

is awake and active. By the time one has finished his pipe, he is refreshed for the remainder of the day, and his nightly sleep is sound and healthy. Such are some of the physical effects of the pipe, in Eastern lands. Morally and psychologically, it works still greater transformations; but to describe them now, with the mouth-piece at my lips, would require an active self-consciousness which the habit does not allow.

LAIRD.—Taylor has cut his wisdom tooth, and nae mistake! I never yet fell in wi' a sensible man that did not tak' kindly to the pipe!

MAJOR.—Being anxious for a whiff, myself, I shall only give you one other quotation. It gives the author's experiences in the Bay of Biscay.

Is there any piece of water more unreasonably, distressingly, disgustingly rough and perverse than the British Channel? Yes: there is one, and but one—the Bay of Biscay. And as the latter succeeds the former, without a pause between, and the head-winds never ceased, and the rain continually poured, I leave you to draw the climax of my misery. Four days and four nights in a berth, lying on your back, now dozing dull hour after hour, now making faint endeavours to eat, or reading the feeblest novel ever written, because the mind cannot digest stronger aliment—can there be a greater contrast to the wide-awake life, the fiery inspiration of the Orient? My blood became so sluggish, and my mind so cloudy and befogged, that I despaired of ever thinking clearly or feeling vividly again. “The winds are rude” in Biscay, Byron says. They are, indeed: very rude.—They must have been raised in some most disorderly quarter of the globe. They pitched the waves right over our bulwarks, and now and then dashed a bucketful of water down the cabin skylight, swamping the ladies' cabin, and setting scores of handboxes afloat. Not that there was the least actual danger; but Mrs.—would not be persuaded that we were not on the brink of destruction, and wrote to friends at home a voluminous account of her feelings.—There was an Irishman on board, bound to Italy, with his sister. It was his first tour, and when asked why he did not go direct through France, he replied, with brotherly concern, that he was anxious his sister should see the Bay of Biscay.

This youth's perceptions were of such an emerald hue, that a lot of wicked Englishmen had their own fun out of him. The other day he was trying to shave, to the great danger of slicing off his nose, as the vessel was rolling fearfully. “Why don't you have the ship headed to wind?” said one of the Englishmen, who heard his complaints; “she will then lie steady, and you can shave beautifully.” Thereupon the Irishman sent one of the stewards upon deck with a polite message to the captain, begging him to put the vessel about for five minutes.

LAIRD.—I think I see Trunnion's face, when the message was delivered to him! If the pair

steward did nae get an inkling o' a rape's end, he must have been born under a lucky planet, that's a'!

DOCTOR.—You were speaking lately of the insipidity of Yankee fictions, here is a case in point. I allude to one of Harper's latest publications, entitled “Later Years.”

LAIRD.—Wha is its daddy?

DOCTOR.—His name I know not, but it appears that he is the author of “*The old house by the river*,” and “*The Owl Creek Letters*.”

MAJOR.—Is the affair very lame?

DOCTOR.—It is *vershness* itself, as our excellent host would say. Any man, woman, or tailor, decently indoctrinated in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, could produce something quite as good on three week's notice. How passing strange it is, that your common-place gentry will persist in forcing their trash upon a helpless and unoffending community!

MAJOR.—There is one mercy, however, which lightens the dispensation. The aforesaid community are not obliged by any law, human or divine, to swallow the trash!

DOCTOR.—True, but how many purchase the offal, deeming that it is substantial nutrition! Puffing has reached such an altitude of audacity, and such a climax of perfection, that the most wary and knowing are liable to be taken in. Even I myself was seduced to divorce a good dollar bill, for the stuff which I hold in my hand, through the blandishments of a lying but most artful paragraph.

LAIRD.—Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! Hech, sirs, but I'll split my sides!

DOCTOR.—Somewhat strangetreatment this, I must say, for a guest.

LAIRD.—I beg ten thousand pardons for the rudeness o' my guffaws! As I am an honest man, I forgot that I wasna' in the Shanty! But, oh, man, there is something preposterously ridiculous in the idea o' you, aboon a' men, being taken in by a puff! I winna' be astonished after this, to behold a trout snapping at a hook baited wi' a used-up plug o' tobacco!

MAJOR.—For my part I am not at all surprised at the mischief which has befallen our medical clum. Puffing has reached all the precision of a science, and almost defies detection. Paid laudations of books are no longer accompanied by the admonitory words “see advertisement,” which used to guard the public in days of yore against imposition. They take the form of honest paragraphs and *bona fide* editorials, and journals, even of established re-