

young people, accompanied by their papa, a young French lady, who was either governess or friend, and a gentleman in the garb of a clergyman, either friend or tutor, seated themselves very near me; and it was proposed by the elder gentleman that a series of stories should be told for the amusement and edification of the young people. A set of stories and anecdotes were accordingly begun, and very pleasingly told, chiefly by the clergyman, friend or tutor. Among others was a fairy tale entitled "Green Sleeves," to which the name of Hugh Miller was appended, and which evoked great applause from the younger members of the party, but regarding which the verdict of papa, very emphatically delivered, was, "*I approve of faries neither in green sleeves nor white sleeves.* However,"—after a pause, during which he seemed to be revolving in his mind any possible use for the like absurdities,—"they may serve to show us the blessings of the more enlightened times in which we live, when schools for the young, and sciences for all ages, have banished such things from the world." So, with this utilitarian view of the subject let us rest satisfied, unless we are of those who, feeling that the human mind is a harp of many strings, believe that it is none the worse for having the music of even its minor chords awakened at times by a skilful hand.

I am unable to say whether "Bill Whyte" be a real story, ever narrated by a *bona fide* tinker of the name, or no. I am rather inclined to think that it is not, because I recognize in it several incidents drawn from "Uncle Sandy's" Experiences in Egypt, such