

London fifteen years ago. However, being honoured with the name and direction to his domain, we commenced our route, the distance being eighty computed miles. Having a swamp and river to cross, on our entering the town of Newark, state of New Jersey, we heard, as we supposed, those faithful monitors---mastiffs; and our hostess for the night being an English lady, I enquired if such animals were in general use, such as we had heard. A question like this excited the risible faculties of my fair countrywoman, and I heartily joined in the laugh. "No Sir," she replied, "these supposed tremendous dogs are *bull frogs*."---"You mean, Madam, bull dogs;" but I was soon convinced I had made a *bull*, for those amphibious songsters were the serenaders of the night. The following morning we proceeded, like pilgrims seeking the Holy Loretto, in search of Canaan, and the expectation of milk and honey created a stimulus for pedestrian exertion, amidst all the difficulties of bad roads and the pleasure of a scorching sun then in the zenith of his domain. On our arrival at Morristown, which, like Newark, has a thriving appearance, the respectable tavern of Mr. Hayden invited us to enter and recruit our physical wants, and we found him a pleasant, communicative man---a strange animal in this *Land of Nod*; for American taciturnity is far less disposed to information than an *automaton*. Scarcely can you obtain from them more than the unmeaning, dissatisfactory terms---"I guess"---or, "I calculate;" a *nod* makes