

"TU NE QUAESIERIS."

(Horace, Od. Lib. I.)
BY THOMAS WHITE.

"Ask not, my queen, my beauty,
What ends the gods may give:
Love is its own sweet duty;
Be still, and let us live.
Bright youth is lord of pleasure.
Glad hours are round us now:
I weave their choicest treasure
A garland for thy brow."

"Glad hours and sad go by me,
And, as we drift along,
All things of love shall fly me;
All things of mirth and song;
Even now that dark to-morrow
O'er shadows all my way:
I turn from coming sorrow
To sun me in to-day."

"What more, my queen! Hereafter,
When you have long forgot
Our pleasant days and laughter,
And youth and joy are not,
Lone Memory's sad sweet pleasure
Shall charm as thou dost now,
And weave her choicest treasure
A garland for thy brow."

HEART OF OAK AGAINST IRONSIDES.

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

The following graphic account of this battle has been sent us by an esteemed patron in Ontario, whose son is Surgeon on H. M. S. *Shah*, and who is the author of the account:—

Although you will most likely have seen an account of our proceedings in the papers, I dare say you won't mind a description from one who was on the spot. So I will fire away, and let you know all that I do.

To begin; you must know that there has been a rebellion in Peru, not at all an uncommon occurrence in these parts, and usually ending in, we can hardly say, smoke, but probably a quiet murder or two; but this time the rebels seized an iron-clad turret ship, and went out to sea, and a few days afterwards we heard that she had stopped mail steamers bearing the English flag, and had taken a passenger out of one; she also took coals from a British barque, and so, every one was in a great state of mind. We were then at Calleo, and thinking of going north, but when the Admiral heard of this, he determined to go and look for the ship. So off we started, highly delighted at the thought of some excitement; but, after we had been about a fortnight dodging her all over the place, we began to think it rather slow work; however, the *Amethyst*, a corvette, was sent for, and, between us we managed to find her. We first sighted her in the afternoon about one o'clock; of course the excitement was tremendous. As soon as she saw us she made a bolt, but we came up to her in about half an hour, when we fired a gun and she stopped. Our first lieutenant went on board with a message to the effect that, if she did not haul her colors down within five minutes of his returning on board she must take the consequences. The answer was from the "bossman" who said that he couldn't think of doing anything of the kind. Our first lieutenant was first asked if he would take some refreshment, and was then piped and bowed over the side. Before he went the captain said he hoped that we would not take advantage of the position we had placed him in, as he had stopped when we fired a gun; so our First said we would not think of such a thing, and that we would give him warning when we were about to blaze by firing another gun, and hauling down the preparative flag. He then returned on board and made his report, and our enemy went off as hard as she could, but we kept her well in view, and at the expiration of five minutes we fired a blank charge, afterwards a shotted gun across her bows, and then went after her as hard as we could. I will now describe the ship we were engaging. She is an English built vessel powerfully armored. Her turret, which revolves, contains two 12½ ton guns; she has also two 40-pounder Armstrongs aft; the turret is placed immediately behind the top gallant fore-castle; and is covered with 5½ inches of iron, and inside this a lot of stuffing to prevent splintering; her hull is covered with 4½ inches of armour, and she has a ram; she only draws fourteen feet of water, which you will see further on, was a disadvantage to us, and she can steam up to twelve knots; she shows very little of her hull above water, and so is very hard to hit; is brigs rigged, and bears the name of *Huascar*. When she showed no signs of giving herself up, we gave her a broadside from our port battery, consisting of eight 6½ ton guns, at a distance of 2,800 yards, but without much effect, though the shots fell all round her; this was at about three o'clock. Presently a puff of smoke came out from her turret, and whizz went a shell just before our foremast, and carried away a stay, but did no further damage. We then gave her several broadsides, which however, she did not seem to mind much; the *Amethyst* then came up and gave her a taste of her guns, but, being only 64-pounders, they didn't do any damage, and we could see the shots dropping off from the turret, without making any impression. It is no use going through all the broadsides we fired, but suffice it to say that we engaged her from three to six, and during that time we tried everything we could to pierce through her armour. Once she tried to ram us, and got within about 400 yds, when we gave her a broadside, and followed up by firing a torpedo,

and by independent firing from the battery; the torpedo missed, but our guns gave her awful fits, though we could do no damage to the turret, nor much to the hull. Her funnel was riddled through and through; a shot went through her foremast, which is of iron, and so did not come down, her poop and fore-castle were also knocked about a great deal, and the bridge on which the captain was standing, carried away, and he dropped, as we thought dead, but as it proved afterwards, he saw the shot coming, and jumped off to save himself. During all this time very few men showed themselves on deck, so there was no damage done to life, as far as we could see; the few that were above soon bolted below, where our Gatling gun, which was in the fore-top, began to play down among them. All this time both ships were going at about ten knots; sometimes we went over twelve, going down south all the time; at last she got so far in that we could not get nearer than three thousand yards, and from that distance we peppered away at her, and once shot away her colors, which we at first thought she had hauled down, but we were soon undeceived as presently she hoisted them in another place. As soon as we saw the colors down the "cease firing" was sounded, and we stopped till we saw them go up again, and then blazed away. Soon after that she got right in front of a small town called Flo, and we were afraid every now and then of firing for fear of hitting it; once or twice we very nearly did so, and we could see the shots ploughing up the hill, and making the sand fly all over the place, and the people were scuttling about to try and get some safe place well out of the line of fire. At last it began to get awfully dark and the *Huascar* would not come out, and it was too shallow for us to get in, so we did not know what to do, as we could not fire any more owing to the darkness. During all this time we were very lucky, for though their shot and shell went all round us, and between our masts, not one struck, and only a rope or two were cut. If they had hit they would have gone right through, as we are only a wooden ship, and if a shell had burst between decks it would have played old Harry. I had a jolly billet cutting about to see if anyone was hurt in the main and quarter decks. I passed most of it on the poop and main deck; the poop was the best, because you could see the shot coming along, and all the fun. Well, as it was dark, and there were lots of rocks about, we dare not venture further on, so a consultation was held as to what was best to be done, and, after some time, it was resolved to try and get volunteers to go away in the steam pinnace and whaler, to attempt to blow her up with torpedoes. We had numerous volunteers, well armed, and the boats were got out, and off we went, I in the whaler, and behind it we towed a fish torpedo, the steam pinnace towing us, with a couple of other torpedoes (Harvey's) on the end of long booms. Our plan was to get in shore, then skirt it, until we got near the ship, when the whaler was to be dropped by the pinnace, and we were to tow quietly up to within about eighty yards, and fire one torpedo; if we failed, or got much blazed at, the pinnace was to come up as fast as possible, and have a try with her boom torpedoes. This was our plan, but it was not destined to be worked out. We started about eight o'clock, and made for the shore; the moon had not got up, but though it kept getting lighter rapidly, a mist prevented our seeing far; we got close on shore, and then began going quietly along. Every rock had to be examined, as we could not tell whether it was a ship or not, until we got close to. We went on and on, still no sign of the *Huascar*. This really lasted for hours, though to us it seemed but a short time; at last we steered for what we thought was she, but when we got close we found it was only a steamer for coasting, so we hailed the man on watch, and the skipper came and interviewed us; he seemed very reluctant to give us any information, though he spoke English tolerably well; however, when the lieutenant in command of the expedition went on board, and he saw the men armed in the boats, he became a little more civil, and then told us that the *Huascar* had crept along the coast immediately it became dark enough for us not to see her, and had gone north. The latter part was a sham, for she went down south; he told us also that two of the officers had gone on shore to find out the feeling of the people towards them, but when they came back they found the *Huascar* had gone, and had come on board his ship, and wanted him to keep them there, but this he refused to do, and they went for the shore again; he also told us that four of them had been killed and several wounded, but, as you will see afterwards, we cannot make out quite whether he was right or not; he also seemed very much disappointed when we told him that none of us had been hurt, and was savage that so many of our shell had dropped so near him as to make him fear for his own and ship's safety. Having found out this, we started for the ship, cold, hungry, disappointed, and tired. We reached the ship at a quarter to four, having been away nearly eight hours. Most of us had not been able to get any grub before we started, so we made a struggle to get some, and after having found the steward (which was a matter of some difficulty, as everyone was sleeping anyhow,) managed to get two boxes of sardines, and the flag lieutenant gave us some brandy, so we made some sort of a meal, and turned in. Next day (Wednesday) we sent off the *Amethyst* to reconnoitre, and to find out if the *Huascar* had really gone north, as he had been told. The *Shah* in the meantime sailed slowly north. In the evening the *Amethyst*

came back with the news that the *Huascar* was at a place called Iquique, and lying in the harbor, so we started down south, and, after a long consultation, the admiral determined to make another attempt to blow her up, in the same manner as before. The arrangement was, to steam quietly down to Iquique, so as to get there about half past six in the evening, when it would be quite dark, the *Shah* to stop about eight miles off, the boats to go in, towed by the steam pinnace, and the *Amethyst* to follow us, soon after we started, so that if we got awfully slated, we could fall back on her. All Thursday great preparations were made for the expedition, volunteers were called, and the whole day was devoted to the arrangements. I gained permission to go again in the whaler. Three boats were to be sent this time—the steam pinnace, the first cutter, and the whaler; the cutter was to have armed blue jackets and marines, to help us if we were attacked by boats, and was commanded by a sub-lieutenant called Grey (his people live at Vancouver). The steam pinnace was under Abbott, a lieutenant who was promoted for distinguishing himself in that Perah affair. In the whaler was a Lieut. Lindsay, a sub called Talbot (an old schoolfellow of mine,) and myself. Another surgeon also went in the pinnace. We got ready in the course of the day for starting on our expedition, and many growls were heard among the fellows who could not go.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WHAT kind of flower puts you most in mind of a mouth?—Tulips (two lips.)

WE often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but who has ever heard of a woman being in such a predicament?

WHATEVER may be said of women's right to vote and legislate, their right to bear arms is pronounced to be unquestionable.

THE other day she gave warning. When asked the reason, she said that she waited to "ameliorate" herself.

AN Iowa justice refused to fine a man for kissing a girl against her consent. He thought she might have consented.

WHEN a man has trouble he takes to drink, but when a woman meets with a misfortune she merely goes over to her mother's and takes tea.

A YOUNG lady who improved upon nature by the appliances of art was criticised by a female friend in these words, "She's only a chromo."

"THAT was very greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your little sister's share of cake."—"You told me, ma, I was always to take her part," said Tommy.

AN old bachelor explains the courage of the Turks by saying that a man with more than one wife ought to be willing to face death at any time.

FIVE thousand broom-handles a day are made in Shioc-ton, Wis., and the married male Shioc-toner never stays out at night longer than nine o'clock.

A GENTLEMAN burying his wife, a friend asked him why he expended so much on her funeral. "Ah, sir, she would have done as much or more for me, with pleasure."

"HALF the fashion plates sent from Paris are colored by female convicts." We always had a conviction that if the people who got those plates up were not in jail, they ought to be.

MADAME and Jules Verne recently gave a party, requesting all ladies under forty to appear in costume. The suggestion hit the wall flowers and every old lady was rigged out in fancy dress.

THIS is the period when the short-sighted old maid, who will play croquet, grasps her mallet with both hands, puckers up her mouth with heroic determination to do or die, lights out for the red ball, and catches her partner's silk stocking just on the turn of the ankle bone!

"My wife," remarks one Benedict to the other, "has just the loveliest head of hair you ever saw. When she lets it down it reaches in a mass of ringlets below her waist." "That's nothing!" replies the other. "When my wife lets her's down it falls to the floor!"

WHILE a well-known author in the East has married his step-daughter, and an unknown farmer in Nelson county, Ky., his step-mother, it has been reserved for a clergyman's son in Walton's Lick, Ky., to outstrip them both by the remarkable matrimonial feat of carrying off his step-grandmother.

THERE is a new sect in Russia called the "Purifiers," belonging to the Greek church. Their leading doctrines are that all must marry on coming of age, that the husband must be subordinate to the wife, and recognize her as the head of the family, and that once a week he must confess his sins to his wife.

THE Paris girls look like their grandmothers now, and perhaps wear their grandmother's hair, for they have adopted short curls into their coiffures, and instead of the fringe of their hair across the forehead, it is arranged in long, formal spit curls, or in a row of straight little curls in the style of Madame Sévigné.

A CALIFORNIAN, whose wedding day was fixed, did not appear at the appointed time and place, but sent a note to the clergyman, saying that he had just received a letter from his wife in New York, and thereby had his mind recalled

to the fact that he was married several years before—a circumstance which had entirely escaped his memory.

MR. ALDEN has discovered that the average infant is not dangerous, except in rare and peculiar circumstances. "It is, perhaps, the part of prudence for a man to decline to hold a baby of very tender years, but no baby, when firmly grasped with both hands and held at arms' length, need be dreaded, especially if care is taken to hold it upside down."

THE glory of the Circassian woman is her hair, but it is said that her sympathies have gone out so powerfully towards the wounded soldiers that she has sold her hair that they may have relief. The result is that an Oxford street firm is able to advertise tresses fifty inches in length direct from the East. A kind of exhibition of the phenomenal headdress is being made, and ladies with nothing to do are crowding to see the marvellous sight.

THEY loved each other, though he seemed to put more animation into it than she did. The parents, however, were adverse and so they stated. Then the young man haunted the river-bank and became morose, and wrote epics. The young woman wept. When Cassander heard this, he sent her the following epistle: "I call you Dolly for the last time. We have been all and all to each other. I shall bear your loss with as much fortitude as possible. We all must come to it. One plunge in the silent river and all is over. How we shall miss you! I shall continue at the store as heretofore."

"THE SURE WITNESS."

"The nineteenth century is the age of novels," remarks a literary historian,—he might have added with equal truth, "and novel impositions." Studied politeness has been passed off on us for native refinement, the forms of devotion for its essence, and speculation for science, until we look askance at every new person or thing, and to an assertion of merit, invariably exclaim, "I'vey it!" In brief Satan has made himself so omnipresent, that we look for his cloven foot everywhere—even in a bottle of medicine. Imagine a lady, having a complexion so sallow that you would deny her claims to the Caucasian type if her features did not conform to it, purchasing her first bottle of the Golden Medical Discovery. The one dollar is paid in the very identical manner in which Mr. Taylor might be expected to purchase a lottery ticket after his experience with "No. 104,163," with this difference, his doubt would be the result of personal experience, while hers would be founded on what a certain practitioner (who has been a whole year trying to correct her refractory liver) has said concerning it. At home, she examines the bottle half suspiciously, tastes of its contents carefully, takes the prescribed doses more carefully, then proceeds to watch the result with as much anxiety as a practitioner would count the pulse-beats of a dying man. She takes another dose, and another, and shows the bottle to her friends, telling them she "feels better." Her skin loses its bilious tint, her eyes regain their lustre, her accustomed energy returns, and the fact that she purchases another bottle is a sure witness that she has found the Golden Medical Discovery to be a reliable remedy for the disease indicated. The lady wisely resolves that in future her estimate of any medicine will be based upon a personal knowledge of its effects, and not upon what some practitioner (who always makes long bills rhyme with pills) may say of it. Dr. Pierce is in receipt of letters from hundreds of the largest wholesale and retail druggists in the United States stating that at the present time there is a greater demand for the Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets than ever before. In affections of the liver and blood they are unsurpassed.

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.

H. H., Montreal.—Communication received. The problems shall be looked over.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Expected to see you as intimated.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 136 received.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Solutions of Problems No. 132, 133, 134 and 136 received. Correct. The letter respecting Canadian Chess Games shall have due consideration. Many thanks.

We hear that efforts are being made to bring about a Chess match, between Messrs. Steinitz and Blackburne. All Chessplayers will be glad to see another contest between these champions of the chequered board, but we must again deplore the fact, that money stakes are to form a part of the proceedings. It was something of this nature that led to the failure of the late contest between Mr. Blackburne and Mr. Zukertort, and there is no doubt that this feature in public Chess proceedings is of a very injurious nature.

CHESS AS A RECREATION.

We noticed in a Chess column, a short time ago, a remark with which we cannot coincide, and which we think is hardly fair to the Royal Game. It was to the effect that sunshine is an enemy to Chess. It is true that in most of our clubs there is a falling off as regards the attendance of the members at this time of the year, and that the beauties of nature lead many to pass as much time as they can in the open air, especially in a country like Canada, where the severity of a long winter compels men to live during a large part of the year in the heated atmosphere of the dwelling house. Still, all indoor amusements need not be set aside. The charm connected