

sion into the neighbouring republic of the United States. Why my friend's parents gifted him with the somewhat unusual and most unmelodious appellation of Timothy, or above all, why they stitched to it the unheard of designation of Vampus, I cannot say, but I think they must have searched Grizzel's Dictionary of Nomenclature from beginning to end, and at last pitched upon these words in the dark. They were not, however, like a certain worthy couple, who began to dispute in the carriage, when returning from the celebration of their nuptials, as to what they should call their first child, and it coming from bad to worse, they separated on the spot:—the consequence was, they never troubled the minister with the baptism of any child. Timothy used to mourn sadly over the bequest of his parents, (it was all they left him,) but he had too much respect for their memory to reflect with severity on the singularity of their choice with regard to names. He was one of those good natured fellows, the surface of whose phiz was ever ruffled with a gentle smile; like a lady's gum-floweret, never seemed full blown, but always remained steadfast and immovable, and his Irish heart flowed with continual humour and genuine kindness. He was not one of your bustering, dogmatical, self-sufficient creatures, who relying on their powers of attraction, wish to arrogate to themselves all the attention of those among whom they are placed. The equable flow of opinion and conversation, was never interrupted by Tim's humour or quaintness: his sayings came in exactly at their proper place, and no one ever felt them intrusive or uncalled for. Well, as I said, we set out, for the land of liberty and equality, with the intention of being present at a militia muster (or "training," as it was called,) and a camp meeting, both of which were to take place within a score of miles from where we resided. On entering the United States (which though distant only five miles, was to us, a complete "terra incognita,") a great difference was perceptible on the face of the country; the clearings were larger, the houses better, and the farm yards exhibited a far greater degree of plenty and comfort. It was night ere we reached our destination, and we entered the first inn that met our view in the village. We were struck with the difference between the mistress of "the spread eagle," and the good wives generally met with at the inns in Britain. The sole employment of our hostess seemed to be rolling about in a huge rocking-chair like a Dutch schooner in a gale of wind, and she issued her directions to an attendant help, in language courteous enough for the reign of Charles the second. Boniface himself had to perform the drudgery, and by all appearance the grey mare was the better horse of the two. After making a tolerable supper, which, however, we saw was not so good as it would have been, had we but wore better coats, (even in America, ex-

ternal circumstances have their weight,) we repaired to that resort of gossips and gulpers,—the bar-room. Tim soon began his system of humbugging, or cramming, as it is emphatically called, and after satiating to their hearts content, some three or four, long-legged sawy looking gentry, the following dialogue took place with our host, whose wizened face looked like a second Charon staring across the dreadful bar.

"Guess you're from the old country gentleman?"

Tim answered in the affirmative.

"What profession are you of, may I ask?"

"Jintlemen tinkers," replied Tim with imperturbable gravity.

"Very nice trade too," was the rejoinder, "guess you are agoing to farm it—you'll find this the greatest country in all creation for raising grain. Ireland must be pretty considerably cleaned out, I guess, by this time.

"Well thin, Ireland is not cleaned out by a great dale," quoth Tim with acrimony, and as for grain and *praties* we have as much at home as we can make use of."

"Brought considerable capital with you, I expect?"

Yes, fifty dollars besides a *hape* o' property. I've got the best pair o' new brogues ever was *used*, and Grub there has clothes to last him till your republic is ate up we' the rats.

Jonathon at this retired, and we betook ourselves to our respective cribs.

When I got up in the morning, I found that Tim had already been about mischief. He had procured some brandy and beer, and had given it to a horse in the stable, which was to act as the Colonel's charger during the review, then about to take place. We were not however gratified with our expected fun, for the animal enacted Bucephalus, and the Colonel was not the real Alexander. It is true he essayed to place his foot in the stirrup, but the brute danced and capered so wildly, that with praiseworthy consideration and foresight, the gallant soldier conceived it useless to insist on forming a partnership which boded only a speedy dissolution. The Raree-show was certainly most ludicrous, but I will not attempt to describe it, lest I be caught plagiarising from the amusing pictures of Mrs. Trollope or Captain Hall.

After laying in twenty-five cents' worth of dinner, in company with sundry generals, colonels, majors, and innumerable captains and privates, we again set out on our journey, and shaping our course instinctively in the direction of that holy assemblage, yeleft, "a camp meeting," we arrived about dusk at an inn, situated within four miles of the place. Next morning we perceived great numbers flocking towards the place of worship, which was a small spot of ground, cleared in the middle of the forest. It was noon when we arrived, and the scene was picturesque and novel. Groups of devotees were scatter-