filial obedience and submission from children because it is their duty to render it; but when they are lifted into the higher atmosphere of absorbing love for the parent, the sense of duty, that frosty motive, will be no longer needed. "I do not love my mother one particle," said a middle-aged man the other day, "simply because she never loved me. She took care of us children—oh, yes—kept us clean, taught us the Bible, prayed over us, and cried over us; but we never felt the warmth of a mother's tender love, never went to her with our little troubles or our little joys. It is very different in my family. If there is one thing that my children know, it is that I love them, and what I do for them is not from a sense of the rental duty, but because they are infinitely dear to me. And such children as they are—so affectionate, so obedient, so happy!" The teacher who is so wise and so fortunate as to win the love of his pupils has little difficulty in enforcing order or securing the highest grade of intellectual labour of which they are capable. In order to gain their love, however, he must first love them; for only love wins love. So with the employer. If he can convince those in his employ that he bears to them good will, kindness, a sincere desire to promote their welfare, they will give him a fidelity and thoroughness of service that no wages could secure.

WHAT NATURE SAYS ABOUT THE SEXES.—Let those who fancy men and women fitted for the same lives, formed for the same destinies, intended for similar careers, turn their attention for a little while to man and woman in long clothes and socks, still biting at their corals with half the teeth that Providence intends to give them, and attaining their objects in life by shrieking—in other words, to babies, and, noticing their tricks and their manners carefully, declare, if they can, that a boy baby and a girl baby are not as evidently intended for two different life-paths as are ducks and chickens.

Before she can walk alone, the girl rejoices in any object that imagination can convert into a doll. She has a tenderness for all of its kind, from the waxen beauty with a blue silk dress, to the clothes-pin with a pocket-handkerchief about its neck. When she is able to toddle about she puts three dolls of hers to bed, makes garments for them, drags them in her little waggonette or cart, is troubled about their suppers of sliced apple and segmented cake, and before long goes through little dramas in which the doctor is called in to Dolly with the measles, and in which she takes Dolly to a school where a paper preceptress keeps guard over a row of paper scholars. She plays her little life over again with her doll, always playing at being woman, and housewife, and mother.

Not so does her little brother, brought up at her side. Dolls *never* interest *him*. He detests the pink and white beauties, and ridicules the homely bundles of rags which are so dear to his sister. He is not to be induced to go to the doll's tea-parties, even while he is in pinafores. What he wants is a cane with a horse's head, on which to gallop about in the character of soldier, a sword and a gun, a ball and a drum. He must make a noise, and fancy himself a tremendous fellow, who sometimes—but quite out of sight of other people—may be kissed by mamma, though he rather resents petting generally; while the little girl rejoices in the tenderness of those about her, and would be wretched if not caressed.

So it goes on. Not, as a thousand mothers will tell you, because of any teaching. Often the mother would like her little boy to play quietly with his sisters, or would not be averse to see her girl less timid and more with her brothers; but nature has marked the paths they are to tread. It is rare, indeed, for man to leave his; and when woman is led from hers by some ism, she seems less like a woman than before, just as she looks less like one in anything approaching masculine costume. The same education, the same work, the same pleasures, the same experiences are not meant for woman and her brother, and unerring childhood teaches us the lesson even before it learns to lisp.

THE GLEANER.

HER Majesty the Queen has signified her intention of opening Parliament in person.

THE shop-girls of Boston number nearly one-tenth of the entire population of the city.

BARNUM proposes to make a tour with his show through England, Scotland, France and Germany.

CAPTAIN NARES, of the Arctic Expedition, has been the guest of the Queen at Windsor Palace. He has been made a K.C.B.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh's new baby is Her Majesty's sixteenth granddaughter and twenty-fifth grandchild.

THE most painful news has reached England from one of her distant colonial domains. The Eleven of Sydney and district has defeated the English team by two wickets.

THE Prince of Wales and the Duke of Leuchtenberg have been appointed presidents of the British and Russian Commissions for the Paris Exhibition of 1878. The presidentship of the Italian Commission has also been conferred upon a Royal Duke.

THE bull worship of the Egyptians finds its parallel in the fox worship of the Japanese; dogs are protected from harm by public edicts in Yeddo, as in Constantinople; to kill a stork is as great crime in the eyes of the Japanese as to kill an albatross in the eyes of an English sailor.

THE largest establishment in the world for hatching salmon eggs is that of the United States Government on the McCloud river, Shasta county, Cal. It is under the superintendence of Livingston Stone, who distributes an average of 7,000,000 young salmon each year to the Fish Commissioners of the various States having rivers suitable for their increase.

IN Dundalk churchyard there is a tombstone erected by the Quartermaster of a Dragoon regiment over the grave of his wife, in the inscription on which, after mentioning age, name, date of death, &c., he says:—

"She was——

But I have not words to express what a good woman should be—

And she was that."

AT Villers-Cotterets, there is a barber who displays a sign-board with giant letters "Coiffeur to Alex. Dumas," *père* understood. Some years ago the novelist was shaved, &c., at this establishment, and the day being wet, he wrote a letter patent, after the style of those given to Court tradesmen, naming the rural *Figaro* his coiffeur in ordinary and extraordinary; this letter is framed and glazed in the shop, and is a curiosity for miles around.

OFFICIAL notification having been given to the French Government that the German Empire declines to participate in the exhibition, the room allotted to Germany will be disposed of in favor of other countries. English exhibitors especially, who complain about the exiguity of the space allowed to them at first, will be made to benefit by this new arrangement. The Exhibition Committee have also been instructed to reject any private application for admission that might have been made by German manufacturers.

TILTON is plucky and has feelings, too. When lecturing in Halifax a fellow in the gallery shouted "What about Elizabeth?"—"Sir," responded Mr. Tilton, "don't insult the memory of a sorrowing woman."—"Put him out!" roared the audience, and the brute was ejected by a policeman. The lecturer then said:—"I am a stranger among you, as I said before—an American while you are Canadians—but I say to you, as God is my witness, that I would not have uttered another word on this platform if that man had not been put out."

NO BETTER specimen of the "Whittington" ideal of the English self-made man could be found than the late Mr. George Moore. His life was exactly that of the Industrious Apprentice. He used to tell how he first came to London without a friend or a sixpence; and, walking about the streets, entered a draper's shop to ask for employment. This was at first refused; but the owner was won by some answer, or something in the bearing of the candidate, who, on the day of his engagement, set before himself two purposes to be worked out—to be head of the establishment, and marry his master's daughter. In both of these aims he succeeded; and the house of Moore, Copestake & Co. is now one of the most important wholesale stores in the kingdom.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

We have been requested to begin numbering our puzzles, &c., from this number to correspond with the beginning of the year. We do so from to-day, and call upon our young friends to send in their solutions and replies of which due acknowledgment will be given. Answers and solutions will be given by us every week, instead of every fortnight, and this is also done to suit the wishes of our young friends.

No. 1. CONUNDRUMS.

1. When is a lady's veil like Australian mutton?
2. Why should an ostentatious lady wear a veil?
3. Why do great actors play by gaslight?

No. 2. PUZZLES.

1.

His brightest beams great Phœbus shed around,
And waving crops enrich the fruitful ground

2.

A note familiar to English ears,
Which every smaller bird with terror hears.

3.

When softly falls the moon's serenest ray,
Then floats upon the breeze thy gentle lay.

No. 3. CHARADE.

My *first* of my *whole* is a portion.
Very dark, brown and small;
In a pack of cards you will see it,
If you look for it at all.
My *second's* a useful device
For fastening apron or gown;
It takes ten men to make one,
But we carelessly fling one down.

My *whole* is a fruit so pleasant,
To a king it gave its name.
I'm sure you will say when you taste it,
It deserves its royal fame.

No. 4. RIDDLES.

1. My *first* is French; my *second* is English; my *whole* is Latin.

2. There is a word of letters three, add two and it will fewer be.

3. Why is a cattle-driver's stick like a part of Buckinghamshire?

No. 5. ENIGMA.

I am a cheerful little thing,
Rejoicing in the heat;
Whether it come from sea-coal fire,
Or log of wood, or peat.

Again, I love a sunny day
In park or grassy field,
Where 'neath my banner man and youth
Their utmost prowess wield.

And there they stand with ready arm,
Unflinching every one;
Their only aim to prove themselves
"A Briton to the bone!"

No. 6. ACROSTIC.

Emblems of beauty; sometimes rich and red,
Sometimes most delicately white, whilst round they shed
Sweetest of scents; these will my final make;
My first upon the summer air they shake.

No. 7. PARLOUR GAMES.

CHARADES. — The introduction of charades is an amusement usually in vogue at Christmas, when old and young, grave and gay, assemble with the intention of passing a happy time. The import of the phrase "charade" is simply "syllable-puzzle," and consists in dividing either a monosyllable or a polysyllable into its component letters or parts, and predicating something of each; then, having succeeded in uniting the whole, and predicating something of that likewise, the listener is asked to supply the word. But, doubtless, more pleasure is derived from such charades as can be acted. A cordial number of friends agree to select a special word as the subject of the proposed charade. This being arranged, a little scene and dialogue is improvised by taking the first syllable, such person assuming a part. The same form is gone through with regard to the other syllables that compose the selected word. And when the performance terminates, the spectators are requested to guess the same.

CELEBRATED CHARACTER CHARADES.—This game is arranged by dividing into syllables the patronymic of some distinguished individual (if historical all the better); whilst the final scene, which must comprise some well-known anecdote of the character represented, forms the whole name. There are certain simple rules necessary to be observed in either impromptu or prepared charades. In the first place, the word selected must consist of two, three, four, or even five syllables. Then the entire word can be represented in a twofold manner. Each syllable may form a totally distinct scene from the others, the whole making an additional scene.

SOLUTIONS UP TO DATE.

No. 10. Boileau. 2. Odazzi. 3. Warton. 4. Buffon. 5. Erasmus. 6. Lanfranco. 7. Leland. 8. Saladin. — Bow Bells.

No. 11. Yarmouth—Herrings. Thus:—1. YaguiS. 2. AmbeaG: 3. RipoN. 4. MissouriL. 5. OodipoolH. 6. UrrwateR. 7. TyneE. 8. HarwicH.

No. 12. Read—dear—dare.

No. 13. 1. Plague—ague. 2. Daylight.

No. 14. Let x = the price of the three per cents, and y = the price of the fours;

$$\therefore x : 400 :: 3 : \text{A's interest} = \frac{1200}{x};$$

$$\text{and } y : 400 :: 4 : \text{B's interest} = \frac{1600}{y};$$

$$\therefore \frac{1200}{x} \times 4 = \frac{1600}{y}.$$

Again $x : x \times 5 :: 400 :$ what A received when selling $= 400.\ (x \times 5)$

$$\frac{x}{x}$$

and in the same way B received $\frac{400.\ (y \times 5)}{y}$;

$$\therefore 400.\ (x \times 5) = 400.\ (y \times 5) \times 5$$

$$x \qquad y \qquad 3$$

$$\text{and } 80 \times \frac{400}{x} \times \frac{1}{3} = 80 \times \frac{400}{y} \times \frac{1}{3}$$

$$\frac{400}{x} = \frac{400}{y} \times \frac{1}{3}$$

$$\text{and } \frac{1200}{y} \times 5 = \left\{\frac{1200}{x} \times 4 = \frac{1600}{y}\right\} \text{ from the first equation:}$$

$$\therefore \text{by transposition } 5 = \frac{400}{y}$$

$$\text{and } y = 80;$$

$$\therefore \frac{400}{x} \times \frac{1}{3} = 5$$

$$\text{and } \therefore x = 75;$$

$\therefore$ the prices of the stocks were 75 and 80 per cent.

No. 15. 1. At one—Atone. 2. Pat Riot—Patriot.

No. 16. Devon—Cider—thus:—DoveR; EtnE; VauD; ObI; NeraC.

No. 17. 1. Charles James Stuart; 2. Queen Victoria. 3. Alfred Tennyson. 4. James Hain Friswell. 5. Andrew Halliday. William Kussel, L.L.D.

No. 18. Nicholas Breakespeare:—1. Shakespeare. 2. Barcelona. 3. Spain. 4. Pear. 5. Apple. 6. Locke. 7. Nelson. 8. Nollekins. 9. Raphael.

No. 19. Raglan and Crimea—thus:—RepublC; AnchoR; GeminI; LatiumM; AmphitritE; NeuralgiA.

No. 20. Thus—

8	1	6
3	5	7
4	9	2

No. 21. Thus

BANLEARY
BODEMENT
LOWLANDS
FILBERTS
COPPERAS
EXEMPLAR
ENTANGLE
OVERPASS

No 22. Corn-wall.

SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

Prince Edward—No. 20. Correct.

N. B., Victoria st., Montreal.—No. 20. Not quite correct, dear. But you must try again.

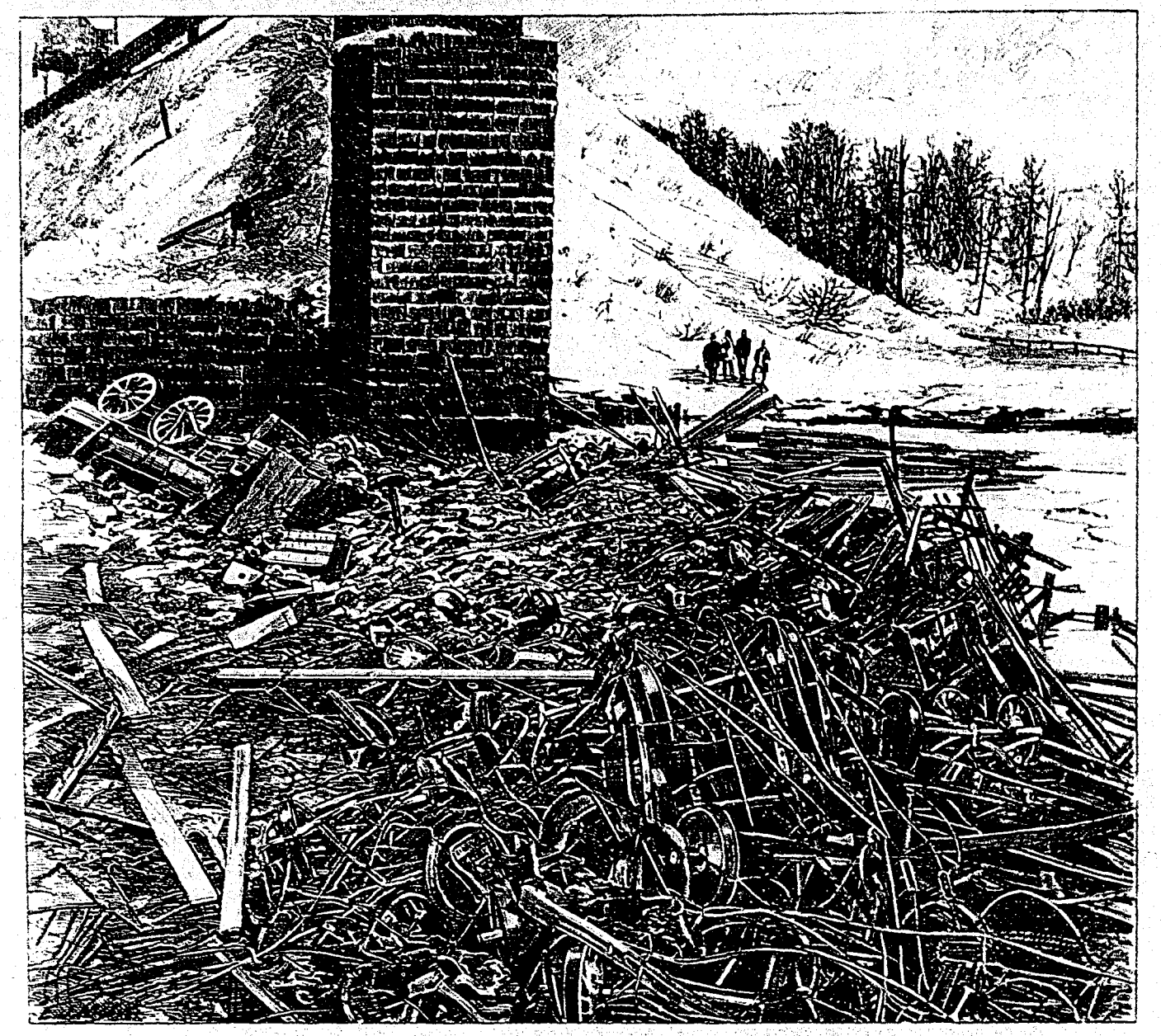
Frank, G. B., Montreal.—No. 20. See solution. No. 22. Correct.

G. G., Quebec.—See solution.

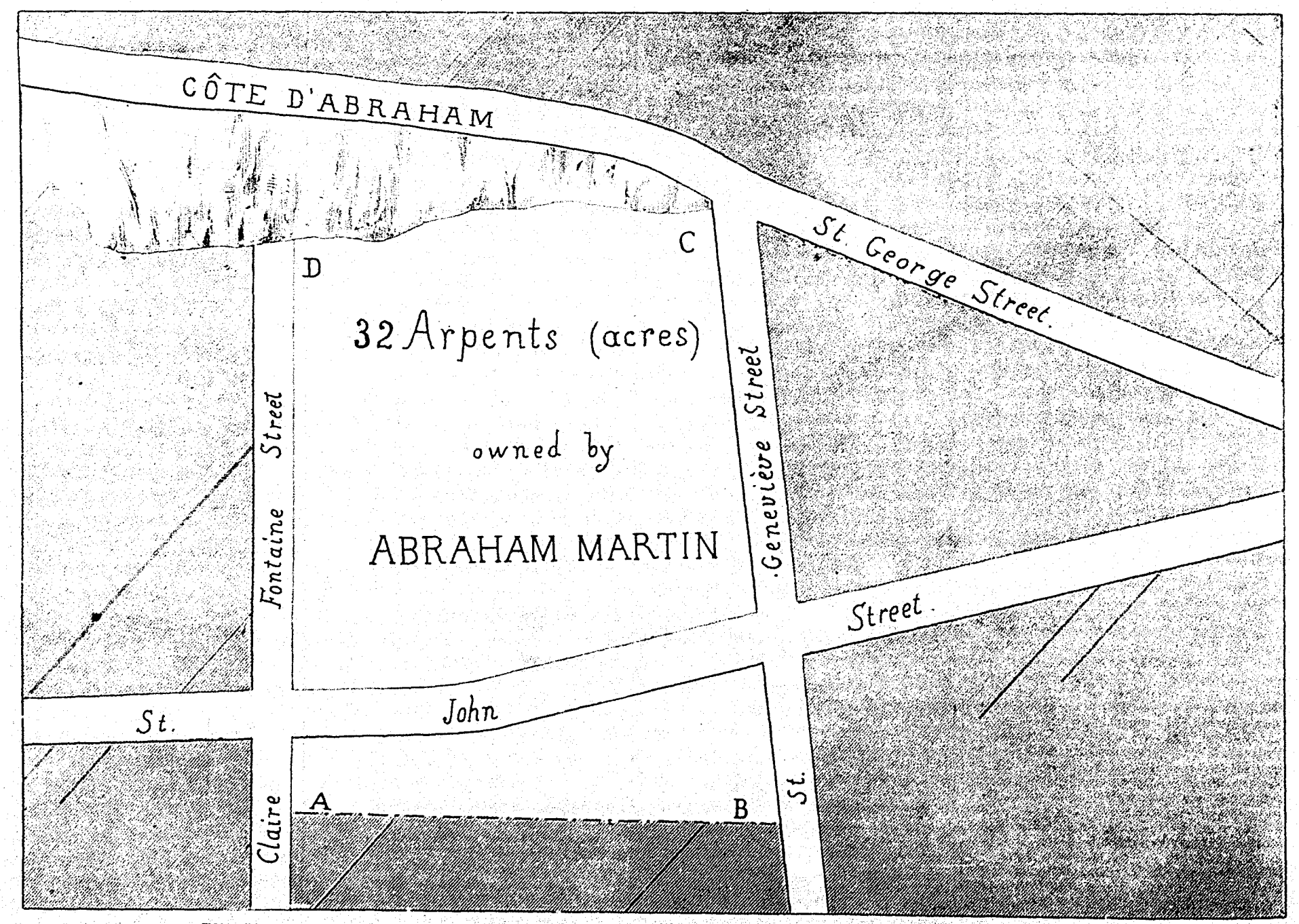
VISIT TO BYRON'S HOME.

The present owner of Newstead (W. F. Webb, Esq.) is worthy of his grand possession, and is most liberal in giving permission to all who ask for a card to view the abbey. The route from Nottingham has little to remind us that we are now in what was once the "merry greenwood" of Sherwood Forest, and in lieu of Robin Hood and Little John one only meets with grimy colliers. But then on the coal-trucks the name of Annesley at once awakens the memories of Byron and Mary Chaworth. At Linby we alighted, and were directed to the Abbey. The sight of a place which one has dreamed of for years fills the mind with inexplicable feelings. Newstead Abbey is not very grand, but it is very charming. The expanse of water, and the somewhat low situation of the Abbey, are rather suggestive of damp, but the interior of the house gives one the notion that it is a most liveable place. The window of the remaining portion of the church is very striking, and forms, perhaps, the chief feature of the exterior. We ring the bell, and are received by a very civil butler, who shortly brings an equally civil and respectful housekeeper to show us over the house. Newstead, of course, in its present aspect of comfort and elegance, can give us little notion of the ruined halls of his ancestors as they appeared to Byron when he took possession of them. Mr. Webb has shown a just appreciation of its once noble owner. Byron's bed-room, with the identical furniture he used, is in exactly the same state as it was in his occupation. His college pictures hang upon the walls, the bed-furniture, the toilet-tables, everything, in fact, is just as he left it, and the effect is almost startling. In one of the corridors are his boxing-gloves, foils, inkstand, and the brass collar of his dog *Boatswain*. And here, too, will be found the portion of the tree on which he carved his own and his sister's name in 1814, and the sword and helmet he wore in Greece.

One could linger for an age over these relics; but Newstead has other charms. Mr. Webb was the friend of the illustrious Livingstone, and himself an adventurous African traveller, whose hunting trophies adorn the beautiful house. The Livingstone memorials are most interesting. Here is the bed-room in which the great traveller wrote his last work when upon a long visit to Newstead. It is just as he left it. And here will be seen the cap worn by him in his last journey. But we must not delay. The day is wearing on apace, and with just one look at "Byron Oak," and a distant prospect of a Wellingtonia planted by Livingstone, we must hasten away.



THE RAILWAY HORROR AT ASHTABULA, OHIO.—SCENE IN THE CHASM AFTER THE WRECK.

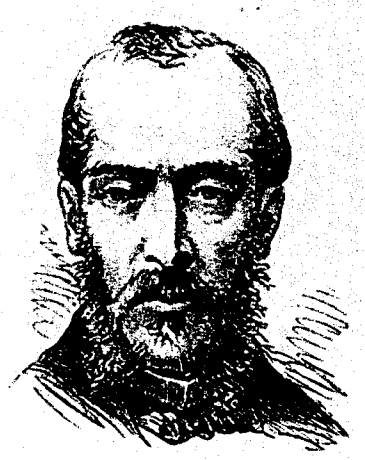


THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.—A PLAN, FROM COL. BEATSON'S WORK, TO ACCOMPANY MR. J. M. LE MOINE'S PAPER ON PAGE 38.

ROUMANIAN TYPES AND UNIFORMS.

M. CORTI,
Italian Ambassador.

BARON WERTHER,
German Ambassador.



COUNT ZICHY,
Austrian Ambassador.

COUNT BOURGOING,
French Ambassador.

GENERAL IGNATIEFF,
Russian Ambassador.

SIR H. ELLIOT,
British Ambassador.

COUNT CHAUDORDY,
French Special Commissioner.

SAVFET PACHA,
Turkish Representative.

MARQUIS OF SALISBURY,
British Special Commissioner.

THE MEMBERS OF THE EASTERN CONFERENCE.

TO M——.

A souvenir of friendship you request?
I pause in doubt, ere I the task essay
To capture on the wing, with facile pen,
Each giddy thought that owns my spirit's sway.

Tumultuously they throng my fevered brain,
Till I am almost tempted, in despair,
To take them to my bosom back again,
And let them be forever buried there.

Or shall I bid them on this virgin page
Take lasting form, that else were born to die?
Yes; for the voice of Friendship asks the boon,—
Can Friendship's hand the trifling boon deny?

And oh! 'tis meet that ere we drift apart
To seek whate'er the future hath in store,
Some token of youth's season may remain,
That season bright which can return no more.

Between us two may storm-lashed oceans roll,
Thus you and I will walk our separate ways,
Each hurrying on toward the destined goal,
Each living one appointed length of days.

Maturer life may bring us other friends;
New hopes, new ties, new loves may then entwine
Their close and cherished tendrils round your heart,
May even veil the shadowy past from mine.

The girlish vows of friendship then exchanged,
Will to us like some fabled story seem;
The roseate-dawning morn of maidenhood,
Like some sweet, fleeting, half-forgotten dream.

These fading lines may serve then to recall
The form you never more on earth may see;
Whilst I, when music's strains delight my ear,
Will think of those you have awaked for me.

When memory's spirit, o'er the ivory keys
Shall make its haunting presence manifest,
'Twill waft upon the music-laden breeze
My prayer, that you may be forever blest!

MARY J. WELLS.

Montreal, January 8th, 1877.

THE TRAGEDY OF ST. JEROME;

OR,

HUMAN JUSTICE, AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

(Continued.)

The weather was beautiful, cold but clear, and the roads excellent. With such a horse one could easily reach home in three quarters of an hour. He ordered supper, but ate little, and seemed restless and preoccupied. He talked with Roberge a good deal about his wife; remarked that she was getting old; was often very ill, which circumstances caused him at times much distress of mind, and great uneasiness. He did not, however, complain of being ill himself on that occasion. He slept in a room adjoining that of Roberge, who further deposed that Dulong rose two or three times during the night; walked up and down his room and seemed much agitated, muttering broken sentences to himself—the sense of which Roberge did not seize. All this increased the astonishment of the innkeeper. In the morning Dulong arose, ordered his horse, paid his bill, scarcely spoke and left the house about seven o'clock. We must now return to a recital of the events which were taking place during the remainder of the night in Dulong's house.

We left George Dulong in the dining-room, his sister-in-law asleep, and Madame Louvac standing by the bedside. Outside, it was a cold, bright starry night—a night of the north, and its wintry stillness. The inhabitants of the village had retired to rest, and all was quiet, except in the hearts of Madame Louvac and George Dulong. About half an hour past midnight, the front door of Dulong's house was suddenly opened, and a man was seen to pass out with great precipitation; he was bare-headed, and in his shirt sleeves. It was George Dulong, who seemed to be in a state of great alarm and agitation; and after pausing for a moment, and looking wildly round, up and down and then upwards to the houses opposite, he ran across the street to the residence of a man by the name of Dunagon, husband of the woman who had met Madame Louvac at Madame Dulong's the evening previous. He knocked at the door and upon being admitted so soon as he intimated who he was, he announced to the Dunagons in hurried and incoherent sentences, that his sister-in-law was dying or dead; and he implored them to accompany him at once to the house. Madame Dunagon, petrified with horror, was the first ready and immediately repaired to the Dulongs with George. Altho' a woman of great nerve, and remarkable for her self-possession, she was much agitated by the statement she had just heard of the condition of Madame Dulong, to whom she was attached by a more than ordinary affection. She asked George no questions; he did not seem to be in a state to answer any, but a fearful suspicion crossed the mind of Madame Dunagon; and she shuddered when she remembered the terrible guest who was passing the night with her friend. But George was there, and what harm could come to her when that strong and friendly arm was present? When she entered Madame Dulong's bed-room she found Madame Louvac standing by the bedside half-undressed. In one hand she held a candle, and with the other she was wetting the lips of Madame Dulong with a feather. The latter was quite dead, her eyes were closed, strange to say; her lips slightly parted, the pallid hues of death were on her cheeks; her brow was pale and cold and her whole countenance was marked by that expression of languor and repose, peculiar to those who have died an easy and natural death. The bed was not disturbed, and Madame Dulong lay on her back, with her left arm across her breast and the right extended by her side. The body was not yet quite cold, and everything was so quiet, so natural, and the scene so awful, that Madame Dunagon was horrified at her own suspicions. No appearance of a struggle, no marks of violence—not believing that poison could act so suddenly—the sedate and composed demeanour of Madame Louvac, all combined to overwhelm her for the moment with grief and dismay. Approaching the bedside, and placing her hand on the cold forehead of her deceased friend, she turned to Madame Louvac and said in a voice trembling with emotion:

"She is dead."

"Do you think so?" said the other, opening her large-shaded and unfathomable eyes full on Madame Dunagon, and then with a somewhat stern and steady gaze, she added, "I think you are mistaken. It seems to me it is just one of those strange fits to which she is liable; only more severe than usual. Surely she is not dead. I cannot believe it."

Madame Dunagon made no reply, but placed her hand on the breast of the deceased. It was still. She felt the pulse, no sign of life was there; then holding a mirror to the face, it showed that respiration had ceased; and that angelic woman, so amiable and so confiding, slept her last sleep, and had gone to her long and lonely rest. Not believing in Madame Louvac's theory of a fit having carried off the deceased so suddenly, Madame Dunagon was much perplexed and at last she took the lifeless hand of the deceased and exclaimed with an expression of great sorrow:

"Oh! my dear, dear friend, who or what has caused all this?"

But at this moment Dunagon arrived in company with two other neighbours and friends; and entering the chamber of death, they all stood round the bed. They were greatly moved. Many an exclamation was heard, and many questions were asked of Madame Louvac and George. The latter seemed downcast and agitated, but this was, naturally enough, attributed to grief at the loss of such a kind friend and so beloved a relative. Madame Louvac was calm, self-possessed and very sympathetic in her manner and expressions. There was just enough of emotion and embarrassment in her demeanour to show that she felt keenly the death of Madame Dulong, and at the painful necessity there existed for her to give some explanations in regard to the particular circumstances of her tearfully sudden decease. Either in all this she was sincere, or her hypocrisy and nerve proved her to be a person equal to, and accustomed to equivocal and desperate emergencies. Her brief account of Madame Dulong's death, her appearance and what occurred at the time was eagerly listened to by the friends present. Some seemed confounded, others incredulous, but many concluded that she had died in a fit. Several other friends had now arrived, and the deceased's brother, who resided a short distance from there, was sent for, and he arrived about three o'clock in the morning. He was a stern man of few words, but devotedly attached to his sister, and seeing how matters stood, learning also what had occurred, he determined and gave directions that the body should remain undisturbed in its position on the death-bed. He had no particular conversation either with George or Madame Louvac; and was evidently under the impression that a mystery of some kind had to be, if possible, cleared up. He, Madame Dunagon, and one or two other friends, remained with the body the rest of the night. George and Madame Louvac also did not leave till next day.

The following morning, two doctors and the coroner, having been previously notified, arrived at Dulong's about eight o'clock, accompanied by several of the neighbours. It may be proper to remark that a physician had been sent for during the night and immediately after the alarm was given; on, however, reaching the house and examining the deceased, he declared she had been dead some time, but he could not then state what was the cause of death and immediately left. As it was not known at what hour Dulong would arrive, the deceased's brother decided that the inquest should be held forthwith, and without waiting for the husband's arrival; and this he insisted on more particularly as he had some latent and undefined suspicion in regard to him also, and he did not wish to be interfered with.

The coroner was proceeding to select and swear the jury, when Dulong reached home. He saw several persons in earnest conversation at his door, and a number of people going in, and coming out of his house, all having an expression of preoccupation and anxiety depicted on their countenances. He enquired the cause, and having learnt what had taken place and what was going on, he became very much agitated, and seemed to be almost overwhelmed with astonishment. He proceeded at once with faltering step and haggard look to the room where the lifeless body of his wife lay; and with bowed head and his two hands clasped, he gazed intently on the pale, tranquil features of death before him. The expression of his face was that of amazement and anguish of mind. He knelt down by the bedside and taking her cold hand in his, he pressed it to his lips, uttered a short prayer, and exclaimed in a trembling voice, indicating deep emotion—

"Oh! my dear—my adored wife, how did this happen?—had I been here this could not have occurred. Oh! God, surely you would not have died thus."

After remaining a short time in the room alone—for the friends, out of delicacy and deference to his feelings, had withdrawn—he rose and left, and in doing so requested the Coroner to do his duty. This scene rather awed those present. He immediately proceeded to a room in another part of the house, and in which he was in the habit of passing much of his time, for it was a sort of library or office. Here he was almost immediately joined by Madame Louvac, who remembered that she was particularly desirous of knowing his wishes in regard to something connected with the proceedings taking place in the house. At least such was the pretext she gave. It was afterwards attested by a witness that she overheard a conversation between them, when in the room, to the following effect:—

"If I am not mistaken," said Madame Louvac, "I heard a remark of yours just now, which rather surprised me."

"And what was that?" inquired Dulong.

"You said, if my ears do not deceive me, that it was owing to your absence that your wife died, and you tried to make it appear that you were not aware I was to pass the night here—is that so?"

"No, no," answered Dulong impatiently, "you are in error—besides, how perfectly misplaced and absurd all this is, at such a moment."

The witness said she did not distinctly hear the reply, but she caught these words or something like them, uttered by Madame Louvac in a suppressed, menacing tone:—

"Don't try to play the fool—false position—be careful how you talk—passed the night here at your request—you know why—beware!"

This evidence, however, was not directly corroborated, except that Dulong in coming out of the room said carelessly in conversation or in reply to some one, that he was aware that Madame Louvac intended to pass the night with his wife. It must be said, however, that all this was conclusively proved.

The jury were named, sworn, and having surveyed the body of the deceased, they withdrew. The two medical men were then directed by the Coroner to proceed with the *post mortem* examination. In the meantime the crowd left, and George and Madame Louvac returned home. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the jury were recalled to receive the report of the physicians, and to hear their evidence. After giving very full details of their examination, and having described the external and internal appearances and condition of the body, they declared they were unable to state on oath what was the cause of death. There was no trace whatever of poison, nor the slightest indication that any poisonous substance or agency had anything to do in causing death. There was no rupture of any of the blood vessels of the brain. She had not died of sanguineous apoplexy. There was congestion of the brain, but what had caused that congested condition of the organ, they could not say. The next witness examined was Madame Louvac, who had been sent for, and who lost no time in making her appearance. She was sworn, and she manifested no hesitation, no faltering, no agitation. She said about five o'clock the previous evening, when she entered the house, she saw Madame Dulong standing in the passage, and she greeted her with great cordiality, and seemed to be in good health. George Dulong was there when she arrived; the deceased asked her to spend the evening with her as she was alone, and afterwards pressed her to pass the night. Madame Dulong requested her brother-in-law to sleep at the house; Madame Dunagon came in about eight o'clock, and remained half an hour, or thereabouts. George slept at the house. "It was ten o'clock, perhaps a little later, when Madame Dulong and myself spoke of retiring; but before doing so, it was proposed that we should partake of some punch. I prepared it; made it with warm water for Madame Dulong, but took mine cold. It was at my suggestion her's was made hot; George declined taking any. Madame Dulong had a bad cough, and she and myself also thought that the punch would soothe it. After this we retired; George slept on a sofa in the drawing-room. Madame Dulong, after going to bed, soon fell asleep; but I remained awake for some time. There was no light in the room then. About twelve o'clock Madame Dulong, with a kind of a start, exclaimed:—"Oh! I am choking." I raised myself in the bed, and turned towards her. She immediately said in a sort of gasping way:—"Don't speak, it will make me cough." I was greatly alarmed. I found she was breathing with difficulty; I waited, however, for a few moments, but all at once her legs stiffened, her arms were slightly agitated and then seemed to become rigid. I got up quickly, and called loudly for her brother-in-law, who came in asking "what is the matter with you?" I said, "My God! I don't know, but your sister-in-law seems to be very ill." He said, "Light a candle;" which I did. We approached the bed, she breathed once or twice, gave a low groan, and then all was still. We were both very much frightened. George then ran out to give the alarm. I suggested that he should go to Mr. ———, the notary, but he went at once to the Dunagons—you know the rest. Madame Dulong had expired when Madame Dunagon arrived. The Coroner and one of jury asked a few questions, but elicited nothing of importance.

The next witness examined was George Dulong; his evidence agreed in almost every particular with that of the preceding witness. He said about twelve o'clock he was awoke by a sharp cry from Madame Louvac, and when he ascertained the cause and saw the state of the deceased, he immediately gave the alarm. He went first to the Dunagons; when he returned, his sister-in-law was dead; he was absent about ten minutes, perhaps less. Other witnesses were examined, but they gave their testimony with much reserve, and in a very guarded manner. In consequence of the medical evidence not disclosing the cause of death, the case had become one of great delicacy, and the only persons present, Louvac and George, had deposed in a way that was rather staggering. The witnesses neither volunteered any statements, nor hazarded any theories. The jury retired, and after a long deliberation, gave a verdict about which there was evidently hesitation on their part; but which, in effect, amounted to this, that Madame Dulong's death was caused by Madame Louvac, and by the the husband and brother-in-law. At this finding the former seemed surprised, but accepted the verdict without comment. The result of the verdict created some astonishment, and the general impression was that an injustice had been done. The character of the husband and Madame Louvac did not stand high, and their intimacy was strongly condemned by public opinion; yet the charge of murder was too grave—too horrible to be believed; and besides, George, the brother-in-law, was supposed to be incapable of such an act. Still many thought otherwise. The Coroner hesitated to arrest the accused on the verdict, until he took advice of the Crown Officer. Three or four days afterwards, however, the arrest was made; and they were committed for trial at the next term of the Court of Queen's Bench, to be held in Montreal. When arrested, the accused conducted themselves with great composure, although a good deal surprised and distressed in mind; and it may be remarked that on their way to prison, and during the whole period of their detention, their deportment was reserved and serious; and in every respect a bearing which became persons in their position. No words of defiance or levity; no appearance of great depression or anxiety. Read by the light of subsequent disclosures, and of the tragical *dénouement* which followed, this demeanor, even from the first, was rather astonishing.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

IT is said that Mrs. Rousby is so disfigured by her recent accident at Brighton that it is very doubtful whether she will ever appear on the stage again.

SIGNOR SALVINI is rich, and now that he is married he plays for money no more. It is only charity, or good comradeship, that now brings him occasionally on the stage.

AT a dinner given in Turin to Herr von Flotow, the composer of *Martha*, he proposed the following toast:—"I drink to Italy, which will always be the native land of melody, and, perhaps, its refuge!"

SIR MICHAEL COSTA, after his two oratorios, "Eli" and Naaman," has preserved a long silence in composition; but it is stated that he is now engaged on a third work depicting the career of Joseph, the son of Jacob.

THE veteran Stuttgart tenor, Herr Southeim, who induced the King of Würtemburg to go to the expense of reducing the pitch, and a fortnight afterwards petitioned for the restoration of the former high standard, has been singing in Vienna in Halévy's "Juive," in which he still preserves his C sharp *de poitrine*.

MADAME PATTI'S benefit at Moscow is stated to have been a great success, Signor Campana's "Esmeralda" being the opera chosen. There were sixty calls for the *bénéficiaire* during the performance, and more than 300 bouquets were showered upon her, besides which she was presented with a beautiful pair of diamond and sapphire ear-rings.

HUMOROUS.

SOME one says there is to be an association of New York newspaper funny men. Why not call it the Society of the Pun-jaub?

THE season has begun when professional pianists are expected to play all the evening at a family party for a piece of cake and a glass of lemonade; and it doesn't pay at that.

KATE CLAXTON was saved at the Brooklyn theatre by having a petticoat with her. This confirms our opinion that no right minded young man should attend an entertainment without one.

SOME signs may always be relied upon. When a lady makes a young man a present of a handkerchief and he immediately proceeds to lock it up in a drawer, notwithstanding that he has a cold in the head and his washing hasn't been brought home, it is usually safe to presume that he is in love.

IT is singular that Parrhasius, after such an expense of money and cruelty in getting a study of intense physical agony for his Prometheus, never thought of the simpler and more satisfactory method of watching a man with a cold blister on his lip trying to stifle a laugh.

THE only difference between an icicle and an iceberg is size, and the only difference between the man who will not pay his printer's bill and the bank defaulter, is—well, there is no difference.

THE *Home Journal* objects to the wearing of diamonds, when travelling, because it is vulgar. It is a position which we assumed years ago, and we are glad to say that no one connected with this paper has ever been guilty of such vulgarity. We have occasionally taken a ride with a lawyer, but there are some depths to which we cannot sink.

No expression of the human countenance can equal the look of lonesome amazement that flashes over the face of the solitary oyster at finding himself scooped up in a gallon of church sociable soup. The oyster, with a swallow, homeward flies.

WHEN you see a man, mercury at-zero, all alone in a sleigh, holding on to one of his ears, as if he had a bumble-bee in a clam shell, his face as purple as a grape pomice, and spirting clumps of snow from his mouth, then you can make up your mind that he prefers his own comfort to that of anybody else, and isn't very particular what that comfort is, so long as he has it all to himself.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. W. S., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 103 received. Correct.

W. A., Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks.

We insert at the request of one of our correspondents a game of Chess played many years ago by the great Napoleon. The game and notes are taken from an old Chess magazine. In some remarks accompanying the game, it is stated that the great Emperor was fond of Chess, and often played it at home, and in the field, in Egypt as well as in Russia, in his solitude at Elba, and in his captivity at St. Helena.

We may add that it was noticed by his friends at St. Helena, that, often when playing the mimic battle, he would pause at certain points of the game, as if the position recalled some combination of sterner materials which in years gone by had occupied a mind fitted for such strategy.

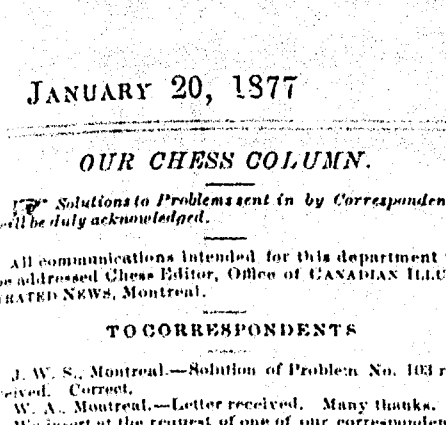
We have, we believe, also seen it stated that Napoleon once played with the celebrated Automaton Chess player, and that on his twice intentionally breaking the rules of the game, the pieces were indignantly swept from the board by his incensed antagonist. At the time we presume, Mouret was the director of the mechanical wonder. Mouret in after years became teacher of Chess to the children of Louis Philippe.

Madame de Rémusat, the antagonist of Napoleon in the annexed game, was the wife of Count de Rémusat; also the intimate friend of the Empress Josephine, and the authoress of an "Essay on the education of women."

PROBLEM No. 105

By MR. WM. FINLAYSON, Malta.

BLACK



WHITE

White playing, mates in four moves.

GAME 1581st

Played at Malmaison, (France), between Napoleon the I. and Madame de Remusat, on the 20th March, 1802.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE. Madame de Rémusat.	BLACK. Napoleon I.
1. P to Q 3	Kt to K B 3
2. P to K 4	Kt to Q B 3
3. P to K B 4	P to K 4
4. P takes P	Q Kt takes P
5. Kt to Q B 3	K Kt to K Kt 5
6. P to Q 4	Q to R 6 (ch)
7. P to Kt 3	Q to K R 3
8. Kt to K R 3 (a)	Q Kt to B 6 (ch)
9. K to K 2	Kt takes Q P (ch)
10. K to Q 3	K Kt to K 4 (b)
11. K takes Kt	B to B 4 (ch)
12. K takes B	Q to Q Kt 3 (ch)
13. K to Q 5	Q to Q 3 mate (c)

NOTES.

(a) The correct move was Q to K 2.

(b) The attack is kept up with great vigour.

CHESS IN CANADA.

GAME 1582ND.

Played at the Montreal Chess Club in the present match between Messrs. Henderson and Shaw.

(Remove Black's K B P from the board.)

WHITE.—(Mr. S.)	BLACK.—(Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 3
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4
3. P to K 5	P to K Kt 4
4. B to Q 3	Kt to K 2
5. B to K Kt 5	Q Kt to Q B 3
6. P to Q B 3	B to K Kt 5
7. Q to K Kt 4	Q to Q 2
8. P to K R 4	Kt to B 4
9. P to K R 5	Q to B 2
10. P to K R 6	B to B sq
11. B to B 6	K R to Kt sq
12. Q to Kt 5	B to Q 2
13. Kt to K B 3	B to K 2
14. Q Kt to Q 2	Castles
15. P to K Kt 4	P takes B
16. P takes B	kt to Q 2
17. Q to R 4	P to E Kt 4
18. Kt takes P	Q takes P
19. K Kt to B 3	Q to B 5
20. P to Kt 5	Q to B 2
21. P to Kt 6	P takes P
22. P to R 7	R to R sq
23. Castles (Q R)	Kt to K B 4
24. Q to R 2	Q R to K sq
25. Kt to Kt 5	Q to Kt 2
26. P to K B 4	R to K 2
27. Q R to K sq	Kt to Q sq
28. Q Kt to K B 3	Kt to B 2
29. B takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
30. kt takes Kt	Kt P takes B
31. R to K 5	B to K sq
32. R takes K P	B to Kt 3
33. Q to K 2	K to Q 2
34. Q to Q Kt 5 (ch)	K to B sq
35. Q takes Q P	R to Q 2
36. Q to Q R 5	P to R 3
37. Q to Kt 4	B takes P
38. Q R to K B 6	R to K 2
39. R takes B	R takes R
40. R takes R	R checks
41. K to Q 2	

And Black resigns.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 103

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q 3	B takes R
2. B to Q B 6 mate	
If	
1. ——	K takes R
2. B to K Kt 6 mate	

There are other variations.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 101.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to K B 6	R to Q Kt 2 (best)
2. R to Q sq (ch)	K to Q B 2
3. Kt mates	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 102.

WHITE.	BLACK
K at Q B 2	K at Q B 5
Q at Q Kt 7	B at K Kt 6
R at K 3	Pawns at K B 4
B at Q 2	K Kt 3, Q 4, Q B 4
	Q Kt 4 and
	Q R 3

White to play and mate in two moves.

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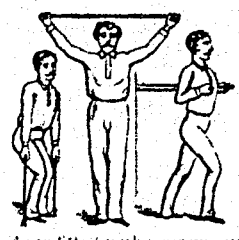

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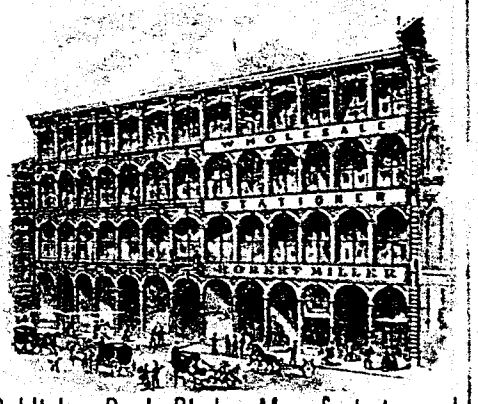

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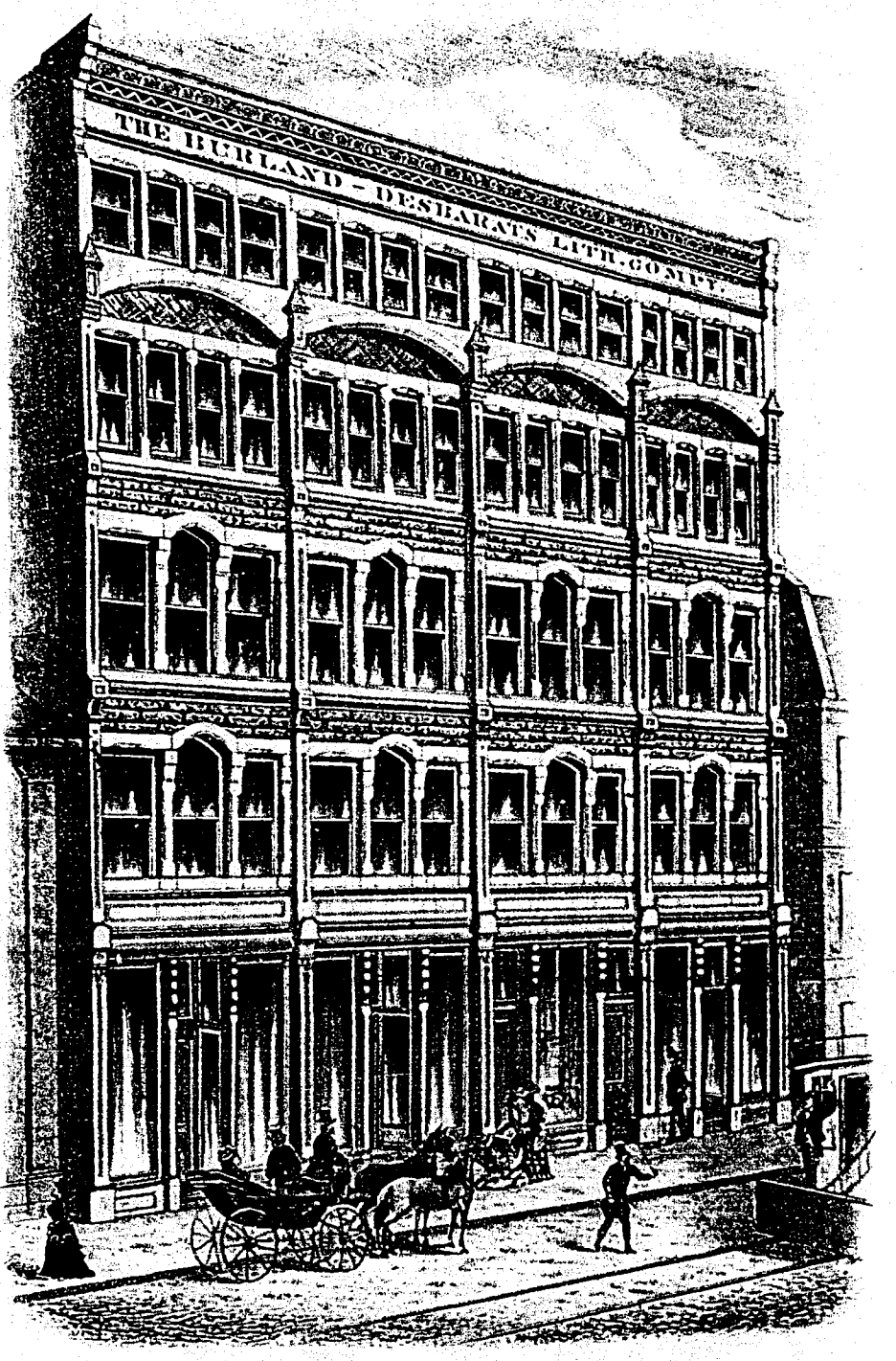

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