

tethering his taivie bobtail to the fence ahint the byre.

THE MAJOR.—I perceive the odour of the creature which doateth upon cheese. By the way friend Maclear, is that sentence sufficiently after the style of Laura Matilda for your city correspondent? So the Doctor's buggy was your means of resistance against the influence of the sun?

THE DOCTOR.—(*who has entered during the Major's last reply.*) Yes! and poor Ned would tell you could he speak, that he was, by no means obliged to his Lairdship for transferring his share of the heat and burden of the day.

THE MAJOR.—Perchance you will allow me to read some extracts from a communication which I have received from one of the mossless rolling-stones of society, Harold Skimpole by name?

MR. M.—What! Skimpole who used to board at the Western?

THE MAJOR.—The same, good bibliopole. You seem to have some knowledge of the gentleman.

MR. M.—Knowledge dearly purchased! My books have born his name as a debtor till they are fairly weary of the burden—and—

THE LAIRD.—Hoot awa! Thomas my man! Its clean against all rule to bring the shop out to the Shanty. What about the aforesaid Skimpole, Major?

THE MAJOR.—I received a letter from him to day, portions whereof with the permission of the fraternity, I will read.

THE SQUIREEN.—Read on and welcome! Horace is a decided humourist, in his way.

THE MAJOR.—Here goes then. (Reads.)

FREE AND EASY SKETCHES.

BY HAROLD SKIMPOLE, F.F. AND E.S.

WELLINGTON HOTEL,

Brampton, 8th June 1852. }

DEAR MAJOR,—On Wednesday last I took a cabin passage in the Brampton stage, and arrived here late the same evening, without meeting with any remarkable incident. I was, however, much fatigued and very sore, which will not surprise you when I mention that I had to carry a remarkably heavy woman and her baby on my knees from Toronto to Cooksville. Of this penance, however, I may not complain, as it frequently falls to the lot of pilgrims, who, for their sins have to pursue the course which I followed!

I have been induced to leave Toronto for a short time, partly in consideration of my health, which being a trifle delicate requireth a dose of fresh country air, but chiefly on account of my settled dislike to financial affairs!—You know I am no financier. I never liked anything connected with pounds shillings and pence, and yet with all my well known disrelish for such mere mundane matters, my numerous friends have been annoying me beyond measure by sending me scores of their financial documents for my perusal—with a modest request forsooth, that I would "arrange" them! Marry come up indeed! It is enough for me to

arrange my toilet every morning, and as long as I do that without their assistance, I think they have no right to expect me to arrange their paltry L. S. D. concerns for them. As there is no use in trying to convince the wilfully blind, however, I determined to exchange my place of residence for one more congenial to my quiet and reflective habits, and hence my presence in Brampton.

I avail myself of the first leisure to inform you of my whereabouts, not, however, mark me well, for the benefit of "all whom it may concern"—on the contrary, I wish you to keep mum with respect to my present location, for if my particular friends Jackson & Jenkins and Tomkins and some others I would name, were aware of my address, I should be pestered with a correspondence at once, uninteresting to me and unprofitable to the balance of creation. With you, however, I wish to have no reserve, and I shall continue to give you an account of my rambles whenever I go

—Touching this same I have as little to say as Canning's knife-grinder had to the *philosophically* benevolent stranger!

It is a straggling and very irregular village, with here and there a fine brick house, flanked by two stables—and there a stable flanked by a big house and a little one—some of the tenements with ends to the streets seemed about to run into Her Majesty's Mail Stage—others retired far behind and showing their broad-sides in the distance; and one queer looking messuage stood staggering with its sharp angle to the street, apparently uncertain what position to take up.

The lieges of Brampton are undoubtedly the best natured people of their generation. Every body does everything just as everybody pleases, and everybody submits with the greatest good nature to what everybody does. Mr. 'A. leaves his cart on the sidewalk in front of Mr. B.'s door,—a dry, convenient place to *hitch and unhitch*, and Mr. B., good man, uncomplainingly climbs over, or crawls under the cart, as may be most convenient, in his ingress or egress to and from his domicile—or squeezes himself between that and the wall, in going for his stove wood, which is piled up against his neighbor C.'s window. Many of the side-walks have been planked, but are quite useless for the purpose of walking on, as they are mostly occupied with waggons, carts, wood, barrels, boxes, bricks and stones, and a general assortment of rubbish.

Yesterday evening I seated myself on the balcony of mine Inn in company with the Principal of the Brampton University, a shrewd enough specimen of the genus pedagogue, and like Jedediah Cleishbotham, willing to communicate his wisdom to wayfarers like myself. Scarcely any one came within our view, but my friend could tell me a good part of his public and private history, and he interspersed his remarks with a great many amusing anecdotes illustrative of the character and disposition of the person alluded to.

"There," said he, pointing with his cane to the extreme right—"There is the man for my money. That fellow has undoubtedly found the philosophers stone, for everything he touches he turns into gold." "I think he will miss a figure this time," I remarked, "for it is my opinion he will not make much gold out of that shingle he is cutting up, or the knife either, for that matter.