

I saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow, and the guides were grouped about, some lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc."

LAIRD.—Oh sake, but that kind o' wark mak's a body's flesh grew! I'll dream o' that wilderness o' ice for a month to com! Mark doon that volume for aye. It will suit Girzy to a hair, as she is unco fond, like a' her sex o' whatever is daring and exciting. But what next will you recommend to me?

MAJOR.—With all due deference to your better judgment, the volume which I hold in my hand would form a fitter offering to the fair and virtuous Grizelda, than the records of Albert Smith's peregrinations, excellent though unquestionably they are!

LAIRD.—Name the candidate for my honest sister's affections?

MAJOR.—It is styled "*The New Household Receipt Book*," and emanates from the pen of a clever female writer, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale to wit.

LAIRD.—Hoot awa' wi' your receipt books! I hae bought a score o' them in my day, and nane o' them were worth for ony thing but lighting the candle. Last year I consulted aye o' them touching and anent the best method o' taking a stain o' grease out o' my Sunday coat, and the upshot was that the remedy proved to be ten times waur than the disease! The garment was hopelessly ruined for ever and a day, and I was glad to mak' a donation o' it to blin' Jamie the sawyer o' cord wood!

MAJOR.—I can certify you that Mrs. Hale's production is an exception to what I agree with you, is a too general rule. She has a literary reputation to lose, having published a clever fiction entitled "*Northwood*," and accordingly has taken care to present the public with something vastly superior to the rubbish which you have been denouncing. In her preface she tells us that all her "rules and recipes have been the result of study, observation, experiment, and experience; and so far as I have examined the volume, the assertion appears to be well founded.

LAIRD.—If that be the case the buik must be a perfect treasure to back wood bodies like huz, and ye may as weel put it doon on the list. What green coated gentleman is that below your elbow?

MAJOR.—One of the most contemptible ebullitions of Yankee bitterness against the old country which the press of Dollardom, prolific as it is in that department of letters, has ever spawned.

DOCTOR.—Indeed! that is enunciating a big word! Pray who is John Bull's present censor, and what is the title of his outpouring?

MAJOR.—The fellow calls himself "Matt. T. Ward," and he has named his outbreak of venom, "*English Items: or microscopic views of England and Englishmen*,"

DOCTOR.—And is Matt. indeed so very bilious in his expectorations as you represent him to be?

MAJOR.—You can judge for yourself from the following sample:

"A genuine Englishman delights in rendering himself conspicuous by the multitude of his wants. If on board a steamer, where the number of servants is necessarily limited, he will send one waiter for roast beef, another for a bottle of porter—will order a third, as he approaches the gentleman sitting next to him, who has had nothing to eat, to hand him the radishes, and then complains to the head steward that he can get nobody to wait on him. In the meanwhile, he helps himself successively to every thing he can reach, by sticking his elbows into other people's faces, and pronounces all he tastes unbearable. His beef arrives, which he eyes scornfully, and with upturned nose pushes off from him. He once more bawls for the head steward, and sarcastically asks to be informed what he calls that on his plate. "Roast beef, I think, sir." "Roast beef, is it? Well, I should say that, whatever it may be, it is not fit to be put into a gentleman's mouth." He then continues confidentially to announce to the whole table—whilst professedly addressing the steward—that the cook does not understand his business, that the carvers do not know how to carve, and that he has found nothing since he has been on board that he could eat; although he has been daily in the habit of employing two-thirds of all the servants within call, and devouring every thing he could lay his hands on. The eager haste, amounting almost to a scramble, with which an Englishman seeks to have himself helped before everybody else, appears to me strangely unbecoming in a gentleman,—especially in situations where the wants of all are certain to be attended to, with the exercise of a slight degree of patience. But he seems to imagine there is distinction in being first served, even when he is compelled to resort to unseemly haste to secure the doubtful honor. He considers selfishness knowing, and a total disregard of the comfort of other people as eminently indicative of an aristocratic turn of mind. He is nervously apprehensive of showing the slightest attention even to a lady at table, such, for instance, as passing her the salt, or filling her wine-glass. He is haunted by the spectral fear that somebody might construe such an encroachment upon the duties of the waiter into evidence of his having emerged from some obscure position. Such scrupulous attention to the preservation of his rank would naturally imply the consciousness of being in a new position, of which he was not altogether secure. What man among us, really entitled to the consideration of a gentleman, would be agitated by such absurd apprehensions. A man, really certain of his position in society, would scarcely fear a sacrifice of it by so simple an act of politeness. An Englishman is always excessively anxious to have his seat near the head even of a public table, as in