

steerage?"—"Ah, sir," said Tom, "she" (meaning the boat) "has sprung a leak, and we are all drowned at the other end; and I have got out, or I would have been in!"

Though this was in reality no cock or bull story, the picture Tom displayed was quite irresistible. There he was, labouring along with his well-pleased, ill-hewn, broad-grinning Irish nob, bright as the full moon, and radiant with thoughts unspeakable. Our vessel immediately stopped, and our poor steerage stowage—men, women, children, chairs, stools, kittens, and rope-bedecked chests, barrels and band-boxes, were tossed, tail and snout, *sans ceremonie*, ashore—sweetly drenched with the insinuating liquid.

"*Hech!*" said Mr S., when the watery intelligence reached our end of the vessel, "I hope we'll not have to mismove ourselves," which he had no sooner uttered, than the audacious water, oozing through the door mid-ships and approaching his *weel happit* toes, silently admonished him and us to retire without farther parley.

View us then on the bank of the canal, grouped together like a posse of hinds' wives at a Whitsunday flitting, with our piles of goods and chattels buckled and banded in the most portable form, and huddled together, heads and tails, waiting the arrival of a friendly lighter to bear us to our destination.

Again we journeyed onward in the even tenor of our way, experiencing few casualties to mar our well-packed equanimity. A sable coal-heaver was at one part of our way pitched off his cobble of black dia-