

the voyage, you don't like to *tremble* before you get on board." "What do you mean, sir? I'll not be——" "Papa!" again cried Jemima. "Well, what now?" "Do you know that Mr. Hitchcomb is going with us?" "Mr. Hitchcomb—who is Mr. Hitchcomb?" "Oh, such a charming young gentleman—so fond of poetry—and so am I, you know, papa—we just suit each other." Suit each other indeed!—there's a pretty pair of you, as the jackdaw said to his legs."

By this time breakfast was nearly ready; and Mr. Stokes was about to take his seat, when Miss Jemima suddenly exclaimed—"Papa, papa, that boy has stolen the eggs!" The devil! I couldn't make my breakfast without——" "No, no; I don't mean our eggs, but the poor sweet little bird's eggs, that built——" "Bah! why, you are——" "La, papa! here's the coach at the door!" and this fortunately stopped the awkward compliment her father was about to bestow upon Miss Jemima.

Mrs. Stokes now made her appearance again, declaring that she felt so fatigued with rising at seven, and busying herself as she had done, that she hoped she should make a hearty breakfast, "Breakfast, Mrs. S.! why the coach is come; and now you talk about breakfast. But this is as I expected—no breakfast shall I get. It proves what I say, if you had got up at——" "Well, well, dear, never mind that; we will start directly—we can take breakfast on board. But you'll ride with us?—come now, say you will; we shall all get there so comfortably together." "No, I will not—you know that I——" "But, dear Stokes, you'll not be able to walk there in time—why, I declare it's half-past eight!" "Half-past eight! then we shall all be too late; this proves what I so often say—if you had got up——" "Pray, my dear, don't let us enter upon that subject: I'm sorry it's so late, but we must make up for the lost time. Where's Jemima—where's Uncle Brown?"

The house now became a complete little world of confusion; and in the thick of it Mr. Stokes was unconsciously tumbled into the coach;—the others were at length seated, and away they