

And told her my dejection :—  
 She said that I might live in hope ;  
 I left her at 11 ;  
 And, ah ! I thought, without a trope,  
 Pall-Mall the path to heaven !

‘ Mark the passionate in the measure,’ said Smith, ‘ so descriptive of the tumult of his feelings :—’

But, ah ! one Corporal O’Harra,  
 Of I know not what dragoons,  
 Went off next day with Sarah,  
 Who sent back my spoons !—  
 Then break my heart ! thou art betray’d  
 And in the trap art taken,  
 Caught by a luring bait well laid,—  
 Calves’ liver fried with bacon !

This unexpected climax took us all by surprise, and even the most sentimental of our party laughed, as may well be supposed. I suspect that the song is Smith’s, and no footman’s—it is beyond the powers of plush-breeches gentry,

‘ But what in the name of wonder, has become of Jones and Miss. Simpson all this while? exclaimed Wilson, with an expression of anxiety which I shall never forget, it was so amiable ; —Wilson is, indeed, a very amiable man in many respects. We had forgotten them—there is no use in mincing the matter ; but as we were not quite indifferent to their welfare, we walked leisurely down the lawn to the boat, where we expected to find them. What was our surprise !—they were not on board, nor could we perceive them anywhere around. Our anxiety now grew serious. ‘ He has not jumped into the river in his tantarums,’ said Tomlins—‘ Trowsers,’ said Smith, interrupting him—‘ And Miss. Simpson plunged in after him ?’ continued Tomlins. ‘ Cork cannot sink,’ said Smith, sarcastically.—I never knew him so severe. I put an end to this unseasonable levity by remarking, that it was our duty to discover what had become of them. ‘ That is no hard task,’ said Smith, laughing ‘ for there they go in a wherry to Richmond !’—We