

the defensive, from the very belief which obtains of our inability to sustain the conflict. But I will proceed with my narration. During the summer of 18— a maternal uncle paid us a visit, accompanied by his only son who had been absent for some years, serving in India with his regiment. Such an occurrence you will readily believe created some commotion in our retreat. Herbert was an amiable and accomplished youth, and speedily entered into the quiet pleasures of our domestic circle. I need not dwell on this part of my tale. There was no romance in our love—it was the offspring of mutual esteem, congenial tastes and undisguised affection. After some months of close companionship we were married. The first trial now awaited me—the bitter grief of parting from objects, around whom holy and strong affection, hitherto undivided, had wound my heartstrings, seemed like the severance of life and body. A knowledge of new and self-imposed obligations however, aided by the affectionate counsel of those from whom all my sense of duty was derived, enabled me to sustain the shock. My poor Anne! for her I felt most keenly. It was then to be her task not alone to conquer the anguish of our separation, but to soothe the sorrow of our dear parents, and to render less void the place I filled at home. (*The Major is seen to enter the wicket*). But here comes Mr. Crabtree, and I must postpone to another occasion, should you be disposed to listen to it, the recital of my story.

MR. M.—I am most interested in it Madam, and however glad I may be to see the Major, I regret the interruption, but shall anticipate with pleasure its renewal.

THE MAJOR.—Welcome, Oh! Mæcenas of the West to our humble roof, I have for some days looked with longing eye towards the East, and can only atone for my absence on your arrival, by consigning to the hands of our good friend here this basket of wild berries, the product of an hour's scramble among the thorny shrubs, to be prepared after her most delectable receipt, for your especial regalement. Kennel, Nell! your welcome is obtrusive.

MR. M.—Nay, chide her not sir, she only shares her master's cordial hospitality.

THE MAJOR.—Know you aught of the movements of our Shantyists?

MR. M.—They have promised to be here and will I dare say shortly arrive. In the meantime, I would invite your attention to some letters which will require to be answered in some manner.

THE MAJOR.—What? have you already been so assailed with contributions, that you require us to deliberate upon them individually in formal council?

MR. M.—Not exactly that. It is true that I have no reason whatever, to complain of the amount of literary aid already given to the undertaking, whatever difficulty you may

experience in deciding upon the relative merits of each article. The communications I make reference to, are letters of criticism, complaint, and suggestion?

THE MAJOR.—I am petrified! Why my most sagacious and enterprising o' publishers, are you really so young in the business as to give any heed to such productions. The only use I should advise being made of them, is to print them all in pamphlet form, and distribute it as an advertisement. It would be expensive, but might answer the purpose as well as those we see daily, concerning Sarsaparilla, Life Pills, and all the hordes of quack nostrums with which this age is so fertile. Seriously, however, to set to work to *act* upon these epistles, which you will perhaps have observed are all written with the "warmest interest in the undertaking," and "the most friendly feeling towards you," would be but to realize old Æsop's fable of the Man and his Ass.

MR. M.—But my dear sir, I must pay some respect to the prejudices at least of those who evince a desire to support the enterprise.

THE MAJOR.—Undoubtedly so, and the easiest way to accomplish that, is to do your best to carry out the original design of your work. But, make a debtor and creditor statement of all the criticisms you possess, for your own satisfaction, and my word for it, you will find the account pretty square numerically, and *intrinsically* the balance largely in our favor. No wise man ever expected to please all the world; and I have too much faith in the nationality of Canadians, to think that they will not support a conscientious effort to please them. Make your mind easy on that score Mr. Maclear, and let me help you to some rasps.

MR. M.—Thank you. I wish all the *favours* I receive were equally agreeable!

THE MAJOR.—Follow my example man. These berries grow upon pestilently thorny shrubs, and yet see, I have prepared a pleasant treat by resolutely plucking them, in spite of a scratch or two.

[Enter the LAIRD and SQUIREN.]

Well done old ridge and furrow, thou hast conquered temperature, you look as fresh after your walk as if you had just turned out of a city Bath-room.

THE LAIRD.—Aye, we ken the way to overcome the elementary difficulties, as my old Dominie in Musselburgh used to say.

MR. M.—I wish you would impart the secret to some of your friends, Laird?

THE SQUIREN.—By the powers its as aisy to compe—

THE LAIRD.—Waesuck! waesuck, it's just as easy for an Irishman to keep a secret as—

THE MAJOR.—For a Scotsman to tell it. But where's the Doctor?

THE LAIRD.—The Doctor! Oh! he's only