

was quartered at this house, and observed the picture. One day, he took some pieces of paper and stuck them over the eyes. When Palmer came in to make up the fire, the General said to him, "I see you have a picture of your old blind King, Mr. Palmer;"—"Ay," says Palmer, who was busy with the fire, "His Majesty is an old man, and has lost his sight."—"Yes," replies the General, "he has; look at him, look at the picture." Upon which the landlord, casting up his eyes and observing the pieces of paper, made a blow with the tongs which he happened to have in his hand, which, if it had not been caught by some bystanders, would inevitably have spoiled the Republican's joking; as it was, he was knocked down, and the picture remained there all the war, and, for what I know, does still, as I saw it in 1815, and last time in 1822.

THE CUVILLIER CURRENCY OF 1837.

BY R. W. MCLACHLAN.



STRANGE, as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that many of those articles that we now despise were once considered as most useful, as indispensable, aye as some boon from the Gods. Inventions, which in their day, classed the inventors as benefactors of our race, were from time to time thrown aside as useless, and the old fashioned way voted the best. Others followed with like results, natural instincts and convenience will prevail. In all our working out of the problem of civilization, there is this constant returning to a first love, especially, when in the end, the first proves to be the best.

In our own peculiar sphere those filthy paper nuisances, dubbed *shinplasters*, are no exception to the rule. When a country, by a great commercial crisis, is denuded of its metallic currency, some large hearted (perhaps rather astute) financier, for his own and his customers' convenience, issues