

country you comes from?" "from Ireland sure" replied the Hibernian, "Ah mon Dieu" ejaculated the landlord, "thats bees mine country; mon grand père was Irish." He then proceeded in an earnest strain to prove himself an Irishman, because his grand-father had in early life emigrated from Great-Britain to the then United Provinces, since the United States; and that from thence he had come afterwards to Canada, where marrying a Canadian wife, the fruits of that union now stood in the liopeful progeny before us. The language in which this geneological history of the family, was delivered, was equally unintelligible to honest Pat, as the antient Greek, or the most obselete dialect of the Sanscrit. In short he could not understand one word of it; and recourse was had to the Itinerant to act as interpreter. This was complied with; to the great satisfaction of the landlord who now finding he could join in the conversation, opened his colloquial ports upon us, and became exceedingly loquacious. *Sans ceremonie* he moved over to the side of the fire where the Major and his lady, Mr. S. and your humble servant were seated. Here we had to listen to a second detail of his Irish ancestry, which being completed, he also declared he was a Scotsman!!! Proving this assertion by informing us that the aforesaid grandfather had married a wife from that country whom he had met with in Cork. This was a fair hit, and developed the old gentleman's desire of claiming connection as a countryman with each of the party, in the hopes no doubt of putting in a heavier charge upon their liberality for the poor accommodation he had afforded them. Remarking his intention of finding out from what country each was, I anticipated his attack upon myself, by enquiring if he had any relatives in Wales? He readily svered his mother had an uncle there but had never seen him, and rarely heard of him. This settled the point as far as regarded myself. He could not fail after my question to consider me as a Welshman and as the ungracious contour of his visage, had made a very unfavourable impression on my mind, I was by no means anxious for any farther intercourse or conversation with him; more particularly as I found by a few questions I had asked him on desultory subjects his replies were the offspring of ignorance, and marked with intentional misrepresentation.

Here was evinced another advantage of conversing by queries. What I here asked, put the landlord on a wrong scent as to my native country, without any compromise of truth on my side; at the same time he being totally ignorant of such a place as Wales, felt no curiosity to be gratified respecting it, and no further desire to speak to me on the subject.

From this wish of our landlord to claim a relationship with every one present, on the score of the country they came from; it appeared the Scots are not the only people on earth who are proud of their ancestry. Even in the wild forests of America, in the barren wastes of Siberia; in the vine covered hills of Spain; and wherever my wandering steps as an Itinerant have led me, I have never met a man who was not vain of his ancestors or his country, unless when his conduct made him ashamed of himself. Our garrulous landlord having received a draught from Mr. S's well plenished flask, became more