

stool, might have brought them to a sense of their social error.

MAJOR.—I have, on more than one occasion, been cognizant of cognate follies, and fully agree with the Laird that they are blots upon the intelligence, I may add the sanity of our rural population. Let us hope that as the commentings of the Shanty are widely perused in the bucolic quarters of the Province, the exposure which Bonnie Braes has made of the evil may lead to its correction and cure.

PURSER.—Is it not a feeling of politeness which leads the worthy people under censure, to suffer their pabulum to be so moiled?

LAIRD.—No doubt it is; but are the perpetrators less gowks and gomerals on that account? I hae read that in some parts in the East—Turkey, I think—when a lover wants to recommend himself particularly to his sweetheart, he maks gashes in his arm wi' a gully knife or razor. That's the perfection of guid-breeding, according to the creature's dim lights, and verily there is as much rationality in the one custom as in the other. For my ain part, I would as soon gie myself a moderately deep cut ony day, as suffer my victuals to wax uncatable, when standing before me. When the tablecloth is removed, I can be as ceevil as a French dancing-master, or a lawyer getting payment o' his score; but business first and politeness after, is the rule by which I mak my way through life!

PURSER.—I have frequently heard it remarked that the "original poetry" which appears in our Canadian newspapers is, generally speaking, of a very inferior quality. In a recent number of the *Cobourg Star* I met with a sonnet, which I think must be admitted to be an exception to the rule.

DOCTOR.—Who is the engenderer?

PURSER.—That question I am unable to answer. It simply bears the initials of R. A. P., and thus runs:—

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Oh! beautiful vale Lily! sweet and sainted,
Like a pale nun in holy cloister dress,
Thy graceful bells low drooping, as they fainted
Beneath the weight of their own loveliness;
Shrieking alike from Zephyr's cool caress,
And the hot kisses of the Sun-King's ray.
In modest walk and quiet humbleness,
Blooming unseen the virgin life away;
The dews steal to thee at the close of day,
(Tears that kind angels weep o'er this world's woe),
And in thy green leaf nests the weary fay,
And cools his hot cheek on thy bosom's snow,
And sleepeth in love-dreams thy pearly domes below.

LAIRD.—Losh, man, but that's bonnie! Here's the health o' the author, be the same lad or lass! Hoot toot! My tumbler is as

empty as a drum, or the purse o' an author! Rax me the materials, Sangrado!

MAJOR.—I have just waded through the primary volume of M. de Lamartine's *History of Turkey*.

DOCTOR.—Is the work so very heavy, that you employ the term wade?

MAJOR.—Heavy is not precisely the word; *cloying* would be more to the point. The author *recites* and *intones*, instead of telling what he has to tell, in the every-day language which historians should ever cultivate. He is always on the high horse, is constantly cramming his miserable reader with figs and honey, so that the victim, *scunnered* (as Bonnie Braes bath it) with saccharine prog, longeth consumedly for a salt herring.

LAIRD.—Or aiblins a cog o' sheep's-head kail.

MAJOR.—Just so.

DOCTOR.—Does de Lamartine tell us anything new, touching my old friend Mahomet?

MAJOR.—Not a scrap. It is the jog-trot tune which has been ground dozens and dozens of times over, with much greater effect, in many instances, than at present. Washington Irving's biography of the Arab lecher is worth a score of the Frenchman's rhapsodical compilation.

DOCTOR.—I never thought that de Lamartine had any of the leading qualities which go to the formation of a historian. As the *Quarterly Review* remarked of him some years ago:—"He belongs essentially to the dreamy school, and loves the visionary and conjectural more than the real. His style, too flowery and diffuse even in poetry, is always on stilts; and he is the reverse of poor M. Jourdain, for he can never talk prose. He is a painter rather than a narrator, and a painter with whom colour is so primary and almost exclusive an object that it at length becomes discolour."

PURSER.—Just like poor Paddy's model apple-pie, which was composed altogether of quinces!

LAIRD.—I clean lost a' conceit o' the land-louper, when he made his Jim Crow jump frae Legitimacy to Republicanism.

MAJOR.—The only portion of the volume under notice worth a groat, is the preface. There are some noteworthy enough things in the following passages touching the "difficulty" (to use Jonathan's expression) with Russia:—

Russia, which extends from Poland along to Persia and to China, weighs already far too heavily on the globe. If to this weight were