

Two arts are absolutely necessary to make old age tolerable ; that of the optician, and that of the dentist. Take away the old man's spectacles and leave his jaws to be dismantled without repair, and what will life be worth to him ? No wonder those very sensible people we call savages, not having either of these helps, expect their children to see that they are not left to such a fate. When the eyes of the venerable warrior can no longer read the literature tattooed on his enemy's skin, when he has lost his teeth and can no longer do justice to the *pièce de résistance* furnished by the last skirmish of the tribe, his eldest son kindly dismisses him by a single blow of his war-club to that better region where the good cannibals go, and become vegetable feeders, as we charitably trust.

What would the old age of civilized life be—even in *Boston*—without convex lenses to help the failing sight ; jaunty eye-glasses for public occasions, honest old straddling spectacles for solitude ? No "Advertiser"—no "Transcript"—no "Atlantic"—no "Every Saturday"—no "Boston Medical and Surgical Journal"—would not the wretched dweller by the Frog-pond be glad to introduce the popular institutions of the South-sea islanders ?

Or take that other wrong of advancing years, the bitterest insult to the decaying bodily fabric which precedes the last "disgrace and ignominy of our natures," as death is spoken of by Sir Thomas Brown.

To have the broad manly jaws, once glittering with enamelled ivory, changed to the miserable likeness of a turtle's, by the gradual absorption and thinning of their edges ; to meet one's friend with a face that shuts up like an accordeon ; to mumble inarticulate words with organs that once held the listener captive with speech or song ; to come back of necessity to the pulpy food of childhood, without its innocent appetite and unquestionable digestion—what a fate to think of ! and yet that is what nature has in store for the old, and for many who are not old, save that art comes in and with infinite skill and almost miraculous success arrests the progress of destruction, and repairs, and restores the waste that Time has already made. That was a most impressive testimony to the need of these organs to make life tolerable which was reported a few years since, in one of our periodicals, of a celebrated personage. He had lost his mind, he said, but that he could do without, but he had lost his teeth and could not eat—this was the burden of his old age.

Those who have been led to take an interest in dental matters will be glad to know where they can learn of the condition and progress of an art which is every day coming nearer to a science.

And lastly, we may mention as of the first importance for the consideration of every dentist, an article by Dr. J. T. Codman, of Boston, on "Artistic or Expressional Dentristry." It is perfectly true, as Dr. Codman says, that the natural teeth are the best guide in replacing those which are gone ; but if these are all lost, judgement and the eye of an artist are necessary to give or restore the normal expression.