

son's endeavours to stuff his pocket handkerchief into the mouth of his father, when he was surrounded by two or three dozen of the youths of that district, who on beholding our friend, kindly assisted him by the aid and application of their feet, from his sad dilemma.

Having thus in a great measure recalled the scattered senses of Mr. Timothy Smith, he was at length prevailed upon by his son Bobby, and some very humane neighbour, to stand upon his feet, and in this way walk home.—On arriving at his own door, whither he was followed by a crowd, the voice of Timothy Smith was distinctly heard by his better half, cheering his followers, and was heard also by Master Timothy and Miss Rebecca.

Master Timothy flew to the door, rushed down the first flight of stairs, when he was arrested by Bobby, who cried up, "Father is a-most drowned!" This was telegraphed up to Miss Rebecca by Master Timothy, with a small addition, thus—"Father is drowned, and is coming up stairs!" This was answered again in turn by Miss Rebecca to her mother, "Father is drowned, and his ghost is coming up stairs!"

Mrs. Timothy Smith shrieked! Mr. Bell surveyed the room, or rather the furniture of the room, being intent on calculating whether it would meet his little bill or not.—Up the stairs Mr. Timothy Smith was pushed by his affectionate sons, in spite of Mrs. Timothy Smith's expostulations to the contrary, who declared, "that she would never have a ghost in her house if she could help it!" and again fainted away comfortably at the back of her bed.

On Mr. Timothy Smith being pushed into the room by his sons, Mr. Bell's olfactory nerves became suddenly extended, and their owner perceived thereby, assisted by his optics, that Mr. Timothy Smith had not been swimming in the cleanest water to be found, while his sons and daughter were of the same opinion.

"Who dares ha!"—said Mr. Timothy Smith, on entering the apartment with clenched fists, "who dares ha!—who is it that dares to keep me out of my own house." Mrs. Timothy Smith gave a slight shriek. Mr. Bell said something about a house having two masters never standing.—"Tell me," continued Mr. Timothy Smith, "who dares keep me from my own house—I would wrench the heart's blood from him in a moment—yes in a moment;—who dares to dispute my title to this house!—Man what do you want."—"my rent," answered Mr. Bell, "my rent to be sure," quoth

Mr. B. whom the latter question was addressed to.

Mr. Timothy Smith told Mr. Bell to go to a place, meaning the place of future punishment, and get his rent.

Now Mr. Bell not being well skilled in geography, did not know the exact locality of that place; and he moreover not being exactly sure as to how he might return, did any thing else than make up his mind that he would go thither for so small a trifle.—Whereat Mr. Timothy Smith made a rush, and drove Mr. Bell down the stairs, and from thence into the street, to use the expression of Miss Rebecca, "in no time!"

On the following morning Mr. Bell was early to a magistrate, in order that he might complain of the grievous assault that he suffered the proceeding evening, in Drury Lane, but 'ere he and the constable arrived the birds had flown, and could no where be seen. They had taken every thing in the shape of furniture, and perhaps some of the fixtures pertaining to the rooms along with them, as also all Mr. Timothy Smith's speculation. Mr. Bell had nothing else to do but to return where he came from, with disappointment in lieu of his rent.

Some months afterwards we one day saw Mr. Timothy Smith and Master Timothy working in one of the neighbouring ship yards, and we remember noticing a year or two afterwards in the newspapers the marriage of Miss Rebecca. Wishing them every happiness, we end a period in the eventful life of Mr. TIMOTHY SMITH, THE SPECULATOR!

July, 1841.



STANZAS.

BY JAMES S. WALLACE.

NOT think of thee! There is a spell
Which binds remembrance to the past,
Round which fond Hope will raptured dwell,
And linger fondly to the last.
NOT think of thee! Oh, Friendship's bloom
Is like a flower, that shuns the light,
And only sheds its rich perfume,
When veiled in absence and the night!
NOT think of thee! Nay, when the bliss
Of every former joy has passed,
I'll think of all thy tenderness,
And love thee fondly to the last.
NOT think of thee! I could as soon
Forget the home my childhood nurs'd;
I breathe no prayer—I seek no boon,
But thy dear happiness is first!