

immediately for his money which must be ready.

After the astonishment of the Smiths would allow them to speak, Mrs. and Miss Smith demanded from Master Timothy a full and perfect outline of the proceedings on the street, they having some idea that Mr. Bell was concerned therein.

Master Timothy Smith, junr. began by telling that how the prisoner being a tenant of the humane Mr. Bell; and he the tenant, not being able to pay when demanded of him, his quarter's rent, for the recovery of which the tables and chairs of the tenant were converted into ready money by the magic hammer of the auctioneer—the proceeds of which after paying all expenses, fell considerably short of the amount claimed by Mr. Bell, and that he, Mr. Bell put the force of the law in action for the recovery of the balance, upon the body of his tenant, but the said tenant to use the language of Master Timothy himself, "being too wide awake," he the tenant locked the outer or street door, a practice very common in that district on such occasions; now the officers of the law, ever ready and zealous to perform their duty, and against the rules of their profession, entered by a window, the glass and sash of which they had previously broke in pieces, and so secured their prisoner; when amid a crowd of followers and lookers on, they had him, the prisoner, conveyed on a cart to jail, not however, without the constables receiving the usual quantity of groans, and abuse from one party, and cheers from another.

It was now apparent to Mrs. and Miss Smith that the constables having entered by the window in violation of the law, was what caused Mr. Bell, the humane Mr. Bell, to cry out something about damages, he dreading the vengeance of his injured tenant.

Mr. Bell returned soon after, and he began immediately to grumble about bad debts and irregular payments; and much to the horror of Mrs. Timothy Smith, and to the amusement of Master Timothy, he said, "that circumstances compelled him to act contrary to his grain, but that he hoped no one else would compel him to act as he had been obliged to do this day."

Miss Rebecca tittered, Master Timothy said "that it was a prime thing."

Mr. Bell began now to ask after the health of Mr. Timothy Smith, and where he was that he had not seen him; and he concluded in his mind, which he was kind enough to let Mrs. Timothy Smith know, "that he had made up

his mind to stay 'till Mr. Smith himself came home, and then demand payment of his rent."

It was in vain that both Mrs. Smith and her daughter, declared to Mr. Bell that they were sure that Mr. Smith would not be home to-night, or often as they said so, accompanied with several hints about "intrusion," so often did Mrs. Bell repeat his determination that he would stay at any rate 'till the hour of nine.

The trio of Smith's consulted together in the corners of the room, about the expediency of kicking Mr. Bell down stairs. Master Timothy suggested that the best plan, was to procure a quart of ardent spirits, while he Master Timothy kindly volunteered to intoxicate Mr. Bell, (a thing, by the by, not so easily accomplished, for among other things Mr. Bell abjured the intoxicating draught,) and then take him into the street, and then and there leave him to be taken care of, by his time-serving friends, the police. The first plan was now therefore given up, for the accomplishing of this last, the invention of which belongs solely to Master Timothy himself; but on a second thought it was discovered that there was no money wherewith to procure that article gin, an imperial quart of which, was, by the calculation of Master Timothy the least that would be required. Master Timothy full well knew that to procure it on trust, was a moral impossibility, he being well known to have a very bad memory in the paying of such trifles.—Every thing was therefore given up in despair by the Smiths, with the excuse common on such occasions—"to let things take their own course."

Mr. Bell sat himself down with the sullen determination of awaiting the return of his tenant; while Mrs. Timothy Smith along with her daughter, proceeded to get tea ready, and Master Timothy, with hat on head, gloves and cane in hand, walked the room, and whistled "as he went along," the plaintive air of "*Rory O'More*," with variations in the sound known only to the performer.

While the above interesting proceedings were in progress, Mr. Timothy Smith himself, along with Bobby, had in the meantime been wandering through Water Street, and up and down the principal wharves that have their entrance from that thoroughfare; examining with the eye of a critic the various ships that lay there, either engulfing into their vast bodies the wealth of the land, or in return pouring forth the wealth of other nations before the speculative orbs of Mr. Timothy Smith; he had also been at the Point, there to learn—as if mightily