

the better word—to secure a good tenant like yourself. Now, we must have \$1,600 from the first of May! Such rewards, for good tenants, we hear, are common, in the same locality, this season. The advance is from 20 to 33½ per cent.

But the richest joke of the time is told by Signor CRISTADORO, the well known hair-dresser under the Astor House. He has been the tenant of the landlord—not the hosts of the Hotel—these thirteen years. He took the shop, during the hard times of 1842, on a lease of five years at \$1,900 per annum. In 1847, the lease was renewed for seven years at \$1,500. Notice was served on him a few days since that from and after the 1st of May, the rent would be \$3,750! This astonished the worthy coiffeur, and he was not long in waiting upon his landlord in person. The mark, however, was fixed. All intermediate offers, from \$2,000 up to \$3,400, were peremptorily declined, and CRISTADORO left without the slightest hope of relief. But after all, he was hasty. "All's not lost that's in danger," quoth the proverb, and so it proved in his case.

He had been a prompt and faithful tenant for thirteen years. Rent-day and pay-day were made synonymous. He was careful, withal; adding new improvements, new decorations to his popular and fashionable establishment. His landlord knew all this; acknowledged it, and determined to show his appreciation of honest merit in a practical way. He met CRISTADORO,—and Sir, said he, you deserve some mark of my favor. I will do for you what I would do for no new tenant—the odd fifty dollars shall come off; the shop is yours for \$3,700 the year!

#### Facetious Landlords.

The first of May is moving-day in New-York, as all the world knows. The first of February is notice-day between landlord and tenant, as we have already told our readers. The house, or shop, or office, not secured at this time, passes into new hands at the close of the quarter, being in regular course the close of the lease year, unless accident or compromise wills it otherwise. When rents are going up, the poor tenant shakes in his shoes—or boots, if rent-day has left him the luxury—at the prospect. When they are going down, the gouty landlord shakes in his purse. The good day has not come for the former, this year. He is in the hands of the Egyptians on this turn; and the way he is compelled to make brick, without straw, ought to entitle his masters to a patent at Washington.

There is occasionally something pleasant and facetious—ill-natured people, your agrarian, for example, would call it cruelty—in these first of February notifications. We chanced to be in a down-town office the other day, when the House Agent made his call. The rooms were rated \$1,200 last year. This, said he, was very low—"too low;" but made purposely a bargain—trap would be