

the storm of the past. All hands (in seaman's phrase) were soon up on the move; no lazy hours were wasted over the latest of the Unknown's works—no time was passed at the toilet; in brief, we resembled old Towser the watch dog, each rose as we lay down, shook our coats, and were fit to meet any company we might see.

It was fairly agreed upon between Mr. S. the major and the Itinerant, that although the acrid and distorted visage of the landlord, was incapable of exciting one spark of generosity in the beholders, the landlady and daughters ought not to go unrecompensed for the trouble we had imposed upon them; and although we had no expectation of a formal charge being made, we determined they should not suffer by their native diffidence in not exacting it. A contribution from the three aforesaid was making up to the amount of 10, or 15s. for this purpose when the vinegar phiz of the landlord popped in with the very modest request that we would pay him three shillings each for the potatoes and milk, and the liberty of sleeping on the softest place we could find in his floor. This would have been acquiesced in by the Major who had from his extensive experience as a traveller learned never to dispute a landlord's bill, but when he found an overcharge to avoid subjecting himself to a repetition of it by not returning to the place where it was once made. Mr. Salmagundi however who was a strong advocate for precedents objected, on the score that if we should acquiesce in the exorbitancy of this demand it might furnish the landlord a pretext for making similar impositions on those who could not afford it. His refusal to pay, banished from the bitter contracted features of the old fellow, every trace of that half smile, half grin they had hitherto worn; and he stood in his natural look before us the picture of sordid avarice, villanous greed and roguery. The adjustment of this dispute was left to Mr. S. who as he afterwards stated, cut short the subject by giving a reasonable douceur to the landlady, accompanied with some fine words to her daughters, with which all but old Sourface were perfectly satisfied, and we again proceeded to our boat.

WOMAN.

There is a language by the virgin made,
Not read, but felt, not uttered, but betrayed;
A mute communion, yet so wondrous sweet,
Eyes must impart what tongue can ne'er repeat.
'Tis written on her cheeks and meaning brows,
In one short glance whole volumes it avows;
In one short moment tells of many days,
In one short speaking silence all conveys.
Joy, sorrow, love recounts, hope, pity, fear,
And looks a sigh, and weeps without a tear,
Oh 'tis so chaste, so touching, so refin'd:
So soft, so wistful, so sincere, so kind,
Were eyes melodious, and could music shower
From orient rays new striking on a flower,
Such heavenly music from that glance might rise,
And angels own the language of the skies.