

hizzies fonder o' opening the mysteries o' *Lock* than frying *Bacon*! Be that as it may, my gentleman did naething but lecture during the entire evening to a miserable, pipe-clay complexioned stripling, his son, or siblins his pupil, that he had under his care. If the laddy took oot a biscuit to eat, the Professor made him tell the process o' baking; and if he sooked an orange, he was catechized touching the geography o' the lands where the fruit grew.

MAJOR.—But what had all that to do with Macallister?

LAIRD.—Ye shall hear! Nae sooner had the screen been drawn up, than the Professor took care to inculcate upon his ward that everything on the stage was tinsel and flummery. The yellow cups were nae gold, ony mair than the white kists were silver! Thinks I to mysel—"puir chap, ye may be the *wiser* for this knowledge, but I doot muckle whether ye are *happier*!" Weel, sirs, the magician waved his wand, and gabbled over his hocus-pocus paternoster, and changed gloves into doos, and watches into pancakes, and if I had been onywhere except where I was I would have enjoyed the sport amazingly. But the infamous Professor, whenever a trick was commenced, began to tell his disciple hoo it was done, and thus clean destroyed its interest! For instance, when the big kail pot was hun' up fu' o' water, my tormentor explained that the rods from which it was suspended were hollow tubes, through which the liquid was pumped oot behind the scenes! Of course, wi' this knowledge it was nae wonder to me when Dugald took doon the pot and showed that it was as dry as his loof! I couldna' cheer and ruff wi' the laive o' the congregation! I was far too *enlightened* for that!

MAJOR.—Verily you were to be pitied!

LAIRD.—Again, when the Warlock took a cage fu' o' canaries oot o' a portfolio, the utilitarian snob indoctrinated his charge with the fact, that the aforesaid cage could be compressed and expanded at pleasure, and that the birds were in the bosom of the performer till within a second o' their occupancy o' the cage! This explanation was, questionless, correct, but it made the feat werish as parritch without saut!

DOCTOR.—Had I been in your position I should have pitched the miscreant neck and crop into the pit!

MAJOR.—I would have seconded the motion, having, however, previously recited in the

scoundrel's hearing old Sam Butler's couplet—

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat!"

LAIRD.—I am sorry I didna' tramp on the rascal's tae, at ony rate! Oh, the caulkers in my boots would hae made him squeel, as loud as Mahoun did, when Saint Dunstan grippit his neb wi' the red-hot tangs!

MAJOR.—It striketh me that this most posterous Professor is a type of but too many of our modern educationists, whose leading aim and object seems to be, to convert children into premature philosophers!

LAIRD.—Ye are no' far wrang there, Crabtree.

MAJOR.—You are constantly meeting nowadays with walking encyclopedias, not exceeding three feet in altitude, who will patter off screeds of mechanics and mathematics by the hour, on the slightest provocation! I cannot help opining that if these precocious gentry were confined to such homely commons as Jack the Giant Killer and Blue Beard, their brains would be all the sounder for it in mature age!

DOCTOR.—In the name of Jupiter Gammon, utter no such heresies in the vicinity of the Normal School, or you will be stoned to death by male and female baby-grinders!

MAJOR.—Well, to change the subject back again to literature, I have received the two last numbers of the Edinburgh edition of "*Chambers' Journal*," which I mentioned on a former occasion to be far superior to the American editions in every respect.

DOCTOR.—I have a great liking for clean, nice editions of books. I think that the pleasure of reading them is greater, and it is a satisfaction to feel that after you have read your volume you can place it on your shelves as worthy of preservation.

MAJOR.—It is one of the faults of the publishers of the day to issue their works for the reader of the hour. Their books, generally, will not bear a second reading, no matter how good the contents thereof may be.

DOCTOR.—Say rather that it a fault forced on the publishers by the readers themselves. The public now read to pass away the time. There is no demand, now, for the substantial tome got up in the olden style. However, here is Mrs. Grundy come to announce supper; but I hope to have a chat with you at another time on the causes of this change in public taste. Come, Laird, to supper, and put away your newspaper; the fall of Sebastopol will keep. England and France have it now in their possession.