

ed our destination, after a fourteen miles morning walk, appetite became rather impatient: and like *Jeremy Diddler*, "I consoled the bowels with a promise: but man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards ;---for our countryman had forgot the rights of hospitality, an old English custom, and Yankee refinement had succeeded. After a desultory conversation of four hours, chiefly relating to the usual enquiries of Who's married? Who's dead? Who's living; &c. the tea table made its appearance, and the singing kettle made sweet music in my delighted ears; and the attack we made upon the pyramids of bread and butter; would have honoured a similar corps of Londoners, who are celebrated in such engagements. In the evening we returned for sleeping accommodations to the inn, as my friend Rawlinson's house was under the controul of carpenters and masons. The next morning my companions returned to bid farewell to their friends; for myself, I took breakfast with the *dandies* and *dandyzettes* of this fashionable resort; but here again silence reigned, and in ten minutes, after a long-face invocation, from a Disciple, of the chaste Johanna, had sanctified the good things of the table, the room was cleared, except "*Pill Garlick*." Not being disposed to hazard sudden death by choaking, novel curiosity prompted me to enquire from mine Host, if such dispatch was usual, "Yes Sir" he rather peevishly reply'd we Americans have Patent Mouths---right Sir I rejoind'd and Stomachs too and block tin the