

Diafoirus intends to take up the cudgels; I shall be happy to meet him with the goosequill. I defy him or any one to say that I do not "hold the mirror up to nature."

A TRAVELLER.

The following description presents a tolerably good picture of most country taverns on frequented roads in Canada.

New-Market, 30th April.

MR. SCRIBBLER,

Having some business to transact in the town of Dorchester, I took the noted Campbell-town road. It being almost night when I arrived at that place, and not being able to procure horses, owing to the extreme bad state of the roads, I was compelled to put up there. Having ordered my supper and bed, I was shown into a large room, in which my olfactories were regaled with clouds of tobacco-smoke, my sense of propriety gratified by the constant spitting on the floor,* and my sight agreeably struck by the appearance of eighteen or twenty men ranged along the room. On my left was a middleaged man who, with a mouth from ear to ear, was tossing into his throat, one after the other, enormous mouthfuls of pickled oysters, pretty much in the same way as they pitch bundles of hay into a loft.— On my right was a tall man who drank nothing, and whose eyes were alternately turned to every part of the room. I took him for one of those gentry whose business it is to listen at doors and peep through key holes, and who, I am told, are

*John Ball is probably a new comer, or he would be more accustomed to that disgusting and filthy practice which prevails all over the continent, of spitting about in every direction. The salival glands both of the Canadians and the Americans, are so exuberant in their secretions, that almost every body seems to be under a course of mercury. L. L. M.