

abominations ; Mr. Jefferson Davis has promised, if his life is spared, to write a history of the United States from his own stand-point. "A proper and truthful" history, to take the place of those now used in public schools in the South, and he proposes to prepare a narrative which "it will not pain the pupils to recite."

The second monstrosity against which I desire to record my dissent is the "popularizing" the novels of Sir Walter Scott, publishing them at 1d per volume ; Miss Braddon, (who has forfeited her place amongst modern writers of fiction, by disloyalty to literature,) has undertaken to eliminate, or tone down, or translate the Scotticisms for the benefit of conservative English readers. It is a desecration of a memory that is fragrant with the freshest and richest crowns that literature can bestow, and an indignant public should protest against any such indecent mutilation of one of the grandest records in literature.

The habit of studying old books is, I fear, dying out. There is too much that is fresh and fair and foolish to occupy our minds, and we are losing our grip on the substantial past to grasp at the foolish of the fashionable present.

The shelves of every modern bookstore are cleared of "obsolete trash" periodically to make way for much of "absolute trash," and brand-new bright bottled juice is put in the place of the "old crusted" wine, which finds its way eventually to some second-hand concern, where it lingers a dingy desk and feeds the epicure who has learned to love it for its flavour and delicate bouquet.

Ah! but the *gourmand* with the *bon bouche* is to be envied, and the mouldy pages are coveted by those of us who would sip the vintage that makes the mind leap with exhilaration.

If every school-house and every family library could but become an old book-store, instead of a refuge for "That Hog of Mine" and "The Science of Love made Easy," how cheap would be the education of youth and how rich might be the