

carnation of sin; and yet they are educated and trained to think the sole object of life is to win, not convert, but win one of these sinners. In the next room, propriety, dignity, and decorum, romp with a man in a way to make even his sallow face blush. Teach a child there is harm in everything, however innocent, and so soon as it discovers the cheat, it won't see no sin in anything. That's the reason deacons' sons seldom turn out well, and preachers' daughters are married through a window. Innocence is the sweetest thing in the world, and there is more of it than folks generally imagine. If you want some to transplant, don't seek it in the inclosures of cant, for it has only counterfeit ones, but go to the gardens of truth and of sense. Coerced innocence is like an imprisoned lark, open the door and it's off for ever. The bird that roams through the sky and the grove unrestrained, knows how to dodge the hawk and protect itself, but the caged one, the moment it leaves its bars and bolts behind, is pounced upon by the fowler or the vulture.

LAIRD.—That's a true bill.

DOCTOR.—Equally truthful are the following remarks upon

SKETCHING FROM LIFE.

There is always some interest in natur', where truly depicted. Minister used to say that some author (I think he said old Dictionary Johnson) remarked that the life of any man, if wrote truly, would be interesting. I think so, too; for every man has a story of his own, adventures of his own, and some things have happened to him that never happened to anybody else. People here abuse me for all this; they say, after all my boastin' I don't do 'em justice. But after you and I are dead and gone, and things have been changed, as it is to be hoped they will, some day or another, for the better, unless they are like their Acadian French neighbors, and intend to remain just as they are for two hundred and fifty years, then these sketches will be curious; and as they are as true to life as a dutch picture, it will be interestin' to see what sort of folks were here in 1854, how they lived, and how they employed themselves, and so on.

Now it's more than a hundred years ago since Smollet wrote, but his men and women were taken from real life, his sailors from the navy, his attorneys from the jails and criminal courts, and his fops and fine ladies from the herd of such cattle that he daily met with. Well, they are read now; I have 'em to home, and laugh till I cry over them. Why? Because natur is the same always. Although we didn't live a hundred years ago, we can see how the folks of that age did; and, although society is altered, and there are no Admiral Benbows, nor Hawser Trunions, and folks don't travel in vans with canvass covers, or wear swords, and frequent taverns, and all that, as they used to did to England; still it's a pictur of the times, and instructin' as well as amusin'. I have learned more how folks dressed, talked, and lived, and

thought, and what sort of critters they were, and what the state of society, high and low, was then, from his books and Fielding's than any I know of. They are true to life, and as long as natur remains the same, which it always will, they will be read. That's my iden at least.

Some squeamish people turn up the whites of their peepers at both these authors, and say they are coarse. How can they be otherwise? society was coarse. There are more veils worn now, but the devil still lurks in the eye under the veil. Things aint talked of so openly, or done so openly in modern as in olden times. There is more concealment; and concealment is called delicacy. But where concealment is, the passions are excited by the difficulties imposed by society. Barriers are erected too high to scale, but every barrier has its wicket its latchkey, and its private door. Natur is natur still, and there is as much of that that is condemned in his books, now, as there was then. There is a horrid sight of hypocrisy now, more than there was one hundred years ago; vice was audacious then, and scared folks. It aint so bold, at present, as it used to did to be; but if it is forbid to enter the drawing-room, the back staircase is still free. Where there is a will there is a way, and always will be. I hate pretence, and, above all mock modesty; it's a bad sign.

I knew a clergyman, to home, a monstrous pious man, and so delicate-minded, he altered a great many words and passages in the Church Service, he said he couldn't find it in his heart to read them out in the meetin, and yet that fellow to my sartin knowledge was the greatest scamp in private life I ever knew. Gracious knows I don't appropiate coarseness, it shocks me but narvous sensibility makes me sick. I like to call things by their right names, and I call a leg a leg, and not a larger limb, a shirt a shirt, though it is next the skin, and not a linen vestment, and a stocking a stocking, though it does reach up the leg, and not a silk hose; and a garter a garter, though it is above the calf, and not an elastic band or a hose suspender. *A really modest woman was never squeamish. Fastidiousness is the envelope of indelicacy. To see harm in ordinary words, betrays a knowledge and not ignorance of evil.*

MAJOR.—Are you aware that there was published some years ago in Dollardom, an edition of the Bible for family reading?

LAIRD.—Ye hae reference to a family Bible, I presume? I hae ane at Bonnie Bracs—guid auld John Brown's.

MAJOR.—You do not apprehend my meaning. The version in question purported to be "purified from all coarse expressions and indelicate passages!"

LAIRD.—Wha ever heard o' sic presumption and wickedness? After that I'll never wonder that some dreary snobs shake their empty pumpkins at the vulgarity o' the Laird!

DOCTOR.—Often have the mishaps of "gen-