

yonder's the "sounding" shore of Ontario, and as for the three Lakes, why there are Erie, Huron and Superior, you see Major!

THE MAJOR.—Precisely—but if not in the Lady of the Lake, where did you read the words?

THE LAIRD.—In a buik I hae read wi' a great deal o' pleasure, and I recommend it to your favourable consideration, as the language o' conventional intercourse has it. The buik, guid luck to it, is called "A Step from the New World to the Old and back again, with thoughts on the good and evil in both, and vera guid thochts they are, let me tell ye,—thochts in the brain of a sensible and well informed man, who apparently makes good use o' baith e'en, lugs and memory.

THE SQUIREEN.—I'll let my owld setter Brian to any mongrel cur in the city, and by the powers there's no lack of them, the fellow speaks in exalted terms of Scotland.

THE LAIRD.—Noo, man, dinna betray any national jealousy here. It's undoubtedly true that Mr. Tappan, that's the author's name, did not visit the land o' your nativity, the mair pity, as he might have given us some correct, impartial, and seasonable hints with respect to it, but I presume his arrangements wad not permit of it—equally true is it that he descants in glowing terms upon the grandeur and beauty o' his mountain hame, but it's a done in guid taste, and the introduction o' Scott's poetry in connection wi' the scenes through which he was passing is natural enouch, for an ardent admirer of nature and its poetry which he seems to be. But then he's equally enthusiastic in praise o' the guid points he saw in other lands, and not a few o' them either.

THE MAJOR.—Can you give us a sample of his style, by way of a bait?

THE LAIRD.—Well I believe I can. I put the first volume in my pocket, to read after walking out here. Speaking of England, (and the passage has its value for "Little York," so let the Mayor and Corporation take tent,) and describing the enormous parks in London, where the population, rich and poor, young and old, enjoy the privilege of breathing a purer atmosphere than what goes through their lungs in the dense city, and alluding to the same feature in continental cities, he says:—But! did mortal ever ken the like! I have left the buik at hame, so I must defer reading you the passages till anither time.

THE DOCTOR.—Well done, Laird! however I shall read your book as soon as may be. Meantime, I beg to call your attention to a curious little brochure, which I hold in my hand. It is rather too much in my own particular line, for general taste, but is nevertheless designed for, and ought to be read by everybody—ladies and gentlemen.

THE LAIRD.—It's seldom we hear you speak in such unqualified terms o' buiks or anything else, therefore you'll be guid enouch to let us

have the name o' baith the work and the author.

THE DOCTOR.—Authoress in this instance, Laird, "The Laws of Life by Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D."

THE MAJOR.—A feminine Esculapius!—Where did the lady acquire her academical honour?

THE DOCTOR.—At Geneva, State of New York; but this is the least important or interesting feature in her history. The degree I believe is not a mere honorary one, but was obtained after diligent study and examination, Miss Blackwell it would appear is so singularly blessed with respect to temperament and mental constitution, that she was able to enter freely into all those investigations which are considered so repugnant in the medical profession. She visited Europe in order to add to her information, and was well received in France where she met with one or two similar spirits among her sex. She paid a penalty for her boldness, having lost an eye in consequence of some disease contracted during her studies. All this is very startling and to Englishmen particularly, very objectionable, nor do I intend to become the champion of the system of considering the sex a matter of indifference in the pursuit of knowledge. Woman happily has her proper and useful sphere of action, one for which man is physically, constitutionally, and mentally unfitted, the duties of which, are sufficiently arduous and important to require the exercise of a high order of intellectual power; it is to be regretted therefore when women step beyond the bounds of that peculiar sphere. But, yet, we have several instances in which the female mind has accomplished much more in the path of abstract science, it is barely needful to mention the name of Mary Somerville, but what I admire in the authoress, of whom I am now speaking, is, that having boldly plunged into an unwonted path, she has not rashly and blindly pursued it at a headlong pace, but has evidently traced its devious windings with care and advantage, marking every feature of importance in the landscape, and reflecting deeply upon their general character and the office they perform in making up the whole, and pleasing view.—The book contains the fruits of her study and experience given in the form of lectures to the mothers of her country on the physical education of their daughters. It contains many a pointed and timely rebuke on the prevalent system of the day, and is calculated to do much service, if properly appreciated and acted upon. I will not trouble you by quoting from its pages, but refer you to the little work itself; you will find it repay the perusal. Have you seen "Swallow Barn," by Kennedy?

THE SQUIREEN.—I had the recreation of glancing through it the other day, being attracted by the style of the illustrations which are particularly felicitous and well executed. It