

the corner ?' We had never heard Tomlins perpetrate a pun before ; but we encouraged him with our smiles. He is not a favourite with our party ; I don't know why, except that he is very stupid. Tomlins makes pretensions to Miss Fatima Smith, but with very little chance of success. Miss Smith will become a Mrs. T., but it will be Mrs. Twaddell, not Tomlins, if I know her heart. ' By the by, where shall we dine ?' said Jones. ' Yes, where shall we dine ?' cried all. I saw that he had the sense of the company with him so I replied, ' Where you please.' ' Why not here ?' he rejoined. We were at that moment in sight of a lovely lawn, that ran with an easy slope down to the water's edge. It was one o'clock—the place was propitious—and the labors of the morning had whetted our appetites to the keenest edge. I was not, therefore, taken by surprise, when I heard the four exclaim, as with one voice. ' Here we dine !' I immediately rounded the rudder for land, and in a minute we touched the shore, and all hands leaped on the lawn. The ladies, the gilet-pies, bottled porter, and sherry, were landed in a giffy ; and while a detachment was sent out to select a pleasant spot, Jones was as active as a harlequin, in unpacking and preparing all things. A delightful nook in a quickset hedge, and under a shady elm, was marked out for the happy occasion ; and every thing being in no time removed to it, a clean cloth was spread on the turf ; the pies, bread, salt, knives and forks, plates, glasses, and every thing was in apple-pie order—the word was given, ' to your places,'—the ladies were handed to their's, and down we all squatted, like a Turkish dinner-party, hungor and expectation being remarkable in every countenance.

' Jones,' I directed, ' cut up the pie.' ' With all the pleasure in life, he promptly replied, and began to operate. ' A cursed hard crust to begin with, and as thick as the serpentine in skating season,' remarked Jones, as he grinned and groaned, and vainly endeavoured to make an impression on its outworks. ' Never mind its hardness,' said I,—(Miss Fatima Smith had made it with her own fair hands.)—' I shall venture on it.'