

should do. Tomlins was my next vexation, for, before his partners had dipped their oars in the limped stream, he began to pull away as strong as a——as a——no matter what—I have not a comparative at hand; but the effect of his obstinacy was, that the boat's head was turned to the right about, notwithstanding my keeping the helm hard aport. Then Jones began to put his shoulders:—I must confess that I felt quite ashamed of their obstinacy and ignorance. The first pull he gave, I thought he would have drawn us under water; at the second he could not move his oar at all. 'What the devil has got hold of my oar at the bottom?' he roared out half laughing, and half alarmed. 'It isn't a shark, I hope?' said Miss Simpson!—I explained to her that sharks in the Thames were impossible—there might be such things on shore, but they were not amphibious. And I also explained to Jones why it was that he could not lift his oar, he had in technical phraseology, 'caught a crab,' I told him he should skim the top, not rake the bottom. Very good said Jones; and the next stroke he made he missed the water altogether, hit himself an unmerciful thump in his stomach with his double-handed oar, which tumbled him heels uppermost, with his head in Wilson's lap, which broke poor Wilson's watch glass, Miss Simpson's salts-bottle in his pocket, and knocking Wilson backwards, pitched him with his head into the hamper at the bows, which fractured two bottles of double stout, and cut his occiput clean across the organ of cautiousness. The ladies shrieked, but Wilson, who is, in some respects a wag, said, very gaily, 'he didn't mind it more than a foreigner.' Several other amusing accidents attended our starting, but as they were of minor importance, I shall not narrate them here.

With scarcely any pulling at all—wafted along the silver tide,—we had reached the Red house at Battersea: but now we set to in good earnest, and our oars dropped in alternately, one, two, three, four, as regular as the chimies. Here some of the natives on the shore, who had been observing the gallant style with which we pulled along, bawled out, 'Go it, tail—(I write the word with the hesitation of reluctance)—tailors!'—It is