

had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the illustrious Jack, then practising, like myself, his first trip. Those anxious to become acquainted with his surname, I beg to refer to the records of Scriptural History, where a namesake of his gained a world wide reputation. If that is not sufficient, allow me to admit his identity with the individual who makes a rule of objecting to sleeping apartments in a hotel, having a bell handle in too close proximity to the head of the bed. His reason for the above objection, deponent knoweth not, but slyly guesseth. Take this same Jack, all in all, he is not far removed on his male *parient's* side, from that historic individual whom noisy revellers are fond of declaring a "jolly-good-fellow." His capacity is great. What for? I will not say; but if Scotch whiskey was scarce, and my locker was the only one in his neighborhood that held the *mountain dew*, I should be very careful to whom I entrusted the custody of the key. I wonder does he remember that occasion in St M's, when Scotland's national beverage flew quick and fast, and Scottish patriotism bubbling to an overflow in the breast of the *canny* Mac., elevated him at 3 a.m. to the position of honor in the centre of the table, where he unsuccessfully assayed alone and unaided to sing a duett, the words of which were a queer admixture of "Auld lang syne," and "God save the Queen." If he has a retentive memory, he doubtless remembers all this; yea, and something more. That something more I care not to talk about; but one thing I will honestly affirm, that the redoubtable Jack, on that night, in the year of our Lord 1859, did a little in the pedestrian line that would have ranked a creditable performance for Deerfoot himself. It is for his enemies to find out if any shadow pursued his flying footsteps.

Has any reader of these pages been detained over night at this same St. M's, if so, he is deserving of compassion. Could the stones of the corner building speak out a tithe of the curses both loud and deep that have been uttered against their unworthy proprietor, the record would, I fear, shock the virtuous sense of the community, and forever cloud the moral reputation of the whole race of commercial travellers. I never swore at this degenerate landlord, for the very good reason, that I was too mad to express my feelings. He is one of those oily individuals, slippery