

philanthropic minds, to rectify the evils, but without success. Organized communities will be established, but the evil, in some form, will remain. Something more than a change of external conditions is required. Externals affect internals, but the external should not control the internal. The external is the stream, the internal the fountain. Nature provides that the internal, the fountain, should control the external, the effect. Not until the fountain becomes pure, will the stream be worthy. The wrongs of society, are the manifestations of wisdom in embryo. It is enshrouded in the darkness of other days. The night of superstition is far spent. The morning light of truth must break from this sphere. The fountain of pure water must refresh the desolate earth. The well of sympathy must flow freely, to nourish the plants of immortal progress.

THE LAIRD.—Nae mair! nae mair o' that! Light your pipe wi' that last passage, man. I feel ma internals all in a boil at the thocht, that ane o' my kind should commit such egregious folly—such moral sin, as to send abroad upon the world the foul iniquity. It's a blasphemous paraphrase o' the Revelations—a clear passport to the torments o' the damned! Put the wicked buik in the fire, and let us talk o' something mair rational.

THE SQUIREEN.—I say, Major, what book is that in your fist, with binding coloured like a pickled beet? The crathur seems blushing at its own contents!

THE MAJOR.—It has no cause to do so, then, my lad, for the *tone* is one of the most readable duodecimos which I have met with for some time.

THE SQUIREEN.—And pray what may the modest spalpeen call itself?

THE MAJOR.—“*Papers from the Quarterly Review*,” being the latest number of “*Appleton's Popular Library*.”

THE SQUIREEN.—Faith and throth the compiler of the same must have had no small botheration in making such a *weeny* selection from such a mountain of materials! Twenty volumes would hardly suffice to give even a taste of the ould Quarterly's *crame*!

THE MAJOR.—The difficulty, I admit, was great, but the Editor has accomplished his task in a very satisfactory manner. He has managed to present “the million,”—(to use one of the slang terms of the day,)—with a most delightful afternoon's reading.

THE LAIRD.—Afternoon, div ye say? Od, the man's clean gyte! Are ye in earnest when ye say that ye wud sook the juice o' that gaucy buik between dinner and supper-time?

THE MAJOR.—Of course I am! Why, I would make no bones of discussing three such affairs in that period!

THE LAIRD.—Weel, weel! that beats a'! I fear your hair mair be a thocht superficial! Nae wonder that Tam Carlyle ca'st his “the age o' puff paste and Vauxhall sandwiches!” Why, I am gae and gleg at the uptak, but still

I wud like twa days, at least, to disgeest sic a turreen fir' o' literature!

THE SQUIREEN.—You have got behind the “go-a-headishness” of the times during your exile in the bush! A few sederunts in our friend Crabtree's *shanty* will brighten up your wits like blazes! But to come back to the point in hand,—What are the gems that Appleton has culled from the Quarterly?

THE MAJOR.—They are only five in number, but are all of *first Cheop* water. The following are their titles:—“*The Printer's Devil*,”—“*Gastronomy and Gastronomers*,”—“*The Honey Lee*,”—“*Music*,”—and “*Art o' Dress*.”

THE LAIRD.—There's *variety*, at any rate, if there's naething mair—as Dugald McLaggis said when he was praisin' the colours o' his auld torn kilt! Pray, Major, whilk o' the papers is your pet?

THE MAJOR.—Why, I should say the first; the writer of which has invested the various processes of typography with all the interest of romance. In the following quaint style does the article commence:—

“*And noo, ma freends*,”—some fifty years ago, said an old Highland preacher, suddenly lowering a voice which for nearly an hour had been giving fervid utterance to a series of supplications for the welfare, temporal as well as spiritual, of his flock,—“*And noo, ma freends*,”—the good man repeated, as, wiping his bedewed brow, he looked down upon a congregation who with outstretched chins sat listening in respectful astonishment to this new proof that their pastor's subject, unlike his body, was still unexhausted; “*And noo, ma freends*,”—he once more exclaimed, with a look of parental benevolence it would be utterly impossible to describe,—“*Let us praigh for the puir Deil! There's naeboddy praighs for the puir Deil.*”

THE LAIRD.—My grandfather kent weel the honest man that said that! He was minister o' the parish o' *Rumblety-thump*, in Argyleshire. I mind anither story about him, nearly as sappy!

THE SQUIREEN.—Let us have it, by all means!

THE LAIRD.—You see, the parishioners o' Rumblety-thump had got unco lazy, and didna come regularly to kirk in the mornings; so Maister McBain (for so he was named) determined to gie them a red face. Accordingly, on a particular afternoon, he thus addressed his truant sheep on the enormity o' their conduct, concluding in the following words, which my grandsire heard wi' his ain lugs:—“*Och! och! ye'll stay at hame in your beds in the mornings, instead o' coming to the preaching. And who are your companions there? Wha but the Deil and the fleas?—and your blankets no scoor'd since they cam' frae the weavin'!*”

THE SQUIREEN.—Ha! ha! ha! We are forgetting our book, however. I say, Crabtree, can you give us another tasting of the same?

THE MAJOR.—With pleasure. In the *Printer's Devil* we are presented with an exceedingly graphic description of the gigantic