

that the first floor could not be seen from the pavement on the same side of the way; and one day, when they were left at home by themselves hanging out of a window, some one knocked at the street door. "Who's there?" said the green parrot, in the exercise of his office. "The man with the leather!" was the reply; to which the bird answered with his further store of language, which was, "Oh, oh!" Presently, the door not being opened as he expected, the stranger knocked a second time. "Who's there?" said the green parrot again. "D—n you, who's there!" said the man with the leather, "why don't you come down?" "Oh, oh!" This response so enraged the visitor, that he dropped the knocker and rung furiously at the house bell; but this proceeding brought the gray parrot, who called out in a new voice, "Go to the gate."—"To the gate!" muttered the appellant, who saw no such convenience, and moreover imagined that the servants were bantering him. "What gate?" cried he, getting out into the kennel, that he might have the advantage of seeing his interlocutor. "New gate," responded the parrot,—just at the moment when his species was discovered.

We cannot resist the temptation of offering our young readers one more anecdote; of a parrot which we well knew:—

We remember a parrot which belonged to a lady, (not in Montreal though!) which was the innocent means of getting his mistress into a very unfortunate scrape. A friend of hers having called one afternoon, the conversation of the two ladies took that turn towards petty scandal, to which we grieve to say, it is but too frequently bent. The friend mentioned the name of a lady of their acquaintance. "Mrs. E!" exclaimed the owner of the parrot, "Mrs. E. drinks like a fish." These words were hardly uttered, when the footman in a loud voice, announced "Mrs. E!" and as the new visitor, a portly, proud dame, came sailing into the room, "Mrs. E!" exclaimed the parrot, "Mrs. E. drinks like a fish." Mrs. E. wheeled round, with the celerity of a troop of heavy dragoons, furiously to confront her base and unknown maligner. "Mrs. E!" cried the parrot again, "Mrs. E. drinks

like a fish." "Madame," exclaimed Mrs. E. to the lady of the house, "this is a piece of wickedness towards me which must have taken you no short time to prepare. It shows the blackness of your heart towards me for whom you have long pretended a friendship; but I shall be revenged." It was in vain that the mistress of the parrot rose and protested her innocence; Mrs. E. flounced out of the room in a storm of rage, much too loud to admit of the voice of reason being heard. The parrot, delighted with his new caught up words, did nothing for some days but shout out, at the top of his most unmusical voice, "Mrs. E!" "Mrs. E. drinks like a fish." Meanwhile Mrs. E's lawyers having once taken up the scent, succeeded in ferriting out some information, that ultimately produced written proofs, furnished by some secret enemy, that the lady's imprudence in the propagation of this scandal had not been confined to the instance we have mentioned. An action at law was raised for defamation. The parrot was arrested and carried into Court, to give oral testimony of the malignity of the plot which was supposed to have been laid against Mrs. E's good fame; and he was by no means niggardly of his testimony, for, to the great amusement of the bench, the bar, and all present, he was no sooner produced, than he began, and continued loudly to vociferate, "Mrs. E! Mrs. E. drinks like a fish!" till judges and jury were alike satisfied of the merits of the case; and the result was, that the poor owner of the parrot was cast with immense damages.

CONSCIENCE IN NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIBERS.

THE caption to this article seems singular. It is somewhat authorized by facts. There are numbers of men whose honor and integrity in their general dealings with their fellow men are above all suspicion, who will receive a newspaper for years—as long as the simple minded proprietor is willing to send it to them—without ever paying the trifling subscription price. When at last patience is worn out and the paper stopped, our friends bluster into a fit of revengeful anger and declare themselves insulted.