

to slap her softly over her shoulders with a two foot rule, or whatever else happened at the moment to be in their hands, for which playful and refreshing trick the performer received in general a warm bath, by means of the scrubbing brush.

Master Timothy Smith, junior, was a youth who devoted his time to pleasures, both bodily and mental; he was of an easy sort of temperament, and held work of any kind in peculiar aversion; he was generally decorated in the newest style and fashions, while his father, aiming at less lofty ideas, was generally obliged to give the last wear to his son's clothes; indeed it can be said, and said in truth also, that the thrown away clothes of Master Timothy Smith, jr., afforded garments of different sorts and kinds, for all the members of the family. Master Timothy Smith, jr., so called in honour of his parent, was also a fond lover of the weed, prepared and manufactured into what are known by tobaccoists as cigars; he and his father would sometimes fall into a lively and heated conversation as to the relative qualities of cigars and tobacco, Master Timothy Smith, jr., preferring the flavour of the former, while his economical parent would never give in as to the goodness of the latter.

Mr. Timothy Smith having determined on some grand speculation in dried fish, the nett proceeds of which he was determined should enrich both himself and family forever, and in furtherance of this useful determination, he turned all the floating capital into cash that he could command, and having got so far, an operation which occupied him for nearly a week, he one morning was up earlier than usual, and bending his steps toward, soon reached and passed Dock Street; crossed the Market Square, and the crowd of draymen, and at last reached the boundaries of the South Market Wharf;—he then by a careful examination of the various merchandise exposed at public sale in the schooners and other craft, selected as many dried fish as his means would admit of paying for. Having got thus far very much to his satisfaction, he proceeded to get the article weighed, and the price adjusted and calculated on, for Mr. Timothy Smith being a man of the world, always made a bargain with an ignorant person after receipt of the article, rather than before. In less than a couple of hours, about fifty quintals of codfish, on five carts, were seen wending their way toward the residence of Mr. Timothy Smith in Drury Lane; Timothy following up the rear with his handkerchief full of potatoes, that he contrived to

get from a schooner, on vague promises about purchasing three or four hundred bushels.

Codfish was an article held as an abomination by the blooming Master Timothy Smith, jr., so that he no sooner beheld bundle after bundle of that article finding its way to the garret, where their owner intended to deposit them until he found a good purchaser, than he vented out his feelings against his boots, that according to the prevailing fashion, were made to fit neat and tight, by throwing them with a dexterous toss from his feet to the other end of the room, and they obeying the laws of motion, flew right against the window, sent two whole panes of glass to atoms, and finally lodged in the middle of the street.

"Hang them boots, glass, and codfish, to the devil," responded Master Timothy Smith, after viewing his last minute's work.

Mr. Timothy Smith, senior, entered the room at this moment, and perceiving the state of things, he took the blooming Master Timothy Smith, junior, by the ear toward the stairs, and with one kick sent him running to the bottom. Satisfied in some measure that Master Timothy would not vent his abomination upon his speculation for some time to come, Mr. Timothy Smith assisted to get the remainder of his merchandise to their station in the garret.

Hastening over a space in the eventful story of Mr. Timothy Smith, during which nothing material occurred, with the exception that the codfish was not likely to prove a very saleable article, while Mrs. Timothy Smith had made a considerable inroad into the first quintal for the supplies of the house; and her son, after a due consideration of things, and the likelihood of getting any thing else, did eat a considerable portion of his father's speculation, at the same time wishing heartily that his father had made such a speculation in oysters instead of codfish, for which good intention Master Timothy received the lock of the door as his companion.

"I declare, Mr. Smith," said that gentleman's spouse, one morning at breakfast, about a week after the codfish scrape, "I declare, Mr. Smith, if this haint the rent day—and old 'Squire Bell will be here as sure as there's codfish on table; and you haint got a copper for him, neither."

"Yes! I've got about seven-and-sixpence in my pocket, that Luke Saunders gave me for some of them 'ere hanged fish," quoth Mr. Timothy Smith, in no good humour at the remembrance of both old 'Squire Bell and the codfish, although he had tasted little else than the latter article for the past week.