THREE DAYS AT SIASCONSET.

Monday, August, 1822.—I left town for the purpose of killing a week at Siasconset. "Just to make it prove," a shower beat in our faces on the road; but my friend who had a hankering after predestination, observing that it was foreordained as a trial of our patience, submitted to the discipline of a drenching, to show, that, although not one of the elect, I deserved to be firm in patience in tribulation. With no notable occurrences except a few jolts, and almost breaking our bones (for we were ladies) by giving the road to an old cart in a cabash, with a quintal of fish and a white horse, probably the pale horse that death will ride on, one of these days, and a scream from my friend when we did *not* go over the stone at the entrance of the village, we were finally deposited in safety at Mrs. ——'s

Though any accommodations at Siasconset are hardly get-at-able, though wood is a rarity, good wine a mystery, and a rare beef steak a despaired-of treasure, yet more difficult than all these is it to procure an abiding place at night. There was however in our case one advantage. We were ladies, as I said before, and as they are naturally gregarious, we should have less difficulty in procuring a lodging for two, than if nature had not implanted his affectionate propensity to sleep double.

After numerous inquiries we found a bed originally intended for children three feet long: but as it had once been occupied by three who had power to double that size, (though, by the by, they "drowned their wakefulness in the bowl,") any reasoning from facts would induce us to judge, *a fortiori*, as the logicians say, that two of five feet long could be accommodated. It however was in the second story: but as the second story was better than no story at all, we submitted with a good grace to lodge in a garret, whose roof was pelted by sun beams all day, and where we might be lulled to rest by the soothing music of moschettos.

But man is not wholly a sleeping animal, he is also an eating animal; and so far as my observation extends, this is true of woman, though in a less degree. I say in a less degree, because the latest bulletin from the head quarters of good manners announce, that it is ungenteel for ladies to eat openly any thing more substantial than syllabubs and custards. We however were not within the jurisdiction of the court of fashion, and determined to have a good dinner. It came—it went—ham and eggs, the best that "the bank" afforded, with the consoling promise, that to-morrow's dinner should be eggs and ham.

The afternoon was occupied in tiring ourselves by a walk to Sankaty Head. We went that we might have something to do, and returned for the same reason. We were in haste for supper that there might be something to do, and longed for bed time, that we might forget there was nothing to be done. The hour for an attempt at still repose came, and we doubled ourselves up in a bed somewhat more than half our length, our feet occasionally taking French leave of the bed, that they might have the pleasure of returning.

Tuesday. Our last invitation of sleep was interrupted by a regular monotonous noise, the pattering of rain. On arising, "the bank" was overflowed, and walking was of course relinquished.—The heavy hours passed slowly by in reading the contents of the library, which rare accident had collected, consisting of "the unhappy tale of the Infidel" (who knows) and a volume of Almanacks fitted for any meridian.—My friend had brought a greater than these, her book was entitled "A Shove for the Weary in Well-doing," and truly I think such a book is much needed.—These soul-benumbing nightmares increased by contrast, the joy with whi-

we saw the sun break through the clouds in the afternoon. It promised a glorious morrow.

Wednesday--was a fine day. But what is to be done? We went *cousining* in the morning. But the Lord deliver me from such cousining. It would cozen the brightest wit out of "fancy's flash," and the deepest reasoner out of "reason's ray." Such questions as, "when did you come up?" any thing new in town?" (although perhaps the speaker left town after you) are the usual spurs of the forced conversation.—And then the pithy remark, "Sconset's quite dull this season," and "Sconset an't very lively, only when there's good deal o' company;" with "But don't stir the peat, put up the poker," form the essence of conversation. In the afternoon we walked to Saccacha, and it reminded me of the pilgrimage which the books say a good man has to perform through this wicked world. For poor pedestrians as we were, we had but a sorry time over hills and hillocks, and through bushes and briars. However, my companion, the very pink of resignation said it was a trial of our faith — I do not know about faith, but it tired her strength, I know.

For the lip that swelled with a living glow,
Was pale as a curl of new fall'n snow.

And her indisposition furnished an excuse, which each had secretly wished for shortening a visit intended for a week, to three days. These three days taught us some good principles; one was, that Siasconset has no pleasures in itself, and if the only pleasure be company, the best plan is to stay at home where company can be had.

L——d.