

charming accomplishments are accompanied by language selected from the vocabulary of the *poissardes de Paris*. They are blessed in that place with a *gros juge*, who cuts a conspicuous figure on the bench, and the man must be as deaf as a door-nail who does not hear his all-wise judgements. The way he dispatches business is remarkable: there is no necessity for pleading on either side, nor for the hearing of any witnesses; Oh, no, the sentence (which is generally *d l'amende*) is pronounced without those formalities, and in its enunciation seems as if it came from an empty puncheon. The *gros juge* is besides a bit of an engineer, planning and building castles in the air and on the waters, which generally vanish in the first gale or with the spring-thaw. I understand he intends applying to the legislature next session for an exclusive right to build bridges over the most dangerous parts of the St. Lawrence, which bridges are to be supported by means of parachutes in the air. The next great character that appears is Docteur Diafoirus, who for lowliness and brass can put any of our mushroom-gentry to the blush. He calls himself a member of a Royal College in North Britain (tho' it is said he detests the natives of that country) because he resided there about six months. He is possessed of extraordinary powers of *seduction*, and is more famous at the knife and fork than the scalpel. This *sanspareil* of an M. D. does not honour parties with his presence since he and the nephew of the *gros juge* had a dust at a picnic, which, after throwing the plates and dishes with their contents in each others' faces, ended in nose pulling and caning. He, however, subscribes and allows madame to attend. On a late occasion, before he would pay his quota, he contended that *experts* ought to be appointed to value the cari-