

The lavrock singing in the cloud
Wi' note sae blythe and cheery,
That made my heart forget its load
O' grief and care sae serio.

I think upon the moss grown grave
O' those sae dear to me
Wha' slumber in the auld kirk yard—
My bonnie bairnies three.

An' I would gie a mint o' gowd—
If gowd were mine to gie—
To wander through that auld kirk yard
Thae bairns' wee graves to see.

She ceased her sang—the briny tears
Fell frae her glistening ee—
For her heart throbb'd fast as she thought upon
Those graves ayont the sea.

LAIRD.—Vern bonnie! Mrs. Traill, considering that she's an Englisher, has got a correct inkling o' the essence o' Scottish sang. Her bit stave is worth a' score o' the maudlin' abominations misca'd Caledonian Ballads, that ye see in the wunnocks o' Nordheimer, and Harkness, and Paige, bearing on their title pages figures o' Heelandmon wi' silken kilts, making love to Jennies sporting spangled slippers! If I were the Grand Turk for a day, Mahoun throttle me but I wud burn the entire lot at the common place o' execution!

DOCTOR.—By the bye, Major, Mr. Whitefield, who is at present engaged in illustrating our Canadian Cities, took me by the button the other day, and, leading me into Maclear & Co.'s lithographic office, showed me a beautiful view of Quebec, drawn on stone, and just ready for printing. Indeed I saw a proof, and can safely aver that it is equal to any of the views that have yet appeared published in the United States.

MAJOR.—What! Is Whitefield having a view of Quebec done in Canada, and are our Canadian cities to be illustrated in Canada?

DOCTOR.—It is even as I tell you, though Quebec is the first that has been entrusted to Canadian lithographers.

MAJOR.—Then I hope and trust that it may not be the last. The cities of Kingston and Ottawa have yet to appear, and I think that it would materially increase their sale were they published here. Canadians would value them doubly, as they would doubly illustrate their country.

LAIRD.—Success to the artist! But, Major, ye never mentioned his view o' Toronto, that I see hanging up in your study.

MAJOR.—No! I owe Mr. Whitefield an apology for not doing so, but anything I might say now would be lost, as its merits are so widely

known. Toronto was never better illustrated than in that view, and I question much if an equal picture can be obtained from any other point.

DOCTOR.—Whitefield showed me a view of Toronto taken from the Lake about two miles from the island, and for a small sketch it was remarkably accurate, though, of course, it did not give any idea of the city.

MAJOR.—I should hardly think so at that distance. However, I wish Mr. Whitefield success both here and in England, to which place he proposes going to this summer, to exhibit his Canadian sketches, of which he has already at least two thousand done in tint, forming a most beautiful and valuable collection.

DOCTOR.—I think it would be worth his while to give us Canadians a peep at his collection before he goes. When next I see him I shall mention the matter to him.

MAJOR.—He should by all means exhibit them here first. I verily believe that half the Canadians do not know in what sort of a country the other half live. Mr. Whitefield must enlighten us.

DOCTOR.—Bless me, Laird, what has come over you? You look as if something serious was the matter!

LAIRD.—I fear that I am ganging to hae a fit o' the ague. Last week I got my hoofs wat in the Mullet Creek, in consequence o' the ice breaking, and I hae never been right sin' syne.

MAJOR.—We were talking, lately about St. Agnes' Eve. William Hone has preserved a charm for the cure of the ague, which is reported to be efficacious: if intoned on that epoch, by the oldest female in the family,

LAIRD.—Indeed!

MAJOR.—It thus runs:—

“Tremble and go!
First day shiver and burn
Tremble and quake!
Second day shiver and burn
Tremble and die!
Third day never return.”

LAIRD.—I say, Sangrado, div ye think that rhyme will drive awa' my complaint?

DOCTOR.—Very probably, if used in conjunction with this prescription, which you can get made up at the Medical Hall of your village!

MAJOR.—Ha! ha! Laird. You had better try the prescription first; if that fails, try the rhyme. However, we must now give way to the Horticulturist and Mrs. Grundy.