

"boats or yachts on hire" painted in large letters. That night I went to an oyster feed at Hartley's. I had made up my mind to be bored, but was most agreeably disappointed. Hartley met me at the door, and immediately began offering me all that his house contained in the way of dry socks, slippers, etc. From the moment he appeared in a smoking-cap and dressing-gown, with a tremendous pipe, leading the way, I knew I had not come out for nothing. We went slick up to his den, where he put a box of famous cigars by my side, and a box of chessmen and a board in front. I played away perfectly happy as you may imagine, and with the assistance of three smokes succeeded in vanquishing all comers, including my "boss" himself. He evidently thought he had got me easily, for he had taken two or three of my pieces, but I had laid a foul plot, and at last "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold" and I nobbled his king without a struggle. We then adjourned to visit the oysters; there were two great washing-basins chock full, and we all squatted round in the kitchen and set to work to get rid of them as fast as we could open them. I lasted them all out, and finished both dishes. I guess I did about four or five dozen. Misfortunes never come singly, no more do the opposite, and next day I had some more in the regular fare of my diggings. What do you think of that for a boarding-house? And last night I had some more again in an eating-house. They are only 20 cents a dozen, and very good.

This is a fearful scrawl, but it's being done at a tremendous rate to see if I can't fill up this sheet before mail time. By jove! no, it's a quarter to eight. Love to everybody.

J. SETON COCKBURN.

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202, BANK STREET, OTTAWA,

*November 12th, '84.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

This letter is as usual addressed to you and meant for a good many other people besides. Firstly, I think I shall have to