

DOCTOR.—I am not quite sure. I rather think that some of them are familiar to me; however it is an amusing book, full of chit-chat, and I have selected as a specimen of it, for this month's *Anglo*, one of the most readable. What are you laughing at, Laird?

LAIRD.—The title o' this book; fancy any body noo-a-days, when peace congresses are a' the rage, inditing a book called the "*Art o' War*."

MAJOR.—If it is Jomini's book that you are nichering at, you have small cause for mirth. It is a work which cannot fail, at the present moment especially, to interest deeply all students on the tactics of war.

His principles are laid down with care, and he has illustrated them with vigor, adducing military facts from all ages in support of every position he has advanced. One part, most particularly, is interesting, where he shows that, speaking of the Balkan, men generally have been too ready to take for granted that the passes are impregnable—he adduces two instances of this ignorance. Just listen:—

"I will cite two examples of them of which I was a witness; in 1796, the army of Moreau, penetrating into the Black Forest, expected to find terrible mountains, defiles and forests, which the ancient Hercynius called to memory with frightful circumstances; we were surprised after having climbed the cliffs of that vast plateau, which look upon the Rhine, to see that those steep slopes and their counterforts form the only mountains, and that the country, from the sources of the Danube to Donauwerth, presents plains as rich as fertile.

The second example, still more recent, dates in 1813; the whole army of Napoleon, and that great captain himself, regarded the interior of Bohemia as a country cut up with mountains; whereas, there exists scarcely one more flat in Europe, as soon as you have crossed the belt of secondary mountains with which it is surrounded, which is the affair of a march."

The book will be found by all military aspirants a most valuable one, and even for the every day reader it will have interest.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel, I am too auld to begin sic like studies. Hae ye got anything else, Doctor?

DOCTOR.—Yes; a lot of Tallis' books. "*Shakespeare*," and "*Flowers of Loveliness*," to wit.

MAJOR.—Shakespeare can never come amiss, come in what guise it may.

DOCTOR.—You forgot, I fancy, the American edition of it, for boarding-school girls, with the improper passages cut out.

MAJOR.—True; I forgot that. Tallis' version however, is, I am certain, not of that sort.

DOCTOR.—By no means. It is a capital edition, with good notes, well got up, and finely illustra-

ted. The print too is large, so as not to make the study of the immortal bard a trial to weak eyes. The second number of the "*Flowers of Loveliness*" is at your elbow, Laird. Look at the engraving of "the passion flower," and tell me how you like it.

LAIRD.—I'll no deny that is very striking, but here is ane I prefer, the Laurel—I like the attitude o' the lassie stannin' up; there's something fine in her attitude. Save us a', Major, what gars you gape yon way?

MAJOR.—I am sleepy. The Doctor tempted me to go to a Concert last night, and I am so little used to late hours now that I feel tired.

LAIRD.—Hoo did ye like it?

MAJOR.—Very much; I refer you to the Doctor, however, for full particulars.

DOCTOR.—Why, Major, what has become of all your indignation?

LAIRD.—About what?

DOCTOR.—Our friend was very irate at the ill manners of several of the audience, who got up, while the last song was still unfinished, and bolted to the door, perfectly careless of the fact that they were thereby preventing better mannered persons from hearing what was sung.

MAJOR.—The more I think on it the worse light do these uncivilized creatures appear in. One person, to whom I made the remark, told me that it was because it was late, in consequence of the programme being too long.

DOCTOR.—And what was your response?

MAJOR.—That if it was late, it was owing to the senseless encoring. No fewer than three long pieces were encored—a downright infliction on parties who go to enjoy themselves.

DOCTOR.—Nothing at all, my dear Major, to the first night. Nearly every song was encored, and it was as hard, in some cases, as though *Hamlet* or *Richard the Third* should be encored at the end of the last act.

LAIRD.—But, Doctor, this is no telling me what I want to hear. How did the concert go off?

DOCTOR.—Very successfully. The singing throughout was good, three duets especially. You must go, Laird, on the next night. You will be delighted with Griebel's violin, or, if the piano delights you more, you will find Mr. Hayter's music well worth listening to. You are not awfai at modern concert giving, or I would tell you that the selections, in this last affair, gave much more satisfaction than those of the former. Look at the Major, how fearfully he yawns! We must shorten our proceedings in pity to him. Out with your facts, Laird.