

you see me bedizened, for you know," he said smiling sadly "it is expensive and I am not rich, nor my people. We have not heads for accounts. Our *pauvre, petit, mince ami, cet cher* Dunkin was a good little man, but he could only talk and knew nothing of figures. What a droll little figure his own was! How Ch——veau and I used to laugh at his nose, when he walked in at the balls in his little military uniform. For Pierre is so *spirituel*, and always admired the cut of his *redingote* with the grey fur collar near to his arm pit, and asked him who was his tailor, who fitted him so well. *Ah! le moqueur.*" What a benignant air His Royal Highness King Belleau has when he smiles. But when His Majesty frowns! Oh! my dear Mrs. Tattlewell may it never be my fate to be so frowned upon. You are aware, my darling friend, that His Majesty before his elevation to the throne, which he now fills so worthily, and when occupying a lowlier position, kindly advanced money to unfortunate people, even at rates so low as six per cent., when those horrid laws were in existence which prevented gentlemen with money from making the most of it they could. Some lewd fellows of the baser sort, accused our dear sovereign of making thirty or forty per cent. by ingenious evasions of the law, but who could look in that beloved countenance, and believe such scandal? Serene in conscious virtue, our noble hearted ruler, risen like other for-the-time-obscured potentates, like the late lamented king Louis Philippe, who was once a schoolmaster, could not see his subjects in want of money, and yet, as wise as benign, would not encourage them in extravagant habits, and so charged them—purely in the nature of a fine for carelessness in money matters—a large sum for the use of the spare capital he had. It was a noble, a kingly act. How has he been rewarded? A villain trafficking on his good nature has imposed on his rightful monarch, and defrauded him out of his lawful money. Our sovereign has at his own personal risk advanced money to unworthy government clerks, on the credit of their salaries, and has been cheated. My virgin blood boils when revolutionary tongues have dared to say that our good King Belleau is but a miserable note shaver, and that his gold lace covers the heart of a petty village *avocat*, and that the \$12,000 he has lost (His Majesty was too much affected to tell me the amount himself,) but served him right for his mean trickery. Vile, vile, horrid, ungrateful world. Thus is open handed liberality combined with the pure commercial principle of nothing for nothing, regarded by vile demagogues. What a gloom was cast over the palace for a time, cheerfulness fled, and His Majesty and sorrow reigned!

The palace itself is not a fit abode for so magnificent a monarch. I rejoice,—how deeply none can tell, who does not know my burning love for my sovereign—that a fitting royal castle is to be built. The amount yet proposed is mean—only \$150,000,—but we know that is only the first estimate. His Majesty's trusty, and well beloved Councillors, and beloved Commons are liberal. There is still a balance unexpended in the Treasury, and in spite of the brutal language of that impracticable man Wood, and the person McDonald from Cornwall, the settlement of ac-

counts can be kept off a long time, till all the money to pay off the claims against the kingdom of King Belleau is spent. His Majesty has then only to show a bold front to the enemy, and in spite of that pedantic person Blake's resolution, and address to the Queen, not to allow any further financial *disturbances* (he calls them) between the Provinces, good natured Sir John, and *cet indomptable* Sir Cartier, will let him have all he wants, because it would be awkward not to have a pacification accomplished.

You see, my darling Mrs. Tattlewell, what a great politician your volatile friend has become. But when one lives among the roses, one must acquire some of the perfume.

Your beloved friend,

SAMUELINA JOHNSON SCRAGGS.

QUEBEC, 28th January, 1869.

REFLECTIONS OF THE DUNNED.

I don't profess to be an eccentric—at least in Montreal. I know a good many in my circumstances, which, generally speaking, are not brilliant. "What's my business?" you ask. Is that yours? Well, I don't mind being frank. I can't say that I follow any business in particular, and I can't say I've any wish to. How can I with my tailor's awful example before me? If he has many customers like me, his calling may be lively, but it can't be lucrative. He keeps an active young man who, if he bothers him as much as he bothers me, must be a sad plague to him. I don't like that young man, whose experience is far beyond his years. He seems ubiquitous, with a special fancy for cross streets. Now, I happen to prefer retired places; the bustle of leading thoroughfares is so distracting. There is a pleasure, too, in worming one's way to a place; or rather there would be if it were not for that disagreeable young man, who insists on a personal interview when he has dogged one into a gateway. Of all days of the week I prefer Sunday; it is a day of rest. I would go to church regularly if it were not for the plate; it seems so much like what vulgar people call dunning. Still I go sometimes to see how other people like the operation. Why, bless me, people in church do just as I do myself. I don't see a collector even if he is only a few feet from me; they don't see the plate when it's right under their noses. If I can't get off in that way, I smile and pass on; they smile and let the plate go by. If I must pay, I give as little as I can, and see that it goes down to my credit; they give as little as they can and are quite sure it goes up to theirs. Yes, I look upon myself as a public benefactor. I encourage native industry,—that needs no proof whatever. I stimulate the faith of my fellow creatures, for if I tell a man his bill will be settled to-morrow, when I know it won't, he is a happier man so long as the delusion lasts. Then I help to give the city a lively appearance. Strangers would have a poor idea of the traffic of Montreal if one-half of the citizens were not running after the other half for payment of their little accounts.

Why is a horse which declines to be shod like a man who insists on his friends draining their glasses? Because he objects to heel-taps.