

favor by presenting him with some very fine tulip—bulbs,—which was fortunate, as he didn't happen to have *one mone* with him,—he strolled along Notre Dame Street till he reached the famed Jacques Cartier Square, where the French blood in his veins found ample satisfaction for Trafalgar and the Nile, in the standing insult offered to England's greatest sailor, Horatio, Viscount Nelson. Methinks, my worthy City Fathers, the crumbling *mortar* on the statue I allude to, will hardly be calculated to *cement* the friendship of the two communities in your city! But this, you say, is "high falutin'"; so I say no more, but leave you to your contracts and conscience. I give contracts the precedence, you see gentlemen!

On the day the advertisement appeared in the *Witness*, a long and motley procession might have been seen ascending the slopes of the Montreal Mountain, resembling a pilgrimage in the East in some respects; it was more of a journey to the shrine of the profits than the Prophet, and less a pilgrimage to Mecca than to *make an engagement*. Seated in his library, surrounded by his choice authors, Martin Farquhar Tupper, *et hoc genus omne*, Henrico received the numerous candidates for election, and questioned them as to their abilities; but he found, sad to say, that their *lie abilities*, "*asset* is in the beginning," &c., were their chief failing. There were Irish, and Dutch, and Scotch, and Caughnawagese, by the score, as housemaids; and there were butlers who were perfect artists in their profession, and could draw, (corks), with the greatest of ease,—the kind of *drawing*, by the way, which best suits the *palate*. There were pages too, *ad inf.*, who bore the most excellent of characters, and others again who, though they had been, in their day, wild pages, were willing to turn over a new leaf, and tear out or paste down all the old ones; and there were Americans from Vermont, who all had a nasal twang; (but, as Henrico wittily remarked, "You must not be surprised at this, for they are all ca-tarrhed with the same brush.") who were willing to make themselves generally useful, with a view to annexation;—in short, there were crowds upon crowds, all willing to do as little as they could for as large a wage as possible. Amongst this great multitude, however, one man particularly attracted Henrico's attention. On questioning him, the Chief found that he had recently returned from the Belleville Gold Mines, where *spades* would neither turn up *trumps* or ore, and where, consequently, he had lost *heart*: it was "on the cards" that he should enter Henrico's service, and he did so, as Butler; the only objection to him being that he had a slight *limp*, as though misfortune had taken all the starch out of him. A Housekeeper was then selected from the numerous applicants for that situation, and Henrico chose the stoutest he could find, with an idea that she would best *fill* the position; and now, having settled these difficulties satisfactorily, the Chief ordered supper to be prepared, while he went down to the Post-office to see if there were any letters for him. As he was stepping from the threshold of his house, he was stopped by the new Butler, who was named "Maraschino"—(all right, Dr. Barker, eh?)—who put various questions to the Chief with, I suppose, an instinctive and professional desire to "draw him out." His efforts were futile, however, until Henrico's attention was arrested by a well-known name!

"Can you tell me, Sir," quoth the Butler, "the reason of the loyalty evinced so inordinately by the *Daily News*?"

"No, Sirrah," replied Henrico, "the cause, the cause, my"—butler, tell me,—tell me quick!

"Well, Sir," laughed the subtle Maraschino, "methinks 'tis owing to having a King amongst their contributors."

"Ha! ha!" he little *rex* of what he says, muttered the Chief, as he strode with hasty *gait* through the *wicklet* of his garden, and from thence descended to the street.

Five cents expended on, and as many hours expended in, the Horse Cars, brought him to the Montreal Post-office,—a

building, which for discomfort and inconvenient arrangement, has no equal in Canada.

A quadrangle containing a stove and an inkstand, meets your view as you enter,—that is if you ever get through the complicated mechanism, and combination of green baize, and grease marks, which answers the purpose of a door,—on the outside of this door is the inscription, "Pull!" This however should not be heeded as it is only a joke on the part of the authorities,—the same door bearing on its inner side the reverse direction, "Push!" It is a difficult matter to imagine the result of two persons following both these directions from different sides of the door, at one and the same moment. Henrico, however, was fortunate enough to gain admission, without any more serious injury than an abraded nose, and a black eye,—trifles to our hero of course! Once inside, he gazed with feelings of awe-struck amazement at the fearful mysteries which surrounded him, but retained sufficient presence of mind to step up to a small aperture in the screen, behind which an individual was seated, "chewing the cud of reflection" and some ham sandwiches!

"Any letters for Henrico di Barkerola?" quoth the Chief, "No!" was the reply, sublime in its Napoleonic brevity. "Would you kindly look?" urged Henrico, "Are you quite sure?" No answer save the muffled shriek of a despairing sandwich as it slipped down the throat of the post-prandial Cerberus.

"You would make me much easier if you *would* search," added the Chief. "You seem to feel *Freer* in this establishment than in others I have visited. *Mais n'importe*,—let her be."

Whether he meant to say letter B. or whether he had narrowly verged upon the profane, will never be known, for at this precise moment an English mail arrived, and as an English mail always takes precedence of a Spanish male,—or should do,—(or else *cui bono* the Armada?)—Henrico had to leave unlettered and unhappy. On his way to his house, he had an opportunity of witnessing the speedy and praiseworthy manner in which the Fire Brigade does its duty: never put out by fires, though fires are put out by them, they do their duty firmly and unflinchingly, each man when he has a pipe in his hand being a *hos(e)* in himself; and although they certainly "go with the stream," it cannot be said they have no opinions of their own. They are noted, too, for their sobriety, in spite of ill-natured assertions to the effect that they have been seen *reeling* along the streets at times, and are altogether deserving of more substantial praise than they usually get. Thus say I, and thus thought Henrico, as he regained the steps of his domicile. As he opened the door, Maraschino met him smiling blandly, and ere the Chief could open his lips, propounded the following conundrum:

"Why is a halter like a box of *Cachous Aromatiques*?"

Quick as thought came the answer from the prophetic soul of Henrico.

"I have it," quoth he, "Because they both

TAKE AWAY THE BREATH!!!

(To be continued.)

MRS. P.'s LATEST.

The Cynic is pained to hear that his friend Mrs. Partington, is suffering from a severe attack of indigestion consequent upon hearing the following item of telegraphic intelligence in the *News*.

"The S.S. *Merritt* at Halifax."

The Philosopher understands that immediately Ike read the line referred to, she threw up her hand, (she was playing cards,) exclaiming "Goodness, gracious Ike;—*assess merit* at Halifax do they? drat'em, we'll not go there, my boy,—*no indeed!*"