

account for them, and are, therefore, entitled without inquiry to reject them."

THE MAJOR.—Very good. But why does he not come out at once like a man and tell what this Animal Magnetism is?

THE DOCTOR.—Nay, the science is in the germ as yet; we are on the threshold only of the great truths connected with psychological phenomena, and not until Gregory's appeal to study the subject dispassionately and philosophically is complied with, can we hope to elicit much. Read the book, Major, you will lose nothing by it, but may gain many wrinkles.

THE MAJOR.—I will, but methinks I hear the Squireen's chuckle.

THE DOCTOR.—Yes! here they come!

[Enter the Squireen and the Laird.]

THE SQUIREEN.—The fag end of a purty day to you. When next I venture on an excursion to your shanty, I will undoubtedly apply to Mr. Mink for his choicest team!

THE LAIRD.—Ech! Sirs, Whew!

THE MAJOR.—Ah Laird, this is nothing to the Sauchy Hall road, nor yet to the plains of Egypt.

THE LAIRD.—Whisht man, stop your chaffing. You're unco gleg with that cutty in cheek. Gie me a drink to wash the gritty dust frae my teeth and then I wull express myself in the polite language o' modern salutation.

THE DOCTOR.—Perhaps you would prefer a little Alloa ale, pale and bright as amber, to the limpid fluid from the Humber?

THE LAIRD.—Wha instructed you touching the weakness o' my nature? Or is the remembrance o' Mrs. Rutherford's pewter still fresh on your lips, as when last you smacked them, in Register Street, on your way to Surgeon's Square?

THE DOCTOR.—Perhaps, Laird, a little of the ginger still sticks to your's?

THE SQUIREEN.—By the tongs of St. Dunstan! friend Crabtree, but you have created quite a metamorphosis in this crib of yours. Why, a few months ago, and a decent thorough-bred pointer would have scrupled to make this same chamber his kennel, and now—

THE MAJOR.—And now even the fastidious O'Blarney commendeth it! What more need or can be said? "Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley!" Permit me to recommend a fresh cheroot from Lyons' last importation.

THE DOCTOR.—We have just been discussing Gregory's letters on "Animal Magnetism," and here I find two books on the Major's table, which I confess I am surprised at, for more trashy stuff I never looked into.

THE MAJOR.—What may the books be which call forth such wholesale condemnation?

THE DOCTOR.—"*Light from the Spirit World*," and "*The Pilgrimage of Thomas*

*Paine and others to the seventh circle of the Spirit World.*"

THE LAIRD.—The Speerit warld! The religion o' Glenleevit?

THE DOCTOR.—No, Sir! The emanations of a disordered imagination; the fruits of the Rochester Knockings—one of the most glaring and impious impostures ever practised on the human mind.

THE LAIRD.—The exhalations o' a pint-stoup!—the fumes o' a whiskey-bottle!

THE DOCTOR.—Probably the effect of similar causes. The author professes to write under the dictation of a spiritual monitor, nay, the very penmanship is executed by an invisible agency,—his hand is guided by the spirit of Paine, and he declares himself not responsible for the sentiments expressed against his volition. He only professes to supervise the orthography and punctuation.

THE LAIRD.—Gie us a touch o' his speerit-uality.

THE DOCTOR.—(Reads):—

"We came to a world of eternal reality. I entered within a sacred repository of wisdom, where I saw minds renowned in history, whose countenances reflected a light which illumined all who came near them. The wide arch of heaven rung with song, and waste places felt the genial influence of virtue. Before us were written in letters of gold the words, "Worthy art thou to receive glory, and honor, and praise, and power." On the right were crowns at the feet of saints, and on the left were gems of silver brightness, linked with a chain of light. These gems were so arranged as to represent in a miniature the words, "Poverty and riches embrace wisdom, when one receives what the other gives." Near the entrance of this magnificent theatre of wisdom, rose a writing, "Enter thou into the joy of wisdom." Beneath our feet were clouds of vapor, on which the sun shone, giving them a smiling appearance. A vase of flowers stood in the centre, and near by it a well, out of whose mouth came a gushing current of the water of life. As we passed the well, the Worthy said, "This is the water that whosoever drinketh thereof shall never thirst, but it shall be in him a fountain of water springing up into everlasting life. Drink freely."

THE LAIRD.—Aye, there it is, drink freely! That's the cream o' the wicked ranting.

THE DOCTOR.—(Reads):—

"But who will work the necessary change? I see a change in the human condition approaching. I see a mighty revolution in the organization of human society. I see means which can accomplish the result. There is a progress in the rudimental world. The crowns of kings are growing old with mind. Reverence for human authority will not last forever. The relics of other days, are monuments of wrong. The tide of progression will sweep into oblivion the injustice of tyranny. The sun of truth will enlighten the nations of earth. The glory of God will be revealed, and all flesh shall enjoy it together. But, until the change shall come, no human wisdom can control the disorders of society. Efforts will be made by