

V A L E !

She took the veil—'twas at the vesper hour,
 When Day was gently melting into Night;
 When Earth's fair features fade from human sight,—
 'Twas then she took the veil;—as some transplanted flower
 In a lone vase pines for the garden bright,
 So she is reft from every dear delight;
 Shut from love's sunshine,—joy's refreshing shower;—
 She took the veil, nor did she shake nor blench—
 She saw not him who fixed his glaring eye
 Upon her every motion anxiously,—
 Silent awhile he stood,—she took the veil!
 Then loud he cried, "Policeman, here's a wench
 Shop-lifting, take the customer to jail!!"

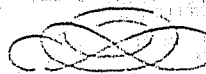
CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR DIOGENES:

Among the numerous Hills to which Montreal is heir, few have received such injuries as I have during the present year. I have been blasted, (I mean with powder,) covered with rubbish during the whole summer, and disembowelled twice. I feel very grateful for the two new and handsome buildings which have been erected on my summit, but cannot help saying that it was not necessary to block up half of me with building material. This spring I had a sort of a side-walk

next these buildings. This was first covered with coal ash, then with rain, and afterwards with bricks. Deep into my inmost recesses then dug the water and gas, or both. They left a nice little ridge in my middle, which was very advantageous to carriages. The rain followed, and converted it into a sort of earthwork, apparently meant as a fortification to protect the City Bank. This was not of long duration. A party of Sappers and Miners, apparently under the command of an officer in brown uniform, have dug me up again, and are draining me. Bricks are being brought in large numbers, and always deposited in the middle of the road, so that vehicles may drive over them,—which must very much improve them in quality. Planks, lanterns and other engineering implements are placed round the doorways, so as conveniently to block the public way. Empty casks are placed crosswise to the road, so as to form a sort of Parisian barricade. I have only five inhabitants at present, and suppose that their comfort is a matter of no particular importance. The Doctor's horse is stuck fast in the stable; it is a perilous task to get at him to feed him. The gun-maker has to be helped in at his own door,—the restaurant-keeper cannot get out of his. The lawyer looks angry; he evidently meditates suing the Corporation, and the lame architect stuck yesterday in the middle of the road for more than half an hour, and was extricated only with the greatest difficulty.

PLACE D'ARMES HILL.



END OF VOL. II.