

interested in the affair—the names of the various ships in the offing.

Mr. Timothy Smith had also been doing that, which if it was to any other person whom he, Mr. Timothy Smith, did the deed, he might have become a prisoner in the common jail of the city and county, with no prospect of release, except with a rope round his neck: now all that Mr. Timothy Smith had been doing, was very ingeniously—along with his son Bobby—murdering, or perhaps better known as killing, the time all day; and if asked, he would have been able to give a full account of all the particular news that was floating in and about the city.

Six o'clock in the afternoon arrived, and found Mr. Timothy Smith in the butcher's market, discussing the prices of meats with as much concern as if his fortune was depending on the price of that staple article. Finding this after a while to be a dry job, he takes up the broom handle, already referred to, and calls Bobby, who had wandered to a neighbouring stall, and had been very ingeniously endeavouring to abstract from the stock in trade of its owner as much liver as would be sufficient to appease the pangs of hunger of the house dog that evening.

Bobby came when called by his father without accomplishing anything in the liver line. "Bobby, we are a-going home now," said the father to the son. Bobby made no response.

"Mr. Bell will have gone 'afore this," continued the father.

"Yes, if he 'haint been there at all," replied Bobby.

"Humph," replied Mr. Timothy Smith.—"Do ye think he has been there? if he has! what a cheat—what a cheat he will get, won't he, Bobby?"

"It takes you, and you can hardly, father don't it?" said the intelligent Bobby.

Mr. Timothy Smith nodded an assent, and the two continued their course through Dock Street in silence.

At or near the further end of Dock Street they at length arrived, without anything serious happening unto them, when, as they say in temperance societies, Mr. Timothy Smith deviated from the right course, and bent his steps to a shop, where the owner pledged himself to his customers that he would sell genuine spirits of different sorts at an extraordinary sacrifice. This was an opportunity not to be lost by our friend; he finding himself at this moment become suddenly exceedingly thirst-

ty, so telling Bobby to follow him, he was soon beside the counter.

"Have you got any Jamaica?" asked Mr. Timothy Smith of the shopkeeper. In the twinkling of an eye a decanter, holding about one and a half imperial pints full of what the shopkeeper styled as "*the real stuff*," was placed on the counter before Mr. Timothy Smith, who poured a tumbler three-fourths full of the real stuff, and after adding about a tablespoon full of water, drank the whole up; after which Mr. Timothy Smith filled and emptied bumpers with a determination and zeal, as they say about pirates, worthy of a better cause.—It, however, gave little ease to Bobby's mind, who had beheld his father pour glass after glass of strong waters into his bowels, that he became alarmed lest his spirits would get above his senses, that he told his progenitor several times strange stories about sleeping out of doors all night.

"Come along home, Bobby," at length said Mr. Timothy Smith to his son, after paying his *reckoning* from part of his seven-and-six pence. Bobby complied, and the two quitted the shop. They had not proceeded far when the ideas of Mr. Timothy Smith became confused, and in order to enliven the time, he commenced to sing in some unknown language, wholly different to the English tongue. The farther they proceeded on their onward course the more confused became the senses of Mr. Timothy Smith. They were about turning the corner of Drury Lane, when Mr. Timothy Smith suddenly thought he had arrived at his home, and proceeded to take off his coat; this done, much to his satisfaction, he slowly and with great composure stretched himself out in the gutter, and in a moment he was embraced in the arms of Morpheus. Bobby stood quietly looking on at these novel and interesting proceedings of his father.

Mr. Timothy Smith had been dreaming a dream, and he thought to himself in his dream that he was purchasing timber on speculation from one of the timber ponds, and that he was assisting to get it out of one of the said ponds, when the water in the gutter had reached its height; suddenly he bethought in his dream that he had fallen into the water, and being in danger of drowning he cried out lustily for help, that he was drowning.

A human creature in danger always finds a ready hand or foot to extricate him from his difficulty, real or imaginary; such was the case with Mr. Timothy Smith, he had scarcely given half a dozen calls for help, in spite of his