

the "such-a-nice-man" captain observed, and slyly exclaimed, "Poor creature! she rolls about like a seventy-four in a heavy sea." "No," sternly replied Uncle Brown; "she's only a forty-four in a heavy sea—and that's no affair of yours;" which was sufficient to induce the captain to take his leave.

Mr. Stokes was now, as he said, just beginning to feel comfortable,—Mrs. S. and Jemima had been remarkably quiet for some time; and he had entered into a conversation with an elderly gentleman of his own stamp, with whom he was greatly enjoying himself in praising the "old school," running down the "march of intellect," &c. &c.—in despite of the occasional interruptions of Uncle Brown, who contended that steam-boats were proofs of our "rapid improvements," and that the extension of so little information over such large sheets as the Penny Magazines were sufficient evidence of the "spread of knowledge."

But Mr. Stokes was a doomed man. They soon arrived at Margate; and when his wife and daughter had once more got on shore, all his troubles returned upon him tenfold—in the expressions of delight from Mrs. S., the witticisms of Uncle Brown, and the rejoicings of Miss Jemima that they had escaped shipwreck,—notwithstanding, as Uncle Brown said, the nasty vessel had been all day upon the rock!

F. B. F.

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A PAGE FROM MY JOURNAL, OR, NO FICTION.

"Je n'enseigne pas, je raconte."

MONTAIGNE.

I have arrived at that certain age which the world calls *passée* and all young ladies pity; for what woman would reach the age of forty six unmarried, if she could possibly avoid it? Well! fate decreed me an old maid, and resigned I *must* be, so now carry my little bag, snuff box, and brown snuffy handkerchief with all imaginable fortitude, and continue to smile away many a dull hour, in relating to my younger sister (just fancying her-