

‘only hear the future Deputy of Dowgate Ward!’ Jones, I am sorry to say, is in many respects a very envious young man. I resumed—) ‘In short Gentlemen, as some one has said, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, will, if we faint not, bring our enterprise to a happy end. For as Mr. Shakespeare, the dramatist, has said—

“There is a tide in the affairs of men.

Which taken at the full leads on to———”

‘Richmond!’ was the inspiring cry of the whole crew, with the exception of the ladies—who shared however in our truly British ardor. Every man grasped his oar; jackets and hats were immediately thrown off, as incumbrances; Jones in his enthusiasm forgot his blisters, and we pushed along gaily and gallantly—

“Swift as an arrow from a Tartar’s bow,”

and Putney seemed to stare with astonishment at Fulham—Hammersmith at Barnes, to see the rapidity of our flight. To make our labours light and cheer our way, Miss Fatima Smith, at her brother’s request, read to us the ‘Choice,’ of Mr. John Pomfret, that divine poet; and Smith himself,

‘Possess’d beyond the Muse’s painting,’

broke out all over with an original sonnet, keeping time with his oar to the measure. When it was over we all expressed our regret that he did not put his high poetic powers to more use. ‘If I did,’ he remarked, ‘how should I be known “from many another Smith?”’ ‘Take another name,’ I suggested. ‘Call yourself Jones,’ said Jones, in his very happy way, and we laughed amazingly. Jones is inimitable when he likes to be so.

Absorbed in this delightful interchange of poetry and pleantry, we progressed agreeably along, and

‘Panting time toil’d after us in vain.’

‘What place is this we are athwart of?’ asked Tomlins. He was informed it was Kew. ‘I thought so,’ he added; ‘and that little gentleman in the nook of the wall is, I suppose, Q in