

monds by the drag tackle of our gig; he breasted and buffeted the waves with the grace of a porpoise and the muscularity of a dolphin; and but a few minutes elapsed ere he again stood triumphant on the prow of his single decker, shining and glistening in the noonday sun like an American humming-bird, or a gay butterfly borne lightly down a romantic rivulet on the bosom of a hollow roseleaf.

Away we shot as briskly as ever, accompanied with the eternal pattering of spray, howling of wind, *coggering* of the cobble, and occasional blinks of the sun. We now began to look anxiously forward to the termination of this our first voyage. We felt a few internal murmurings and stomachic cravings, that increased half-hourly and threatened to become rather subversive of our good-humour if accident or otherwise conspired to keep us much longer from Port-Dundas.

"What is that!" said J. S. (rendered nervous from recent adventure), as a splash of water dashed up against the windows. "Tut! it's a lock," said one. "Mercy on us," returned J. S., "there's a boy in the water!" as he popp'd his long nose out at the window to assure himself of it.

It was a boy from the boat, who had been pitched from the deck as it entered the lock; he was safely got out, however, after going under, to the imminent risk of his bodily tabernacle. And here ended our aquatic adventures for the present.

Spirits of epicureans! and ghosts of gormandizers! what to us was the sight of the steaming beefsteaks