



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SIDERUNT SECOND.

THE close of an unusually sultry day found the publisher of this periodical slowly winding his way up the gentle slope which led to the rural wicket in front of the SHANTY. The warmth of the weather and his walk from the city rendered a frequent pause both necessary and agreeable, as a gentle air from the south-east was springing up and brought with it a refreshing coolness, grateful to the feelings and invigorating to the body enervated by the heat and depressed by the exertion he had undergone.

Throwing himself into the Major's chair placed so invitingly under the shade of the porch, he complacently surveyed the scene before him. A budget of papers systematically arranged and kept together by one of those useful catchouc bands, now so rapidly and deservedly usurping the office of the time-honoured red tape, was placed by him on the table; an expressive sigh afforded evidence of the sense of relief attending his assumed posture of repose; but a nervous glance occasionally bestowed upon the doorway, betrayed an anxiety to hold communion with the master spirit of the place. At length a gentle step and an admonitory hem! revealed to him the presence of our friend Mrs. Grundy. After a polite exchange of the customary courtesies of civilized life, and a few desultory remarks on that unfailling topic of conversation—the weather, our “lady bontiful” apologized for the absence of the Major, who, she informed the visitor had sallied out some time since with his favorite hound “Nell” for a ramble in the neighbouring woods. On

the assurance that his usual hour of return was near at hand, and that she had been instructed to request Mr. MACLEAR, whose visit was not unexpected, to beguile the time as best he might, she drew his attention, with a manner and tone displaying a feeling of pleased and conscious pride, to the gay objects of her solicitude which surrounded them—those care-rewarding sources of pleasure—those silent comforters of the lonely and sad heart—her flowers.

Mr. M.—Pray madam, what may be the name of this beautiful flower?

Mrs. GRUNDY.—It is the *Carnosa*. A plant highly prized in this country, as one of the finest of our house exotics; it will, with some care and proper management, flower twice in the year.

Mr. M.—Of what country is it a native?

Mrs. GRUNDY.—It is abundant within the tropics, and is found in latitudes very far south. Its luxuriance in some countries is truly wonderful. That which is a small vine as you see it here, spreads to a considerable extent in more congenial climates. Its clusters of waxen flowers are very beautiful.

Mr. M.—I should imagine, from the enthusiasm with which you speak, that you had partaken of the enjoyment it must afford in those countries where it flowers so well.

Mrs. GRUNDY.—And so I have. Mine has been indeed a “varied scene of life.” But I fear to touch upon this theme—it is one, though full of painful memories to me, which oft-times yield a fruitful source of conversation with my estimable friend the Major, but might not be equally agreeable to another.

Mr. M.—If it be not a proscribed subject