

midst of a perfect chorus of cocks, to the no small admiration of the audience."

MAJOR.—Permit me to make you acquainted with an exceedingly pleasing, and unassuming writer, George Barrell, Junr.

LAIRD.—Barrell, said ye? Od, that's a queer name. To my mind it's strongly suggestive o' Lochfine herring, and Edinburgh yill!

MAJOR.—George has produced a very modest, and most readable volume, entitled "*The Pedestrian in France and Switzerland*."

DOCTOR.—Did the writer really traverse the lands specified, upon the steeds with which nature had gifted him?

LAIRD.—Tut man! Can ye no' say *shanks naiggie* at once, and be done wi' it!

MAJOR.—Yes. He travelled, as he tells us, "almost entirely on foot, and nearly in the garb of a peasant." Thus he had an opportunity of mixing with that portion of the population, least generally seen by tourists, and of beholding scenes which the more fastidious tourist would have sought in vain.

DOCTOR.—In these circumstances the book ought to be amusing, provided the tourist made use of his eyes as well as of his feet.

MAJOR.—I shall read you a passage, from which you can judge for yourself. Mr. Barrell coming to Caen, finds himself amidst the festivities of a fair.

"Press through this mass of men and women. You find yourself on the edge of a vast circle, in the centre of which a small carpet is spread; on it are two lean men in very ancient 'tights,' displaying their gymnastic accomplishments.

'Un peu plus de courage, Messieurs!' said one.

'Un peu plus de courage, Messieurs!' said the other.

"What was intended by their wishing the gentlemen to have a little more courage, was this: They were desirous of having money thrown to them! Some two or three did have 'a little more courage,' which, instead of satisfying the performers, made them yet more desirous of receiving an increase. And it was amusing to see them run here and there, collect the sous and liards (half-sous) thrown upon the carpet, and yet observe there was not sufficient courage shown!

"Come, gentlemen, a little more courage, if you please," said the leanest of the two, "and you shall see me raise that weight; a little more courage, if you please!"

"What a tremendous racket is made by that drummer and fifer. See the people run together, and collect around the coach with its capacious postillion's seat! Who is going to display himself? At Caudebec there was a drummer and 'Cymballeo,' and a 'professor from Paris' was seen; perhaps a saven from the same centre of the intellectual world will now make himself visible.

"Some one ascends the coach, takes off his hat, and makes a bow to the audience. It is, no doubt, a dentist. Yes, it is one; for he opens a large book, and displays it to those around him. In it you see representations of all kinds of teeth, those with straight, and those with corkscrew-shaped roots. Then he turns a page, and again shows the book; but does not either smile or move his head—his whole appearance being as of one who understands the science of dentistry to perfection, and only condescends to make a public exhibition of his knowledge.

"The music ceased. Making another inclination of the head, he commences a learned speech, and gives birth to many Latin quotations, which are, however, 'Greek' to his hearers. He understands them, perhaps, about as well as they. Then he invites some one to ascend, and he will astonish him—with his learning. After a while a youth mounted, being tormented by a front tooth in the upper row. The orator examined it for a moment, and then drew a white handkerchief from his long-tailed coat. This the patient ties over the eyes of the dentist, who, standing like the professor of Caudebec, behind the subject, upon the seat, felt for the tooth, and pushed it out! A clapping of hands ensued, and the youth quickly put his finger in his mouth, to discover whether the right one had been removed. He found the place where once it was, and then testified to the skill of the operator.

"I hope the dentist is usually more fortunate than he was upon that afternoon, as he failed most signally in trying to extract a double-tooth from a woman. He wrapped a handkerchief around the handle of a terrible looking instrument, and then commenced twisting. But the tooth would not stir; and the woman, turned deadly pale, while a cry of indignation arose from the men below: it was only after a second trial, and with a vigorous wrench, that it was removed.

"A militaire had a back tooth jerked out as quick as a flash, but he screamed with pain, clapped his hand to his face, and turned as pale as the woman. The dentist quickly poured some water in a cup, and dropping therein a small quantity of liquid contained in a vial, gave it to the sufferer.

"Do you feel better?" he asked after the other had cleansed his mouth.

"Yes."

"The pain has entirely left now, has it not?"

"No," said the militaire, "not by any means!"

"Here, gentlemen and ladies," said the professor, "you see a most wonderful liquid! It is an elixir which will remove all pain from the face and teeth in an instant of time; and though very powerful in its curative effects, would not harm an infant, were he to drink the entire contents of this flask." He then poured some of it in a glass which he drank, to show that he spoke the truth.

"And," continued he, "though it is both so harmless and yet powerful, if you were but to smell it, you would imagine yourself in a ravishing country, where millions of the most superb flowers fill the air with their delightful perfume! Hold forth your handkerchiefs, gentlemen and ladies, and let me drop a little upon them—hold them forth!"

"In an instant were thrust upwards an hundred handkerchiefs of all sizes and colours; and the