

his attention so forcibly as the captain. There was a half smile of conscious pride spread over his weather beaten honest-like face; a feeling displayed in his countenance which spoke in plain terms of his boat and seemed to say "this is my all and I am proud of her performance."

When the Itinerant beheld the surrounding groupe and saw the emotion with which the captain was actuated, many and various were the images depicted in his mind. The reflection uppermost, was that "man wants but little here below" for the enjoyment of the present time.—Trifles may be made sufficient for that. The grand secret consists in every man being satisfied with what he has of his own; let him think that which he possesses the best and the whole is accomplished. Notwithstanding the general impression to the contrary, I (as an Itinerant) consider there is more of this in the world than is generally supposed. I have seen the poor dust-boy while driving his scare-crow Rosinante, as proud of him as the first nobleman of the land could be of his full-blooded hunter. I have seen the saucy Hindoo exulting in the number of his domestics, I have witnessed the jealous Mahometan cast a glance of conscious pride over the abject but lovely forms which peopled his Harem. I have seen the Arab in his wild deserts exulting in the docility of his favourite horse; and here was an instance of the same feeling.—Not the crafty Palinurus, nor even the helmsman of Cleopatra's gay barge when carrying that bewitching queen could feel prouder of their station than the captain did when he eyed his full sail and marked the speed with which his Batteau passed the trees on the bank. Thus all seemed satisfied at the moment with the near prospect of attaining a desirable object.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, the bloom is fled."

We can neither call back yesterday, nor anticipate with certainty the events of to-morrow. There were more difficulties to be overcome before we reached that night's destination than any on board dreamed of. The sky from being bright and serene, became of a sudden dark and lowering; black, angry looking clouds began to heave up in tremendous forms and fantastic attitudes in the North-West, while the scudding of the lighter vapours in the upper regions of the atmosphere gave no unequivocal indications of an approaching storm. The captain and boatmen, foresaw its coming; their lives and habits made them a species of barometers far more delicate and certain for noting atmospheric changes than persons whose professions are less affected by the state of the weather. Indeed the lowering of the clouds seemed to have a reciprocal action on their visages for as the former increased in their darkness and threatening aspect, the latter seemed to deepen into a frown or scowl in unison. Suddenly the cheerful breeze which had given speed to our boat and exhilaration to our spirits died away. "The loose sail flapped against the mast," and the very water on whose placid bosom we had floated so gayly but a little before seemed now to sympathise with the troubled state of the atmosphere, and from being calm and gentle, now began to heave with an unpleasant undulating motion.