

dering variety of artistically executed woodcuts, the subjects being mainly taken from the great masters. Here, for instance, are a series of engravings after Albert Cuyp, which convey an excellent idea of the style of that illustrious Dutchman, accompanied by an essay on his works by one who is evidently familiarly conversant with art.

DOCTOR.—I sincerely trust that both the *Illustrated Magazine* and the *Art Journal* will find extensive circulation in Canada. At present the taste of our colonial fellow-subjects is almost at the zero point, and it is only by making them conversant with the genuine article that we can hope to work an effectual reformation.

MAJOR.—There I differ with you, Doctor. I think that for the population more really good taste is abroad than you will find in the mother country.

LAIRD.—Can either o' ye recommend a new novel, worthy o' Girzy's disgeestion?

DOCTOR.—Here are a brace, which, with the utmost confidence, I can prescribe to the vestal mistress o' Bonnie Braes.

LAIRD.—Hoot awa' wi' your vestals! In thae heart-burning times o' controversy, ye will aiblins mak' the Protestant world believe that I am the owner o' a nunnery, and poor Girzy the Leddy Superior thereof!

DOCTOR.—Well, then, if Girzy, who is no vestal, desires to read a couple of sterling tales, let her bestow her affections upon *Linnny Lockwood*, by Catherine Crowe, and *John*, from the pen of Emilie Carlen. They are both far above mediocrity, and may even aspire to the *super saltum* dignity of excellence.

MAJOR.—So far as *Linnny Lockwood* is concerned, I can fully endorse your verdict. Nothing could be more terrible than the fate of the much sinning Lady Glenlyon, who elopes from an affectionate husband, with a man who cherishes towards her not one feeling even of sensual regard. It is a stern and most practical homily on the guilt of incontinence, and the story is told with an epigrammatic vein worthy of William Godwin. As for *John*, I have not had time to look into it.

DOCTOR.—It is the very antipodes of the fiction you have been so correctly characterizing. Tho' the plot is slight, almost to transparency, it is managed with excellent tact; and the sunny simplicity of the worthy widow, who fancies that her daughter is destined to captivate half the noblesse of Sweden, is pleasingly suggestive of the Vicar of Wakefield.

LAIRD.—I hae nearly forgotten to speer, if ye could tell me anything about a book which, they tell me, is making an unco stir in New York. What's the name o't, again? Tuts! I canna mind it—but it's something like warm oats.

MAJOR.—I presume you have reference to *Hot Corn*?"

LAIRD. That's the very thing. They say that it is a first class production, and should be studied by the rising generation equally wi' the Pilgrims' Progress and the Holy War.

MAJOR.—In this instance the *vox populi* is emphatically the *vox diaboli*!

LAIRD.—As I hae forgotten my Hebrew, maybe you will favor me with your opinion in plain, home-spun Anglo-Saxon.

MAJOR.—I mean to say that the parent of mendacities must have dictated the puffs which have elevated *Hot Corn* into a nine day's notoriety! In a literary point of view, the affair is intensely beneath criticism, and its much vaunted morality is that of the brothel!

LAIRD.—Hech, sirs, what a feeing world our lot is cast in!

MAJOR.—You may well say so! Under the flimsy pretence of exalting virtue and exposing vice, the compiler of this miserable cento of filth accumulates a mass of putrid ordure enough to turn the stomach of a street walker of ten years' standing!

DOCTOR.—There is one consolation, however. The literary impotence of the abortion will effectually prevent it from doing any harm. Prurient as is the taste of this rationalistic and faith-unsettled age, plain, unspiced wickedness will not go down! In the present instance Mahoun has neglected to shake his pepper box over the mess, and consequently the epicures of *clattyness* will turn from it as undeserving of their devoirs!

LAIRD.—I heard that some preachers had cracked up *Hot Corn*.

MAJOR.—Most unsophisticated of agriculturists. Have you forgotten what your old friend Robert Burns says?

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd:
Even ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
&c. &c. &c.

LAIRD.—No, I have na' forgot it; do I look like a man who wad forget anything that Robin wrote. But I say, Doctor, what are you poring over?

DOCTOR.—*Sheil's Sketches of the Irish Bar*.

MAJOR.—What, the same that appeared some time ago?