

‘ Yes,’ said Smith, ‘ it will bear you.’—(*Roars of laughter.*)—
 ‘ Upon my soul,’ said Jones, ‘ I cannot cut into it—my hands are so tender.’ This set the ladies giggling, and then he threw down the knife and fork in a pet. ‘ Here, hand the pie to me,’ said Smith; and, oh, monstrous! he made no more ado, but jobbed his elbow upon the cone of the crust, which broke it in sure enough, but at the same time sent half the gravy with a spirt into our eyes, all over Wilson’s white waistcoat, and down Miss Simpson’s black satin spencer. ‘ You awkward fellow!’ exclaimed his sisters; and they blushed as beautifully as Aurora. ‘ Oh, never mind my spencer,’ said Miss Simpson: ‘ I don’t care about my waistcoat,’ said Wilson, ‘ since we have got at the giblets, which I had given up in despair.’ We then laughed heartily, and heartily we eat. I never saw, at a Guild-hall dinner, such appetites and such expedition. As for Jones, he might eat his way up to the civic chair, with any man in the city who has not yet arrived at that honor: for a young livery-man, his performance was wonderful, and his promise more. In ten minutes the eatables were *hors du combat*; and one bottle of porter, and three of sherry, were all that was left of the drinkables. Filling a bumper of sherry, I then gave from the chair (the stump of a tree)—‘ The Ladies, our fair *compagnons de voyage*!’—(*Drank with three times three, and one cheer more—a missfire of Wilson’s.*)—Jones was then called upon for a song: he complied, and struck up—

‘ Oh, nothing in life can sadden us,

Whilst we have wine and good-humor in store—’

‘ Holloa, there, you sirs! who gave you leave to land here, I should very much like to know?’ roared out a fellow six feet high, brawny as Hercules, as he jumped over the hedge, and alighted with one foot in the pie-dish, and the other in Jones’ new white beaver. ‘ Nobody,’ said Jones, hurt at having his hat injured. ‘ Well, then, I warn you off these grounds,’ continued the out-of-town barbarian, and laid hold of Jones by the collar. ‘ Stop, my good friend,’ said I, ‘ no violence, if you please: we are