

says a fourth. Where's his head?—where's his mouth?—where's his caudal?

What fatiguing work it is only to look at him, he's so prodigious! There, there now, easy does it! Just hoist a bit—a little, a little more. Pray, pray, pray take care of his lumbar processes, they're very friable—"Never you fear, zur—if he be FRIABLE, I'll eat un."

Bravo! there's his cranium—Is that brain, I wonder, or mud?—no, 'tis conglomerate. Now for the cervical vertebræ. Stop—somebody hold his jaw. That's your sort! there's his scapula. Now then, dig boys, dig, dig into his ribs. Work away, lads—you shall have oceans of strong beer, and mountains of bread and cheese, when you've got him out. We can't be above a hundred yards from his tail! Huzza! there's his *femur*! I wish I could shout from here to London. There's his *tarsus*! Work away, my good fellows—never give up; we shall all go down to posterity. It's the first—the first—the first nobody knows what—that's been discovered in the world.

Here, lend me a spade, and I'll help. So, I'll tell you what, *we're all Columbuses*, every man Jack of us! but, I can't dig—it breaks my back. Never mind: there he is—and his tail with a broad arrow at the end! It's a *Hylæosaurus*! but no—that scapula's a wing—by Saint George, it's a flying dragon.

Huzza! shouts Boniface, the landlord of the