

bounced his lordship with a brace of virgins, telling them that this was the temple of Venus, in which he was accustomed to pay his daily devotions. The doxies praised his fine linen, the neatness of his plated frill, and the elegant economy of his pantaloons; his lordship in return, admired their fine white skins, (although there was scarcely a ray of light,) their red cheeks, and raven hair, and was proceeding to take some innocent liberties with their persons, when, no longer able to endure the heat and effluvia of the place, I bolted out, stumbled over a pack of furs that lay in the way, and hit my head most violently against an empty puncheon which barricaded the door, which made me feel quite queerish. You know the first question that is put to a sick ass is, "what doctor attends you," so that I might be provided with a fashionable answer, I made use of one of my old master's enchantments, which fell to my lot after he was put to the sword by the Israelites, and, transforming myself into a human shape, I posted away to Dr. Drugwell. His connubial dear met me in the passage, acquainting that she was herself indisposed, and that she and the doctor were about to retire to bed, but that if I would call again in an hour, he would be at my service. This was poor consolation for one in distress, so I jogged on to his neighbour, Dr. Drawblood, who kindly felt my pulse, and said, or was going to say — but his wife interrupted him by demanding his breeches, which she was determined to wear till bed-time. The doctor retired, recommending me to his colleague, Dr. Marrowbones, who was just then busily engaged in a chemical process, by which he intended to illumine Montreal with carbonic acid gas, and as an expeditious remedy for my bruised head applied the red hot retort to it, telling me it