

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

PROLOGUE.

SOME one has said or written, in some place or in some book, at some period heretofore, (the precise authority, medium and date, are unimportant, and have passed from our memory,) that a prologue is a kind of officious interloper—a useless advertisement of persons and things that must be judged entirely by their own merits. Despite this oracular pronouncement, we follow in the wake of many a bright example, and proceed to introduce our readers to the design of this department of our publication, by giving a brief description of the origin of the undertaking, the persons with whom they will regularly be brought into familiar, and we hope, pleasurable, intercourse; as well as the place in which the editorial symposia are periodically held, and of which the following pages contain a faithful record.

The difficulties with which literary enterprise has to encounter in these days of utilitarian philosophy, encyclopædic knowledge, and almost limitless facilities of multiplication and reproduction, are in no trifling degree increased in this country, where the “battle of life” is mainly fought in the fields of commerce and labour, and in which the combatants, and of these comparatively few, have neither the leisure or means—alas! that we should think the inclination also wanting to partake of the relaxation of intellectual pursuits and to encourage the attempts which are made to promote them. We believe, however, and we rejoice in the belief, that as the stern asperities of life’s chequered way are rapidly diminishing under the triumphs of energetic and successful enterprise, so the desire, natural to the race from which we spring, of enjoying to the fullest extent those fruits of mental culture and those benefits of refinement, which have been aptly termed “the embellishments of life,” will grow stronger. Limited as the influence of this desire is, the materials for its gratification, particularly in the lighter class of publications, we speak strictly of those produced on this continent, are more abundant than profitable. It is with no desire to detract from their literary merits that we venture on this bold assertion. The talent displayed in many of the original compositions which they contain, is unquestionable; the industry evinced in their compilation is most commendable; we have no doubt also, that much discrimination is em-

ployed in selecting such articles as are best suited to the tastes of the majority of the people among whom they circulate; but it is precisely in this particular that we deem them deficient and inapposite for the Canadian public.

It is with the hope and intention of remedying this defect that the “*Anglo-American Magazine*” has been commenced. By making our selections from sources seldom used by our contemporaries and by regulating the nature of the articles published in our pages, we shall endeavour to maintain in their integrity, what we believe to be, those characteristic elements of the genius of British Colonists—monarchical principles.

THE PLACE AND THE MAN.

On a gentle slope some four miles to the westward of the “Muddy clearing,” as Solomon of Streetsville delighteth to call our city, may be seen one of those primitive fabrics yclept in Cannuckian vernacular a “Shanty.” Now dear, good, gentle, wise readers, you at least who are familiar with the physical peculiarities of these buildings, will continue the perusal of our description, with associations awakened little calculated for sympathy with the “poetry of our feelings,” as we gaze on that quiet-looking simple dwelling. True, there are the rudely fashioned logs with their notched ends overlaid—there the rough bark and plastered seams—but over them creep the mingled foliage of the wild grape and honey-suckle.

The thatch has been replaced by a shingled roof—the loop holes which ordinarily represent windows have been neatly cased and glazed—the doorway has an unpretending porch with a trelliswork of vines—there is a patch of bright green sward in front, over which droop the graceful branches of a spreading willow. One or two noble elms flank the rustic gateway which opens on a path gliding among the pines which clothe the bank of the Humber, of which we catch a furtive glance, as it steals silently along its sedge bed on its course to the lake. A few sturdy oaks give a partial shade to the small enclosure which is dignified by the classic title *olitorium*; on the window sill or on stands beneath the window, are seen some neatly painted boxes and small kegs with geraniums, roses, oleanders, balsams and carnations, the especial favorites and objects of tender solicitude to one with whom we shall shortly make you acquainted. As we sit in the cozy