

ed hither and thither, some praying, some singing, and others (surely of a gross nature,) considering spiritual food alone insufficient, were engaged in the mystic art of cooking around a large fire. It was indeed melancholy to see the reason and feelings of human beings, so perverted as were those of some before us. Women were tearing their hair, knocking their heads against the trees, and calling with profane familiarity on the sacred name of the Most High; some were going into fits, and others were lying on the ground in a fearful state of phrenzied horror. The presiding minister, or chief ranter, had a pulpit raised a considerable height from the ground—so high as to allow a person to stand under it. This lower part was boarded in, and was employed as a place of confinement for such delinquents as might, with unseemly levity, interrupt the service. Tim, (who by the bye had robbed himself in woman's clothes,) as a matter of course, rendered himself so obnoxious that a bawling fellow of a rustic, who happened to be then officiating, ordered him into confinement, and he was accordingly shoved below the worthy man's pulpit into the place I have mentioned. After about an hour's imprisonment, his tears, lamentations and promises, procured his liberation and he took his stand beside me. The expression of his face on being set at liberty, was so peculiarly comic, that I could have sworn he had been about some mischief. And so indeed he had. Whilst in confinement, the pulpit had been left untenanted for some time, during which he had cut in two a small beam that supported the feeble platform on which the minister would stand, and as he said himself, a confounded tumble would be the consequence to the first person who mounted. However inexcusable in a general point of view, might be Tim's levity in playing on those who professed to be ministers of religion, I think that the individual act carried but little evil in itself or its consequences. We had not long to wait, for a minister (the same who ordered Tim into limbo,) ascended the steps and stood for a moment on the upper one, looking around on his hearers. I and Tim had removed to a respectable distance, and the worthy devotees under the impression of Tim's being of the female sex seemed shocked at the intimacy which subsisted between us. We were both ready for a start, and waited with breathless anxiety for the denouement. Our suspense did not continue long, for on the first movement of the orator, crash went the platform, and out of sight popped the parson with a yell such as might have sufficed, though old Nick himself had caught him by the leg. That some such thing as this had taken place, the spectators seemed to believe, for one and all shrunk back from the spot, although the bellowing of Zacharias were sufficiently audible. At last the door was opened and the cause of the mischief being discovered, the whole assemblage began to

buzz and move towards the place where we stood. Tim bawled to me, "*saue qui peut,*" and took to his legs as fast as he could through the forest. We seemed now regularly in for a chase, and my poor friend (who be it remembered was under petticoat government,) found considerable difficulty in keeping a head of his pursuers. However, on he floundered, though it was amusing enough to watch his capers, until we came to a clearing, and here a sad obstacle presented itself to his further passage. A high fence stood before him, on the one side of which was a ditch of considerable dimensions. It was in vain to attempt a flying leap at such a barrier, curbed as he was, and there seemed no prospect but to face his pursuers. They had all abandoned the chase except two, who conceived they would have little difficulty in capturing a woman. Tim once more made a tremendous bound, but it was no go—he tumbled head over heels, and by the time he had gathered himself up, the foremost of his pursuers was upon him. I was preparing to recross the ditch to his assistance, but he beckoned me to remain where I was. Jonathon was preparing to take him quietly in tow, but Tim tipping him a lick on the chops, (with a fist which was none of the smallest,) sent him staggering on his haunches.

"Why, Moses," says the fellow's companion, "you aint surely whipped by a woman," and he accordingly essayed to make my friend prisoner, but received such an ungentlemanly salutation on the lower end of his body, that he was glad to tack and repair damages. Tim pulled off his bonnet and to the astonishment of our would-be-captors, displayed a large curly head and a monstrous pair of grizzly whiskers. He demanded in a tone of assumed indignation, "why the devil they chased an honest woman, like a wild *baste* through the country,"—and told them to get back to their hives as soon as they conveniently could, else he would take the liberty of demanding satisfaction. To this cessation of hostilities they seemed to have no objection, especially as they saw we were man for man, and they accordingly sheered off, making an inglorious retreat to their camp. We made the best of our way home and arrived without further adventure early the following morning.

JONATHON GRUB.

Montreal, 23d November, 1839.

NIAGARA.

It's nothin' but a river taken over a cliff full split, instead of runnin' down hill the old way.—*Sam Stick.*

A HINT.

"The evidence of a good tavern," a contemporary remarks, "is in being well supplied with newspapers and periodicals." Let that fact be remembered. Observation will confirm the assertion.