

AN INCIDENT.

Having had occasion a few days ago to visit an unfamiliar part of the city, I hunted up its bearings in a directory, and armed with this knowledge set out for my destination. I proceeded as far as my somewhat indefinite information warranted me, and then, as an officer of the law approached, I drew up and hailed him.

"Good day!"

"Bon jour!"

"Can you direct me to Vitre Street?"

"Zee which?"

"Vitre, I wish to go to Vitre Street."

"Veetr! Ah! oui, donc! You see vers le fleuve zee petite—vat you call—lane? Vell, you turn off at zee coin, et bientôt you come at zee Veetr Street."

Perhaps he considered it elegant English, but he might as well have talked Hebrew, for his broken *patois* was an unintelligible jargon to me, so I thanked him and wandered on. Crossing the street a few steps farther up, I accosted a somewhat portly elderly gentleman, wearing a gold-rimmed eye-glass, kept in place by a jovial smile that proclaimed him a hearty Englishman. Adopting the pronunciation of the policeman, I said:

"I wish to reach Veetr Street. Can you tell me where it is?"

"Veetr," he said, hesitating a moment; "no, I think I have never heard that name before."

"I am sure it must be near here somewhere. Perhaps you call it *Vitre*, it is spelled V-i-t-r-e."

"Oh! *Vitree!* Why certainly, my boy; just come with me."

I turned and walked down to the next crossing with him. Taking off his eye-glass and pointing with it, he said:

"Take this street as far as Craig, turn along it till you reach St. Denis, and follow it till you come to Vitree."

I thought I could remember, and told him so with many thanks. He replaced his eye-glass and wished me good day. I lifted my hat to him and set off for Craig Street. On reaching it I found that it ran in two directions: looking one way it ran east, looking the other, west. I had not thought of that before. Which way should I turn? I knew not, and had nothing to guide me; so to avoid crossing the street I was on, I turned to the right and proceeded east. Then a new difficulty arose: How should I know St. Denis street when I reached it? The street was lighted by electricity, and all the old lamps had been taken down, together with the names which adorned them. I had now two streets to find instead of one. Here was dilemma; I must seek information again. I summoned up a hopeful smile, and pausing in front of a man with a twinkle in his eye and a pipe in his mouth, who was leaning against a post as if he had not much on his hands but a surplus of time, I enquired:

"Do you know where Vitree Street is?"

"Does your honor think I've lived here tin years for nothing?"

"Well, then, is there such a street as *Vitree*, or *Veetr*, or *Vitre*, in this benighted city?"

"Faix, if there is, it must be kaping mighty quiet, for I've never come acrost it yet."

A woman who was standing in a doorway beside him broke in here:

"Perhaps the gentleman means *Ve tray*, Michael."

I assented. What else could I do? And the man began again:

"Sure, if it's *Ve tray Street* yer honor's after wanting, it's just over beyant there. You go past the soign av the three balls an turn up the little lane till you come to an ash-yard, cross it and follow the fince till you come out on a street, and the first cross one you come to is *Ve tray*."

This was confusion worse confounded, but I forced an intelligent smile and thanked him civilly; then I hastened on, and was almost out of hearing before his "T'ap o' the morning to you, sir," reached my ears. I walked on some distance, turned into the first quiet street I came to, and followed it. A boy was amusing himself at the nearest crossing shying stones at a pool in the gutter. Seizing him by the collar and scowling fiercely at him, I demanded:

"Is there such a place in this forsaken city as *Ve tray*, *Vitree*, *Veetr*, *Vitre*, *V-i-t-r-e* street; answer me on your life!"

"I suppose yer wants *Vitter Street*. Well, if yer had eyes in yer head or knew yer letters, you could see it in front of yer without a pulling of me to pieces."

I looked up and just opposite me in large letters I saw printed VITRE STREET, and beside it the name of the gentleman in whose shop worked the friend for whom I was looking. Crossing over, I entered and enquired for him, only to find that he had left a few days before. I turned upon my heel without a word, left the building, and wended my way homeward, a madder if not a wiser man.

CAMBRIDGE.

R. MACDOUGALL.

A HOLIDAY TRIP UP THE EAST COAST OF BRITAIN.

He that has sailed upon the dark blue sea
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight.

I am an inveterate traveller. This I admit at the outset, as it will in a large measure be my excuse for writing the following very interesting and veracious history. It is always with the best grace in the world that I shut up my books—especially text books—in order to widen my mental horizon and pursue investigations in pastures new. When therefore an opportunity was afforded me of visiting England, it was with the utmost alacrity and the highest anticipation that I undertook the journey. Was I not to see Merry England, that land so dear to us, every foot of which is stained with the blood of martyrs and of heroes, whose very stones, had they tongues, could tell us many a