

HIGHLANDERS LETTER POSTING.—Queer scenes are to be seen at the post office at Wick, especially on Saturday evenings, when hundreds of letters are posted by the Highland fisherman. When the penny postage was first established, our then worthy postmaster, Mr. Craig, had many a hard night's work among the Highlanders, who illustrated their priggish character by endeavouring to beat down the postage to a half-penny, alleging that the letter was a little one, and that the Highland post-master never charged more than a half-penny. From the out stations beyond the daily delivery they would come, and while one would ask if there was a letter for him, he would answer to the interrogatory as to his name, "Och, ye'll see it on the back of the letter," and on the name being at last communicated, and the information given that there was no letter for him, Donald often put the poser: "Do you think she will be the morn?" Donald has learned by experience, however; but at present it generally requires four Highlanders to complete the *modus operandi* of posting a letter. One brings it to the office, wrapped up in a piece of paper; a second precedes him and buys a Stamp; handing the Stamp to a third, he after various licks and manipulations, gets Her Majesty's head affixed to the letter; and the fourth, after looking into the slit with considerable suspicion, cautiously lets it drop, and the whole four finish the performance by peeping down the slit to see that all is well with their missive. This may be seen almost daily, and especially on Saturday evenings.

NOVEL POST OFFICE.—Some days since, an individual, evidently somewhat deranged in his mind, and whose mania lies in the direction of letter writing to all sorts of persons, imaginary and otherwise, was observed on the Durham Terrace to take from his pocket a large number of letters, some of which he sealed and addressed on the spot, and after taking off his coat and enveloping the letters in it, to push the whole into the mouth of the Russian cannon on the Terrace. He then left, apparently satisfied that they would be forwarded to their respective destinations.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

CURIOUS LETTER ADDRESS.

Under guard of the "Hero" this paper please send,
He "tickets it" through, and will closely attend;
With "Uncle Sam's aid," it shall go safely there,
By rail, boat, or stage, sent to "A. King's" care;
To North Sanford, Broome Co., N. Y., with due speed,
For "Miss Mary King," to open and read.

A letter to "the prettiest girl in Detroit" is waiting a claimant in the Post Office in that city.

A chap inquired at the Post Office in Erie, the other day, for a letter for "Enery Hogden." He was told that there was none. "Look ere," he replied, a little angrily, you've hexamined a hodd letter for my name. It don't commence with a haiteh! It begins with a ho! Look in the ole that's got the ho's!"

CONTRIBUTED.

(For the *Stamp Collector's Monthly Gazette*).

✓ PHILATELIE IN EUROPE.

A short time since the writer had the good fortune to spend a few months on the Continent where every gentleman of literary tastes is a devout enthusiast in the collection of those miniature gems of art, commonly called Postage Stamps. But there not only do the sterner sex grasp you by the button hole and beg the personal favor of remembrance when the American mail arrives, but the more winning voices of the fairer community confidentially whisper a tender word of friendship to secure a new addition to the ever treasured album; and school boys neglect their studies and willingly undergo the tortures of scholastic punishment, to eat the solitary meal of bread and water—with a relish, sweetened with the sugared consolation of having secured a *Newfoundland* *red* during the stolen minute, and that a *Cunell* would be worth a week's thrashing if it would only secure one!

As here by some it is treated as an intellectual amusement, by others it is treated with the sober earnestness of a literary pursuit; and others interest themselves for the sake of its pleasing novelty, all, however, centering in the great topic of the parlor and the fireside.

Authors and writers of note could not refrain from bringing their cherished favourite before the lovers of art and literature and from mixing timbrophily with heroes and heroics—as in the case of the play of Euripides then being performed in the Parisian theatres, Paris, the Prince, is rusticiating awhile as a shepherd, and cannot understand the reason why Calchas has not received a letter sent by Venus, when at length it comes brought by a carrier dove. The Prince, impatient at the length of time it takes Calchas to inform him of its contents, petulantly demands haste, when he explains the delay by remarking he is endeavouring to secure the Postage Stamp for the collection of the Empress Hermione, which called forth the applause of several hundred collectors present.

Not only does the pursuit rage in London and Paris, but it stretches through Germany and Spain; and in Madrid some of the finest collections I have ever seen are the property of my Spanish friend. A collection of a Spanish lady cost over \$1000. The Spanish Stamps alone would almost fill an album, and numbered over 300 varieties. Perhaps, my readers will be surprised to learn that the reason why a new set of Stamps is issued yearly is because the Queen