

shelter in some little church or hut. I lived for eight or ten days at a time on bread and cheese alone, and slept on hard benches or chests, where I was often unable to close my eyes all night from the cold.

To guard against the violent rains it is desirable to have a water-proof cloak, and a glazed broad-brimmed hat, such as sailors wear; an umbrella is perfectly useless, for the rains are generally accompanied by a great deal of wind, and one is often obliged to ride at a very quick pace, and it is easy to imagine that it is quite out of the question to hold one up.

THE MAJOR.—That kind of work would not at all harmonize with my gout! I fear that till rail-roads are introduced into these Runic regions, Culpepper Crab-tree must give them a wide berth!

THE DOCTOR.—It is as laborious and uncomfortable a process getting out of the island as vagabondising therein. Attend to the cabin bill of fare of the vessel in which Dame Pfeiffer sailed from Iceland for Copenhagen:

The fare on board this ship was exactly the same for passengers, captain, mate and crew. For our morning's meal we had wretched tea, or more properly dirty water of the color of tea, which the common hands drank without any sugar; the officers making use of a small lump of candy, which they hold in their mouths, where it melted rather slower than refined sugar, while they poured down cup after cup to moisten the ship biscuit and butter which composed our breakfast.

The dinners varied from day to day; first we had a piece of salted meat, which having been soaked all night in sea-water, and cooked next day in the same, was so intolerably hard, tough, and over-salted, that it required a seaman's palate to relish it. Instead of soup, vegetables, or dessert, we had barley gr^s, plainly boiled, without salt or butter, and eaten with syrup and vinegar. This dish was considered delicious by my companions, who could never cease wondering at my perverted taste when I pronounced it uneatable.

The second day produced a piece of bacon, boiled in salt water, and the barley grits again. On the third we had codfish and peas; and although the latter were hard, and cooked without butter, I found them more palatable than anything I had yet tasted. The first dinner was repeated on the fourth day, and so it went on during the whole passage; a cup of coffee without milk always closing our noonday meal. The evening's repast was like that of the morning, tea-water and ship-biscuit.

THE LAIRD.—Hech Sirs! but that is lentin commons, indeed! Never after this will I turn up my nose at the fried pork and salt rising o' pur Canada! Badly aff as we often are in the back woods for viands, we are seldom quite so bad as this floating purgatory! Bacon boiled in salt water, and barley grits! My conscience! it scunners a body to think o't!

THE SQUIREN.—I have got enough of Iceland. Let us call a new cause. There is a fresh novel here, have any of you perused it?

THE DOCTOR.—What name does it answer to?

THE SQUIREN.—"Dollars and Cents." It is published by George P. Putman, New-York, and purports to be concocted by a certain Amy Lothrop.

THE MAJOR.—I skimmed over the affair this forenoon.

THE SQUIREN.—Are its contents as valuable as its title? In these hard times there is something provokingly attractive in the *nomen* which sister or mother (as the case may be), Lothrop, has chosen for her bantling!

THE MAJOR.—If yawning, oh, Squiren! has a tendency to give you lock-jaw, I would not recommend you to essay the perusal of these same "Dollars and Cents."

THE LAIRD.—Is the story so wersh as all that?

THE MAJOR.—Wersh as porridge sans-salt, or a haggis devoid of onions and pepper!

THE DOCTOR.—Since you commenced discussing its merits, I have been glancing at the production, and the dialogic appears to be easy and flowing enough, and the English correct.

THE MAJOR.—True enough; but in so saying you have exhausted the bead-roll of its virtues! It is talk, talk, talk, from alpha to omega! As for *story*, like the Knife-grinder of Canning,

"It has none to tell, sir."

In every chapter, two or three personages with leathern lungs, discourse on every imaginable topic, from the price of pumpkins up to the ultimate destiny of "our union;" and the hapless narrative remains nearly in *statu quo*. If it make any progress, the rate is about as homœopathic as that of a rheumatic fly through a glue-pot!

THE LAIRD.—I trust friend Maclear has no great stock o' the wark! if so, it is like to prove a nest-egg on his hauns, honest man!

THE MAJOR.—I am not quite so sure of that, Laird. Twaddle has many devoted disciples in Canada. There are hundreds who would prefer the gentle insipidity of the *Ladies' Magazine* to the substantial nutriment of *Blackwood* and the *Edinburgh*. Even in our own good city you will have no difficulty in finding scores upon scores who, whilst swearing by Mr. Gore and T. S. Arthur, would write down James Hogg as vulgar, and John Galt as coarse! Such gentry would not scruple to invest their superfluous "dollars and cents" in the respectable commonplace of Amy Lothrop!

THE LAIRD.—My guid auld neighbour, Colonel Geddes, wha' has been through a' the Iron Duke's wars, commissioned me to bring him oot some new buik aboot the continent o' Europe. He disna mind muckle what it touches upon, sae be that it relates to the people and land where he has spent the best and brightest portion o' his days. Od' I