

stairs on his back, and to do exactly what that young lady orders him. The "scientific boarder" takes long walks with him on Sunday afternoons, and shows him where to find leaves, shrubs, ferns and wild flowers as subjects for his chisel, and has lately been consulted by him on a chemical question.

Mr. Sala once said that all "foreign refugees" have some pet invention of their own. What think you is that of our old friend? This kindly-hearted, simple, child-like nature is at present at work developing a contrivance for destroying a whole army by the bursting of a single shell!

He never shuns us now, but joins our circle in the evening and often brings his other self,—his violin,—which he plays to his daughter's exquisite accompaniment on the piano. No more mournful *adagios* like those of his old garret, but rich, joyous strains of triumph, and immortal melodies of Mozart!

Captain! You have kept your word!

THE CYNIC'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

No. 1.

EVA HEAD.

A NAUGHTIGAL ROMANCE OF BEAUTY, BLOOD, AND BOOTY.

(Continued.)

CHAP. XXI.

"The shades of night were falling fast," and tired humanity generally was preparing to roost, or, at least, to rest after its day's toils, when Henrico, weary with his adventures, took his accustomed seat in the "Hall" dining-room, and, discussing his tea, felt, at last, *superior* to the task that was before him. It was no light one, my reader, as any one who has ever sat through an evening's performance at the T. R. can well vouch; but to have watched Henrico, as he sipped his tea, and noted the deftness with which plate-after-plate of the viands disappeared in his capacious maw, and which the *maw* it got, the *more* it craved for, it would never have occurred to the looker-on that so sad a fate awaited him. To think that he, so young, so beautiful, so blind, and yet so *sightly* was doomed for three fell hours to see vulgar super-numeraries "tear passion into tatters," while, 'tween the acts, three fiddlers and a flute made music most discordant, was, indeed, sad!

I am, however, once more, like an Ant-eater's tongue, *ant-dissipating*.—(Shrieks from the Editor!)

As Henrico rose from the table, an aggravated case of assault took place at the Post-Office,—without the slightest provocation, *the clock struck seven!* No notice, however, was taken of it by the police,—who are not paid for this sort of thing, but who try most emphatically, in a very un-Nelsonic sense, to *do* their duty,—and Henrico, unwilling to prosecute, for fear of meeting the fate of "a decent kind of Yankee," decided to "let things slide," and reach the theatre, (with a little *advisedly*.) before the house should be full! In the ranks of the cab-stand, on the French Square, is a man, and a cabman; he wears a bright badge, carries a still brighter nose, and a white hat ornamented with black crape and a bulge: it is, moreover, currently reported of him, by some writers for the *Daily News*, that he is an emissary of Prince Arthur's,—sent ahead, like Joshua, to spy into the land! As Shakspeare remarked, "this may or may not be," and has little to do with the story on hand. Henrico accosted him, however, and requested, in his most winning tones, to be directed to the theatre, whereupon our cabman parried the question by offering to drive him there for a quarter. The Chief closed with this offer, and, jumping into the vehicle, was soon on his way to Coté street. But the perfume which assailed

him, as he seated himself in the vehicle, was, as usual, overpowering, and, on alighting at the door of the T. R., Henrico was on the point of giving the man into custody, alleging that not only was his a "*rank* offence," but that "it smelled to heaven!" Three more steps and Henrico stood under the roof of one of Montreal's most noted edifices. Unaccustomed to so much splendor, his eyes,—which were still weak,—were dazzled by the peculiar *melange* of dirty stucco and faded chintz which greeted him on every side. As he took his seat the Theatre Royal Chorus had just commenced to the accompaniment of one, two—one, two, three,—*da capo*, from the feet of *habitants* in the pit; he had time, before the performance commenced, to admire the marvellous drop-scene, on which the features of the Theatre Royal "Stag" are depicted with such *hornamental* accuracy, together with the charming view of Windsor Castle *towering* in the distance, while beneath, in the calm serenity of innocence and oil-colors, impossible swans float upon impracticable water! Amidst cries of "hist de rag,"—a phrase entirely incomprehensible to Henrico,—the curtain drew up, and the play commenced; it was something or other of a classical and elevating nature,—"The Dumb Boy of Manchester, or Who Speaks First?"—and was peculiarly suited to the refined sensibilities of the gorgeously-clad youths and Mile-End aristocrats who frequent what is popularly—though profanely—known as the "Bottomless." Three ragged boys, who hung on to the *spikes* surrounding the orchestra, as though they were their proper *spears* of action, gave vent to their unmitigated delight in loud, but dirty, applause. As they had not paid for their entrance, however, they could scarcely be considered unprejudiced critics, and one of them,—with a desire to be impartial,—so far forgetting what was due to the Management as to do a little sybillation, was summarily ejected by a vigilant but unnecessary policeman. Henrico, himself, came very near suffering the same fate; for, feeling oppressed by the stifling atmosphere, which is so noticeable in all parts of the House, he ascended into the 'Family Circle,' and, following the example of numerous others, lit a cigar in order to counteract the frightful stench which naturally arises from the "Bottomless." His "pipe was put out," literally, however, by an individual, who, he was afterwards informed, was the Lessee, and who was accompanied by an Editor fonder of "legs" than "leaders," and who thinks the letters D. H. the most potent in the alphabet. But how to describe the orchestra and the *discord* of sweet sounds their instruments produced?—it was truly horrible,—though Henrico, in speaking of the affair afterwards to a friend, was told that he ought not to be too hard upon the poor fellows, for it might possibly be that hard times had induced them to part with their watches and thus render them so frightfully

OUT OF TIME!!

CHAP. XXII.

It is not too much to say, and therefore I will say it, that Henrico awoke with a head-ache the next morning, and an extreme disgust for theatrical performances in general, and the Montreal T. R. in particular; but time pressed, and it was necessary for him, if he would be thought anything of in the city, that he should build a house on the Mountain; he had also another reason, more cogent still, why he should do so, which was this: his optic nerve was still weak, and the summit of Mount Royal would at least furnish him with better *high site* than he now enjoyed. He therefore set about it with all haste, and finding a building suited to his *wants*, at *oucc* rented it, and in remembrance of Dumas and the sable and *furr-off* Eva, he christened it 'Montenegro,' and then descended once more into the city to advertise in the *Witness* for Hibernian domestics necessary to complete "dis-establishment." This done, and having gained the worthy Editor's