

so, of course, our gallant coachman got his fare and his *congé*,—that is, his *fare well!*

It was late when the Chief repaired to his room,—(by re-pairing, don't for a minute imagine that he had so far forgotten all that was due to society as to have married again),—and being very tired, owing to the fatigue of drinking so much old rye—(no disrespect to *Maria*),—he considered it a *bootless* task to remove his shoes, and, therefore, preferred to *ex coucher in statu quo*. Before doing so, however, he looked at himself in the glass, and on "holding the mirror up to nature," he was thunder-struck to find that, owing to the length of time he had been on his journey from Portland to Montreal, his very hair had turned grey!

The next morning, at breakfast, Henrico ordered some ham and eggs, and was proceeding to dispose of it effectually, when a chance remark of one of his neighbors most seriously interfered with his digestion. It was only this: "I hope they'll catch that fellow who deserted his wife in New York!" This might not apply to him, but the Chief felt, as a piece of the rasher dropped off his fork, that he would have to be most super-naturally smart if he meant

TO SAVE HIS BACON!!!

(To be continued.)

THE CITY OF THE SAINTS.

Ottawa—pious, moral Ottawa—all hail! Canada—land of freedom, and, *par excellence*, of religious liberty—may your Sabbatarian mists for-ever envelop, and soften, and cheer the land of forest and flood! But spare a moment to look at these pictures:—In England, DIOGENES can get fresh milk for his Sunday breakfast: in England, he can go to the parks and listen to the refining and elevating music of the Sunday bands, and see his gracious Queen enjoying the same healthy recreation amongst her loving people: in England, he may chance to hear a question put to Ministers, in the House of Commons, as to certain persons' having been taken into custody for playing Cricket on a summer's Sunday evening, and be gratified at seeing a Home Secretary rush to the front, proclaiming that Government would not permit interference with innocent amusement, and stating that the parties in question were apprehended, not for playing Cricket, but for trespass. In Toronto, he will see a quiet, respectable gentleman dragged from his home on a Sunday afternoon by the officers of the law, immured in a filthy dungeon, crowded with the least virtuous of that virtuous city,—and on the Monday morning taken before a magistrate and heavily fined,—and what for? Because he had taken up his violin and ventured to play "Home, Sweet Home" in his own parlour! In Ottawa,—the City of the Saints, (I had nearly written a very different appellation),—he will see a batch of lads seized, dungeoned, fined, for having a quiet Sunday skate, and when summer comes, with her flowers and gentle breezes, the Monday morning will exhibit a cluster of boys similarly-circumstanced, who had committed the unpardonable offence of going to the river side the previous evening, with a twig and a bit of thread and a bent pin, to fish, and fish in vain—for minnows!

There is certainly a slight difference in these *silhouettes*; but then, what with our trading magistrates, our emancipated churches, our ever-flowing whiskey-taps, &c., &c., &c., we are so much better, yes, so very much better than other people! Yes! even though we cause the friends of civil and religious liberty to blush for us, ignore the spirit and true interest of our Protestantism, ally ourselves to the bigotry and fanaticism of a by-gone era, resuscitate an inquisition, and appoint policemen our spiritual guides and pastors!

NAUTICAL.

White's "History of England" tells us that in olden times our sailors, when engaging in naval combat, used to wear, as a protection, plates of ribbed steel. Now-a-days, plates of "hash" would be more effective,—for the Cynic's experience goes to show that, as usually composed, it is more than sufficient to *repel boarders*.

JACOB GALLOPER IN THE COUNTRY.

When Noah entered the ark, he had an opportunity of conferring a benefit on posterity, which has never occurred since, and which will never occur again. Had he only closed his blinds on flies and mosquitoes, what a comfort it would have been for him and his descendants! The poor man, perhaps, thought so, but his sailing orders were strict, and when the flood abated, the select flies and mosquitoes buzzed down from Mount Ararat with a roving commission to exasperate mankind.

In the country just now the flies are in clover. They eat, drink and are merry, and, judging by results, I should say their constitutions are good. The mortality from the fly-papers is inappreciable—scarcely equal to that by suicide among mortals. I believe they would drown themselves in the milk of human kindness, if they could only find the jug. This would indeed be far preferable to their last struggles in the milk on the breakfast-table, or their sudden deaths in the sugar basin! from natural causes. They get into your hair; they alight on your nose, and halt for a while to philosophise on that protuberance; they buzz in your ears, and boldly essay your mouth, should it be left open unwarily, and in general behave very much as they did for the edification of Pharaoh when the question of the exit of the people of Israel was being argued by Moses. So much for the interior. Now for the exterior of our house. But before commencing, I may say our host prides himself on his excellent cellar, and I admit it is a very cool one, but our domestic entertains a very convenient belief that snakes brood there, and can never be got to descend into it on any pretence. This duty, therefore, entails a rather frequent call for volunteers. To enter it you open a trap-door, and as the stairs are steep and the hatchway narrow, you have the option of bruising either your nose or the small of your back,—but then you must rough it a little in the country!

Poets are very fond of "distant hills." Well, they are a lazy set of fellows, and, no doubt, prefer them a long way off; but that is no reason they should delude other people. One morning I undertook to walk to the hills near us, under the belief that wild strawberries were to be found in the bush. I rose early. The morning air in the country is rather a strong decoction to those not used to it. Your face feels as if it had been rasped by a scrubbing brush, and your nose is tickled by a continual inclination to sneeze. Then there are playful insects, which have apparently attained the first elements of boxing, and always hit you right in the eye. Having encountered several swamps on the way, which had artfully concealed themselves in the lovely prospect, I entered the promised land, which I found to consist principally of a swamp inhabited by the Perizzites and Hivites,—rapacious tribes of mosquitoes,—while the adjacent territory was occupied by Og, King of Bashan,—a surly brute of a bull, who denounced my intrusion in the vehement but short-winded oratory natural to him. What with difficulties in the swamp, the stings of the mosquitoes, and probable complications with the bull, I concluded it was far better to buy strawberries in town; that *some* strawberries were, in fact, far preferable to the few diminutive and watery varieties which I procured amid the pleasant surroundings of mosquitoes, swamp and bull.

As this is my last communication from the country I wish to be candid. I hate delusions. I have long been the victim of people who live in the country, or who are "going into the country," and who, on that account, like to exasperate other people with their good fortune. I have now experienced the country myself. I have walked into town, several times a week, for the express purpose of contemplating people who I know cannot afford to live in the country. I have visited them in dingy offices, and have been complimented on my improved appearance. I have watched them enjoying the cooling presence of the water-cart as they promenaded the sunny side of St. James street on blazing hot days, and have chafed them on their incapacity to ruralize. It matters not that I knew the boating and fishing were indifferent, the water bad, the dead canines numerous, and the flies and mosquitoes lively. My privilege was simply to tell them I lived in the country, and if they choose to hug a delusion it was not my fault. Some friends, believing I had a weakness for the country, lately invited me to accompany them to Red River. I have my own theory with regard to that distant region. It is rather too rural. If you can board yourself for a year, and feed all the black flies and mosquitoes gratis, all that is left of you will thenceforth be graciously permitted to exist.

I have seen reason to change my views. Your sketch, a few weeks ago of the strange fish caught at Cacouna has fired my curiosity, and revived my dormant ambition. I think if I could secure a prize like that, not even the *Nees* would refuse me a niche among "celebrated fishermen." Only fancy having it stuffed, presenting it to the Natural History Society, perhaps reading a paper on it, being made an honorary member, and going on a Microscopic Picnic!

To-morrow I start. I could have written much more about the country, but that sketch has determined me at once to go to the sea-side, from which you shall hear from me anon.

Yours truly,

JACOB GALLOPER.

MOTTO FOR A CERTAIN "SHREWD CANUCK."—*Bear and for Bear!*