

is professedly a second edition of an old publication, and, if so, has been brought out at a very fortuitous time. The whole story is a counterpart of Uncle Tom's cabin, and gives us life in the South in rather more pleasing colours, than we find them delineated by Mrs. Stowe. However, as our friend Maclear has made a speculation in the reprint of the latter, perhaps the less we say of Swallow Barn, the better.

MR. M.—On the contrary; it is well always to hear both sides of a story, and I am not so wedded to my prejudices, as not to enjoy a good book, even when in opposition.

THE LAIRD.—Parliamentary phraseology! But the truth is that nigger question is a little overdone at present. Nae doubt it places the American people in an anomalous position to find sic sticklers for freedom maintaining the abominable and unchristian practice of human slavery. But it is an evil entailed upon them from their forefathers, when the genius o' the age was different—and having been recognized by the founders of their constitution at the time of its construction, it will require time to alter and ameliorate the matter.—'There is a providence in the existence of slavery. Men do not sufficiently consider this, and when the season arrives for its abandonment, God will in His mercy appoint the method and the instruments.

THE SQUIREEN.—The book is well written.

THE DOCTOR.—Pray Major can you recommend to me some light and easily digested volume, suitably for this sultry season of the year. Something, I mean, a trifle more substantial than the puff-paste of a novel, and a fraction less solid than the sirloin of a history, or an essay upon political economy. I purpose making an expedition to St. Catharines next week, per steamer, and should like to be furnished with literary fodder for the way.

THE MAJOR.—'This little red coated book is the very article which you desiderate. It is "*The Book of Snobs, by Will Thackeray*," forming a portion of "*Appleton's popular Library*."

THE DOCTOR.—Did not the contents thereof appear in the pages of *Punch*?

THE MAJOR.—They did, and for a season formed the leading and most appetizing attraction of that racy periodical. In my humble judgement Thackeray is one the ablest fictionists of the present day.

THE LAIRD.—I dinna like that word *fictionists*! It has a conceited, snappish novelty about it, that I canna thole! Noah Webster, aiblins, might pawtroneeze the expression, but I'll be bound to say that honest auld Sam Johnson wud hae growled at it as he wad at a Yankee.

THE SQUIREEN.—Or a Scotsman!

THE LAIRD.—Nane o' your jeers Paddy!—If it had na been for a Scotsman its but little

the world wad hae known about the great lexicographer!

THE SQUIREEN.—Perchance none but a North Britain could have had a stomach strong enough for the undertaking, of blowing the horn for *Ursa Major*—and recording his grizzly escapades!

THE LAIRD.—Div ye mean anything personal, ye ill-tongued thriftless bogtrotter?

THE DOCTOR.—Come, come children! no bickerings in the shanty, or Mrs. Grundy may perchance not be at home, the next time that you shew your face in the clearing! Besides I have got the ear of the chair. You were speaking about Thackeray, Major, when this little Johnsonian episode occurred!

THE MAJOR.—I think that in future ages, he will be more consulted and referred to, than almost any of his essayist companions. Thackeray like Addison and Fielding possesses an intuitive faculty for observing and illustrating the characteristic features of society! With a few touches, laid on seemingly, at hap-hazard, this great artist produces, if not a finished picture, at least a life-like sketch of some specific classic order.

THE DOCTOR.—Is he not somewhat too much tinctured with what William Hogarth called the *caricatura*?

THE MAJOR.—Not more so, than was the said William Hogarth himself! I fully grant that the *groupings* which Thackeray presents are such as you do not meet with in every day life, but examine each figure separately and we would be justified in making oath that you have met with the counterpart thereof, though perchance you could not particularize the precise epoch and locality!

THE LAIRD.—I speak under correction Major, but it seems to me that you are getting a thocht prosy and metaphysical. What would you say to giving us a slice o' Thackeray, and let each one judge for himself as to its quality? The proof o' the pudding ye ken, is the preening o't!

THE MAJOR.—As you will, Laird. Here is a morcean, taken at hap-hazard. I must premise that Mr. Goldmore is a "dull and pompous Ladenhall Street Cræsus, good natured withal, and affable—cruelly affable. Goldmore patronizes Raymond Grey, Esq., barrister-at-law, "an ingenious youth without the least practice, but who has luckily a great share of good spirits, which enables him to bide his time, and bear laughingly his humble position in the world." Gray is married and his help-mate being a lady of good sense, the couple contrives to live in frugal comfort, without seeking to ape a style which their income would not warrant them in assuming.

The barrister, a little annoyed at Goldmore's ostentatious patronage, which is limited, I may mention to a dinner twice or thrice in the season, determines to have a little quaint, good humoured revenge. He accordingly invites the