

ruin, but once it was a happy home. Its halls re-echoed in days of yore with the songs and merriment of youth. The grounds about it are all gone to waste and wilderness, except where some old-fashioned flowers still bloom.

In this quaint old-fashioned house built in negligent style, (there are still existing sketches of it in Indian ink), lived Eugenie, the pride of LaHave.

Her hands tended the flowers and trained the creepers and roses round the portico, to shade off the hot summer sun. The woodbine and the virginian creeper, both lent their aid to screen in dark glossy folds of verdure, the windows; but not content with this, they sought the eaves, and as if with ambitious aspirations, climbed up to the wide old-fashioned chimneys, the summer house of the swallows.

There in winter the commandant, kind and affable, welcomed his friends. Crackling fires roared in the long fire-places. In those days the board was, not without reason, made of sturdy oak. Over all such festivities Eugenie presided as hostess, for her mother was dead. The French song in describing Eugenie's beauty, compares her to the lily or fragrant rose, when in summer's early morning it blooms in modesty and only half displays its blushing loveliness.

In every community, no matter where, there is among its people, however rude or ignorant, very often an object of either love or pride, or of both mingled together, someone more gifted by nature, more beautiful, but not always happier on that account. Intellectual endowments command respect and admiration, sometimes awe. Beauty attracts, a winning and engaging manner reconciles, but sweetness of disposition disarms all ill-feeling and smothered all jealousy. Such an one was Eugenie Le Main, of the French village of LaHave in Acadia. She was an object of love and admiration by the villagers.

About this time hostilities had again broken out between the French and English in Canada. Detachments of British troops were sent to attack the outlying posts of the French. LaHave was one of their points of attack. Of this, LeMain was not aware. We pass now to another scene. It was night. The sentinel paced his weary rounds on the fort. The night deepened into darker shades. There was no sound but the wind and the ripples breaking upon the beach, no enemy was feared, for the British were thought to be far distant. The sentinel, wearied with fatigue and heat, slept. He dreamed of his home in sunny France.

"The sentinel rests his arms upon his knees,
And in his sleep, he dreams, he thinks he sees
His humble cot, he hears the honey bees
With low complaining murmur in the trees."

Suddenly a rifle-shot re-echoed through the night. The soldier never awoke from his happy dreams. The shot aroused the garrison. It was, however, too late, they were taken by surprise. Le Main instantly rushed to his post and put himself at the head of his soldiers. The British made a simultaneous attack on the fort and Commandant's house. In the course of the conflict the house was set on fire by one of the soldiers. The fire soon made headway, and lurid flames wrapt the building around with their red and fiery arms. Dark columns of smoke rose skyward and mingled with the darkness of the night. The conflict soon ceased, for the British had captured the fort, the French retreating to the further side of the river. The Commandant, Le Main, was slain. By this time the fire had made great progress. The British soldiers gathered round to watch it burn down, for nothing could be done to save it. All at once a form was seen at one of the topmost windows. By the lurid glare they saw a young girl imploring help and stretching out her arms for assistance. It was but for a moment. The roaring flames swept wildly around her, they hide her from view, that was the last seen of Eugenie. With a dull crash the roof fell in, and the smoking ruins became Eugenie's tomb.

C. T. EASON.

THE ORPHEUS CLUB CONCERT.

The Orpheus Club of Halifax, with the ladies' auxiliary, gave their first concert of the season in the new Orpheus Hall on Tuesday evening last. The audience was large and generally appreciative, but the effect of several of the beautiful numbers rendered by the club, and the piano solo of Mr. C. H. Porter, was completely destroyed by the audible tete-a-tetes which were being carried on in different parts of the hall.

The chances of Mowatt carrying Ontario and the enumeration of the presents received by the "young hopeful" are no doubt interesting themes of discussion, but some other and more fitting time for conversing about such matters might, we think, be found. It is both unfair to the performers and to those among the audience who attend for the purpose of hearing the music, for persons to talk while the choruses or solos are being rendered. In both the duo with Miss Wylde and in the piano solo—a fantasia in C minor—Mr. Porter displayed artistic skill, his technique being charming, denoting years of untiring industry.

Mr. C. J. Ross sang acceptably Gounod's Nazareth, but the mournful style adopted by the singer and the mournful tones of his voice were not in keeping with the joyous and triumphant character of the song. Mr. Ross possesses a well cultivated and rich baritone voice, and sings with much expression, but the tremulous style which he invariably adopts in all songs greatly mars his singing. Miss Gussie Taylor sang in a bright and pleasing manner as an encore, "Bless your little heart I love you," but the singing of the Recitative in her original solo was labored, and although the Rond was performed with more ease, the selection was evidently ambitious. Captain Addison articulates well, which is in itself a great charm, but the captain is evidently more at home on velvet pile than on the stage in a concert hall. The numbers rendered by the club were uniformly good, both as to time and shading, and reflect great credit upon Mr. C. H. Porter, the director. In a friendly way however it might be suggested that greater

distinctness in pronunciation should be aimed at. In the numbers rendered jointly by the club and the ladies' auxiliary, some fine effects were produced, but the parts are not yet sufficiently well balanced to ensure perfection in this respect, the altos being decidedly weak and the tenors forcing their notes so as to be unpleasant to the ear. The sextette, "O Sonno Carlo" was by all considered the gem of the evening, Mr. S. Sichel rendering his solo most creditably. If this, the first concert of the Orpheus Club, may be taken as an earnest of what this organization can and may yet accomplish, Halifaxians may congratulate themselves that the club has been permanently established in the city, and may anticipate that through it the musical taste of our citizens may be raised above the dead level of provincialism, upon which it has hitherto stood.

THE PILGRIM SHIP "MAYFLOWER."

Amid the many mythical stories which have been afloat as to what ultimately became of the pilgrim ship *Mayflower*, it will be interesting to our readers to peruse the following, which from so eminent a writer may be accepted as the true sequel of her voyaging. With regard to this famous ship Mr. Edwin Arnold, in his delightful book on "India revisited," says:

"Among the curious treasures of the Madras Museum, which the Governor has greatly developed, is a golden coin of Claudius, the Emperor, struck to commemorate the conquest of Britain, and discovered in excavating a foundation near Madras. What chapters of fancy might be written about this aureus, which thus strangely links the past and present in England's history, and came, perhaps, to India, in the scrip of St. Thomas.

The only fact that could be mentioned by me at all to match the odd thoughts suggested by this Roman coin, with its device of *ob Britannos devictos*, in connection with the same locality, was one regarding the famous old ship *Mayflower*, which bore the Pilgrim Fathers to New England. It has recently been ascertained that this vessel was chartered in 1639 A.D. by the East India Company, and went to Masulipatam from Gombroom for a cargo of rice and general produce. She was lost upon the voyage home, one of the ships whose history is linked with that of the birth and uprise of great nations, like the aureus in the Madras Museum."

COMMERCIAL.

Wholesale trade has been very dull for the past two weeks, as is usual in the holidays. On the other hand, retailers generally have prosecuted an active business in nearly all lines. The latter is a gratifying circumstance, as it confirms the fact that the past year's business has been profitable and good wages have been earned by all. Travellers in most branches are in, and many houses are finishing their stock-taking.

A review of the general business of the year which closes to-day shows that a fair volume of trade has been done, with profits averaging larger than for two or three previous years. Prices of all the leading staples have been on a firmer basis, and it is thought by many that further advances are more likely in the near future than lower figures. The outlook for 1887 is most cheering and confidence is generally felt and freely expressed. For a few weeks business will probably be confined principally to a sorting-up trade, but the chances are good for an active and profitable spring business. Payments continue to be fairly satisfactory.

An event that has caused considerable talk during the week has been the failure and assignment of Messrs. R. B. Mackintosh & Co., wholesale grocers, of this city. This concern has been doing a large business during the past few years, and was reported by many as being staunch and thoroughly reliable. Shrewd men have for some time past had their doubts, and have hinted that, in order to offset sales, the firm was more than "shading" from regular market prices—in fact, that they had acquired the reprehensible habit of selling below actual cost. This idea spreading among parties from whom they obtained their supplies, it became gradually more and more difficult to keep up their stock of goods. No figures have been officially published as yet, as the auditing of their accounts is not completed, but it is conjectured that the liabilities will foot up between \$30,000 and \$35,000, while it is feared that the available assets will be very small. In the act of assignment about a dozen creditors are made preferential, whose claims aggregate about \$7,000. It is thought that these preferential creditors may eventually realize perhaps 40 to 50 per cent. of their claims, but it is extremely problematical whether others will receive anything, as most of the goods owned by the firm are said to be hypothecated to the Bank of British North America for advances made by it, and there cannot be very much else that is available to realize upon. The additional statement that no senior member of the firm "has gone to the United States on a visit," and that his brother is his assignee and principal preferential creditor, do not detract from the interest of the situation. While we would not be understood even to suggest that there is anything necessarily or even probably wrong in this arrangement, still it would have been indisputably preferable all around if the above were not the facts in this case.

In view of this affair we would point out a moral to business men, and that is to learn for themselves what the true position is of those to whose hands they propose entrusting their goods. Commercial agencies may be very good in their way, and are in many cases useful and honest, as far as it is safe to be, still their reliability is limited by many circumstances. In the first place when they find a firm handling large quantities of goods and taking up its notes promptly, they have to assume that it is safe and to rate it in proportion to the business that it transacts, as shown by the credit that it gets. Again, it would not be safe and would often not be right to give currency to rumors and suspicions of other men in the trade.