

as if she had been an inhabitant of the metropolis of Great Britain or wandered the groves of Italy with Petrarch and his Laura.

Every room in my house from the garret to the cellar bears testimony of her taste for the production of nature; the leads, and the rails of the windows are crowded with pots, pans, vegetables and evergreens; the light of the kitchen is totally excluded by a set of physic phials, set close together, and filled with mint; the dining-room windows are so cross'd with laths and pack-thread, that were it not for the kidney-beans, I should suppose myself in a spunging-house; while every chimney in the house is set out with bow-pots from Montreal market. Upon my enquiring for my best wig-box the other day, my dear rural wife told me, that she had sown a small sallad in it of mustard and cress, which would be ready in a few days. Her passion for the vegetable world is so predominant, that not a broken chamberpot escapes being fill'd with some plant or other; and at present she has a Geranium in full blow, which to save expence, is stuck in a close-stool pan; a Myrtle in a butter firkin; an orange tree in a washing tub; a tulip in a salt-box; and a young gooseberry bush in a punch-bowl. My bed room is so fill'd with flowers, that I am mightily dread of being perfumed to death before morning; besides I am daily threatened with indictments for being a nuisance to my neighbours, as scarce a day passes without some pot or pan tumbling on the heads of the passengers. I am obliged to carry a nosegay in my bosom as big as those Carlo Khan used to wear when a professed Macaron,* because my wife says it is so courtied, and has such a rural appearance. and I can seriously assert, that a very short time ago, she was thrown into convulsions at being told that the cat had kitted on the parsley-bed which grew on the top shelf of the pantry.

In a word, sir, what with rural sonnetes and rural conversation, rural ornaments and rural nonsense of one kind or other, my patience is fairly exhausted, and I am determin'd, unless a speedy reformation takes place, to turn the whole kitchen-garden out of the house, send the parsley-bed into the dust-tub, and pack up the shruberry in a hamper—or send my wife to the regions of Nova Scotia, where she may cultivate potatoes and cabbage plants, and have full leisure to improve and enjoy her rural ideas.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

NO RURALIST.

* See Annals of Gallantry, Vol. B.