

questions, and another be hanged for only looking at the cratur over a wall! Had poor Paddy affirmed that any Christian name could be *contracted* by grinding it out of all shape and form, a shout of "*bull*" would be uplifted from Toronto to the wall of China!

THE DOCTOR.—But touching your fraternal purchase!

THE LAIRD.—Here it is, "*Mary Price, or the Adventures of a Servant Maid*, by G. W. M. Reynolds."

THE MAJOR.—What, in the name of common decency, tempted you to pick out a production of such an unmitigated scamp?

THE LAIRD.—Div ye mean to say that Reynolds is not a proper writer? I ne'er read ony o' his warks, but seeing them on the counters o' respectable booksellers, I thoct that I couldna' gang far wrang in investing twa and saxpence in ane o' them!

THE MAJOR.—In so doing, however, you have signally reckoned without your host! It has long been to me an inexplicable problem, how it comes to pass, that respectable bibliopoles, could suffer their shops to be polluted with the garbage of this literary scavenger.

THE DOCTOR.—Emphatically do I say ditto to your remark. Reynolds' is in every sense of the word a *bad man*—of course I speak of him as an author, for individually I know little or nothing about him! His unvarying task is to minister to the coarsest and most depraved sensual appetites—to inflame the poor against their richer brethren—to demonstrate that aristocracy and guilt are synonymous terms—and to sneer at every thing in the shape of revealed religion!

THE LAIRD.—Bless us a' the day! What a mercy that I didna' tak hame sic poison to my unsuspecting household! But how comes it to pass that this filth is allowed to be vended wi' impunity?

THE DOCTOR.—You may well ask the question! If I had any say in the making or administration of the laws, I would as soon permit apothecaries to dispense arsenic and strychnine to the million, as booksellers to disseminate the equally pestilential moral poison of Reynolds.

THE LAIRD.—I wish I could think o' something to take back to Tibbie!

MACLEAR.—I got a new production last week by an eminent hand, which I think will just answer. In fact I have a copy in my pocket. Here it is. "*The Diary of a London Physician—second series*—by Samuel C. Warren, Esq., author of "*Ten thousand a year*, &c. &c. &c."

THE LAIRD.—That's the very thing! O'd its queer, I never heard tell o't before! A new work by Samuel Warren is an event in the literary history o' the age! I will exchange *Mary Price* for the same, even though I should lose a quarter on the transaction.

THE MAJOR.—Gently, gently, good Laird!

You are meditating a leap from the frying pan into the fire!

THE LAIRD.—What do ye mean?

THE MAJOR.—I mean that the person who bought the book in question would most assuredly be *sold* himself! Warren never wrote a line of it;—in fact it would be out of his power to give birth to such a production.

THE SQUIREEN.—Why then it must be a gem indeed!

THE MAJOR.—A Brummagem gem if you will! Warren, I repeat, could not lower himself to pen such dreary and unredeemable trash. Just listen for instance to the following exquisite bit of twaddle:

"One more coal, William,—only one mind—a square largish coal, about the size of—

"A hat Sir?"

"Precisely, William, precisely."

The coal was brought me. My man William lingered to see me give the large coal a crash with the poker, which split it tremendously—another blow and it was shivered into a thousand fragments.

Bang!

"William!—what's that—did you hear anything?"

"I'm afraid, Sir, its a very good imitation of a knock."

Bang!

THE LAIRD.—Hech sirs! And to palm off that mixture o' muddy water and sandy sugar as the effusion o' Samuel Warren! Verily this is a wicked *sneek-drawing* world, when I see a fraud can be perpetrated in broad day light! I fear that after a' I must gang back without a buik for pur Tibbie!

THE DOCTOR.—Hold hard gossip! Here is the very article which you desiderate;—"*Roughing it in the Bush; or, Life in Canada*. By Susanna Moodie."

THE MAJOR.—I have not had time to do more than skim over the brace of pretty volumes to which you refer, but the glimpses which I got of their contents pleased me much.

THE DOCTOR.—Mrs. Moodie is unquestionably one of the most distinguished pioneers of Canadian literature. She has wrought hard with heart and hand to advance her adopted land in the Republic of Letters, and the work of which we are speaking will add fresh laurels to her already goodly coronet of merit.

THE LAIRD.—I hope it is no lang-winded, because my honest sister canna thole anything that's wersh and dreich!

THE DOCTOR.—On the contrary, it is written in a singularly dramatic and lively vein. It is as good a lounging book for a warm summer's evening, as any modern novel you could condescend upon.

THE MAJOR.—There is a pretty little passage which I have just turned up.

"The home-sickness was sore upon me, and all my solitary hours were spent in tears. My whole soul yielded itself up to a strong and overpowering