

character. He wished to get through life with as little trouble as possible—to pay few visits, and receive less company—to go to bed soon, and to rise early. But from all this his wife differed—though going to bed and getting up was, indeed, the subject of every evening's warm yet unconvincing debate. She did not like what she termed “the boorish, ungentle manners of the old school,”—she had heard of the march of refinement, and not only endeavoured to join in the march, but wished to enlist Mr. S. likewise. This was not all the annoyance he was subject to; for besides his wife's attempts at polishing Mr. S. (which were as grating to him as those of a file on a poker), he was constantly put out of his way by the “witticisms” of Uncle Brown, a bachelor brother of Mrs. S. who lived with them. Then, again, Miss Jemima Stokes was, as her mother used to say, of a “poetic temperament,” and continually breaking in upon his afternoon naps with some sudden expression of delight at the beauties of nature, or some “flash of thought,”—all which her father, poor man! considered as unfortunate slight propensities. But to return to the parlour.

Mrs. Stokes had left the room, and Mr. S. continued pacing up and down, when “Oh, papa,” cried Jemima, as she looked from the window, “this is what the poet might indeed call a ‘glad smiling morn.’” “Nothing to smile at,” muttered her father; “here have I been up ever since half-past five, ready to go at a moment's notice—and now you talk about packing up, and breakfast, and riding, and—but this proves what I say—if you had got up at——” “Listen, listen, papa!” exclaimed Jemima. “What's the matter?” asked her father somewhat alarmed. “Oh, that beautiful bird!” “Pshaw! don't bother me with your birds!” and his quickened pace shewed he was a hasty man.

Just at this moment in walked Uncle Brown—“Why, Stokes, they tell me you won't ride with us?” “Ride, sir! did you ever know me to ride? No—I'll not go in a coach all the way to the Tower—shake, shake, shake—for any body.” “Shake, shake, shake!—Ah, I see—though you have some fears for