

The ghost of poor Tide Surveyor Fletcher, whose awful fate thrills yet through every one in the Custom House gifted with nerves or sensibilities, is said by some to haunt the new Custom House and to cry out every night with heartrending and loud impressive notes : " Give me my book ! give me my book !! give me my book !!! Curses on those who stole my book !" and the voice with this last shrill note is said to be no more heard ; but the presence of the poor unfortunate maniac is constantly felt by every one in every room of the House, except that of the Collector, who, it is said, has had written on his door, in invisible letters :

*Défense à Dieu,
De faire miracle en ce lieu,*

or, " God is prohibited from working miracles here." Poor Fletcher is said to have been driven to despair and finally to madness, a madness which he to the last moment attributed to Mr. Delisle, directly and indirectly as the one who took his book. He was a good soul, a fine man, and a very efficient officer, the departed Tide Surveyor, and had got up for his own *private* use a book containing improved formulas for the measurement of vessels of all kinds of tonnage or form, which got out of his possession in some way or another. Mr. Villeneuve had got some time before from poor Fletcher a loan of twenty-seven dollars on his (useless) *bon*, which is at this day in the hands of Mr. Lawyer McCord. Had poor Fletcher been more wide-awake, he would not have asked Mr. Villeneuve for his money; but by so doing he got an " Assistant," lost his book and his mind besides. Great events often proceed from small causes.

During the winter of 1869-'70, four porters of the Examining Warehouse were turned out to freeze and starve, because they could not understand Mr. Villeneuve's system. The Collector stepped out of his office at the command of Mr. Villeneuve, and said to the four old, reliable and faithful helps : " I have to introduce *economy* !" Shortly after, however, the four vacancies were filled by men who were expected by Mr. Villeneuve to have a sound and lively understanding. Some of their pockets were, however, once found filled with costly fancy goods, &c.; and on that occasion the Collector is said to have made a splendid speech, uttering strong imprecations against the pilferers of silks, velvets, &c., but ending with " recommendation to mercy." Was the pilfering then discovered not preceded and followed by others? The poor ex-porters, named Daniel Wilts, Robert Groves, James Barry, and Richard Conway, brother of the highly esteemed Superintendent of the Lachine Canal, had distinguished themselves at Delhi, Balaklava, and during the Fenian raid in this country; their medals shone on their manly breasts; but those precious relics, which did not tick like the Collector's old or new watch, were unable to save their possessors from being discharged. Mr. M. P. Ryan, member of the House of Commons, had the noble courage to stand up in the House in the defense of those four victims of Mr. Delisle & Co., but he was unable, by warm appeals and indignant remarks, to obtain justice or redress for them.

Mr. Villeneuve's brother-in-law, Mailloux, could not, on account of his relationship with the first, have been introduced among the packers in the Examining Warehouse in the ordinary way, or hired by the day ; so the Governor-