

sun could ever again penetrate; but little recked Aunt Patty of the cold east wind, or the vaporous clouds, for her spirits rose with every lash of the shivering driver, who pressed on his jaded quadrupeds. They soon arrived at the wharf, where they saw Uncle Dick marching back and forth, with the air of a martyr. He had evidently encouraged a hope that Aunt Patty's courage would fail her, for a look of keen disappointment crossed his face as he saw them descend from the omnibus, and a half muttered expression about self-willed women escaped his lips; but he resigned himself to his fate, gave directions about the luggage, and led the ladies to the boat. A cheerless place it was, the decks wet and slippery from the drizzling rain; the steam was hissing and fuming like an impatient scold, occasionally snorting forth a signal for despatch. The black cinders rose from the pipe, hovered a few minutes in mid air, and then fell heavily upon every thing, apparently choosing the cleanest looking people and nicest benches for their repose; groups of marketers with their baskets and boxes, crowded the stern; and a few exquisitely miserable looking individuals, with valises, paced up and down the promenade deck, occasionally pausing to look over the railing into the deep water, as if almost preferring a leap into its dark chill bosom, to the prosecution of the enterprise on which they were bound.

Aunt Patty was the only one who seemed determined on enjoyment; she seated herself directly in the eye of the wind, and looking archly up into Uncle Dick's face, she said:

"How delicious is this breeze! I have not felt anything like it for months. It invigorates me; I feel like a new creature."

Uncle Dick, blue and shivering, could only respond with a heavy sigh, and a closer buttoning of his coat, while poor Bessie Lee darted down the cabin stairs, to get shelter from the piercing wind. By degrees the few passengers huddled together; Aunt Patty's glowing face being a sort of beacon light of hope, seeming to promise enjoyment to come. Questions were asked, as to where each one was going, tongues were loosed, and praises poured forth on each person's favorite place.

"Where are you going, Mrs. Matticap?" said an acquaintance, to Aunt Patty.

"To Bender's."

"Bender's! What evil adviser sends you there? Do you know what kind of a place it is?"

"Yes," chimed in Tom Lee; "the very best place in the world. Those who choose can go to the Rockland, and such places, but any one who wants comfort, will go to Bender's. I know all about it; I go down every week."

"It is well enough for gentlemen, who go merely for fishing and the sea air; but surely, Mr. Lee, you cannot think it a suitable place for ladies."

"Good enough for any sister of mine. A lady who would not be content there, has not been brought up as she should be. Who expects a palace on the sea-shore?"

"No one, surely; but a quiet, neat house, all ladies require," said Mr. Cooley, a demure looking gentleman, with the neatest fitting wig, the brightest gold headed cane, and the glossiest boots in the world.

"An Aristocrat!" muttered Tom Lee, turning on his heel, and walking off to put an end to the conversation.

Aunt Patty had listened with a perplexed and troubled air, to the short dialogue, while Uncle Dick seemed mightily to enjoy it; his roguish spirit whispered he should find some amusement in the peculiarities of the place to which they were going; and he thought, too, he did not much care if Aunt Patty did find annoyances and discomforts; it would make her willing to return home, and be the most effectual cure for her "*Mania à litus*," but he suppressed the laughing twinkle of his merry blue eye, and drew on a sober expression as he met Aunt Patty's beseeching look.

"What does this mean, Dick?" she said, "Do enquire about Bender's; I don't want to go there if it is not a pleasant or respectable place."

"Don't be troubled, Patty dear; Mr. Cooley is one of the too particular men; he is no judge of what is really pleasant; he is too fastidious,—every thing must be just *comme il faut*, to suit him."

Just then a lady came up with Bessie Lee from the cabin. "Oh, Mrs. Matticap! pray what did induce you to go Bender's? you had better change your plans now; you will not find it pleasant, I assure you; it is not yet too late."

Poor Aunt Patty was the most fastidious of persons; she shrank as from contamination from intercourse with persons who were not refined, and though she could be content without the elegancies and luxuries of life, it was essential to her comfort to have everything neat, and with that degree of refinement which even the most homely place will admit of. Her spirits sank at these repeated intimations of the estimation in which the place she had chosen was held, and she bitterly repented her hasty assent to go there. Could she have looked beneath Uncle Dick's quiet exterior, and seen the chuckling delight with which he was listening to the hints of the discomforts of Bender's, she would have felt doubly