

Lively Times on Lake St. Clair.



THIS is a marine anecdote. The tub left Detroit at five p.m., weather cloudy and warm, the crowd numerous, with the usual allowance of "each boy and his darling colleen." The brass band played in its most diabolical manner as we moved from the dock, and a lot of fellows who held a large quantity of American whisky yelled vociferously. The girls chewed gum and lollypops, and everybody was happy. I lit a cigar and gazed benignly on the gang, for I like to see people enjoy themselves. When the band had ceased its discordant shriekings, the City of the Straits was fading from our gaze and preparations were made for a dance. "The scene was animated," or what is called "animated," a number of colleens, who had been reposing on the bosoms of their fellows and eating lollypops, forthwith braced up and engaged in what is known as the "light fantastic," whilst a dozen or more fellows who held American whisky had a fight on the lower deck, and the row lasted until the Captain turned the hose on them and gave them externally more water than they had used