

little porch enjoying the cool breeze after a sultry day, Ontario sleeps before us without the dream of a wavelet. In the distant south-west can oft-times be seen a vapour-like cloud kissed by the warm lips of the setting sun. Homage to the fleecy ensign of the mighty Niagara! the signal of its giant leap over the rocky fastness which stands between it and the expecting and longed for lake! Distantly to the East are seen the shining spires of the City, while the view to the West is bounded by the woods above the Mimico. Within this retreat all bespeaks an air of frugal comfort—the plainest materials compose its furniture—while a small gem by Teniers and a good old print after Claude, convey some faint inkling of the tastes of the owner. Nor is evidence wanting that a gentler influence is at work than that of the *Colebs Magister*. The neat arrangement of every object within the narrow limits of the modest apartment devoted to the common uses of dining hall and sitting room, with due attention to effect and economy of space, betoken a woman's head and hand. Alas! Poor Mrs. Grundy—how often thy patient spirit has been tried by the merciless forgetfulness and carelessness of thy masculine friend. Quietly the misplaced book is returned to its wonted shelf—the scattered papers arranged with care—the missing extract preserved from the ruthless breeze which would have swept it into the oblivion of the waters beneath. Yet how well your labours are repaid with the kindly smile and cheerful praise of that same eccentric mass of quaint readings and odd sayings. In one corner of the room may be seen one of those modern contrivances of mechanical skill, which put the escrivoires of our forefathers to as deep a blush as their mahogany surface will permit—one of those ingeniously arranged receptacles in which every thing seems as it were by instinct to be just in its proper place, at the precise moment when it is wanted, and within the most convenient distance possible from our hand. On the opened cover of this are writing materials; to the left stands a frame, in which is stretched a piece of German canvass on which neatly traced, appears the last device of slipper pattern. On the turned knob of one of its supporting pillars, there is an Editorial smoking cap, waiting for the last finishing touch of brand. Over the protecting end of the axle on which it swings, hangs a bag, from the packed mouth of which peer the truant ends of many hued wools. To the right, on a small ledge conveniently disposed, are the latest numbers of all sorts of volumes and papers, with illustrations in ink, in colours, from steel, wood and stone. Here it is that the good dame prepares with consummate judgment the matter for her part in the editorial labours, and to which we can with confidence and satisfaction refer our lady readers. Of dear, good Mrs. Grundy and her gatherings we shall often have occasion to

speak and mayhap we may one day beguile her into telling a tale of other times. At the opposite corner of the room just a little removed from the window there is an old and quaint oaken desk, the very antithesis of Mrs. Grundy's table; a pen or two worn to stumps are heedlessly thrown among slips of paper, open books and scraps of every size. One of Jacques and Hays' most delectable study chairs (the only piece of extravagance in the place) is placed "foremost" the desk and in it sits in all the sombre gravity of editorial abstraction our friend and gossip—our editor—CULPEPPER CRABTREE, Esq., of that ilk. The Government have recently promoted him in the militia service of the Province, at the special instigation of the Adjutant General, and on account of his services in the rebellion he passes among his familiars by his military style "The Major." Here it is his wont to receive the visits of several choice and congenial spirits who monthly convene for the purpose of discussing the topics of the day—when men and books, music and art, are spoken of with a freedom somewhat unusual in the ordinary intercourse of quiet people. Nor are these seditious always unprovided with the creature comforts. On these state occasions, the Major directs that if the weather permits it, the "shield of Bacchus" as he facetiously calls the principal table, shall be placed at the foot of the Willow and there provided with a proper quantum of Davis' best "Port Hope" for his friends, his own particular jug, and the requisite paraphernalia. Nor is the South forgotten. The redolent Havannah too is there—and for those who prefer them the T. D. cutties. Having now performed our duty of introducing the two principal personages of our *Dramatis Personae* we will leave them to speak for themselves.

One thing we forgot to mention. The Major abominates the affectation of quoting latin—but has nevertheless given us permission to reveal the motto under which he has for years followed out his favoured lucubrations.

"Homo sum et humani a me nil alienum puto."

SEDERUNT I.

THE MAJOR (*soliloquises*).—There! the last dash of the old quill has accomplished a task which has occupied my mind for days. When next I resume thee oh! nicely nibbed friend, thy labour shall be devoted to a more social strain—a letter to ——— ah! how strangely do our thoughts obey some mysterious influence! here comes the very man: *Doctissimus*, thou art welcome to our Shanty—here have I been musing on the desire of inflicting upon thee one of my rambling scrips, and thou hast most opportunely come to hear me speak what else thou wouldst have had to spell.

THE DOCTOR.—That pleasure I trust is but postponed. The day has been so sultry in