

MISTAKEN FREEDOM.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THOMAS CLAUDE DEAN BY A LADY FRIEND

I.

How cold and hard, yea, made of stone
That heart of thine must be,
When thou canst boldly say thou art
From love's sweet impulse free,
That in thy bosom never beat
The throbbings of responsive love
For one, who makes man's sojourn here
A foretaste of that Rest above.

II.

How sad and gloomy is thy lot.
How cheerless, then, must be thy life
Without the smile, the loving kiss,
The joyous greeting of a wife.
Nay! tell me not thy heart is free,
Because not bound by Hymen's ties;
In married life alone thou'lt find
The joys of earthly paradise.

III.

Thou art still young, and soon to feel
The gentle touch of Cupid's dart,
Which ever presses on its way
To pierce the sanctum of the heart.
Thy fearless love shall yet succeed
To charms of beauty now unseem:
Despite thy boast there soon will be
A Mrs. Thomas Claude Dean!

Smirlville, Ont.

HEART OF OAK AGAINST IRONSIDES.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE HUASCAR AND H. M. SHIPS THE SHAH AND THE AMETHYST.

II.

The time seemed to pass awfully slowly, and I don't think any of us who were going, liked being left much alone during the afternoon. At last, the day passed; we dined at four, so that we should not have to go away hungry, and I think most of us were glad when the meal was over, especially, as the conversation generally took a very pleasant turn. Nearly every way, in which we were likely to be killed, was discussed, and if you suggested any means of escape, you would hear some one mutter that there was something that would make that way next to impossible. Once, when I said "that, anyway, if the boats were smashed by a shot, we would only have to swim for it," I heard some one mutter to his neighbour, that he had heard the place swarmed with sharks. Well, dinner came to an end at last, and then we went off to dress; we were all to go in white, as we had found the time before, that it could not be seen so easily as blue. So, imagine your son rigged out in cricketing costume, with only the cap different, which was a uniform one, with a white cover; and round my waist, my sword belt, which supported a revolver, as well as the sabre, and over my shoulder, the bag, containing the more peaceful professional instruments and implements. We started about eight o'clock, the night being pretty dark. As we went over the side, the fellows came to shake hands, and I must say I had a sort of choking-feeling in my throat. It was agreed, that if, for any reason, we were to be recalled, a rocket and blue light were to be fired. When we once got into the boats, it was all right; we loaded our revolvers, and felt ready for anything. I was told off to keep my eye on the ship, to see if she should signal the recall. We went on and on for about two hours, and had quite given up all idea of having to go back without attaining our object, and Talbot and I, in the stern sheets of the whaler were indulging in dreams of glory and wondering, if successful, whether we should get early promotion or not, when suddenly up went a rocket in the air from the ship; however, we did not see a blue light, so we kept on our way, when, presently, up went rockets, one after the other, and blue lights were burning away like fun. So we had to turn back, and very grieved we felt at having a second time to return, without having done anything, and, probably, losing the best chance we shall ever have of getting our names up. While on our way back, we saw the *Amethyst* coming up, at a great rate; she passed close to us, and Captain Chatfield shouted from the bridge: "The *Huascar* has surrendered to the Peruvian government," and then we found that the *Amethyst* had stopped a mail steamer, and had got the news from her. It seems that the *Huascar*, when she escaped from Ilo in the night, had run down to Iquique, and given herself up to the Peruvians. We fellows in the boats, I can tell you, were awfully savage. If they had but given us one hour more, the *Huascar* would, almost for certain, be lying at the bottom of Iquique Harbour. It was such a lovely night, that we should have been almost certain of success, and, instead of that, we had to return on board, having done nothing. The next morning, we steamed into Iquique, almost close to our old enemy, and anchored there. In another ship close by, were all the prisoners who had been taken out of the *Huascar*, looking anything but happy, and some of them shook their fists and yelled at one of our boats, as it went by. The *Huascar* was certainly a sight to behold; her funnel was riddled with shots; I only wonder it wasn't carried away altogether; her rigging was cut to pieces, and her bridge cleaned up, as well as all the outwork, and her four boats were smashed. A shot from our 12¹/₂ ton bow-gun had gone right to her keel, and played old Harry. There are all sorts of reports about the number of men killed or wounded; the one we first heard, when we boarded that steamer at Ilo, another, that they chucked ten bodies overboard, on the way down from Ilo to Iquique, and another, that there was only one

killed and one wounded. If the latter yarn was true, some must have had most miraculous escapes, though we were not likely to have killed very many, as so few showed themselves on deck. They buried one man on Friday, with a placard on him, saying: "This man died, nobly fighting for his country, against the British." I think that was pretty good, considering they had bagged the ship and bombarded one of their own towns, a day or two before. I dined with the Admiral on Friday night, and he said that he thought the *Huascar* was the most perfect fighting ship he had ever seen, and that if she had only been manned by English sailors, we should not have got so well out of it as we did. As it was, he attributed it to sheer luck that he had not been struck, as all their shots came disagreeably near us, and, one time, a shell burst just the other side of us. It was very lucky we did not try to board, as we found afterwards, that from her boilers she had a lot of pipes coming out, to play boiling water over any one that attempted it, and you can imagine how hideous that would have been; also, the crew would have shut themselves down below, and fired up at the enemy, while we could scarcely have got a shot at them; so that, altogether, we should have been in a nice fix. And now, I think that I have told you nearly all about the affair, and only hope you will not be tired of reading it; if you are, you must excuse this long rigmarole, that you have been obliged to read through, on the score that it was my first action, and I haven't reached the stage, when one looks upon these things as commonplace. I think I heard the Admiral say that this is the first time a wooden ship has engaged an iron turret ship; if so, it will probably excite some interest at home.

Perhaps you will like to hear of our reception at Callao. We were going in, and had nearly got to our anchorage, when, suddenly, the mist, which had been hanging about all the morning, lifted, and we saw an English steamer coming towards us, and she sent up a signal that she had important intelligence. So, we went towards her, and the skipper came on board, and told us he had been out all night looking for us, and that all the guns of the fort were manned, and the Peruvians had determined to fire on us, as soon as we anchored. It seems that revolutionists and non-revolutionists were both equally enraged at our having knocked their ship about, and had resolved, if possible, to blow us out of the water. There was also sent off from the merchants (English) a petition to the Admiral, praying him not to stay at Callao, as the sight of the *Shah* so enraged the people, that they were all afraid to be murdered; they had left the shore and had taken refuge in the English ships, lying in the harbour. Under these circumstances, the Admiral thought it better to go north. So he started for Payta, where we arrived this morning. The papers were full of our fight; they gave a similar account to what we heard from the steamer at Ilo, and said five were killed and several wounded, or thereabout. The people at Lima, when they heard of the affair, assembled in the Plaza, and made speeches, and all that sort of thing, winding up with crying: "Death to the English."

The President, though he jolly well knew that we were going after the *Huascar*, swears that he didn't, and tells the people he means to have satisfaction from the British. I wish he would send his fleet after us, and let us have a rub in at them; but I don't think they much fancy getting within range of us again in a hurry. They are under the firm impression that the *Huascar* did a lot of damage, and it is said they mistook our coaling ports for shot holes, and were very much elated thereby. There are also all sorts of yarns about the number of our dead and wounded, which they are happy in believing are very great. I fancy I am the luckiest beggar that ever lived, to be in such a happy ship, and we could have no end of luck. I don't see how you could have a jollier life, though, certainly, the southern part of this station is not calculated to inspire a fellow with any inordinate desire for the shore, unless he should be so far gone as to be fond of collecting different specimens of sands, and had a particular dislike to anything green or pleasant to the eye. The only tree to be seen in this place is the painting of one, on the side of a house, which, it is said, whether truly or not, I don't know, that the donkeys show their appreciation of the artist by licking.

I will wind up by giving you the chorus of a song I am writing for the ward room.

N. B. Don't the whist players like it?
"Scarce had begun the fun,
When he fired the 12-ton gun,
Which one Henderson and crew, did men so ban dy, oh!
That it pierced the *Huascar's* side,
And a sentry fell and died,
For it knocked his head right into sugar handy oh!"

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Constructions seem to spring up by enchantment on the site of the Exhibition buildings. The hillside, formerly occupied by the monumental staircase of the Trocadéro, now seems entirely transformed. Here will be situated the projected waterfall, which will certainly be one of the most beautiful ornaments of the Exhibition. All the taste for which the French are famous will be manifested in the designing of this cascade, and the *coup-d'oeil* it will present from the bridge beneath will be lovely in the extreme. The water will flow from the rotunda which is to crown the buildings at the summit of the hill of the Trocadéro, and take its course

down the incline where the staircase formerly stood, falling into an immense circular basin. On each side of the waterfall jets d'eau will be disposed symmetrically, and on Sundays and holidays, when from the tubes the dazzling spray will be thrown into the air, the sight will be surprisingly beautiful. The total cost of this grand cascade has been estimated at 650,000fr.

A number of Persian architects and artisans have arrived in Paris, charged by their Government with the construction of a palace. This building, which will cover a space of 170 square yards, will be composed of a first storey, surmounted by a large belvedere. The walls will be ornamented with porcelain and the windows will be of coloured glass. It is said that the Shah of Persia will visit Paris again during the coming Exhibition, his Majesty having apparently found travelling to his taste.

The Committee of the Universal Exhibition of 1878 has just definitely decided on the composition of the jury for awarding the medals and prizes. The jury will consist in all of 650 members, of whom 350 will be Frenchmen. The jurors chosen from among manufacturers and practical men will be half Frenchmen and half foreigners, and will amount to 600. Supposing, as is indeed very probable, that this number of jurors will be found to be insufficient, it will be completed by the addition of those gentlemen who have been appointed to form the jury of admission. The jurors will be appointed by the Ministerial Commissions, and those persons who form part of the Committees of Installation will be called upon first. Visitors to the works of the Exhibition will now be able to realize to some degree the vast extent of the undertaking. The enormous semi-circular Palace running round the slope of the Palace du Trocadéro has almost reached the roof, and preparations are being rapidly made for the construction of the huge cascade, which is to be one of the wonders of 1878. Viewed from the Champ de Mars, the sweeping outline of the Palace of the Trocadéro is grand in the extreme. The long aisles of which the square block of the Champ de Mars is to be composed are already being roofed in, and the four corner towers are rapidly rising. The Special Decorative Committee have given orders for the execution of 21 statues representing the different countries which will take part in the Exhibition. These statues, each of which will cost £160, are to be placed along the facade of the Palace of the Champ de Mars. In accordance with a report of M. Kranz, a Commission—amongst the members of which are the names of Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, and Halanzar—will be charged with preparing the necessary measures for organizing a Musical Exhibition in 1878.

The following little bit of French ingenuity is worth recording. By placing at each of the letters of this phrase: *La République Thiers va Triompher* (the Thiers Republic will triumph) its number in order of the French alphabet, you get precisely the number of Deputies who signed the protest of the Left—363. Thus:—

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14			
a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n			
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25						
o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z					
						L	A									
						1	2									
						R	E	P	U	B	L	I	Q	U	E	
						1	8	5	16	21	7	12	9	17	21	5
						T	H	I	E	R	S					
						2	0	8	9	5	18	19				
						V	A									
						2	2	1								
						T	R	I	O	M	P	H	E	R		
						2	0	18	9	15	13	16	8	5	18	
						Total										363

French correspondents at the seat of war know how to make life as comfortable as possible, and Col. Brackenbury, military correspondent of the *Times*, thus pays them a compliment: We lighted upon a number of French correspondents: M. La Motte, of *Le Temps*; M. Dick de Lonslay, of the *Monde Illustré*; and M. Pelissier, of a Madrid illustrated paper, who invited us to share their dinner, which M. Jules, their "chef," said was just ready to be served. And what a dinner amid the desert it was. It struck me that these French correspondents, who travelled with a French *chef de cuisine*, were about the wisest gentlemen of the Press I had met for a long time. As for myself, I had been living on the most ghastly native dishes for weeks. I had eaten chickens until the very sight of a live one brought a painful sensation to my lower organs of digestion. I had drunk lukewarm water and sour wine until I had lost all pleasure in material existence; and to crown all, I felt that my weight, which was never too great, was gradually but surely decreasing. And here, in a village where my servant returned from a foraging expedition with nothing better than a dismal piece of raw meat and a loaf of black bread, our French friends were living in the most generous fashion. Our dinner was a really remarkable affair, and cost little or nothing. Let me attempt the details:

1. Salmis. Contributed by your correspondent.
2. Soup. Basis purchased from the soldiers, but enriched with some white beans and husks, which M. Jules had purchased for twopence from a peasant's wife.
3. Sardines, baked on toast. Excellent.
4. White wine of the country. About half-a-franc for two large bottles.
5. Macaroni. Drawn from the French correspondent's wagon-stores.

6. Lamb, roast quarter of. Said animal entire having cost three francs.
7. Can of fruit-preserves. Contributed by a London journalist.
8. Honey.
9. Coffee.

The entire dinner did not cost over ten francs, or about two francs a piece. I travelled two days in the company of the French correspondents; and though M. Jules frequently complained that he could not find anything to buy, yet he always managed to scrape up a most delightful dinner. I shall envy these correspondents their *chef* so long as I remain in Bulgaria. I have come to the conclusion that a good *chef* is very essential among the *attachés* of a war correspondent. English correspondents do not, as a rule, pay so much attention to procuring a *chef de cuisine* as a man who thoroughly understands horses, and one who can attend to their personal wants in a rough and ready fashion, and, above all, act as a courier when the necessity arrives.

VARIETIES.

ADDITION TO GREY'S "ELEGY."—George Macdonald, the Scotch novelist and poet, has been emending Gray's "Elegy." The latter poet being a bachelor, and living before the day of woman's emancipation, could not be expected to pay full respect to the sex. The only compliment he gives their talents, in his famous poem, is the rather hum-drum allusion to the "busy housewife." Mr. Macdonald attempts to supply the deficiency with these stanzas, to be inserted after the fourteenth of the poem:

Here sleeps some fair, whose unaffected charms
Bloom'd with attraction to herself unknown,
Whose beauty might have blessed a monarch's arms,
Whose virtues c'est a lustre on a throne;
Whose modest beauties warm'd a humble heart,
Or cheer'd the labor of some homely spouse;
Whose virtues form'd to every dutiful part
The healthful offspring which adorned her house.

MME. PATTERSON-BONAPARTE.—Although Madame Eliza Patterson-Bonaparte's love of study remains, her fast increasing blindness deprives her of this resource. She has written a piquant diary, but her great work is reported to be "Dialogues of the Dead," the scene being laid in Hades, where her father and King Jerome rehearse her story. Her wit is still incisive, her talk interesting, her memory of the country marvellous. She is a very practical woman, and has a large fortune. Her mother-in-law, Madame Mére, she describes thus:—"She was not tall; features like her great son; fine, mournful eyes; a manner touching and majestic. Pauline was empty-headed, selfish and vain, cared only for luxury, but in every line exquisite as Canova's statue represents her. Hortense was not really handsome—irregular features, a wide mouth, exposing the gums and defective teeth, a blemish in her mother, whose faultless figure, kindly nature, and caressing manner she also inherited. She was lovely at the harp, and sang her own romances in a sweet voice."

A SINGULAR DUEL.—Two gentlemen, one a Spaniard and the other a German, who were recommended by their birth and services to the Emperor Maximilian II., both courted his daughter, the fair Helene Scharfequinn, in marriage. The Emperor, after a long delay, one day informed them that, esteeming them equally, and not being able to bestow a preference, he should leave it to the force and address of the claimants to decide the question. He did not mean however to risk the loss of one or the other, or perhaps of both. He could not therefore permit them to meet with offensive weapons, but he ordered a large bag to be produced. It was his decree that whichever succeeded in putting his rival into this bag should obtain the hand of his daughter. This singular encounter between the two gentlemen took place in the presence of the whole Court. The contest lasted for more than an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded, and the German, Eberhard, Baron von Talbert, having planted his rival in the bag, took it upon his back, and very gallantly laid it at the feet of his mistress, whom he espoused the next day.

CHESS TOURNAMENT.—The festival in honour of Herr Anderssen, the chess player, has been held at Leipzig, and attracted the largest assemblage of chess-players ever witnessed in Germany. The principal items of the programme were the presentation of a testimonial to the guest of the occasion, and the tourney for first-class players. The testimonial represented a figure of Victory holding a crown, the pedestal bearing inscriptions commemorating Herr Anderssen's conquests in London, Baden, &c., and it was presented by the President of the Augusta Chess Club in behalf of the chess players of Germany. There are twelve entries for the tournament, comprising Messrs. Paulsen, Anderssen, Zukertort, Winawer, Goring, Schallor, English, Lefman, Metges, Fleischig, Franke, and W. Paulsen. The play was commendably fast, and each competitor had completed his quota of eleven games by the morning of Saturday, the 21st. The play resulted in the first prize falling to Louis Paulsen, with a score of nine won and two lost to Anderssen and Winawer respectively. Anderssen and Zukertort appeared next on the list, each with a score of eight and a half won, Anderssen having lost to Dr. Goring, and made drawn games only against English, Metger, and Zukertort; the latter lost to Goring and Paulsen, and drew against Anderssen. The prizes consisted of the entrance fees, only, and must therefore have been almost nominal in value.