

city can now boast of as their market-places. It may be in the memory of many now living in the city of Montreal—not to mention that ubiquitous personage, the oldest inhabitant—that there was a building of not very pretentious appearance standing on the same, or nearly on the same site whereon the Montreal custom-house now stands. It was the old market : though it had been new sometime, it must have been a long while ago. At the time to which we have reference it was in full operation, as it was the chief if not the only place of resort for the town and country people, as of all parties in any way connected with the garrison, and where all the delicacies of the season were sure to be found. But it is not the old market with which we have now specially to do, any further than to place the reader's attention on the locality.

It may be remembered that there was a row of old-fashioned, dark-looking houses, built in the old French style, standing between the old market-place and the river-front, with entrances from the river-side as well as from the market side. One of these old buildings was at that time a tavern.

Into one of the rooms of the centre house of the row already alluded to, and on the same night on which occurred the encounter of Mrs. Walters with the person in St. Paul street, there has just entered an apparently old woman, muffled up in a large dark cloak, but alert in her movements and light of step.

On taking a look into that room, we discover, instead of the old woman just observed to enter it, a lady in the prime of life, arrayed in the richest attire and in the very height of fashion ; and what appears to be a black