

went. For a few minutes a strict silence was observed by all parties ; for Mrs. S. knew that her spouse was displeased at riding, and thought it prudent not to give him further annoyance just then ; and Miss Jemima, being immersed in one of her " thoughtful moods," was heedless of all around her.

After a while, Uncle Brown asked Mrs. S. if she didn't think they should be too late. " I hope not," said she. " Oh, mamma," exclaimed Jemima, suddenly, " Mr. Hitchcomb is left behind ! " " Behind ! what—for a footman ? " said Uncle Brown. " No, no, we should have waited for him." " How unfortunate ! " replied Mrs. S. ; " but no doubt he will join us at the Tower." " That," said Mr. S., " proves what I say—if he had got up—" " Ah, if he had got up—on the box," said Uncle Brown, " he would have been a——" " Beautiful creature ! " said Miss S. " Beautiful goose ! " growled her father ; " he a beautiful crea—why, girl, you are growing silly ! " " Goose, papa ! did you ever see a goose gallop past like that horse ? "

In this manner they proceeded, enjoying all those indescribable little comforts so peculiar to the Stokes's and not totally unknown to many other families.

When they arrived at the Tower, no Hitchcomb was there ; and it afterwards appeared that Mr. Stokes was 'right in his surmises, for Mr. Hitchcomb was in bed when he should have been with them. He had most strangely mistaken Miss Jemima's bashfulness for a want of kindness to him ; and resolving to let her know it, he sat up till two o'clock that morning to compose a poem suited to the occasion, to present to her when on board. Retiring to rest highly pleased with the " applicabilities " he had infused into it, he slept soundly till ten o'clock, when he was awoke by some one whom he had alarmed by loudly repeating the first stanza :—

" On the Coldness of my Love.

" My Love a steam-boat I will prove her,
And I'm the paddle-wheels so wide—
With all my power I strive to move her,
Yet, like those wheels, I'm put a-side."

And thus Mr. H. was left to mourn over his blighted prospects.