



CORONET
MEMORIES

1893-1898



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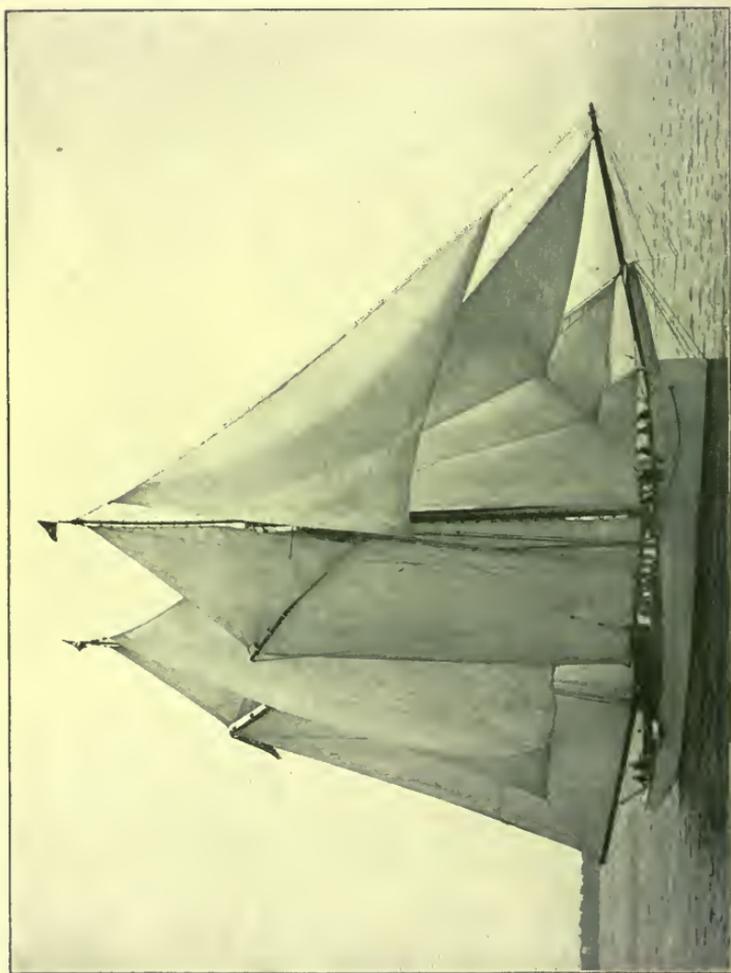
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THE "CORONET."

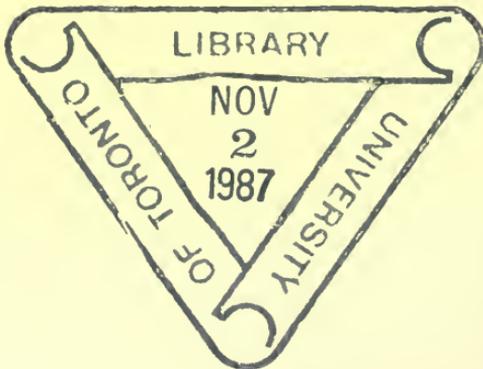
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CORONET MEMORIES.

Log of Schooner-Yacht Coronet on her Off-Shore
Cruises from 1893 to 1899.

F. TENNYSON NEELY,
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DEDICATED TO
THOSE WHOSE LOVE FOR THE SEA AND FAIR
CORONET
HAS BECOME A LINK IN FRIENDSHIP'S CHAIN.

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CORONET MEMORIES.

PART I.

FIRST WEST INDIAN TRIP.

IN October, 1893, Mr. Arthur Curtiss James became the possessor of the schooner yacht *Coronet*, and shortly after he and his wife invited a small party to accompany them on their first cruise to the West Indies. Mr. and Mrs. William M. Kingsley, Miss Maud Parsons, and Mr. Arthur W. Francis were the chosen few, and Monday, February 12th, found all with eager anticipation at Tebo's wharf, Brooklyn, where the *Coronet* was moored, tuned for her trip in every particular. With pride, and it must be said with slight misgivings, too, we gathered on deck to take our farewell of the friends who had come to bid us "*Bon voyage.*" The ocean seemed big and our boat small. We were all novices at deep sea yachting, and the great unknown lay before us.

The weather was threatening; the outlook discouraging; a strong wind blew from the wrong quarter, and snowclouds menaced. However, after our friends departed, we set about stowing away our belongings and getting acquainted with our surroundings; at luncheon we were cheerful but fretting somewhat at the delay. Toward evening snow began to fall, and we turned in feeling like an arctic expedition, rather than one bound for sunny climes. We awoke in the morning to find the ground deep with snow, and Captain Crosby, our old sailing master, dismayed at the "dirty day," as he expressed it.

However, we were in our cozy saloon before an open coal fire, and confident that better luck would be experienced

on the morrow, though the weather bureau, from which Jake (we had already begun to call our host by this familiar title) received frequent bulletins, reported a blizzard brewing. At night the sky was clear, and we retired confident that the "three and out rule" would work our way. But on arising the sky was overcast and the wind easterly. Jake and the captain, however, decided that the *Coronet* had had enough of Tebo's Basin, and determined to pull out. Promptly at ten o'clock, Wednesday, February 14th, we warped away from the wharf and made fast to Tebo's tug, resolved at all hazards to get into clear water. With heads uncovered and eager expectancy, we watched the colors float to the breeze at the firing of the cannon; and the ceremony of going into commission was over almost before we collected ourselves, and appreciated that our cruise had begun.

It was wild weather, but Tompkinsville only was our destination. Anchoring there, we devoted ourselves to writing letters, which were taken ashore, making us feel as though we were indeed far from home. In the morning a most glorious sight greeted us. The yacht and rigging were completely coated with ice, reflecting myriad prismatic colors, and for many hours the crew labored to free her from the icy mantle. Toward evening the weather report was encouraging, and preparations were made to sail in the morning. Notwithstanding the old superstition, on Friday at eight o'clock we weighed anchor, and under a clear sky and double reefs bowled along through the Narrows to the ocean at a ten-knot clip. Scotland lightship was soon passed, and after the usual exchange of courtesies, we took departure with course southeast by south. We fairly flew, and thirty-six knots in three hours was logged. But how about the party? Will Kingsley and all the ladies were below with thoughts indescribable. Jake and Arthur Francis held to their feet and luncheon heroically. Such a following sea there was that the *Coronet* seemed to be chasing herself, and was awash from stem to stern. The helmsman was lashed to the wheel, life lines were strung, and all made fast. A perfect demon of a night threatened. At eight o'clock Jake and Arthur, standing by, and holding firmly to the quar-



LEAVING HOME 2^o BELOW ZERO.

ter rail, were surprised by a perfect deluge of green water, wresting both from their hold, and hurling Jake to the binnacle, which he fortunately grasped, and Arthur to the companion-way, landing him soaked and sorrowful, with an awful wrenching inside and out. That night was a frightful experience for "green yachtsmen;" indeed, for tried ones too, for in the morning we learned that the mate had called for volunteers to go aloft, not having the heart to order the men. Many were the prayers offered, first that we might live, and then that we might sink; but morning brought relief and all thought of sinking was abandoned. The Coronet had demonstrated her thorough right to the name she bore. A grand good boat she is, and proved it by the log record—two-hundred and twenty-five knots in twenty-four hours. The wind blew less furiously, but the sea kicked up a fierce mess in the cross cut of the Gulf Stream, so that it was not till toward dusk that we dared venture on deck, and then it was with misgivings. Jake alone was master of the situation, and we agreed it would take a diabolical mixture and an unearthly upheaval to disturb his equanimity. The night again was far from a happy one, for with the loss of the sun there were various losses, and a comatose condition prevailed, especially with Kingsley, who craved pickles—no one knew what for, except that he might hasten his translation. After the dark there is always light, and Sunday morning, February 18th, brought cheer to all. We were on the edge of the Gulf Stream in a tumbling sea, but had so far recovered our sea legs that Harriet, Maud Parsons and Arthur joined Jake in appreciating the beauties of deep sea yachting. It was not, however, a church-going day, so services were postponed. Aided by the current of the Gulf Stream, the Coronet by noon had made the phenomenal run of two-hundred and eighty three knots in twenty-four hours, and our position pricked on the chart showed Bermuda only one-hundred and fifty miles to the southwest, but in consultation we decided the run too far, as we should have to make a dead beat for the islands. We were disappointed, not only because "terra firma" for a short season would have been a godsend, but also

wished to send letters home to relieve the minds of our families and friends, for we knew the heavy gale would be reported, and the loss overboard of a Coronet life buoy somewhat worried us, fearing that if it were picked up, our friends would be greatly disturbed. Having settled the Bermuda question, Barbadoes was determined on as our objective point—a long run, but a glorious one it proved, though full of aggravating winds and calms. For a whole week the wind persistently hung in the south, necessitating a dead beat, and therefore slow progress. How we longed for the trades! Time, however, did not drag; we were headed south; the weather daily grew warmer; duck and flannels were put in use; games and reading filled the day, and songs and stories the evening hours, to say nothing of silent reflection enjoyed under the glorious rays of a full moon in the southern sky. How old Coronet seemed to dance, cavorting with the porpoises swarming around her bow, with their leaps, phosphorescent brightness glowed, now here, now there, following their frolicking. Our way was through a starlit field, "God's lot," as old Crosby used to call the boundless waters. Occasionally a flying fish would dash on board, startling us with his sudden onslaught. Andrew, our good-natured boatswain, delighted in preparing and mounting a number for preservation. It is nothing short of miraculous to think of fish that fly, but seeing is believing. Once during the week great excitement prevailed, when far ahead on the horizon a sail appeared about three o'clock in the afternoon, the first since our departure. Great speculation arose as to the character and direction of our first marine friend; quickly we pulled up, and made her out a large brig with all sails set, and on the same course as ourselves. The racing spirit in us all ran high, and excitement was at fever heat, as we rapidly overhauled her. At six o'clock she was abeam, and before night shut in she was hull down astern, which speaks volumes for the speed of our beautiful craft. Washington's birthday was celebrated by dipping our ensign, firing the cannon, giving three rousing cheers and singing "America."

A rich brown color soon became the pride of the entire party, but glorying in his duskiness, Jake surpassed us. His navigation from practical experience is becoming easy and fascinating to him, and many are the hours he spends in contemplation of, to us, an occult science in logarithms and formulæ. Saturday and Sunday, February 24th and 25th, we learned the meaning of "doldrums," as on an easy swell we lazily rolled in an absolute calm. We whistled, we scratched the foremast, we did everything imaginable in marine annals to bring a breeze, but not till after forty-six hours of longing did a capful appear, making this Sunday indeed a day of peace. Service held in the saloon, which the sailors attended, was impressively conducted by Jake and thoroughly enjoyed by all. The good old hymns, "Eternal Father, Strong to Save," and "Nearer, My God to Thee," seemed to have new meaning. Just at sunset, so quiet was the water that the dingy was lowered, and the men of the party rowed about for half an hour, a most weird sensation to them, as it was to those on the yacht. Eight hundred miles from the nearest land and the thin planking of a small boat separating life from the watery deep!

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean" the Coronet rested, rearing her tall masts in proud assurance that whether calm prevailed or storm raged, it mattered not to her. The trade winds at last arrived, and that night and Monday the knots were rolled off with wonderful rapidity—two-hundred knots a day for two days helped our advance materially. Barbadoes was only five-hundred miles off—how near that seemed to us, we who had been nearly two weeks at sea, and had sailed one thousand five hundred miles! Rain squalls were frequent, but the exhilaration of our spirited dash, whether in sunshine or cloud, is a remembrance never to be laid aside.

For three days this superb yachting continued, and all hands were on the "qui vive" for the first glimpse of land. On Friday, March 2d, being in the latitude of Barbadoes, Captain Crosby sent Mr. Lake, our mate, a most dare-devil but competent man, aloft. Very shortly after he had reached the cross-trees, "Land ho!" came the cry, and immediately there was great excitement.

Following as we did his outstretched arm, nothing on the horizon could be seen by us on deck. Then as he slowly descended, still eyeing, to us, the unseen, our excitement grew beyond bounds—why did we not see land as well as he? Our boat was now pointed in the direction indicated by him, and for one hour we still gazed ahead, searching for the first glimpse of land. Our old sailing master was nonplussed.

Many were the jibes for Mr. Lake. "Nothing but a cloud," growled Crosby, and prepared to stand out and await the morrow and sunlight for another observation to more closely determine our position. "Stand by to 'bout ship," rang out the order, which was immediately followed by "Hold fast, all well," for there directly behind us loomed in gray outline the low-lying island, Barbadoes. In frequent rain squalls it had been shut from our view, and we had passed it less than a mile to starboard. A moment more, and we were bearing down on the island, and were passing through a fleet of small fishing boats, which seemed to be in constant danger of capsizing in the heavy rollers. How beautiful the tropical foliage and brilliant hues of the water near shore appeared. The island is not impressive or picturesque, but to us, after fourteen days at sea, it was fascinating, and all were agog to catch every changing phase in the landscape. About noon we made the harbor of Bridgetown, displayed our signals, and felt as though we owned the world. Quarantine was quickly passed, and before we rounded to an anchorage the surrounding water was alive with small boats. Haberdashers of all descriptions, washerwomen in profusion, and gaudily frescoed and cushioned boats rowed by dusky islanders, which last were all clamoring to be privileged to ferry us ashore. Numberless small rude plank boats, contained small boys ready at the slightest encouragement to dive overboard for pennies.

This sport quite captivated us, some of the boys even swimming under our keel, and as the Coronet drew twelve feet and measured twenty-seven feet beam, this was a serious undertaking.

Soon the harbormaster came alongside, and wishing to show his authority, endeavored to change our anchorage, but Jake

with oily persuasion won the day; his suave manner with all officials was certainly irreproachable, and occasioned good-natured bantering. It did not take us long to determine upon going ashore, and selecting a coal-black native boatman we were soon at the quay. From the icy North to this sunny island was indeed a striking contrast, and the swarms of darkies lazily loading and loafing at the wharfs, the many heavily accoutered policemen in white uniforms and helmets, the bare-footed women in white cotton dresses, against a background of quaint, low white storehouses and narrow streets, presented a most picturesque scene, which quite bewildered us. Wandering into the town, followed by an inquisitive crowd, every turn brought forth fresh surprises and frequent expressions of pleasure and appreciation. Boarding a mule-car, which carried us through all sections of the town, we rode a couple of miles out to the quarters of the garrison. All the houses are low, to escape destruction from the fall cyclones, and are surrounded with piazzas inclosed by Venetian blinds; color is lacking, and the universal whiteness is almost oppressive.

Returning to the yacht, we passed by the old cathedral, a very picturesque structure in the center of an almost New England churchyard, differing, though, in that the plants and flowers are tropical. We also passed by the city mart, where the country folks were assembled with their vegetables and produce brought long distances, principally by the women, who carry large loads upon their heads. Many of these poor, scantily-clothed, barefooted creatures were just starting on their return trip laden in this manner. It must be confessed, however, our pity was changed to admiration by their erect and graceful carriage. The next morning we took an early start for the eastern shore of the island, to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Williams, who were passing their honeymoon there, and were to join us for the remainder of the trip. On our drive the cameras were kept busy, little naked pickaninies being favorite subjects as they ran beside the carriage begging "Just one penny." We selected one of the largest sugar plantations to inspect, and followed the details of sugar-making from the cane to the brown sugar ready for shipment

to the States. The laborers were all black—the men working for one and one-half shillings a day, and women for two shillings a week. At the hotel, our friends, the Williams, gave us an enthusiastic greeting. And for some time we were more than busy giving an account of our trip and admiring the beauties of our immediate surroundings.

The Crane, situated on the crest of a high bluff over the ocean, afforded a most restful and attractive haven after our season of tossing. Below lay a wide beach fringed with tall, waving palms, and a long stretch of shallow water extended to the reefs beyond, reflecting the many beauties which seawater over a coral bottom produces.

After an excellent luncheon we returned, Mr. and Mrs. Williams accompanying us. The following day, Sunday, was warm and clear, and all attended the cathedral for morning service. The church was well filled, the white people occupying the front and one gallery, the negroes the back and opposite gallery. The governor's pew, on the center aisle, was designated by the British crest; he was not present, however. Outside the birds twittered, making far sweeter music than that furnished by the worshippers, but we enjoyed the service, and returned to the boat, stopping for a short time at the post-office and government buildings—rather imposing structures of English architecture. From the quiet prevailing, we were conscious that Sunday was strictly observed. At evening anchor was weighed, and with a light breeze and smooth sea we took departure for Trinidad. All the next day every condition favored, and we smoothly glided over the waters of the Caribbean Sea, passed the uninhabited island Tobago ("Robinson Crusoe's" Island) and then along the northern coast of Trinidad, which, in contrast to Barbadoes, is high and "mountainous," as Crosby called it. The coastline is wild, rocky and picturesque, but in appearance hardly tropical; no cultivated ground appeared, and no towns were to be seen. We were too far away to distinguish clearly, but the hills seemed almost to have an autumn tint, which we afterward learned was occasioned by the "Bois Immortelle," a tree covered with orange blossoms and cultivated as a shade tree on the cocoa planta-

tions. At six o'clock the Dragon's Mouth was reached, a narrow strait separating the island from the South American shore. Through this the current runs at mill-race speed, and is most dangerous to navigate, especially at night, and as rain squalls were imminent, which in Crosby's mind threatened the deadening of the wind, we decided to stand by for the night. This allowed a three-masted merchant schooner, with which we were having a spirited brush, to pass us jauntily, as if saying: "You dare not; just watch us," which we did with feelings of regret till darkness shut her from view, yet with a consciousness that safety lay on the side of caution. Our caution this time, however, cost us twenty-four hours, for in the morning we awoke to find our sails idly slatting and the Coronet far from land in a flat calm. In the late afternoon a breeze sprang up, enabling us to reach the strait, and this time we easily slipped through, and at seven o'clock were in the Gulf of Pará, the small inland sea between Trinidad and Venezuela. This run was superb in absolutely calm water, with a fresh breeze bowling us along, the dying rays of the sun making the shore far more beautiful than its brightness possibly could. At eight o'clock, too late to go ashore, we dropped anchor about a mile from the famous city of Port au Spain.

The next morning, after satisfying the health officer of our sanitary condition, we went ashore. The approach was anything but pleasing, and not until well in the town did we feel at ease. The filth and stench was nauseating; wide-open sewers ran along each side of the roadway, reeking with refuse, which was being devoured by the "scavengers," vulture-like birds, which we soon learned were preserved for this purpose and protected by law. The streets were broad, however, and the houses much larger and better built than those in Barbadoes, greater thrift was evidenced. At the "ice house," (Trinidad's swell club) we were introduced to the West Indian swizzle, a vile concoction of cocoanut milk with gin, and heaven knows what, but something which produces a most peculiar sensation in the head. After visiting the American consul, and cabling home, we drove out to the coolie village on the outskirts of the city. These coolies are East Indians—brought

over under indenture to labor on the sugar plantations, and a destitute class they are indeed; the men wore only loincloths and white turbans, and sat idly about upon their haunches. Some of the women showed signs of beauty, with comely figures and dusky skin, brilliantly arrayed in multicolored shawls, having their ears, noses, necks and ankles weighed down with silver ornaments; one pretty damsel begged Harriet to take her to America. We bought some of the trinkets which we saw them hammer from silver coins. The filth of our surroundings detracted somewhat from the pleasure we would otherwise have experienced in studying these strange people, and we were glad to return to our floating home for luncheon and rest. In the late afternoon we again went ashore (the heat of midday being almost unendurable) and visited the botanical garden which surrounds the government house. This garden we had heard was one of the features of Trinidad, and we were not disappointed, as the great variety of tropical flora so highly cultivated was exceptionally beautiful. We had arranged to dine at the "ice house" on all the delicacies this club could furnish, but derived greater pleasure from our study of the people than we did from the food placed before us, and voted that Coronet fare, after three weeks at sea, was far preferable to Trinidad's best. An early breakfast the following morning enabled us to go ashore soon after seven o'clock. As we found at the cable office an answer to our message, stating all at home were well, our hearts were lightened, and we took carriages for a drive through the country. The scenery was enchanting, the roads smooth and at first level, then rising gently to a valley between mountains three thousand feet high. Finally we came to the blue basin, a pool of sapphire water into which drops a graceful waterfall of fifty feet or more, with ferns and wild flowers growing in profusion. Along our drive large cocoanut groves, orange and banana trees, thatched huts and fine residences gave variety and beauty to the landscape.

Mrs. Lee, a charming woman to whom we had letters of introduction, and who was one of the leaders in Trinidad society, returned to the yacht with us for luncheon, after which we again went ashore to be entertained at her delightful home, meeting

about fifty people, most of whom were English residents of the island. The following day, at the suggestion of Dr. De Witt, the surgeon-general, we drove five miles up a winding valley to the water works, which supplied the city. They are not large, but carefully kept, the basins being lined with white cement. An old veteran of the Crimean war, who was in charge, treated us to a fine selection of stories, and oranges just picked from the trees, the most delicious fruit we had yet tasted; southern fruits were not as palatable as we had anticipated.

Our time being limited, in the afternoon we bade farewell to Trinidad, denying ourselves the pleasure of visiting the asphalt lakes, of which so much is heard. At noon we weighed anchor, and with a gentle breeze turned our prow homeward toward Martinique. The morning found the Coronet abeam of Granada, where she lay most of the day becalmed. During the afternoon we witnessed an unusual sight; a school of fish were sporting near the yacht, when suddenly a large fish, probably a shark, darted among them looking for a meal. The fish, in their frantic efforts to escape, leaped high into the air as they swam away. This attracted the attention of a flock of sea-gulls, certainly two hundred in number, who swooped down upon them, and for ten minutes the sea was churned into foam by the desperate fish, while the air above was filled with screaming birds poising for a moment and then diving for their prey. Passing Granada during the night, daylight found us off St. Vincent. The breeze was moderate, but we stole along quietly, leaving St. Vincent and St. Lucia astern, while Martinique appeared about fifty miles distant. It was Sunday, March 11th, and service was held in the saloon as usual. At breakfast the following morning, the city of St. Pierre, Martinique, appeared directly ahead, but the wind unceremoniously died out, and it was not until two o'clock that we came to anchor—or rather were tied to the shore, as is the custom of this island. The shore is so precipitous that only a few fathoms out the bottom is difficult to find and all vessels drop anchor practically on the beach with bows to the sea, and lines are carried from the stern to the shore, and made fast to a convenient tree or rock. The usual coterie of small boats and negroes sur-

rounded us, but we had become quite oblivious to their appeals and to the confusion which they invariably created.

After going to the bank and receiving our first bundle of letters from home, we drove to Mt. Rouge, ten miles up the side of the mountain. Martinique is the most picturesque of the islands we have yet seen. The mountains are high and rugged, the tropical foliage very fine, the houses "Frenchy," the costumes gay in color, and the views of sea and land superb. The road was lined with shrines of all sorts, and on the top of the mountain stood a quaint old Catholic church. The priest came out from the confessional to greet us, but sad to relate, the too free use of firewater made him far more ludicrous than dignified. The effects of the cyclone of 1890 were still in evidence. The tower of the cathedral was quite demolished, and it is said that twenty-five years will be required to redeem the gardens and orchards. The following morning we started for a drive up another valley; the ascent was steep, with numberless small streams, easily forded. Stopping at an inn the ladies rested, while the men enjoyed the novelty of swimming in a hot-water plunge hewn in the solid rock. On the way back we stopped at a large plantation and saw the complete reduction of refined white sugar from the cane. While at luncheon on the yacht, the S. S. Muriel arrived and anchored near. Her captain, seeing our flag, sent over a bundle of New York papers, which gave us our first news of the home country; the only news items we had heard in a month were the report of Patti's death and Gladstone's retirement from political leadership. After lunch we hired a tug to tow us from our anchorage to open water, which it did successfully, but the effort seemed too great, for immediately upon casting off, one of its boiler tubes blew out and we left it helplessly adrift. Just as we cleared the harbor the yacht Intrepid came in under full sail and steam—the sight was a pretty, though strange, one, as she gracefully flew along, propelled by her unseen power. The wind was very light, but soon freshened, and ere long we were bowling along at a merry clip. A peculiar freak of the winds seemed to occur as we passed the end of the island. The Coronet was sailing on the port tack close hauled, while not more than three

hundred yards on our starboard a small brig was standing directly toward us, on the same tack. Old Crosby explained it by saying: "Coronet had the ocean breeze, while she had the breeze offshore"—the two conflicting currents uniting just between. Dominica soon loomed in sight, and at eight o'clock, after a spin of thirty-five miles, we were off the town of Roseau. Signals were burned, but no attention was paid to them, so all night we stood by, holding the island in sight. The morning showed Dominica, deserving of its reputation as the most beautiful, wild and grand of all the group, towering five thousand feet from the beautiful waters of the Caribbean. The city proved to be only a small hamlet, and not a boat larger than a yawl was visible, which explained the seeming neglect of the inhabitants the evening before.

After waiting some time the health officer visited us, and lowering the gig we rowed ashore. The jetty was crowded with people, and the American flag was hoisted in our honor, and remained flying during our stay on the island. Jake had a letter to Mr. Stedman, the American consul, who was most kind in his attention. He quickly arranged a trip for us, and eight small but wiry horses having been selected we mounted and carefully picked our way up the mountain trail. At the start there was a moderate ascent, along a beautiful valley rich in tropical palms and fruit orchards. Then the way became suddenly steep; the path was so narrow that frequently we could touch the cliff on one side and look down a thousand feet on the other. We were somewhat nervous at first, but soon found that our steeds were worthy of all confidence. The half-way house was reached at noon, and here lunch brought from the yacht was served. Bent on further exploration, Jake, Arthur and Mrs. Williams rode on to the top of the mountain to see a lake in the bed of an old volcano, while the rest of the party returned. Only two accidents occurred, but they fortunately proved more funny than serious. Jake's fiery steed, longing for home, bolted in that direction while he was dismounted, admiring the beauties of the scenery, and Mrs. Williams' horse on the way home, stumbling, hurled her headlong—with the result, however, of only a sprained finger. Just before reach-

ing the valley, at the foot of the mountain we turned off to visit the fruit plantation of Dr. Nicholls. The overseer escorted us about, and loaded us with a great variety of fruits to take to the yacht. We saw growing pineapples, nutmegs, cinnamon, coffee, lemons, grape fruit, citron, oranges, limes and bananas in bewildering profusion. Returning to the consul's, we were hospitably entertained in his large and airy rooms, and later induced him and his niece to dine with us aboard.

About nine o'clock we bade farewell to our new made friends and the island which had so charmed us, and set sail for St. Thomas. In the morning Thursday, March 15th, we sighted Guadaloupe. A magnificent day's sailing under double reefs resulted in carrying us swiftly along close by Montserrat, Nevis and St. Kitts. Our intention had been to visit St. Kitts, but time being limited, we hurried along to St. Thomas, which was reached the following morning. After the Danish harbor-master had brought us to an anchorage, the men of the party went ashore, sent a cable dispatch home announcing our arrival, attended to banking matters, and found a most welcome batch of home letters. The harbor of St. Thomas is a splendid one, landlocked and very deep. Half a dozen steamers, a number of sailing crafts and the U. S. Schoolship Portsmouth were at anchor. The town, spread over three distinct hills, is the cleanest and most business-like we have yet seen, but the island is dry, flat and uninteresting, with a total lack of tropical foliage. As the island is a coral reef, and has no springs, rain furnishes the only water supply, and is collected on many hill-sides, which are coated with cement to carry every drop to the reservoirs at their foot. An invitation to play tennis on the grounds of the local club was accepted by the men, but the air proved too sultry to thoroughly enjoy the sport. The following morning we enjoyed seeing the process of distilling bay rum from the leaves of the bay tree, which is made here for the markets of the world. After luncheon we visited the Portsmouth, and were cordially received by Commander Barclay, who immediately repaid our call with true naval etiquette. At his departure everything was made ready to sail. All eyes were upon us as we hove up the anchor, for we were in very

close quarters to swing clear, but true to our record the Coronet swung gracefully around. Our crew did magnificent work; one after another the sails were set, and as we passed the Portsmouth with every sail drawing full, our colors were dipped, and a hearty cheer from the boys manning her yards attested true appreciation of the beautiful yacht and her masterly management. Soon well under way, the island quickly faded from view. The Coronet seemed to appreciate that she was homeward bound, and braced herself for a final spurt, plunging into the heavy seas with vicious determination. One hundred and eighty-five knots to noon the following day was logged—twenty-four hours showed two hundred and twenty-five knots, and still she hurried on. At forty-eight hours five hundred and ten knots were placed to her credit, and all were keen for a record run. Sixty hours out and six hundred and four knots were scored—certainly grand sailing, but too good to last.

Tuesday, March 20th, the wind dropped, and lazily we strolled along through acres of gulf weed. Toward evening the first sail was sighted, occasioning some excitement, but a heavy squall coming suddenly upon us completely engaged our attention. Wednesday, March 21st, equinox and a full moon, certainly an ominous combination, for Hatteras was near at hand; however, no storm threatened, and the day ended in calm. Early in the morning there appeared on the horizon the tips of masts which gradually developed into a barque, the Nellie Brett, sailing from Port au Paix to Boston. She wished to be reported, and after taking her measure old Coronet settled to it, and in a few hours left her hull down astern. All night we seethed along, and were counting on an Easter Sunday at Old Point Comfort, but "it is not well to count your chickens before they're hatched," the old adage reads. Cape Hatteras was before us, and a lively shake-up she was planning. Gradually the wind increased in force until a gale was blowing; lightning and thunder added to the awful scene. The sea was lashed to fury; oil bags were placed under our bow, but the combers seemed possessed to wreck us. Like a fighter the Coronet seemed to edge away to regain strength, and then would brace for the furious onslaught. Buffeted

almost beyond endurance, we finally turned and ran before the tyrant. Under bare poles in nine hours we logged ninety miles. Meeting a steamer we signalled, asking to be reported. We were off Cape Lookout, and well out to sea, and so decided to try for Wilmington, North Carolina, as the wind was carrying us in that direction, but during the night the storm broke, and in the morning the wind was strong from the southwest, so we decided to make another try for Hatteras. The wind freshened and we felt confident of success, though one hundred and twenty miles was before us. It was Easter Sunday, and appropriate services were held in the cabin in the afternoon. We were in the track of coast steamers, and quite a number passed us during the day. Thirty miles from the Cape on Monday morning, another roaring northeaster hit us, and so fiercely it blew that again we were forced to run. All day we scudded along as before, under bare poles, until at night, by sounding (our only guide) we found ourselves again off Wilmington. It was no easy matter to pick up the lightship, but obtaining direction from some vessels, which we passed so close that we were able to hail those upon deck, we succeeded in picking up the light at midnight, and by breakfast time were making our way up the harbor. It was very cold and the wind dead ahead. At nine o'clock the pilot came aboard, and after two hours hard beating up the narrow and winding channel, we came to anchor at Southport, North Carolina. That afternoon some of the party took the old side-wheeler up the Cape Fear River to Wilmington, and caught the fast coastline express through to New York; the rest of the party followed the next day, leaving the grand old yacht for Captain Crosby and the crew to bring home some day when the King of the Winds at Hatteras was not looking. And so the trip ended as it began—in a storm. But storms and ills are soon forgotten, while the memory of the wonderful days and nights on land and sea abides. The Coronet and the islands of the sea remain a glorious reality, yet like a happy dream.

A. W. F. and Wm. M. K.

PART II.

THE TRIP TO THE BRAS D'OR LAKES, AUGUST, 1894.

At half-past one Saturday afternoon, August 4th, we left New York—beating out to Sandy Hook against a light wind. At four o'clock Sunday morning we had made one hundred and twenty-two miles, but the wind had almost gone, and a real peaceful "Sabbath calm" was upon us. The squeamish fish-feeders strenuously objected to having "church on rollers," at eleven o'clock, and begged for postponement to four o'clock vespers, when, they said, the old favorite, "Eternal Father, Strong to Save," could be better sung, and with that fervor which is possible only with a well-ordered digestion.

The run to Halifax was made in five days, and was slow but comfortable, owing to light winds. "Tug," the perennial old fisherman, caught some hake, and on the same day we had a sword fish almost on deck, which Mr. Berthold (*nee* Andrew) harpooned. Had he given the brute more rope, and allowed him to use himself up, he could easily have been captured.

After running for two days before the wind, with spinnaker set, we sighted the coast of Nova Scotia. Speeding along before an increasing breeze about ten miles from shore, we were off Sanbro Thursday afternoon. At this point the pilot came on board and reported that the *Intrepid* had been in Halifax, and had gone up to the lakes. The *Yampa* was also expected from St. John, where she left two days before. The *Coronet*, *Intrepid* and *Yampa*—three noble representatives of the American yachting world!

Entering the harbor of Halifax, one cannot help recalling of what vast importance this stronghold of English civilization has been to the development of the whole American Continent. "Alone of all the British colonies on the continent," says Parkman, "this new settlement was the offspring,

not of private enterprise, but of royal authority. With only a few old crumbling forts sparsely manned in Arcadia on the south, and Louisburg on the north, restored to the French and strongly defended by them, this well chosen site of the harbor of Chebucto has ever been the foremost seat of England's power on the Atlantic coast."

But one must be profoundly impressed with the past history of Halifax, to escape being rudely disenchanted by her as she appears to-day. The people, buildings, streets, shops, hotels are all of the familiar provincial type, from which the visitor often turns in disgust. We drove through the town in squads, for there appeared to be no vehicle in the place large enough to hold us all. Our driver had gorgeous red whiskers, but lacked a palate, so that his superlative dissertations on the sights of the town were none the less amusing by reason of this deformity.

We visited the Gardens, the Fort, and saw most of the public buildings. The Fort, or Citadel, overlooking the town, is garrisoned by three hundred men. There are nearly two thousand British soldiers in or about the city, the harbor is mined, so that Halifax is perhaps the leading English stronghold on the continent.

On Saturday, August 11th, we started up the coast with an old "down-easter" for a pilot, who has ever held the title on board the Coronet of 'luff 'er up a little, Cap.'" He came over the side of the boat early in the morning, throwing ahead of him on the deck his goods and chattels, enveloped in a huge bandana handkerchief. He planted on the smooth deck his mighty heels, bristling with steel pegs, and lifting his old red beak up at the masthead, and straining his neck (which we strongly suspected was very long) was soon lost in a reverie of admiration.

It was so cool that the saloon fire was needed to be comfortable. Cold hands (and red noses, since the pilot came on board) were quite in form. We pushed along the Nova Scotia coast as fast as possible, hoping to reach Canso or St. Peter's for Sunday. Jake, "Tug" and Charley Stearns rendered chaste musi-



ON PARADE.

cal trios, to the delight of the galleries. Early Sunday morning we ran into St. Peter's harbor through a tortuous channel, using the lead as fast as it could be thrown, making fast to the dock close up to the first lock of the canal. St. Peter's is an attractive little Scotch settlement, consisting of a few small white houses and one church. We attended morning service and heard an energetic Scotch Presbyterian missionary discourse on "Christian Warfare." "Work and pray," he shouted. "Work honestly, work thoroughly. When you sweep, sweep thoroughly, and sweep under the mats." The mat metaphor impressed us.

The dock was lined with natives, who were amazed at the size and luxuriousness of the *Coronet*. "Crazy George" of local fame pranced up and down, singing and shouting about some tea branches that he had to sell. Miss Wilson and the writer visited an Indian camp near by. We were much amused by an old squaw who said: "I'm mighty glad to meet yer, for I never seed a Yankee nigh-to before." Afternoon tea was served on a little hill overlooking the town, and a red-bearded native related to us some local traditions, one of which was that a large amount of gold had been buried near where we were sitting, and many confiding fortune hunters had sunk their little all in trying to dig up the hidden treasure.

On Monday, August 13th, we began the most beautiful part of our trip through the canal and up the lakes to Baddeck. "Crazy George" came down to say good-by, laden with wild roses and tea branches. He was bent and lame, his long, gray, curly hair was knotted and dirty, and while all hands slowly dragged our boat through the locks he sang, shouted and swore at us his "good-by."

On Monday morning the weather was most favorable, and the lakes, surrounding hills and cloudless sky formed a beautiful picture in different shades of blue. Having sailed with a light breeze for about six miles up the lake, we reached the Indian village, or encampment, where all the tribes annually gather to celebrate their religious festivals and marriage rites under the direction of the French priest. They have one strange custom, which they call "Shooting the

Devil." At a given signal the Indians rush out of the church yelling like madmen, and discharge their rifles in all directions.

We passed safely under the railroad bridge at Grand Narrows, where the current runs with terrific velocity. The old pilot came running aft as fast as his tottering legs could carry him, and sang out: "I've been dreading that place all the way up." His radiant smile for the next hour made us ready to believe him.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we sighted Mr. Graham Bell's house, which stands like a watchdog at the entrance of Baddeck harbor. We were soon ashore, and quickly found Edna Clarke. In the evening we accepted Mr. Bell's very cordial invitation to his house, where we met his father and mother, whose golden wedding had been celebrated a few days previous.

Having been strongly urged by Mr. Bell's secretary and others to devote a day to fishing at Middle River, we deferred our departure to Wednesday morning. Middle River is about twelve miles inland from Baddeck. We piled into two primitive wagons and, after a rather uncomfortable drive, reached the stream where trout were so abundant that they almost could have been caught with nets. As one farmer remarked: "Trout is no luxury here; I'd rather have a good nice herrin' with my purtaters than a trout any day." Arthur had given special instructions to the hotel keeper to prepare us the very best luncheon the market afforded; but "when the pie was opened," we found the red napkin contained bread, butter, jelly and cookies well jammed together, pudding fashion. However, it was a decided change from our diet on board the Coronet, and with the aid of several quarts of milk bought at a farmhouse, not only fully appeased our appetites, but furnished considerable fun.

At the farmhouse we learned that eggs were worth ten cents a dozen, chickens twenty-five cents each, and white maple wood two dollars and twenty-five cents a cord. The people were mostly Scotch, and spoke Gaelic. "Tug" was full of business, and spent most of the day in the middle of the stream, his trousers rolled up to the last reef, a soft hat pulled over his

eyes, and a pipe in his mouth—altogether an ornament to any landscape. Twenty trout were caught in the crowd—ten of them by the driver, Dunlap. When we returned to the yacht in the afternoon, some of us went in bathing and found the water as warm as on the south side of Cape Cod.

After dinner the awning was set and the deck prettily trimmed and lighted for an informal reception to the Baddeck people. Mr. and Mrs. George Kennan, the Bells, and several others came on board. Mr. Kennan entertained us with his Russian experiences. When he sang their folk songs Andrew could scarcely control his emotions, for, he told us, it was the first time he had heard them since he left his native land.

On Wednesday morning, August 15th, after waiting for a breeze from seven until nine o'clock, we sailed slowly out of Baddeck amid waving flags and handkerchiefs, the Kennans and McKeens following us in small sailboats. We saluted Mr. Bell as we passed his house, and were answered by his launch whistle, a large bell on the piazza, and several small guns. We fired a second cartridge, and the shore demonstrations were renewed vigorously. When we had rounded the point of Mr. Bell's land we got better wind and quieted down to a peaceful sail up the lake. Two or three miles above Baddeck we passed a lime quarry on the west bank, operated by a Philadelphia firm.

I now come to the only mishap of the trip, for which our pilot was responsible. He should have advised towing from Baddeck, or waiting for a fair wind, instead of beating through a channel which was in some places barely one hundred feet wide. We passed safely by all the dangerous places except the last—at the very entrance of Bras d'Or—where we ran aground, fortunately on the westerly sandy shore instead of on the rocks opposite. For a few minutes all was confusion, and although no one was alarmed for their personal safety, it seemed as if the *Coronet* would be seriously, if not permanently disabled. Captain Crosby's language was eloquently profane. "Tug" and Charley Stearns were dispatched to North Sidney to get tugs to pull us off; meanwhile the good people came out from shore and worked like beavers. We became quite inter-

ested in one of them, Captain Livingston. He furnished the horse and buggy, to say nothing of his oldest daughter as driver, that conveyed the men to North Sidney. We went to Livingston's house and saw his wife and nine children. He told us that he served in the Union army and had drawn a pension of six dollars per month until it was cut off by the Cleveland administration. Mrs. Livingston was much alarmed about her daughter, who had ridden to Sidney with two gay young Americans, and with good reason, for "Tug" and Stearns constantly referred to their drive with "Julie" and her horse "Penny."

With the turn of the tide we were safely floated off the sand bar without the help of the two tugs which arrived too late for service, but in time to collect their fat fee, which they worked out by towing us, tandem fashion, to North Sidney.

At North Sidney we went ashore for letters and telegrams. I remember but two facts about the place—one that Arthur was charged one-quarter of one per cent. for cashing a New York check, the other that the Dominion Coal Company mine was there, and produced a very soft coal which sold locally for one dollar and sixty cents per barrel. On Friday morning, August 17th, when we had hoped to make an early start for Bar Harbor, and had waited till nearly noon for a wind, it shut in very thick, so that we were not fairly out of the harbor until six o'clock in the afternoon. As we passed out we met a French man-of-war and exchanged salutes. After passing Scatari about midnight, we changed our course and headed straight down the coast. It was a nasty wet night; everybody was in oilers and so'westers. Seven of us formed a pool at fifty cents each on the time we would be in Bar Harbor. The writer's vanity compels him to state that he won it. Saturday morning as we were passing Canso we sighted, as we supposed, the Yampa. For several hours we had the excitement of a little brush with our supposed worthy rival; but finally the knowing ones decided it must be some other boat, because we ran away from her so rapidly—possibly the Alert. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday were wet and stormy. On Sunday morning the wind was blowing hard, and we could make very little on our

course. Monday morning the fog lifted, the wind shifted to the east, and for a few hours we made good progress. But in the afternoon high winds and heavy seas prevailed. There was a great deal of motion, yet no one was seasick. Monday afternoon we all played "hearts," even Arthur, though he was "card-sick" after a few hands and had to go on deck to get the air. About three o'clock in the afternoon, Quartermaster Tom was at the wheel, and was driving the boat hard into the rollers, making faster time than the Coronet had ever made before, and heeling to an angle of forty-seven degrees. As he was giving up to Cole he plunged her hard into a wave, putting the rail far under, and breaking a stay under the bowsprit. A blue, sulphurous haze was seen to rise from Captain Crosby's cabin, followed by the old gentleman himself.

Early Wednesday morning we all hurried on deck to see that we were entering Bar Harbor, with Green Mountain just above us. We sailed through the Porcupines and anchored next the Marguerita. After breakfast we called for Miss and Mr. McWilliams at the Marlborough, and all drove up Green Mountain, except Arthur, Stearns and "Tug," who went to Sorrento.

I must now leave the Coronet and her delightful company in the care of some other narrator, for that evening the Boston train dragged me away an unwilling captive, and at an early hour the following morning I was safely deposited behind iron bars and time locks.

E. H. F.

PART III.

SECOND CRUISE TO THE WEST INDIES, FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1895.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1895.—The end of the first real day at sea. We sailed from Tebo's Basin, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon, or, rather, were towed out through the ice, getting stuck on the mud twice before we were out of sight of the wharf, and the waving papas and mammas and uncles and aunts. Besides Captain and Mrs. James there are in the party Miss Florence Sullivan, Mr. Howard Wilson, Mr. Frank Plummer, Mr. Arthur Francis, and L. H. A. Miss Sullivan and I looked at each other with much interest, for a month on the Coronet together meant getting pretty well acquainted. She was loaded with violets, and with a sailor cap and ship's ribbon looked ready for the worst—but now! When we got really clear we “went into commission,” that is, the gun was fired, and the New York Yacht Club's signal and the Coronet's private signal hoisted to the mastheads. At first every one made a great rush to get unpacked and distributed, and to stow things away in the various cubby holes in the staterooms, not knowing how soon they might be disabled. After passing Scotland light, which we saluted, and after seeing the last of the shore, we went down to a very jolly first dinner—ate, drank and were merry. The cabin is a good size, with couches extending the length of the sides, a shelf for books above them, a little open grate stove, a piano, and the dining table in the middle, with bright lights above it.

After dinner we sang a little, and Mr. Francis played his guitar, with Mr. Plummer accompanying on the autoharp. We turned in (you don't say “go to bed” at sea, you know) early, and most of us lay listening to the strange sounds of the creak-



SECOND WEST INDIAN PARTY.

ing boom, the gurgling water, and the flapping sails, most of the night. Perhaps our friends will feel comforted to know that the Coronet is not only a beautiful but a very seaworthy boat. She is one hundred and thirty-three feet long, has been twice to Europe, once around Cape Horn in stormy weather, and once around the world. That was before Captain James owned her. Now he says she was never in better shape, and indeed everything looks most businesslike. She is painted white, has two masts and carries lots of sail; so she is a pretty sight.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28TH.—Like the little girl in Wordsworth's poem I had to sing, "We are seven," and be imaginative as to the whereabouts of my brothers and sisters at the breakfast table this morning. I won't say I made a complete success of it in dressing, but I didn't disgrace myself at the breakfast table, like Mr. Plummer, by sitting with a determined pale-green look before an innocent dropped egg, and then making a beeline for deck. Mr. Francis, too, was a complete failure this morning, and as for Mrs. James and Miss Sullivan, they didn't think of leaving their berths, and were both deathly ill.

We have run into the Gulf Stream in the night, and the air is soft and damp, with clouds above and a great breeze blowing that takes us flying, at from ten to thirteen knots an hour. I was willing to sit quite still in a steamer chair (except when its lashing broke, and I was landed halfway to leeward in a mass of rugs and pillows with all the men on deck running to pick me up). A hurried excursion through the cabin gave me a glimpse of Mr. F., Mr. P. and Mr. W. lying in a pale row, one after the other, on the lounge. Mr. Wilson, however, is a perfectly successful sailor, and with Captain James and me formed the lunch party in the afternoon. I took a picture of Mr. Plummer weakly tasting a little broth. We passed only one ship, and, strange to say, out of all the broad ocean, she was so exactly in our course that we had to change it to avoid running into her. Ladies were helped up on deck in the afternoon, but felt slim. Sunset was lovely, and the coming on of night beautiful.

FRIDAY, MARCH 1ST.—Invalids better. I have been seasick two or three times, but got over it soon. Same faithful three attended breakfast. (Mr. Francis says: "'Tisn't a question of not missing any meals, it's not *losing any* that counts). but were a trifle silent, except Captain James, who, if he has feelings, hides them, and braces every one up by being encouraging.

Warmer still this morning. Bright sunshine and dashing blue water and flying foam. If the Coronet keeps on at this rate we may make a record to Bermuda and reach there tomorrow night. The sailing master and Captain James say we couldn't have had more perfect wind and weather, for we have kept one course straight for Bermuda all the way.

Mrs. James and Miss Sullivan have lain on cushions on deck all day. We are all getting to the sleepy stage, and take naps wherever we happen to be. I had one in the cabin when Captain James and Mr. Wilson were making their calculations about our longitude, which grew exciting at one time, but didn't wake me. Alfred (the steward) every few minutes takes something up to try to tempt people to eat—a little broth, an orange, a glass of milk, a cracker. He is the most sympathetic man, and though "'E didn't feel nothin' to brag of 'imself, Miss," is always waiting on every one. After a long evening (but too short) in the soft air on deck, I have come down and am in my berth writing this. The lamp is swinging to and fro. Every one is asleep, except the watch on deck. They have just rung five bells—half-past ten—and it is time to say good-night.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2D.—Mrs. James and Miss Sullivan will hereafter be called Harriet and Florence.

The first thing in the morning Alfred comes to our doors with a peeled orange stuck on a fork. Then comes breakfast. At eleven somebody rings, and we all order what we think would taste good—ginger ale, Apollinaris, milk or bouillon. At one we lunch. Afternoon tea is brought on deck at four or five. We dine at seven, and before bedtime we find it necessary to have a little taste of something more! This morning



SIGHTING BERMUDA.

after breakfast we found ourselves within thirty miles of Bermuda, so the mate and Mr. Wilson posted themselves in the rigging to watch out. At nine-thirty land was spied—the faintest blue cloud. We have made a splendid run to pick up these tiny islands so exactly, and so quickly. As we drew nearer—keeping well out because of the reef—we began to see tiny boats sailing, one of which came bobbing toward us, and turned out to be a pilot boat, flying a flag as big as itself. The pilot—an old man as black as coal—came on board with his papers, and the Coronet was turned over to his guidance. The reefs are extremely dangerous, and the channel narrow, and as we beat to and fro we could see the coral very near the surface, through the clear brilliant water. The island has low, rolling hills, covered with dark green trees, through which we spy with our glasses the white roofs of houses. As we enter the main harbor we find the great English ship Blake lying at anchor off the naval station. We had to stop nearby to wait for a tug to tow us through the complicated channel among the little islands, and nearly as soon as our anchor was dropped an officer from the Blake came, bringing invitations from the admiral to go on board. We couldn't stop then, but hope to go later. The sun set as we wound among the islands, and as the stars and the little moon came out, and the soft wind blows into our faces across the twilight water, we find ourselves singing, as we so often do, when we are so happy we can do nothing else. Coming finally to anchor close by shore, near the town of Hamilton, the Coronet takes on an unwonted quiet, and we go to sleep in berths that rock only in our imagination.

SUNDAY, MARCH 3D.—Daylight shows us that we are anchored in a perfectly landlocked harbor, with little islands here and there in the bright blue water. The Princess Hotel is directly on the edge of the water, and the low white houses of the town are nearly hidden by the dark green cedar trees. We were rowed to shore in the gig, the sailors all dressed up in their blue sailor suits and caps. On our way up the sleepy little streets of the town, toward the cathedral, we caught

glimpses of charming old gardens, behind the gray coral stone walls, covered with green. The sun and the breeze make us first warm and then cool. The church is a rather bare looking one, but the English service was pleasant. For the first time I heard the prayers for the Queen of England. Little birds were flying about in the sunlight that came in through the upper windows, and made a pretty chirping during the solemn intonations of the reading. English and Americans were mixed in the congregation. After the service I met two girls from Boston that I knew. Then we all walked up to the Hamilton Hotel and looked about. The place looks entirely unlike any I've ever seen. The streets are hard coral stone, the houses are all built of the same, covered with stucco and painted white, and surrounded by walls built in the same way. It is very pretty and exceedingly quaint. Sang hymns and wrote letters and did nothing the rest of the day.

MONDAY, MARCH 4TH.—The whole day was spent in driving nearly the length of the island, stopping by the way to present Captain James' letters and credentials and things, and thus getting a very good idea of the place, with its homes. The lilies are not out yet, but the fields of them and of the onions are everywhere. Nearly landlocked harbors and bays cut the land up everywhere, and make the views lovely—much like lakes in some places. Crowds of little darkies (with English accents) followed us about, hoping for pennies. The soldiers in their red coats make brilliant spots, and are to be seen everywhere. The men with us spend much time in trying to walk like them, and talk English. In the evening we trimmed the deck with flags and lanterns, and some people from the hotel came on board. We put on lots of airs with the landlubbers and patronized them tremendously. But when the people cleared out we all got together and said how nice we all are, and how much we like each other and love the Coronet.

TUESDAY, MARCH 5TH.—The whole morning—a rainy one—we spent in the cabin sitting around the table writing letters, for we leave to-morrow, and must get off all our mail. If my

letters are a trifle distracted you must imagine the difficulty of writing with six other people throwing in side remarks, or asking how to spell things (chiefly "doldrums") or requiring an account of what you are saying about them, or whom you are saying them to. It was pretty muggy and damp, but keeping quiet one was comfortable. At three in the afternoon we were all arrayed, ready to receive Admiral Sir John Hopkins, who had sent word that he would call. Sir John turned out to be a most delightful, stubby-bearded old Englishman, who, with his secretary, Mr. Sanderton, was much pleased with the *Coronet* and with a huge box of candy, which has not been much in demand since we left. After returning to shore he put his launch at Captain James' disposal, with a card to the officers at the navy yard, and also asked us all to lunch to-morrow. The launch, manned by sailors from Her Majesty's ship *Blake*, took us flying down the harbor between the islands, over the wonderful blue water, now sunlit again. At the navy yard we saw a huge floating dry dock, towed over from England in '69, and which to-day had in it a man-of-war in need of patching up. We are more and more impressed with the method and preciseness and businesslike look which everything done by England shows. Every soldier like a ramrod and at his post, with his red coat and absurd little cap cocked over his ear. The navy yard is a good one, immaculately neat, at one end of the long, irregular string of islands. These larger islands, by the way, are like one, being connected with good bridges, or causeways. We couldn't go on the *Blake*, as she was coaling.

In the different harbors of Bermuda one sees always various disabled ships, caught in the midst of the ocean by storms, and making straight for these dots of islands as the only land anywhere near. The natives call them lame ducks.

In the evening we went up to a dance at the Hamilton Hotel, for which the military band played. The room was hot, and the music too fast for American taste, and there weren't very many English naval or army officers to amuse us, so we returned in the moonlight to our dear boat, singing as usual.

The mail steamer came to-day, and brought me only one

letter. This was disappointing, but not knowing until so late that we were going to be but a short time in Bermuda, and were going on to the West Indies, put out my calculations as to mails. However, I hope for the best in Havana.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6TH.—Our last morning in Bermuda, and no end of things to do. The Coronet is to be towed around to the other side of the island while we are lunching at Admiralty House, and then we are to meet it there, and set sail. At ten some people (the girls I know and others) came on board to see the yacht, and Florence and I did the honors. Every one is impressed with the comfort of everything, our cabins, etc. Then we went on shore to do a few errands, buy gloves (which are cheap here) pretty hat bands and so on. Mr. Plummer and I drove down the street in a donkey cart not much larger than the goat cart at Hampton, with a donkey which had to be scratched and prodded to make it go. A small colored boy met us going and coming with a bit of shell which he obligingly jabbed into the poor little animal to induce progress. Then a rush on board again, and we returned to shore dressed for lunch.

The Admiralty House is on a hill sloping directly down to the ocean, which beats against coral rocks, and which everywhere shows its splendid color through the trees and aloes and palms which fill the grounds. Admiral Hopkins met us at his door, and took us over the house and gardens, commenting with delightful frankness and a good deal of humor on everything. Some former admiral, with an ingenious turn, had had hollowed out, down at the water's edge, a good-sized cave and some long passages, with window-like holes looking down upon the dashing waves. A long old flight of shallow steps leads to this through masses of aloes and oleanders and cactus and hibiscus trees. Sir John sent back for his little daughter, a small child of five, who was devoted to "Daddy," and led the way, holding her hand. Miss Hopkins, a lovely girl of eighteen or so, with her gentle voice and pretty accent, went about with us too, as did Lady Hopkins. Our little journey brought us through another long passage underground,

beneath the vegetable garden, past the tennis court and to the house, where luncheon was ready. Neither Lady nor Miss Hopkins took their hats off, and were in the simplest clothes, while we were quite dressed up. The long, low room, with doors and windows open, the table covered with flowers, the lunch itself, all make a most charming memory. Admiralty House is a funny, rambling, crazy house, with strange things from the sea in the hall, a couple of gorgeous macaws on the veranda, a monkey, two or three dogs and a cat in attendance. After lunch directly we had to say good-by, for there was the Coronet waiting for us offshore. A farewell gun to the admiral, a sunset over the rolling hills of little Bermuda, a last flash of its lighthouse, and we are plunging through the foam in the moonlight again.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7TH.—Alas for the admiral's luncheon! How many of us rued it before morning! Harriet and Florence again are invisible, and Mr. Plummer and Mr. Francis over their hurried and meager breakfast have taken on their last Thursday's pale color. You see Thursday was our first day at sea before, and to our minds now it stands for all the woes of a first day at sea. Both sails reefed this morning, and a sea that comes up over the decks a little too often. Every one except Mr. Wilson, Captain James and I very much under the weather, and the day has been a long, perfectly lazy one for me, varied only by what little things I could do for Harriet and Florence, and uncontrollable laughing over the wocbe-gone appearance of Mr. Francis and Mr. Plummer. I'm sorry for them, but they are *funny*. I'm writing this in the cabin, upon the sofa of which is Mr. Francis. Verily pride is nowhere these days.

FRIDAY, MARCH 8TH.—Invalids much better, and sitting in the sun. Really nothing happened that can be put down. We are all alone in the midst of this big running sea, for we pass no ships, and see very little life in the sea. Two or three silvery flying fish, and a few beautiful white man-of-war birds

were all our company. At eleven Alfred, immaculate in a white duck suit, with brass buttons, appears with nice little chicken sandwiches and clinking glasses of something. The sun is very hot, and we are all getting a great tan, or rather burn, at this stage. What a lazy existence, and how delicious! We read aloud in the afternoon, and the evening under the moon was heavenly. The sun set quite clear, and the evening star came out from the blue sky. We are in the trade wind regions, so that the sky begins to be varied by great masses of white clouds that in the moonlight are magnificent.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9TH.—It is hot work dressing in the mornings, but the breeze on deck always refreshes us. All the morning we sat or lay or lounged on top of the gig (or small boat), which is on deck, and which, covered with canvas, is a pretty good cot. We read aloud, we talked, we fooled, we did nothing industriously until lunch time.

It is so much nicer to have Harriet and Florence well and about. There may be some glory in being the only lady on deck, but it is more lively with the rest. Wind began to die out late in the afternoon, and the sunset and moonlight over the quiet, rolling water was lovely. A stillness comes over us in the beauty of these evenings. Perhaps it is that in all the scene there is no one but our little boat and our little selves, while above us the sky seems so great and the horizon so far away, and the whole thing so exquisite that we are for once forced to be still. The evening was warm and damp, the sail flapping noisily because of the swaying of the boat, and the log standing nearly still. Lying on one's back on deck, and watching the huge masses of clouds piling up in the moonlight, gives one a strange effect of being overwhelmed by them.

SUNDAY, MARCH 10TH.—Late breakfast. The men look very nice in their white clothes this morning, and indeed it is quite certain that we are within the tropics.

At half-past ten all the sailors, very clean and scrubbed, in their blue suits, trimmed with white braid, came down to service in the cabin. Captain James read the service; Florence

played, and we all sang with all our might. Captain James is reducing his costume to first principles, and clad in the lightest flannels, minus necktie, with sleeves rolled up, he is most happy. We are sitting at this moment in the cabin while a little shower passes over our heads. We are aiming at Turk's Island, which, if our wind will only freshen, we may reach to-night. From there we shall go through a passage between the islands to Jamaica. In the afternoon we lost our breeze again, but as we don't want to get too near these islands, with their surrounding reefs, in the night we do not mind going slowly. Our peaceful hours on deck are somewhat interrupted by the little showers that come down upon us every little while from the trade wind clouds, and we have made half a dozen hasty flights to the cabin to get in altogether our rugs, books, parasols, cameras, guitars and selves.

We were called from the dining table to see a moon rainbow, which in the gorgeous moonlight showed its colors quite distinctly, more so than the one I saw in Hawaii. The moon is full to-night, and we sat in a row in our steamer chairs watching it shining clear in the sky, which seemed to have that faint greenish tinge sometimes to be seen. The great clouds made wonderful effects. At about nine the first shadows of the eclipse began to steal over the moon's clear light, and as it deepened and finally covered the whole moon, the clouds disappeared, and in the deep sky the stars suddenly seemed to start out. The darkness after the brilliance of the night, the strange reddish disk of the darkened moon, and the wonderful stars made an evening not soon to be forgotten.

MONDAY, MARCH 11TH.—A fresh breeze again. After breakfast land was sighted, the first sign of anything since we left Bermuda last Wednesday. The mate's calculation, made by the stars last night, turned out to be correct, and the little island was, as we hoped, Turk's Island. We do not stop here. The white breakers along the reefs around the wind-blown shore, with two wrecked ships lying upon them, make anything but an inviting harbor. Our field glasses can discover a small

village and a few plantations, with trees all bending one way from the constant northeast wind. One of the wrecks was an iron steamer once, for the great bow, and the iron propeller sticking high up out of the water are those of a large boat.

Read aloud in the afternoon. It is a little cooler to-day, and the evening has been perfect—not nearly so damp. We try to walk the deck a little every day, and the men play ball and bean bags. But loafing comes more natural.

TUESDAY, MARCH 12TH.—A hot day. Some of us sat in the cabin in the morning playing whist, but Arthur, James, Mr. Francis and I found a cool place on deck and spent the morning there. Off the starboard side we could see very far away the high, dim mountains of Cuba—over them an exquisite cloud cap. Lunch, naps, a little hat trimming to be ready for landing, reading aloud, bring us to five o'clock, the present moment. We are all on deck in thin clothes, enjoying the shade of the sail and the breeze—Florence reading, Harriet sewing, two of the men playing ball, the other two fooling about. The sailors, some of them, sewing on some sail cloth, and the stewards and cooks putting their heads up from the galley to get cool. The thermometer has said eighty-six in the shady companionway to-day, while the sun has been so hot that Captain James has worn a cork helmet all day. We sat in the cabin after dinner doing tricks, until some one came down and reminded us that we were wasting good moonlight. The wind is a following wind, and the huge waves flying after us in the moonlight are a wonderful sight.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13TH.—The wind failed us in the night, so that we didn't sight Jamaica this morning as we hoped to. Muslin dresses to-day, and then in the cabin we are too warm. On coming up from lunch we find that the wind is very fresh, and is taking us twelve knots an hour, so that we have come in sight of the great mountains of Jamaica. I am sitting by the rail as we run by the end of it, and we can see a lighthouse with cocoanut trees growing near, a long low strip of land, and beyond stunning great masses of mountains piling

up behind each other, the clouds hanging above. The mate is climbing the rigging to keep a watch for reefs. It is strange to think that this is Jamaica; and our first stopping place since a week ago, when we left Bermuda, has a good deal of interest for us, as you can imagine. All the afternoon we ran past the coast, and toward sunset the lights on the great mountains were most wonderful and dreamlike. Clouds were drifting in and out, their shadows creeping across the mountains. The formation of the valleys is much like some of the finest ones in Hawaii, and absolutely unlike any I've ever seen elsewhere. The scenery must be magnificent. Bright spots of green showed through the glasses as sugar plantations, and cocoanut trees were everywhere. It was an afternoon that I cannot describe, but I have a picture in my mind to dream about afterward. We were too late to enter the harbor to-night, so hove to, and sailed slowly up and down all night. We seemed to be sailing right up the moon's path, as she rose (waning now) from a bank of clouds.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14TH.—Kingston Harbor, Jamaica.—Up at six-thirty to see the approach. Pilot, an educated colored man, came aboard early and brought us round a most picturesque point, covered with cocoanut trees, among which were the houses of Port Royal, the port of Kingston. English naval officers and quarantine doctor came aboard to see our papers, and then, flying in, the strong trade blowing, we made up the harbor to Kingston, where we dropped anchor. A wonderfully beautiful harbor. Great massed mountains rising directly before us, are behind the town, which seems a pretty good size. A good many ships are at anchor, a yacht, and the U. S. S. *Saratoga* are directly alongside of us. We are scribbling away in the cabin while the sailors get the sails down, a job that requires much shouting, apparently. The thermometer is eighty-five, so you can see that I am none too cool in my last summer's muslin. We shall go ashore this afternoon probably, but I shall save my doings in Jamaica to be "continued in our next."

THURSDAY, MARCH 14TH.—According to the advice of Sir John Hopkins and the American consul, Mr. Eakford, we engaged carriages for the afternoon to take a drive, and to-morrow will go by railroad on another trip. Mr. Eakford is from Mississippi, and most Southern and gallant. He took us through some charming gardens back of his house. Kingston is awfully dusty and dirty, and the sun is hot, but the trade wind blows. The streets are full of negroes, lounging, sleeping or talking. They are very dirty, but the whole place is picturesque enough and interesting. We drove out through the town to the Constant Spring Hotel, past any number of little houses on the outskirts of the town swarming with darkies. The houses are built either with the whole front open or with large slat blinds in front to let the air blow through. The long straight road was filled with negro women, their skirts hitched up, and all with bundles or baskets on their heads. They take vegetables to market in the morning and go back at sunset. No men ever carry bundles, for it is thought a disgrace for them. The trees are most beautiful and very tropical. Cocoanuts, palms, bread-fruit, mangoes, everywhere. At the hotel the men disappeared and came back, having had a delicious swim in the spring house.

Driving through the pretty gardens to the governor's, where Arthur left his cards and letters, we finally began going up into the mountains. The sun was setting, and as we spun along the fine road the view grew most beautiful. The valleys and hollows are very deep, and the sides of the mountains covered with thickly growing tropical trees. The road winds about, climbing steadily, but at such good grades that the horses trotted all the way. The deep shadowy valleys far below and the fast darkening sky gave us one of the pictures that we shall remember. People seem to live up in the mountains everywhere in their picturesque square little houses. Mr. Eakford, the consul, came to dine with us on board, and entertained us with old stories, told in the most fascinating Southern accent.

FRIDAY, MARCH 15TH.—We get up early in the tropics,



FROM A CAR WINDOW, JAMAICA.

and at six-thirty were breakfasting. Then we went on shore to take the train for an all day's trip back into the island. The inhabitants seem about as proud of their railroad as they are in Honolulu. The railroad carriages are mostly in the English style, and I was interested in my first sight of them. The station was crowded with the inevitable swarm of darkies, jabbering. We left the train at Ewarton and took carriages to drive over the mountains to the Moneague Hotel. Everywhere the roads are perfectly made, smooth and hard, well-graded and protected on the outside by a good stone wall. The scenery is wonderfully fine; the mountains pile up in high, steep masses. The cocoanuts and bananas and palms are everywhere, the shadows of the clouds lie on the slope. The air grew cooler as we got higher, and nowhere was it unbearable. We passed lots of women carrying green bananas, water, or cocoanuts on their heads, and took some pictures of them. Our donkeys were driven at a breakneck speed up and down. The hotel at Moneague is on a hill looking off toward the mountains, and quite by itself, so that it was a curious thing to find there two young married couples, both of whom some of us knew. Young Mr. and Mrs. Townsend (married three weeks ago) were the dearest little couple, and looked like a pair of children strayed from home. Harriet asked all four to come back and spend the night with us, and we all started in hot haste after luncheon on the drive back. After nearly killing the donkeys we got to the train in time to wait three-quarters of an hour, but passed the time eating sugar cane, and disposing of the great cocoanut branches we had brought back to trim the yacht with. The railroad journey is uninteresting along the flat land, and only pretty where it gives a glimpse of a mountain river or two. The two brides and their husbands were very enthusiastic about spending a night on the Coronet, and indeed she looked very inviting as we went aboard after the dusty journey. We put up the great palm leaves around the deck, and then had tea, while the breeze rustled through them. We had quite a lively dinner table, and a charming evening on deck singing. Mr. and Mrs. Townsend sat near enough to hold hands, and suggested love songs, and were very spoony

and cunning. Welsh rarebit on deck finished the day, and as the moon rose over the harbor late we went sleepily to bed.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16TH.—Early breakfast again, and then on shore to see the market and do a little shopping. The market is just on the water's edge, and is supplied by women who bring in the vegetables and fruits from the country. With their turbans and tucked-up skirts and bare feet, the women are very picturesque. They speak what sounds like jargon, but turns out to be English when you take it apart.

We went up to one or two shops hunting for characteristic things to buy, but there is a great lack of them. Florence and I got some braided hats at a shilling, which Mr. Plummer and Mr. Francis have promised to trim for us, to wear on board. The heat and dust made us want to get back to the boat. When we got on board, we found about ten boys, from the training ship anchored near us, come over to make a call. So Florence and I did the honors, and took them below. Some of them found it almost too much to see things that they said looked so much like home. They are training, not for the navy, but for merchantmen, sailing masters, etc.

We have decided to sail to-day, for while there is a great deal more to be seen in Jamaica, we cannot stay long enough to do it, and so have decided to sail for Havana. There was a good deal of doubt at first on account of the revolution going on there. But Mr. Eckford got for us a letter of recommendation from the Spanish consul, so we are going to try it.

At two o'clock we dipped our colors, and swept out of the harbor, the wind blowing very fresh. Again we had the view of the splendid mountains, and as twilight came on they sank slowly out of sight. Bed early, for we are all sleepy and tired.

SUNDAY, MARCH 17TH.—A hot morning in the cabin, so church was put off until four o'clock, and we spent the morning lying reading on deck. The sea was bright and smooth, and the sailing beautiful, so our first day out was more of a success than before. Why is it, I wonder, that we have such big appetites when we hardly take a step of exercise? The

morning sandwiches are indispensable, and we can't get on without something in the afternoon. Church went well, the sailors again appearing in their blue Sunday clothes. Quiet evening talking.

MONDAY, MARCH 18TH.—Every morning the men have a salt water bath on deck, by means of buckets dashed over them, so we are usually awakened by great splashing and howls, or by somebody shouting "Jakey, ahoy," to Captain James. We had this morning at breakfast some delicious coffee that Alfred bought in Jamaica, herrings from England, and butter brought from New York.

This morning Mr. Francis and Mr. Plummer undertook the trimming of our Kingston hats, and we had fun enough for one day watching them do it. They patiently put linings in, and all the rest, Mr. Plummer showing so much millinery skill that we think he's mistaken his vocation in being a broker.

We were all so sleepy in the afternoon that the boat seemed like an enchanted castle, where every one slept just as they were till awakened by the prince, in the form of Alfred with iced tea. I took my turn at steering this afternoon, and stood at the wheel for nearly a whole dog watch—or two hours. At dinner we celebrated St. Patrick's day, being decorated with green leaves, brought from Jamaica, the men with green ties, and all dressed up. We all ate so much that, at the announcement of another course, a howl arose, and it was decided that a promenade on deck was necessary in order to be able to appreciate broiled chicken. So we left the table in a body, and played "follow the leader" around the deck until ready to proceed. We were all in great spirits to-night—nobody sleepy after our afternoon naps. The stars give us inspiration for our evening serenades now that the moon has gone. The water was so quiet that one or two of the stars cast long pale reflections across it, and the Southern Cross was very distinct.

TUESDAY, MARCH 19TH.—The sun is hot these days, and we all make for the only cool spot near the port rail, where

we encamp for the mornings, while we hold this course. Florence and I tried to pay up for our hats by embroidering coronets on the men's yachting caps, and on my piqué dress, so that we all now have some badge belonging to the Coronet. Tried to read up some information about Cuba, and read also in "The Ralstons," which we are plodding through.

Three ships in sight. Bean bags on deck for exercise in the cool of the afternoon. Now we are all in the cabin, after dinner, the men smoking, Florence playing the piano. We have just rounded Cape San Antone, on the western end of Cuba, and are headed in toward Havana.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20TH.—It was so hot in the sun that we sat in the cabin playing the geography game, and learning the names of the different sails, nearly all the morning. It was anything but cool below, but it was out of the sun at least. In the afternoon there was a cool breeze in the shade, on the gig, and we got Andrew, the boatswain, to come and teach us how to tie knots. We learned a lot, and then he showed us splicing and other tricks of the trade. Cuba lies off to starboard now as we run up the coast. The mountain outline is striking and in the sunset very pretty, but not nearly so bold and high as Jamaica.

Gorgeous sunset, floating clouds all over the sky, with the deepest yellow light at the horizon. It is eighty-six in the companionway this evening, but we are, I think, getting used to heat, for it is not oppressive. It has been another long, delightful day, and we are all as happy as clams.

THURSDAY, MARCH 21ST.—Lively work on deck this morning—rainy, blowy, the mainsail down, the captain roaring at the sailors, no pilot, and trying to get into Havana harbor. After being waked by unceasing calls from on deck, we three girls dressed in a rush to find all the men in yellow oilers and sou'westers, and the Coronet just sailing into the entrance of the harbor. On the left were the gray towers and battlements of the Morro, a guarding fort, connecting with the old city walls, which run along the top of a green hill. The



MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA.

walls and the fort were a soft gray color, and the gray stormy sky makes it all most effective. We dropped anchor within a hundred yards of the Duquesne, a French warship, and near a Spanish one, both of which we saluted, and they dipped their colors in return. At eight we heard their bugles blow, and as the band played the "Marseillaise" the colors of both ships went to the mastheads, our little signals going promptly up at the same moment. Then a gorgeous individual started forth from the Spanish ship, and we could actually see his gold lace flash as he stepped aboard the Duquesne. His short formal visit over, seventeen guns were fired from each ship and from the fort, and we descended to our breakfast feeling as if we had just come from a play. The harbor is very nearly landlocked, and from our anchorage we look down through the narrow entrance out to sea. The quaint buildings of the city come down to the water's edge—all pale pink, green, blue or yellow. A few green hills are in the distance. Any number of little boats (also brightly painted) are flying in all directions, and there are many steamers and ships at anchor. The men have just gone ashore in the gig, to go through the usual formality of visiting the consul, the custom house, the post office, etc. I am hoping for letters—they have just come back and brought me quite a batch. I'm afraid that the letters sent to Bermuda and then sent back to New York and forwarded here will not reach me at all. However, another steamer comes in Sunday, and as we stay till Monday, I may get them by that. Mail leaves to-morrow, so this will go then. When the gig returned with Captain James and the other men, Florence and I lined up and played "Yankee Doodle" on combs, while Harriet stood and saluted, *à la* all the monkey business we have seen going on on the men-of-war this morning. It is cool and lovely, and we are going ashore this afternoon. We are wild to get into the interesting looking streets. You will have to hear about that in the next number.

Mr. Plummer has a friend here, a Mr. Francke, who is in business. He asked all of us to dine with him to-night, and a

Mr. Ried whom they met has asked us to come ashore and drive about Havana this afternoon. So at three o'clock we went ashore, and driving up from the landing got our first glimpse of the city. We land at a sort of stage, where lounges a group of dirty, smoking, staring Cubans. This is shut off from the street by a high iron fence with great gates. We crowded into the little victorias and went off at breakneck speed up and down over the cobble stones. The buildings are mostly high and square, covered with stucco, which is painted in gay pale colors, a blue house perhaps set off by pink trimmings or decorated with green stripes. This, in the bright sunlight, would be most dazzling, if it were not for a look of dilapidation which prevails everywhere, and which softens everything into an old world picturesqueness. There are no glass windows, and no street doors, only iron gratings, so that one looks directly through the shady rooms of the houses into the inner court, where gleams a pink oleander, or a palm, or perhaps a little fountain. Along the narrow business streets awnings often cover the whole, from side to side, and balconies hang over one's head, so that it looks shady and shut in. The shops are brilliant with all sorts of things. We drove first to the cathedral, which is much like those in old Spain, they say, but more cheap in decoration. Here Columbus was once buried, and his tomb is still here. The gray old stone arches, the shrines hung with flowers and tinsel, the wall paintings, the row of priests monotonously chanting (though glancing sideways at us) all were interesting to me, for I have never seen the thing as it is in Catholic countries.

We met few women on the street, but once in a while saw one with the Spanish lace head veil.

We went to the Presidio, or prison, one of the most important Cuban institutions, and were shown about by one of the officials, Mr. Ried interpreting to us. We instinctively gathered our skirts about us, for our ideas of Spanish cleanliness were not exalted. But we soon had to acknowledge that we hadn't known how they can do it when they try. The prison is built around the usual court, long corridors opening from it, entirely open except for the heavy iron gratings everywhere.

The walls are all tiled and painted, the floors spotless, every prisoner in clean white clothes; bedding rolled up in tarpaulins and hung on hooks, clear water running into a trough for handwashing, and absolutely clear bluish water in white tiled tubs for bathing. Hundreds of the men were working at shoe-making and cigar-making. They were mostly negroes, Chinese and the sallow Cuban type, which, even outside of prison walls, looks to me none too virtuous. We saw the cooking, the schoolroom, everything in the same immaculate condition, and smelling only of carbolic.

Next we drove down the Prado, the principal, and a very pretty dwelling-house street, to a little restaurant where we tried some Cuban drinks, and didn't like them; through the quaint, tangly old Botanical Gardens, past some fine old houses and so back to the landing. After a rest we arrayed us in our best and coolest and started for our eight o'clock dinner at Mr. Francke's. His house is on the Prado, and near the Isabella Park, where the band plays in the evenings. It is a typical Havana house. You enter on the ground floor at the back of the street into a broad hall, which runs around the inner court, and from which the stairs lead. We ascended these stairs in state, each holding the arm of a Cuban, whose solemn silence was caused by a lack of introduction. Above we went into a high brilliantly lighted drawing room, with marble floor, beautiful old furniture, and the entire lack of homyness betokening a man's house. Mr. Francke has just bought the place, and is making it over, and the walls are half scraped, pictures stand about in odd corners, or beautiful gilt mirrors on the tables. Mr. Francke appeared very late, strolling in nonchalantly after all the guests had arrived.

We sat down to a charming dinner-table, nine men and three women. The beds of roses on the table, the soft Spanish accent of some of the men, the old silver and beautiful glass, the high walls and long view past the court to the lighted drawing room, the snatches of music from the park, made everything very unusual and very romantic. Afterward as we three ladies waited in the drawing room, we could step out on to the balcony and see the brilliant park

where the band played, or the long promenade of the Prado, with people walking, or within could see ourselves in the great mirror opposite, too modern in our get-up for the surroundings.

The men came in, and by the time we left it was between twelve and one o'clock.

Arrived at the wharf (La Machina) we found the great iron gates locked. Our driver could not speak a word of English; all our calls could not raise an answer from the crew of our gig, which we thought to find waiting. As we debated, or in despair tried all our French and German on the driver, a guard appeared on the other side of the gate, hurled some Spanish at us, and pointed beyond. The driver suddenly whipped up, and we went tearing up and down the dark and narrow streets, not knowing where. Suddenly out of a dark doorway two or three men leaped, calling out something, and as we didn't stop they started running along by the carriage. By this time our hearts were jumping, and we only reassured ourselves by noticing that the word "bota" seemed to prevail in the remarks they breathlessly flung after us.

They followed us to another wharf, where our driver finally landed us, and we determined to let them do as they would with us. They showed us a row of their little boats, and by repeating "yacht" and "machina" to them we finally prevailed upon them to understand where we would be. So we were at length landed on board, glad to be safely out of what looked like a rather ugly scrape.

FRIDAY, MARCH 22D.—This morning we were none of us very lively to receive a call from some Cubans who came out to see us. The ladies, however, were very agreeable and talked English perfectly. They brought us an invitation to go to a little party at the house of a Mr. Guzman this evening, and in spite of our sleepiness we accepted.

In the afternoon we went ashore to try to find something pretty to buy, but there is very little at all unusual. We found some bull-fight fans at Carrauga's, and Florence and Harriet bought some charming old painted ones. At eight we again went on shore and were met by Mr. Narganez and the two ladies, and all drove to Mrs. Guzman's house.

It is rather out of town, and is one of many charming homes, of the interior of which we could see snatches as we went by. They were all brightly lighted, and we could see through a vista of several rooms. Mrs. Guzman's is built with the garden at the back instead of the middle, but otherwise it is very Cuban.

The floors are mostly of marble, the walls hung with fine old pictures, and the house filled with very beautiful old furniture, with which, however, a cheap American rocking-chair was here and there mixed. Little side gardens opened from the rooms surprisingly, a rose bush blossoming close under a gas lamp, or the great leaves of a banana hanging almost in at the window.

We strolled about the garden, and were shown all over the house. Mrs. Guzman spoke a little English, but her husband none, and as most of the other guests were Cuban, conversation sometimes flagged. We met, however, a pleasant woman, the Marquesi di Colomba, who took us next door and showed us her house too, which she proudly said was quite American. After tasting the sweetmeats and cakes spread out in the fine red-walled dining room, we were ready to get back to the Coronet, and tumbled into our berths tired out.

SATURDAY MARCH 23D.—We had letters here, most of us, but shall miss entirely some of our mail if we sail to-morrow, as Arthur thinks we had better do. He thinks Havana an unhealthful place, and longs to get out of the dust of the streets and the dirty harbor to sea again.

On shore again this morning with our cameras, to get some street scenes and look at fans again. After lunch a long snooze to get ready for a lot of afternoon tea guests whom Harriet has asked out. Most of our friends of last night turned up in spite of the brisk breeze blowing. Two or three young men, non-English-speaking, we got on with only through means of French, which, as they spoke it with a strong Spanish accent, and I with an English one, was not a clear medium at best. The Coronet looked charming, trimmed with flags, and was admired as usual. This company departed just in time to let us

dress for a dinner party to which Mr. Francke and his friends came. Florence's pink ribbons and a lot of roses sent to Harriet made the cabin dinner table very festive.

SUNDAY, MARCH 24TH.—We didn't get up early enough to go to nine o'clock mass, so had church on board. A few callers came on board, and at three Mr. Francke and his friends came out on a tug, and we made ready to weigh anchor. We dipped to the three men-of-war, where gay Sunday afternoon concerts were going on, and gliding down the harbor past Fort Morro, before we knew it were plunging around in the high seas. Visions of bowls soon appeared. Mr. Francis and Mr. Plummer joined hands at the rail together, and even Mr. Wilson succumbed. Spots of rain and spray wet the decks, and before long big seas began to come on deck, the jib-boom dipping under and the sailors getting soaked. After we were in bed we could hear the water rolling up and down the deck over our heads.

MONDAY, MARCH 25TH.—Another of my lonely days. Everybody who wasn't seasick was sleeping, and I held a solitary watch, without my dear companions. Scant attendance at lunch, but a little more interest felt at afternoon tea time. We are all despondent to think that we are fairly started on our last stretch. The low islands of the southern part of Florida are to be seen on the port side. A delightful, lazy evening, lying in a row on deck under the stars, singing or talking.

TUESDAY, MARCH 26TH.—It is one of the days when it is nearly impossible to tell what we did. Some of us slept nearly all day. We read aloud a bit, we took a long promenade on deck, pretending we were walking on Fifth Avenue, and meeting different acquaintances. The air is cooler, and the breeze is fresh, but unfortunately dead ahead, so that we have to beat and we don't gain much on our course. We see many signs of life running up so near the coast. Occasionally a lighthouse on the Florida reefs, or a steamer's long streamer of smoke, or, far off, the masts and sails of a ship.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27TH.—Four weeks ago to-day we sailed. We try not to think that there are so few days left of our cruise, and we can only tell Harriet and Arthur that for the rest of our lives the memory of these four weeks will be a pleasure to us. The head wind still holds, and we have to make long tacks out to sea and back toward land, nearly crossing the Gulf Stream each time. In the afternoon we sighted a steamer, and signalled, whereupon she changed her course, came near enough to read our signals, hoisted the English flag, and saluted, and so we parted—just “spoke each other in passing.” We told them that we were from Havana, bound for New York, and that we were K. D. J. B., which is our nautical number.

The cooks of the Coronet certainly outdo themselves. That sheet of hot gingerbread for our lunch on deck this morning was the very best thing in the world, except the tarts for lunch. Certainly their efforts meet with an appreciative welcome. The amount of marmalade and bread and butter that disappears at afternoon tea time is really preposterous.

THURSDAY, MARCH 28TH.—Our head wind changed in the night, and this morning we found ourselves plunging along at a twelve-knot rate, with a westerly wind. At the bow the water flew and whirled back in a great curling mass of foam. The sea looked stormy, and we all felt excited to be going at such a fine rate. In the afternoon the waves got so high that the decks were constantly wet, rather interfering with our exercise. One big wave doused me entirely, but it is fun. Main-sail reefed. Sun set a round red ball over a stormy-looking sea. In the evening the wind suddenly shifted twice, making lively work for the crew, as the watch below was called twice in one hour. Some sails had to be hauled down, both main and foresail reefed. Meanwhile we below were having a lively time keeping in our bunks, and it seemed from the creaking and banging as if everything in the boat had broken loose and was pitching to and fro. The sounds of the rushing water, and whistling wind in the rigging and the shouts of the captain and mate, or of the sailors as they worked, kept us awake too.

FRIDAY, MARCH 29TH.—The change of wind means that we are nearing Hatteras, and most of our day was spent making out to sea, so as to be sure to get around it safely. If these head winds keep up we shall not be able to get into Old Point and anchor in the Roads as we hope to by Saturday or Sunday. Last year the Coronet tried to round this troublesome cape three times, and had finally to put back and run in to Southport. Our heavy wraps are being brought to light again, and our Jamaica straw hats are useless in the fresh breeze. Read, walked, took the wheel for a while, and all six of us (all except Arthur) took an afternoon nap in the cabin, stretched along the lounges at the side. Arthur coming down, hoping to sleep himself, and finding every comfortable place occupied, amused himself by making remarks on our laziness, but only had faces made at him for reply.

The new moon, which appeared a night or two ago, is now very clear and bright, and with the evening star makes the private signal of the Coronet, the star and crescent, in the sky.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30TH.—We found this morning that we had stolen a march on Hatteras and rounded it early. This gives us hope of reaching Old Point to-morrow. More rugs and wraps needed, and even a pair of gloves made their appearance. Heavy wind and sea in the afternoon made us stay below, and Captain Crosby at the wheel (while the men took in the jib topsail) shivered and shook, but wouldn't own he was cold. He is a fine old seaman, knows the slightest change of wind in his sleep, and comes poking his gray head up from his cabin, casting an eye along the "horizon" and overhead, to see if the weather is going to change. He cheerfully remarks that he has "left two ships here, off Hatteras."

Sat on the floor in the cabin all the evening—our last—listening to Mr. Francis hum and drum on his guitar. Sang our usual little good-night tune to the air of the army "taps" and so to bed.

SUNDAY, MARCH 31ST.—I got up early, thinking that we might be running into the Roads, but found everybody else

comfortably sleeping over, and was told that a head wind had blown us back in the night and that we were only just nearing Cape Henry, fifteen or twenty miles from Old Point. Cold gray skies this morning.

I spent some time picking up and packing my things, as did Mr. Francis, who intends taking the train north to-night, and over this job we are all as melancholy as possible. When I went on deck, however, the far-away towers and chimneys of the school, the familiar outline of the Hygeia and the Fort, made me feel that I was not so sorry to get back, since the cruise ends for me in the best place in the world. We dropped anchor off the Point at one o'clock, and after lunch set out, all seven, for the school. It was such fun to steal up on people. They had gone in to church, and we all walked in as if it were a matter of course. I went back to the Coronet for the night, as my things were still on board. But first we had a little farewell dinner at the Hygeia, for Mr. Francis. Roses and violets made the table gay, but we were blue to have it all come to an end. The Hampton school choir sang at the hotel in the evening, and did very well. I don't feel, though, as if I'd been "a-rolling through an unfriendly world."

MONDAY, APRIL 1ST.—No eggs were in our egg shells at breakfast, a note delivered to me proved to be blank paper, something ailed our boots, which proved to be stuffing in the toes—altogether it is April Fool's Day.

Arthur had to go to Newport News this morning to see about customs, and as it looked rainy, only Mr. Plummer came up to the school with me and my bags and bundles. I showed him around a bit.

Then we met Arthur, and, with Mr. Frissell, Miss Folsom and Alice, all went on board the boat for luncheon. Arthur finds it necessary to sail this afternoon, so that I shan't be able to give Florence and Mr. Wilson any idea of how the school looks. The whole place, by the way, looks a little bleak after coming from the south, where the water has been blue and sunny and the shores so green. The season is late here, and very few things are out. It is never gloomy to me, though.

At half-past five I said good-by to the captain, to Andrew and Alfred and Theodore, and we all rowed ashore. Then good-by to the crew of the gig, and last to five of the best friends in the world, from whom it is truly very hard to part. The gig rowed them back and in a few minutes Miss Folsom and I, watching from the end of the wharf, saw the mainsail slowly hoisting. The distant busy figures of the sailors, in their white clothes, showed me quite plainly everything that was going on--the heaving up of the anchor, the taking in of the gig, and unfurling the jibs. Fluttering handkerchiefs told me I was remembered, too. As a glorious sunset broke from under the dark clouds, and spread its light over the water, the Coronet fired her parting salute, dipped her colors, swung around until she headed out to sea, and drifted away, the fairest, dreamiest shadow afloat, fading into the twilight, as her memory can never fade. .

So it is all over, and here am I, left with a brown face, the remembrance of four weeks without an unpleasant or unhappy thought, and with a gratitude as big as myself for it all.

L. H. A.

PART IV.

GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

THE summer cruise of the *Coronet* in 1895 began on Saturday afternoon, July 27th. On board everything was in the usual good order; but the arrival of the guests; the puffing of the launch between the gangway and the dock at Bay Ridge on a few last errands; the farewells and good wishes from friends who had come from the city to speed the parting; all together lent an air of subdued excitement on deck and below in the saloon.

Finally everything was in readiness and the order was given to heave the anchor. Slowly the great chain was stowed away, but at last the anchor broke ground and the boom of our gun in salute announced officially to the yacht club and the other yachts at anchor that the *Coronet* was off for Canadian waters.

A beautiful creature she seemed as she rapidly filled away with a strong westerly wind as motive power, her white sails glistening in the afternoon sun, her brass work shining with dazzling brilliancy, her decks as clean as her captain's duck trousers, beautiful with the added charm of what seemed to be a conscious sense of power.

Down the bay the *Coronet* sails, Captain James at the wheel, fondling the spokes as one would caress a pet dog. While still in the Narrows, he and his wife quietly get together and take account of stock. This is what they put under the heading "live:" Crew of sixteen men, headed by the sailing master, Captain Crosby. Opposite this, in the margin, in red ink, they wrote "useful." Next came "guests," and the marginal red declared "diverting but supernumerary."

The latter were particularized as follows: Miss Lilian and Miss Bessie Stokes; A. P. Alvord, commonly called "Pete,"

whose chief duty was to smile and look pleasant, bring cushions from below for the ladies, spin yarns of his experience in the woods, which frequently degenerated into "though I once shot a deer"; Hon. Charles Falconer Sterns, sometimes inelegantly alluded to as "Push," whose duty was to charm the ladies with his gallant compliments and military bearing, in the performance of which duty he never was found neglectful; and Howard Wilson, known as "Tug," who alone in the stock sheet might have been margined as "useless."

What a jolly mess there was at that first dinner. Wit and brilliant repartee fairly effervesced, but— It is sufficient to add that about seven-thirty o'clock, while taking departure from Sandy Hook Lightship, the yacht began to feel the effect of the Atlantic rollers, sighing relieved singing, and soon the deck party was broken up by the departure of at least one who thought that the night air of August was injurious to the complexion.

The next day being Sunday, all the party who were not affected with ennui attended service, which was led by Captain James. A fresh wind from the south sent us a good day's journey.

Monday and Tuesday were delightful days at sea. Favoring winds sent us steadily on our way. The invalids roused themselves and ate a cracker, and Stern's merry whistle was once more heard and appreciated, while Alvord's laugh surprised the fore-castle with its hearty spontaneity.

Early Wednesday morning Egg Island Light, off the coast of Nova Scotia, was sighted. With light winds and all sail set, we enjoyed the picturesque scenery as we ran through the Gut of Canso. At five o'clock, with the last puff of the dying breeze, we glided into the harbor of Port Hawkesbury, Cape Breton, and with the splash of the anchor the signal gun announced to the curious populace assembled on shore that the Coronet, of New York, was their guest for the night. Our mail was to meet us at this point, but our unusually quick passage had brought us to our first port forty-eight hours before we had anticipated, and in consequence but few of the party were favored with letters from home.

It did not take us many hours to explore the village of Hawkesbury, which we found to be a typical Canadian fishing village, with its small store, on the porch of which the retired sea captains were wont to gather and spin their yarns, never forgetting the gale of '73, while the many cows, which wandered about the wide streets, furnished an obligato to the tragic tales with the solemn sounds of their deep-toned bells.

In the evening all of the party but "Tug" and the captain attended an exposé of spiritualism at the Grand Opera House. A very fashionable audience was present, the mayor acting as one of the "committee" which insured fair play.

The next morning early our pilot came aboard. I may indulge in a somewhat extended description of this gentleman, as we shall hear of him many times hereafter. He came over the side with the spring of a youth, but the threads of gray in his hair were evidence that he had snuffed salt air a goodly number of years, and if he hadn't met Father "Nepshir," it wasn't from lack of service in the realm of that white-bearded sovereign.

All hands liked our pilot on first acquaintance, and when we learned that his name was Jeremiah Philpot, we with great unanimity decided that he should be known to us as Captain Jerry, for brevity and other reasons. We soon found that our pilot had a kindly nature and was fond of spinning a yarn, and we were rather ashamed of ourselves when we evoked his sympathy by pretending that "Pete" had come on the voyage as a substitute for a term in a Keeley Institute. "Pete" was sufficient of a wag to carry out his part, and his report of the temperance lectures he received caused us to regret that the object was not more in need of such good advice.

Weighing anchor in the morning of Thursday we ran for Charlottetown in the rain, reaching that beautiful harbor about eight o'clock in the evening.

The next morning, August 1st, all the party went ashore and enjoyed a drive about the city, visiting the splendid markets and the substantial public buildings. Shortly after noon we were again underway, being towed out of the harbor. Scarcely had we straightened out in our course when a heavy gale struck us, and we had a fine exhibition of the rapidity with which the

Coronet's crew could reef the sails. It seemed but a moment from the time when the order was given until we were tossing about with the proverbial "handkerchief" in lieu of the "cloud of canvas."

We had a pretty good shaking up, just enough to learn to respect a northeaster in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when, almost as suddenly as it came, the squall left us and we were under full sail and bowling along at a ten-knot gait. Spirits soon revived and the next day we were in sight of the rugged, barren shore of Quebec, which is interesting only in comparison with the fertile green fields of Prince Edwards Island.

On the afternoon of August 2d, the Coronet dropped anchor off the little village of Paspébiac. It had a quaint, prim appearance, and as we landed our olfactories corroborated the evidence furnished through our eyes, that we were in a community where the curing of fish was the chief occupation. The whole village, and I might with truth add, the people in it, are owned by a firm whose headquarters are the Island of Dover. Everything is managed in the most orderly manner. At five o'clock in the morning the bell rings for work to begin; at seven-thirty in the evening the workman has earned his day's wages, which amounts in a month to the princely sum of seventeen dollars, a certain proportion of which must be expended at the company store. Notwithstanding these small wages, the people, who are all French Canadians and speak English, seem very contented, and their little houses are immaculately clean and well kept.

In the evening Captain James invited the superintendent and some of his friends aboard, and a display of fireworks proved very interesting to the people gathered on the shore inspecting the graceful lines of the white yacht.

That night while most of us were asleep the Coronet got under way and when we awoke next morning we were at anchor near the mouth of the Bonaventure River. Our plan was to go up this stream for a day's fishing, so by eight o'clock we were all off for the chase, excepting Miss Stokes, who remained on board. We were somewhat at a loss for guides, but Captain James' perseverance was rewarded in the shape of three



BONAVENTURA RIVER.

Indians, whom we found living in a shanty on the banks of the river, and who agreed to take us up the stream in birch-bark canoes.

The leader of our guides was Peter, a splendid specimen of physical manhood. Strong, muscular, and straight as an arrow, one could readily imagine him as having just stepped from the pages of Cooper, having discarded his blanket for shirt and trousers, and his feather headdress for an old slouch hat. The second one, Joe, was just an Indian, and the third, who proudly asserted that his name was Gerome, was promptly christened "Geronimo" for short. Geronimo confided to me that his age was one hundred and one, and his solemn black eyes and wrinkled skin furnished some basis for giving credence to the statement, but when he paddled two of us in a canoe up the rapids of the Bonaventure, I confess that with each strong, sweeping stroke our doubt as to our guide's veracity was greatly increased.

It was a glorious day for such a trip, and as we ascended the swift currents, flanked as we were by high rocks and dense forests, we realized that we were far away from civilization.

About one o'clock we found a fishing lodge, and there did full justice to the luncheon we had taken with us. We admired the scenery a great deal, and fished some. We caught a number of fine trout, but it remained for Miss Bessie Stokes to capture the prize of the day with her rod and reel. "Geronimo" had just stepped on shore to fasten the canoe when the fair fisherwoman, in her anxiety to catch the largest fish in the stream, began what would undoubtedly have proven a beautiful cast, but unluckily "Geronimo" was in the way. The "red ibis" caught in the red man's trousers just where it was most difficult to extricate the barbed hook. Poor "Geronimo!" His solemn look of intense surprise and disgust combined with his unsuccessful attempts to extricate himself from the fair angler's hook, the jumping of a large trout in the middle of the stream, which seemed to say "it is to laugh," the sarcastic "caw" of an impudent crow, all produced an effect that will long be retained in the memory of the only witness, who had fallen in the bottom of the canoe, so overcome with

laughter that it was some minutes before he could go to the assistance of the poor Indian.

Our day's pleasure was ended by shooting down the rapid current under the skillful guidance of our Indian pilots. On the way Alvord shot several ducks and one water bird, which he thought was a duck, but which the steward pronounced to be a "web-footed" crow. The whole party concurred in the latter "diagnosis" when the bird was served up for dinner the next day.

The next morning we awoke to find it raining and generally unpleasant. The yacht had set sail early in the morning, and by three o'clock cast anchor off Dalhousie. The four men, notwithstanding the weather, went ashore for mail and telegrams. We found a typical Canadian town, with nothing to distinguish it from the others we had visited along the coast, excepting that it had a railroad, and was consequently more or less of a commercial center for the neighborhood.

The next morning Alvord and "Tug" were rowed ashore about four o'clock, preparatory to a fishing trip back into the country. They found an old Scotch farmer willing to drive them, although he grumbled somewhat at leaving his haying. The old man was quite communicative on acquaintance. He told all about his own and his neighbors' troubles. How his sons had all left him to go to Manitoba in search of fortune, how little success had crowned their efforts, and how many of the young people of the region finally returned to Quebec, glad to get the potatoes and rye bread raised on the rocky farms of their fathers.

Nearly all of the people of this country wore homespun clothes, and it was not an unfrequent sight to see the old women at work with the spinning wheel, although this employment was usually reserved for the long winter. Most of the boots, too, were homemade, and of home-tanned leather. In fact, there seemed to be little money anywhere, each family living upon the direct product of their own industry.

After a good day's fishing, the two men returned with a fine mess of trout, and several partridges which Alvord had shot.

While these two had been indulging their fondness for sport,





PERCÉ ROCK, BAY OF CHALEUR.

the rest of the party had been ashore inspecting the shops and seeing whatever there was of interest in Dalhousie. They were driven back to the yacht early in the afternoon, however, by a severe hail storm, which was rather startling for an August day.

The next morning, August 6th, the Coronet weighed anchor and started down Chaleur Bay with a fine sailing breeze, which helped us well on our way until the next morning early, when we were becalmed. We were close inshore, and a fleet of small fishing boats were busy at their work near by. Captain James and "Tug" both thought that some fresh cod would taste good for breakfast, so they set out in the dingy, and soon returned with some very nice fish, to which the whole party did justice at table. Shortly after breakfast we sighted a very prominent rock rising many feet straight out of the sea, and white with thousands of sea birds. The whole party put off in the launch to visit this picturesque place, and upon a nearer approach found that the waves had worn a passage or tunnel directly through the great mass, sufficiently large for a good-sized boat to pass through at high tide.

That afternoon a rain squall came up just as we were entering the harbor of Gaspe, so that we were obliged to anchor out in the open, not a very comfortable place to be, as the sea was running quite high.

The next morning, however, we worked our way into better shelter, and going ashore found Gaspe to be a very pretty little place, with quite a pretentious summer hotel and a number of cottages scattered along the high cliffs of the bay.

The captain and Mrs. James made several acquaintances ashore, and in the evening a number of them came on board. The yacht was prettily decorated, and with fireworks and refreshments every one seemed to enjoy themselves greatly.

The next morning we were off at breakfast time. "Pete" was to celebrate his birthday, and great preparations were made for a grand celebration, but Cape Gaspe proved a damper on the spirits of some of the ladies of the party, and to cap the climax the recipient of the congratulations was so overcome that a cracker proved a burden too great to bear, and amid the

jeers of Stearns and sarcasm of "Tug," it was announced that the festivities would be postponed until a more auspicious time.

The next day we were back at Port Hawkesbury, where we remained but a few hours, and that evening cast anchor among a fleet of fishing vessels in the harbor of Little Canso.

The next day being Sunday, we all went to church in the morning, hearing what we were told was an old-fashioned Scotch Presbyterian sermon of a little more than an hour's duration. Our one cause for thankfulness was that it was not delivered in Gaelic. In the afternoon some of the party took a walk to the cable landing station nearby, where the intricacies of ocean telegraphing were carefully explained to the great interest of all.

Monday morning we were off for the States, having said adieu to our genial pilot, Captain Jerry. We soon ran into a strong wind, which increased to a moderate gale, and for the first time on this trip we saw the mainsail furled and the try-sail set. The next day the wind subsided but the sea was still heavy, so that when we rounded Cape Sable we were rolling about most uncomfortably. To add to this unpleasantness below, as we neared the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, which Captain Crosby delighted in designating as the "fog factory," a considerable portion of the last week's surplus product came down about us. Our spirits, however, were not dampened, and the new experience proved more interesting than otherwise.

The next morning, August 15th, Mt. Desert Rock hove in sight, and that afternoon we cast anchor under the protection of the giant rocks which seem to hold Bar Harbor in their mighty arms, and the summer cruise of the Coronet in Canadian waters was regretfully declared to be at an end.

H. W.

PART V.

NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO, VIA CAPE HORN, DECEMBER
5, 1895, TO APRIL 1, 1896.

WE left New York on December 5th with unsettled weather, and it continued so the most of the run to the equator Atlantic, which was passed on the 5th of January, 1896. The best run in twenty-four hours was two hundred and six miles. We passed several vessels, but none near enough to signal. Of course, we had a call from our old friend Neptune, but his visit was short, because it was Sunday and no grog served, but he attended to his converts—the tired boy included. The run was made in twenty-nine days from New York to the equator. From the equator to Cape Horn we had the usual weather. The best run made in twenty-four hours was two hundred and sixty miles. On the 9th of January, 1896, we sighted the steamship Orion, with which we exchanged signals, in latitude $9^{\circ} 21'$ south, longitude 56° west, thirty-four days out. We saw many other vessels, but were not near enough to read signals. On the 2d of February were off St. John's Harbor, Staten Island, three miles from shore, and on the 3d passed Cape Horn, weather fine, wind E. S. E. This run was made in thirty days, fifty-nine days from New York. The 4th of February, 1896, was very fine. It was almost a calm, with the sea as smooth as a kitten's eye. With the islands off the Ramirez in the north about four miles, and the high land off the Cape Lands, and the sky in the background, the scene was very handsome.

WE had great fun with the Cape pigeons and the albatross with the hook and line. Our tired boy shot one albatross because he was too lazy to catch one with the hook. From this date, for fifteen days, was very bad weather, to forty-six south latitude. Then fine weather. The best run was two hundred

and seventy miles in twenty-four hours. Passed the equator in the Pacific the 13th of March, ninety-seven days out from New York. From the equator in the Pacific to San Francisco fine weather most of the passage, excepting about one hundred miles from San Francisco, one northerly storm lasting four days, which was very severe. Saw a few vessels, but none near enough to read signals. Made the light on Farallones, bearing N. E. by N. twenty miles on March 31st at nine-thirty P.M., and the next day, April 1st, arrived in San Francisco. All well on board, no accidents on the voyage. The best run in twenty-four hours was two hundred and seventy-four miles, and the number of days making the run from New York to San Francisco was one hundred and seventeen.

CAPT. C. S. CROSBY.

PART VI.

CRUISE TO HAWAIIAN ISLANDS AND JAPAN.

INTRODUCTION.

ASTRONOMERS having promised an eclipse of the sun on August 9, 1896, the Amherst Eclipse Expedition was formed, and early in December, 1895, sent its advance guard around Cape Horn in the Coronet.

A winter of busy preparation and eager anticipation ensued, after which came the welcome message that the good ship, true to her record, had sailed through the Golden Gate and awaited those now ready to trust themselves to her care.

In allowing these hastily written letters to appear, I ask the indulgence of my friends into whose hands this little volume may find its way. Their only excuse for preservation is their illegibility in the original state, and the feeling that in after years they may help recall that event of our lives in which, for the first time, we were truly scientific.

CHAPTER I.

NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO.

NOT realizing that a journal of our expedition should begin on leaving New York, I packed my blank-books in our trunk. Now I fall back upon Arthur's block of paper, and find the home message: "Write me long letters."

We left New York on the morning of April 6th, in a snow-storm, and were surprised to find so many friends at the station to say farewell. All of them were anxious to see us even to

the car, and many were the devices practiced for getting through the gate. A few only were successful, and the Amherst boys were obliged to give their rah!—rah! as the last of our party passed through. Not until fairly left to ourselves had we time to look about and discover who were to be our traveling companions for so many months. The expedition party consists largely of men, each one of them apparently well-fitted for the position which he is expected to fill, and yet with a deep interest in the general success of our undertaking. Mrs. Todd and I have come into the drawing room, and have gathered books and papers about us, and even have found it well to take the stitch in time. Gloves will give out at inopportune moments, and when one has but one portmanteau to depend upon for eight days, it is best to avoid extravagance of any kind. At intervals through the day we have been visited by each member of the party, who has had something cheerful to say in anticipation of the coming journey. A feeling of quiet prevails very perceptibly, however, and all seem conscious of the fact that there has been a leave-taking and a good-by which cannot be easily forgotten. Late in the afternoon we have a call from Dr. Adriance, who comes to tell us that only our company are gathered in the smoking room, and if we care to see the first active work of the expedition we shall see it there. Daring to present ourselves for a few minutes at that end of the car, we find Mr. Thompson seated, with a knife and a square piece of board fitting a lens to a new camera.

APRIL 7TH.—At half-past nine we reached Chicago, and Mrs. Todd and I went to the station to await word of the car, and to allow the men to look after the transfer of our baggage. Arthur soon returned to tell us the car was in the yard, and that it would be at the station at eleven o'clock; so we decided to wait for its arrival, while the others went about on various expedition errands. We found every employee in the Union Station anxious to serve us, and interested to do everything we could ask and more for our comfort. At half-past one all our small baggage was on board Mr. Hill's private car, placed at our disposal for the Western journey. Many of the boxes ex-

pressed from Amherst were also put on board, and the rest checked as baggage. Every available corner in the car is thus made useful, and we begin to wonder where they will all be placed on the yacht. Besides expedition material there are twenty trunks and many small pieces.

The car "A I" has just come from the workshop, and is in perfect order. It is large and airy, with two staterooms having comfortable brass beds, and plenty of hooks for clothes. The Todds have one of these rooms, we have the other, and four of the men sleep in the saloon berths.

Soon after we left the station we gathered for dinner, which was a very good one, and every one related their day's experience. Mr. Higginbotham, Mr. Wilson, and Professor Barnard had been Mrs. Todd's escorts to the car, after having taken luncheon with her cousin. Others of the party had been with friends, and some doing expedition business.

After dinner found us in the observation room, which is just large enough for all, and we initiated the quartette, which promises to take great pleasure in practicing, and hopes to do some really good work. Mr. Gerrish, the assistant astronomer and photographer, sings in the Shawmut Avenue Church in Boston, and has a charming tenor voice; Arthur Francis is the bass, and Mrs. Todd and I complete the number.

APRIL 8TH.—All have had a good night's rest, considering we have traveled over the C., B. & N., which is not the smoothest road in the country. Before seven o'clock we heard voices in the observation room, and looking out Arthur found everybody dressed in order to see the Mississippi River. A number of the party are traveling West for the first time, and everything is of interest in consequence. To-day each one of the gentlemen has vied with the other in telling bright stories, and the time has gone rapidly. We arrived at St. Paul at eight o'clock, just before breakfast. It rained more or less all the morning, but began to clear during the afternoon, although still cold and damp. St. Paul and Minneapolis were neither of them at their best, and did not impress us in the same way as the last time we were here. After luncheon Arthur and I went to Minneapolis to call upon Fred Woodbridge and his

wife, whom we found living in a pleasant apartment not far from the university. We remained with them a while, and after declining their invitation for dinner, persuaded them to return to the car and have that meal with us. Mr. Woodbridge had left home very early in the morning in order to meet our train, but not knowing we had a car, thought we had not arrived, and so missed us. They stayed with us during the evening, while most of the others were out seeing the sights of the town, and then said good-by, and a pleasant day ended.

APRIL 9TH.—We left St. Paul at eight o'clock this morning, and were up bright and early in order to see the road from St. Paul to Minneapolis. The spring is not far enough advanced to make the country attractive, and after some miles of travel through the fertile plains of Minnesota we ran into the prairie country. At Osakis, a little village with two or three shops and a few small houses, the train stopped twenty minutes to let the passengers have luncheon. We congratulate ourselves upon having the car, and realize how delightfully easy it is to cross the continent in our way. At Osakis we walked up and down the platform of the station, and Mr. Gerish tested the new camera and Dr. Adriance his kodak. Fargo was the first place of any size we had seen since Minneapolis. It is noted principally, I believe, for the ease with which divorces may there be obtained. Fortunately, the train did not care to remain longer than we did, and so we began our journey through North Dakota. We had not gone far before it was time to gather at the dinner-table, and there some amusing stories were told. The custom of speaking of a boat with the use of the female personal pronoun "she" was mentioned, and I asked if an engine was not spoken of in the same way. Upon which some one remarked that: "It depended upon whether the train was a mail train or not." Then Mr. Pemberton, who is full of fun and geniality, said he supposed we knew there was a ship in the navy called the Richard Murphy. "'Richard Murphy?'" said we. "Yes," said he, "or the 'Dick-Tater.'" At eight o'clock we arrived at Grand Forks, and the evening was spent in writing letters and journals.

APRIL 10TH.—The train which should have overtaken us at twelve o'clock did not arrive until nearly one, so all retired long before we left Grand Forks. When we awoke we were in the midst of the prairies, with nothing but the buttes and bad lands to break the monotony. Now and then a ranch would come into sight, but without verdure, trees, or even attractive-looking stock to make it interesting. The first stop of any length was at Minot, and here we missed the pile of buffalo bones which has made it memorable to us. They have all been carried away, and with them seems to have gone every vestige of the old inhabitant of these lands.

At 12:15 we stopped at Williston, and were glad to have our eyes relieved of monotony by a glimpse of the Missouri River. From this town to Fort Buford, which is a military post, the river is frequently seen, although it is narrow and has few trees on its banks—a kind of alder, I think, being the only species. After leaving Fort Buford we traveled through the Fort Peck Indian Reservation, and saw many tepees and a few Indians. They did not come down to the train, however, as they do on the Atchison road. The only Indian woman we saw was splitting wood very vigorously, and evidently possessed no curiosity, as the passage of the train made no impression upon her. Before reaching Havre we retired, and during the night shall finish the prairies, and I must say all will be glad.

APRIL 11TH.—Between four and five o'clock this morning Professor Todd awakened us to tell us that the fine scenery had begun. Already we had passed Summit about eighteen miles back. We looked out just in time to see a magnificent gorge between two high snow-capped mountains, and in a very short time were dressed and in the observation room. Gradually each of the party appeared and sat delighted and impressed for two hours. Then we began to feel the need of sustenance, and Charlie soon came to tell us that he had coffee ready. Breakfast would not be ready until eight. After that was disposed of we took our camp-stools to the platform, and rode there all the morning. Great snow-clad peaks constantly

came into view, rising above the clear green Flathead River which the track follows for many miles. Some of the highest mountains retain the snow all the year round, but many of them are only temporarily snow-clad. In some places we were reminded of the Yosemite, especially where the mountains were on one side of the river and on the other a bold, rocky ledge. At about ten o'clock we reached the village of Kalispel—for this country quite a pretentious one. It is beautifully situated at the base of a range of snow-clad mountains, over which were low-lying clouds now and then screening the mountain-tops. The grass had begun to be almost green and the pussy-willows and a few wild flowers appeared here and there. From here we sped along the banks of the Kootenai River, passed some dashing falls on the banks of which were men cutting timber and making planks for local steamers. The wood here is cedar, fir, pine and spruce. During the morning the superintendent, Mr. Harding, whose car had been attached the night before, came in to call upon us. In the course of the conversation we discovered that the train we were now on would pass over the best scenery during the coming night—that of the Switchback, in the Cascade Mountains. After some discussion Arthur arranged with him to have us left at Cascade Tunnel, be sent over by special engine to-morrow morning, and overtaken by the through train to-morrow afternoon. This will delay us one whole day, but we think it will be worth while. After luncheon Mr. Harding brought his wife in to see us. They left at Spokane, which is their home.

Our spirits have risen this evening after a glorious day's ride. The subject of the expedition came up again, and Mr. Gerrish asked if the distiller on the yacht would make the water pure enough to use it in silvering mirrors. Various answers were given by those among the party who knew what was required for such a process. This led to his remembering the following rhyme:

“ Johnny took a mirror and licked the back all off,
Thinking in his childish fancy it would cure his whooping cough.
On the morning of the funeral neighbors said to Mrs. Brown,
Chilly day for Johnny when the mercury went down.”

Leaving Spokane we quickly ran away from the fine scenery. Again the rolling plains, with low, heather-like bushes until night fell and we went early to bed.

APRIL 12TH.—At one o'clock this morning we were left at Cascade Tunnel, a lonely station at the foot of the Switchback. When we wakened it was snowing so heavily that we could not see far ahead, but all about us were the lovely pine trees heavily laden with snow, and with only their tops appearing above the drifts. We heard voices in the observation room before seven o'clock, and soon after Alfred came to the door to say that the conductor thought he had better take us over at half-past seven, for fear of being stormbound or meeting a snowslide. While we were breakfasting the engine was attached to the rear of the car, and when we felt it beginning to push us up we left the table in a body. Arthur and Dr. Adriance went into the engine-cab, while the rest went forward to the platform. Heavy though the storm was, we could see the mountains about halfway to their summit, the beautiful pines laden with snow, the telegraph wires covered with it, and the track entirely screened from sight. On either side were banks of snow or deep ravines, through which the mountain brooks were cutting great crevasses like those in the glaciers of Switzerland. In coming down we could see six tracks in some places beneath us. The whole route is a wonderful work in engineering, and the white snow only added to the weird beauty of the ride. After reaching the station of Wellington, from which I am writing, word came to the little telegraph office that a train was stalled below. The conductor very politely came in to ask if any of the men would like to go down with the rotary plows and watch them at work. Needless to say they all accepted the invitation, and returned later full of the wonders of that method of working through the snow-drifts. The plows were at either end of two engines, making practically four engines in all. When at work it makes three hundred revolutions a minute, and throws the snow more than two hundred feet on either side. Upon their return we had luncheon, which was eaten with a relish, and then we sat down

to await the arrival of the train which carries us onward. We had not been waiting long when word came that a freight train was stalled on the other side of the Switchback summit, and the rotary was again sent for. Later we heard that the plow had broken down and shovelers were sent to help extricate it from the slide. Meantime our water supply had been getting very low, but with the hope of reaching Seattle by morning, we had not been anxious. Now, however, Arthur fears we may be delayed by the snowslides, and so proposes that the men fill the tanks from the spring which is beside the car. All day they have been longing for exercise, and are only too delighted to get it in so unusual a way. Consequently Arthur finds a ladder; Mr. Thompson climbs to the top of the car in order to pour the pailfuls of water into the tanks; Dr. Adriance, Arthur Francis and Alfred run back and forth from car to stream, while Mr. Gerrish stands at the foot of the ladder and hands the pails to Arthur. The keenest enjoyment was depicted on the faces of all, and even when the snow turned to rain they still worked on. It was queer Sunday exercise, and yet a case of necessity if we were to be long delayed. Dinner time came, and still none of the trains were over the mountains, and it was ten o'clock before the rotary appeared. Soon the freight which would have taken us on to Skykomish had it been on time, followed, but we had telegraphed in the meantime to be allowed to wait for the evening through express.

APRIL 13TH.—The express overtook us at four o'clock this morning, so our anxiety was relieved.

It was a pleasure to ride along the beautiful Puget Sound, although the high peaks were covered with clouds. Only once did Mount Baker unveil a part of her lofty head, and then only for a few moments. Here in Seattle spring is well on its way, and we are rejoiced to see the birds and blossoms. Even here we find the inevitable reporter. Hardly had the train stopped when he sought admission, and Professor Todd had to be interviewed on the great eclipse question. While I write workmen are repairing the rear of the car, which, I fear,

suffered from contact with the great engine on the Switchback. The steward, Charlie, tells me nothing is the matter, but that the couplings on the other roads are unlike those on the Great Northern, and we carry extra ones in order to change about.

We are to remain here until nine o'clock this evening, when we go on to Portland, arriving there in the morning.

This afternoon we are planning to see the town from the trolley. We are reminded of the days spent here with mamma and papa, and on our way in passed the road over which we traveled out to the lakes and coal mines.

From San Francisco I will send the next issue of the Journal, which I wish might convey to you half the pleasure it gives me in writing. You must all of you read between the lines for those messages which come from our hearts and cannot be written.

APRIL 13TH.—After sending off my last journal letter this morning, which I had remained on board to write while the others went out to see the town of Seattle, I found that the car was to be thoroughly overhauled and cleaned, and so decided to go out by myself. Arthur Francis appeared before I was quite ready, and as he kindly offered to accompany me, we started. Our first purchase was ink, pens and paper for the expedition. The next, some bunches of fresh asparagus, and the third some very poor candy, the latter having been a proposal of his own. This time I was not the guilty one. We tried, too, to find strawberries, but in that were unsuccessful. Before the morning was over we had taken a cable car ride to the deserted hotel where I had stayed on a former trip, but which is now closed. The view from it was very fine, but clouds hid Mount Ranier, much to our disappointment. They have persisted in hanging over the tops of the mountains all day, and we fear such is to be our fortune with all the snow-capped peaks.

After luncheon Mrs. Blodgett and Mr. and Mrs. Palmer called upon us, and while Mr. Palmer and Mr. Todd went to view the lumber mills, Dr. Adriance, Mr. Pemberton and Mr. Gerrish for a launch trip on the sound, the rest of us went

to the lake by cable car. Seattle has not as attractive an appearance as when we saw it before, but it is a very busy and enterprising town.

APRIL 14TH (Portland, Oregon).—We were awakened early this morning by voices outside our stateroom, and soon Professor Todd knocked and said Mr. Wesley Ladd was there to get them to go home with him for the day and to ask us for luncheon. Both Mrs. Ladd, senior, and her daughter, Mrs. Corbett, were at the luncheon, so I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Corbett again. Several of the family have lately been in Japan, from whence they have brought some exquisite curios. After luncheon we went to Mrs. Ladd's house to see those which she brought back with her. Her lawn was covered with flowers and fresh green trees, which were a delight to our eyes. It has rained hard all day, and again the mountains have not uncovered their heads for us. Even through the rain we have driven about the city—this morning by ourselves and this afternoon with the Wesley Ladds.

To-night they all came down to bid us good-by, and with the aid of Mr. Charles Ladd and Mr. Brewster, two Amherst men, and our own number, quite a cheer was given for old Amherst as the train pulled out. They brought us some beautiful roses, too, which will keep fresh all the rest of the journey.

APRIL 15TH.—It was after nine o'clock when we left Portland last evening, and this morning finds us very near the beginning of the far-famed Shasta route. The scenery has begun to be very lovely, and all are ready to be out on the rear platform, drinking in the delicious summer air. It is difficult to realize that here in the far Northwest it is summer, or something akin to it, all the year round. The Southern Pacific cannot boast of a fine roadbed, for we never received such a shaking. It was almost impossible to sleep,

and we were glad enough to escape being thrown from the track.

About lunch time the mountains began to appear—very high, snow-capped, and wonderfully fine, and we thoroughly enjoyed watching them, waiting for glorious Mount Shasta. At last she towered in sight, although half-hidden by the clouds, which did not melt away during the entire afternoon. Even though half-hidden, she was very beautiful, and we watched her for hours as the train wound in and out among the mountains, revealing first one side and then another, and eliciting exclamations of delight from one and all. Mr. Gerrish took several views of the mountains, which we hope will develop successfully, and two of the smaller cameras were used in the same manner. Thus far I have not taken a picture, as my Hawkeye was packed in one of the trunks, but have no doubt it will be soon in constant use. The train travels along very slowly, stopping at eating-houses for the passengers' accommodation, and not averaging twenty miles to the hour. Express trains seem to be unknown in this part of the country. At dinner time we made quite a lengthy stop at some sulphur springs, and all the people left the train for a glass of the mineral water. From the train we could see what apparently was a geyser, throwing the water thirty feet into the air. Professor Todd said he had taken time to examine, and assured us that it was a most artificial geyser. We almost felt like congratulating ourselves upon not being sufficiently scientific to discover the frauds which, under the guise of the natural, give us pleasure.

APRIL 16TH.—This morning we find ourselves nearing California, or rather San Francisco, for we have been in the State of California since two o'clock yesterday afternoon. At breakfast Mrs. Todd had two or three of the familiar golden poppies, which she said Dr. Adriance had daringly gathered for her some time before the breakfast hour—another proof of our energy in the early morning. The poppy has been adopted as the State flower, and quite rightly, for one sees it everywhere in traveling through this lovely country. We arrived at Oak-

land soon after ten o'clock, and found both Mr. Merrill and Mr. Wheeler there to meet us. Arrangements had already been made for us to go direct to the hotel with Arthur Francis. Arthur was to stay and see to getting our baggage across, and Professor Todd to attend to the express department. Mr. Merrill and Mr. Wheeler were most kind and attentive, and insisted on taking our small bags and paying us every possible attention. They put us on board the cable car and then returned to do what they could for Arthur. We went to the Palace Hotel, to which we had telegraphed for rooms, and found very comfortable ones, although on the fifth floor. All the better, as far as view and air are concerned, but not so safe in case of fire. On the table in the parlor were some exquisite roses, which we discovered later had been placed there by Miss Helen Page, who is stopping here with her father. We had not been long in our rooms when Arthur Francis came in with a message from Arthur, wishing me to meet him at 1:45 and go to the yacht, which is anchored at Sausalito, a more sheltered harbor than that of San Francisco. Accordingly Dr. Adriance and I lunched hastily and met Arthur at the ferry. It was not long before our baggage was on board the boat and soon we could see the Coronet in the distance riding as easily as though at Bay Ridge, and it was hard to realize that she is so many thousand miles from that well-known anchorage. The sailors who rowed us out were all new men, and the mate, too, was a stranger. Andrew, however, stood near him at the gangway, and we were glad to see his familiar face. The two quartermasters, Adam and Peter, the cook, Blades, and Walter were all on deck to see us, and they all said it was good to see some one from New York. Evidently their journey around the Cape was long enough to have become monotonous, and they were glad to have some change and to see us for variety. We have made plans for beginning to stow things away as rapidly as possible, and foresee that our days will be busy ones, and must be passed as far as possible on board.

Returning to the hotel we find that the parlor has been besieged by reporters, and one awaited us with the hope of gain-

ing Arthur's picture for the morning edition. Meeting with a prompt refusal, however, they soon bowed themselves out, having gained beforehand from Professor and Mrs. Todd plenty of subject matter for their articles.

On going to the dining room we met the Anson Phelps Stokeses, who go to the Yosemite to-morrow and from there to Salt Lake City, where they will be joined by Louis and Mabel Slade about the 26th.

APRIL 17TH.—We were tempted to sleep late this morning after our busy day yesterday, but there being many things to do denied ourselves that pleasure. Directly after breakfast Arthur started out to find a stenographer, as there were too many letters to be answered without help, and I went to my room to write and to open our mail. There were a number of calls and interruptions during the morning. Captain Crosby came, and Mr. Thompson brought his son, who told me something of his trip around the Horn. Arthur returned for an early luncheon, and we left for the yacht, expecting to return before dinner. We had not been long at work before it was time to return, and we realize how hard it is to be for us to go back and forth so often. We began to look about Sausalito for a stopping-place, and found a little hotel high up on the bluff, overlooking the bay. It seemed neat and respectable, with an air of novelty and quaintness which interested us, and we decided to avail ourselves of its hospitality. Professor Todd returned to-night to San Francisco, and they will give up the rooms in the morning and come over here. Mr. Coffin, brother of Mr. Edmund Coffin, of New York, called this afternoon. He is very genial, and ever so much like his brother, both in manner and appearance. He asks us to set our own time for coming to Ross Valley, and we have arranged to spend next Monday night there.

Ex-Commodore Harrison, an Englishman who came to Sausalito in 1849, and is the president of the land company here, has introduced himself to us, and is most kind in every way. He has an English-looking house, with high tower, far up on the hill, and has asked us to stay with him while we are here.

So much of our time must be spent on the yacht that we have made up our minds not to accept many invitations.

APRIL 18TH and 19TH.—These days have been made busy by a variety of things. Most of the party spent the Sabbath in town; those who remained were on deck during the afternoon. We were impressed by the lack of the Sunday quiet which we love at home. Here it is a gala day, and the boats coming to the dock bring picnic parties, bicycle clubs, and people of every class and description. On their way back to the city they passed near the yacht, firing salutes and giving cries complimentary to the Coronet. A number of people came out in private boats and asked to be allowed to look at the yacht. Some of them we saw, and others were taken about by the quartermaster. Although we are anchored near what pretends to be a yacht club, very few people know anything of yachting etiquette, and we are treated more like a man-of-war than a private yacht. Still it is interesting to meet the people, and, when in order, we are glad to have them see the yacht. It seems to occasion great curiosity.

APRIL 20TH.—This morning the work of storing instruments and opening them began with a vengeance. All hands were employed, and the saloon looked like a veritable workshop. To-night it is fairly well cleared again, in order to receive the boxes of provisions, which are to be stowed to-morrow. Carpenters, four of them in number, are as busy as they can be making shelves and cupboards wherever it is possible. The upper berth in Mr. Gerrish's room has been turned into a cabinet to receive all his photographic outfit. Big porcelain jars and bottles, plates, paper and everything imaginable, except the explosives, have been put into that cabinet. It is a very business-like looking place. The other quarter-room has had very few additions—nothing, I believe, except some extra hooks and a rack for brushes, etc. In the saloon we have made a high bracket around the top of the piano, which will hold all the music-books, prayer-books, and autoharp. One large box holding glass will be put on the floor in front of the

piano, with another on top of it for a piano seat. The whole will be covered with rugs and pillows and make an attractive corner for the quartette. A quantity of boxes will be placed between the piano and the mast, so shutting off one entrance into the hallway. Those will be covered and used for a table if we wish. On the other side of the mast will be four more boxes, which make a useful carving-table. The Todd's room is the most changed of any of the staterooms. They have had three bookcases made, one to go over the washstand, one over the head of the bed, and another on the side; a wardrobe to be put between the couch and the closet, and a set of drawers beneath the bedstead. The latter necessitates leaving the foot of the bed at home, and after all these arrangements only a small amount of wall space is uncovered. As soon as we saw this we decided to take all the wall covering off and pack it away with the bed cover and cushions. Very little remains now of the pretty chrysanthemum room, but we shall have it to put back again when we return. Our stateroom is now the show one of the yacht, and we shall try to keep that as pretty and home-like as possible.

APRIL 21ST.—This morning we returned from Mr. Coffin's home, to which we went yesterday afternoon. Before going Arthur went to San Francisco, while I took luncheon at Commodore Harrison's and a long drive over the hills. At four o'clock I met Mr. Coffin and Arthur at the train, and together we went to Ross Valley. Mrs. Coffin received us most cordially, and after a cup of tea and a walk on their wide piazza we went for a drive about the valley and San Raphael. The air was delicious and invigorating, the horses sped along rapidly, and the pretty village seemed clothed in every kind of rose of the most brilliant hue.

We drove to the hotel where papa and mamma stayed, and did not wonder they liked it better than San Francisco or any place nearby. Roses were climbing all over the piazzas, and the odor of them, mingled with heliotrope, geranium and pansy, was fragrant indeed. One house was hidden in foliage and flowering shrubs. The hedge surrounding it is of brilliant but

small red roses, which fairly crowd one another for room, and behind it, looped from tree to tree, are garlands of every conceivable kind of rose, the beautiful Beauty of Glazenwood, which is a variegated shell color, brilliant pink at night; the white clusters of the Le Mare, the pink Phœbe, the red Jacqueminot, the Marechal Neil, and many others which I did not know, vieing with one another to grow the fastest and to have the most blossoms. To me San Raphael was more attractive than any place in Southern California, and I would love to live there during the rose harvest every year. When we come back in the autumn we will try to get some plants of the first three kinds, which we have not in the East.

In the village of San Raphael we ordered saloon tea for the yacht. The afternoon Mr. Coffin called we were trying different kinds from samples sent by the grocer. None of them tasted like that at home, but Mrs. Coffin's was as near it as possible, and we decided to buy it at the same place. She laughingly said her grocer should give her a large discount for a sale of twenty pounds.

At half-past six we were back at their house, and by seven were ready for dinner, to which they had invited four neighbors. One of them, Mr. Eels, is the nephew of the founder of Alpha Delta Phi, and Arthur was delighted to meet him. Mrs. Eels was a classmate of Bertha James White at Farmington. Mr. and Mrs. Griffith are cousins of the Coffins. The table was laden with lovely Beauty of Glazenwood roses, and the dinner was delightfully suggestive of the home tables. In front of each plate was an olive dish filled with ripe olives, which I had never eaten, and supposed were hothouse grapes until I examined them and found them split in order to remove the stones. They are considered more wholesome, and are used very generally here, but I have not cultivated a taste for them yet. The first course was an oyster cocktail. It looks like a fruit combination, is very peppery, and served in tall glasses with a long spoon. After the guests departed we had a pleasant talk before a big open fire in the hall, and retired to be called at seven in the morning. We left with the promise from all at the dinner to come on board the yacht for some of the tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Arriving at the Sausalito station we found five and a half tons of stores on the dock to be carried in boats to the yacht. Again this meant a busy day, with storage places open, and the yacht generally uncomfortable for visitors or ourselves. We decided in consequence to go to town for necessary errands, and to be out of the way in case of visitors, and allow all the boats to be used for carrying stores. Miss Ellis, a Smith College teacher, and Mrs. Belcher, a friend of Mrs. Todd, were on the boat which we were to take. They decided to return with us, as Miss Ellis had come out to call upon me, and I had a pleasant talk with her on the way. She is now teaching at Mills College, in California.

We lunched at the Palace with Arthur Francis and Mr. and Miss. Page, and returned to the yacht by an early boat. Since then we have been helping to open boxes, and putting the contents away. Many hands make light work, but a thorough sweeping is necessary before we can even sit in the saloon.

APRIL 22D.—Last evening was spent at the hotel writing journals, etc., and this morning on going to the yacht we found all hands busy straightening the saloon. Evidently we were in the way, and as Arthur was busy, and did not care to leave the yacht, I asked Mr. Pemberton to call at the Harrisons with me. We walked up the steep road to the garden entrance, and the terraced walk to the house. Flowers grow in great profusion, and here and there are seats for the weary climbers. Mrs. Harrison was at home, and after a pleasant call with her we returned to hail the gig. Arthur met us, and we decided to get Dr. Adriance, who was on board, and all go to San Raphael for luncheon. Off we went, and after lunching at the pretty hotel, and a talk and a walk with John and Ethel Hoyt, we started to drive about the town, and let the train overtake us on the way to Sausalito. We have enjoyed every minute of the fine day, and have had a charming drive, having reached Larkspur, the last stop the train makes before our station. At four o'clock we were back, and on the landing found Mr. and Mrs. Eels, Mr. Coffin, and Mr. Griffith. We found Mr. and Miss. Page on board, and the yacht in excellent order. Our tea

party was a jolly one, and we were sorry to have it come to an end.

APRIL 23D.—Our sixth anniversary. Five years ago we were at San Luis Obispo, California, and now again we are in the same part of the world. Many happy days have we spent since then, and it hardly seems possible it could have been so long ago.

When we awoke it was raining very hard, and the wind blowing furiously. Arthur proposed to go at once to the yacht, but we persuaded him to wait until after luncheon, when we decided to brave the storm. Andrew brought wraps, rubbers, and oilskins to us, and we reached the yacht without difficulty or harm. Professor Todd was soon in his mackintosh and sitting near the top of the companionway, although the motion below was hardly perceptible. We had not been long there when we were surprised by a visit from Arthur Francis and Helen Page. They came laden with two large boxes, one of which was flowers, and the other—what do you think? A beautiful strawberry shortcake! How they brought it without ruining it is more than I can imagine. It was in a wooden box, and decorated with candy roses, and elaborate whipped cream. We ate it at afternoon tea, and it was good!

Arthur brought us, too, a sweet letter from Florence Sullivan, which she had given him when we left home. So you see, although it was stormy and blustering above, we had warmth and jollity below. Arthur, Doctor, Mr. Pemberton and I had a simple little home dinner on board to-night, and here we are now to remain for the trip. The others move over to-morrow morning, and on Saturday we shall sail away. It is good to be here again, and we are happy to-night.

APRIL 24TH.—Still it rains! So out came pens and paper, and I spent the morning writing. Professor Todd and Arthur have put oilskins on and gone to pay their respects to the coast survey steamer, the McArthur, the officers of which called a day or two ago. At one o'clock they lunched with us, and have now, at half-past, gone by the boat to San Francisco. At three-

fifteen Mrs. Todd and I shall follow, and after doing a few errands go to the Palace Hotel, where we stay to-night in order to dine with an Amherst man, Mr. Chickering. The dinner is to be given at the University Club, and I believe other Amherst men are to be present. This I write in advance, as I wish to mail the journal in town, and fear it will be too late to write to-night.

Our plan is to return by nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and to be away as soon after as possible. When this reaches you we shall be well on our way, and you can think of us then as all over the trying period of departure and of discomfort, and nearing the beautiful islands of the Pacific. By the time we land, there will be another edition to send you, which I hope Uncle Sam will be good enough to hurry over both sea and land until it reaches you all. In the meantime our hearts and our thoughts are with you, and already we begin to anticipate the home-coming, which makes every journey worth the while.

CHAPTER II.

SAN FRANCISCO TO HONOLULU.

APRIL 25TH.—Saturday—the day we sail. When day broke this morning we were at the Palace Hotel. It was very cloudy and threatening, and we feared the wind was anything but auspicious. However, we rose early, and after saying good-bye to Mr. and Miss Page, hurried away for the nine-fifteen boat to Sausalito. Arriving there, we found Commodore and Mrs. Harrison about to go to the yacht, the latter carrying a large basket of roses. On the way it began to rain heavily, but the shower soon passed over and the sun came out. The wind in the bay was shifting, but the pilot thought we would be able to make our course outside, so we began to get things to rights in our staterooms and to finish putting lashings on boxes in the saloon. While these preparations were going on Mr. Edwin Norton, of Chicago, appeared. He said he had come to see us safely out of the country, and immediately ar-

ranged to return with the pilot. Shortly before twelve, the last boat, which carried the Harrisons back to the land, returned and was hoisted to the davits. A small boat came alongside, bringing some California poppies from the officers of the McArthur, thanks for which we returned by megaphone. The Commodore's flag had been hoisted on his house; the McArthur's camera was stationed on her deck, and the men lined up to watch our departure. Our foresail was hoisted, then staysail and jib, and away went our first gun, which was immediately answered by those of several yachts in harbor, and by all the ensigns in turn. Each was answered by our flag as we sailed toward the Golden Gate. Until fairly over the bar it was very rough, although all on board bore up bravely for some time. The pilot assured us it was the tide water, and that we would find it much smoother outside—a prophecy which was realized to a very small extent, only so late in fulfillment that most of the party had succumbed before its arrival. We were all in too good spirits to go below, however, and stayed on deck until long after the pilot and Mr. Norton left us. Some members of the Yacht Club had hired the pilot boat for the afternoon in order to escort us out to sea, and for some distance she accompanied us, making a lovely picture as she sailed abreast. Just as we began to gain they waved good-by, and as she turned about we gave them a gun of departure. She answered by dipping her ensign until ours was dipped in return. Then we quickly lost sight of one another, and we were alone on an expanse of water which to us seemed the entire ocean.

Only Arthur, Mr. Pemberton and Dr. Adriance went to the table for dinner, Mrs. Todd having retreated almost as soon as she reached the table. I very wisely went to bed, where I managed to feel comfortable.

APRIL 26TH.—This morning we find ourselves just out of sight of some islands which are twenty miles from San Francisco Bay. Captain Crosby calls them "Furlongs" or "Fallons." We imagine he may mean Farallones. On waking I felt surprisingly well, and had no qualms until after taking some rice and milk.

Before trying to dress I decided to take a hypodermic of ingredients very like those contained in Fraser's remedy, although in smaller quantities, and after resting half an hour it was surprising with what ease I was enabled to dress for the day. Upon going on deck I found both the Doctor and Arthur Francis had taken the same remedy, and both seemed perfectly well. Certainly I have never had so comfortable a second day out. I went to church, which was attended by all except Professor Todd and Mr. Gerrish. In the evening we sang hymns and quartettes of sacred music in the saloon.

APRIL 27TH.—I am able again to report attendance at each meal with a fair appetite, which is a comfort to both Arthur and myself. This morning, while Mrs. Todd read aloud to us on deck, Mr. Pemberton began tearing strips of canton flannel for a chessboard, which I afterward helped him weave and sew on a flat cushion. While I was doing the latter he cut the heads off of pins and drilled them into the chess men, thereby making it possible to play chess on the windiest days. Mr. Pemberton is the only person who knows the game well, but offers to teach us all. At four o'clock we were, one by one, invited below to be vaccinated by the doctor, and a very busy two hours ensued. To-night we are more than two hundred miles out. Sailing distance since yesterday noon to noon to-day is one hundred and fifty miles.

APRIL 28TH.—Every day at sea is like the one preceding it to a very great extent, and I feel that there is little of interest to relate in regard to what has been done to-day. We have had a light westerly wind, having sailed only one hundred and twenty miles to noon. Chess grows in favor, and some trolling for birds has been indulged in. Mr. Thompson succeeded in getting one on deck, and as the great bird was not hurt we had a good deal of amusement over it. They are called "goonies," and will follow a vessel for many miles. We baited our hook with pork, and as their bills are hooked the fishhook will at times catch in them and they can be pulled on deck. This bird weighed six and a half pounds, and meas-

ured more than seven feet from the tips of the wings. When they are out of the water they cannot start to fly, so we put it back, after having tied a ribbon about its neck that we might recognize it if it came again.

Very early this morning we were spoken by a tugboat, which asked if we had seen anything of a wrecked vessel supposed to be not far from our present position. The news of the burning of the vessel had been published in the newspapers the day we left. We had not seen the hulk, but Andrew, the second mate, says that he did sight it after the tug had left, but in the opposite direction.

APRIL 29TH.—Until noon to-day we had sailed one hundred and fifty-five miles, with winds west by north during the morning, and stronger than any we have had yet. For a few hours we made twelve knots, which brought some spray on board and was exhilarating to all.

Late in the afternoon a four-masted ship passed far to windward. She was probably bound for San Francisco. The only sail we have seen since we bade farewell to the pilot. This evening we are sitting in the saloon after dinner, and have been reading aloud. "Criss Cross" has been the story this evening, which Florence Sullivan gave me on leaving home. It is a bright story, easily read, and told in a racy style which keeps one's attention. I neglected to say that we began last evening to read "Robinson Crusoe," aloud. Mamma gave it to Professor Todd to open at sea, and as we had not read it for many years, all were glad to listen. We find that we are very sleepy toward evening, and one by one drop off before the reading is finished. At ten o'clock good-nights are usually said.

APRIL 30TH.—Three weeks and more have passed since we left home and already April has gone, and with you summer is about to begin. Not until to-day have we felt the slightest sign of it, but as we have been becalmed since half-past five this morning with the sun beating down on the deck, we have been conscious of its rays and ready to shelter ourselves



EXPEDITION WORK ON BOARD.

From "Corona and Coronet," by courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

below. Since yesterday noon we made one hundred and twenty miles, so crawling slowly along toward our destination, which even now must be nearly fifteen hundred miles away. During the calm this morning the yacht was rolling heavily, when the tackle broke on the main boom, the strain of which broke the jaw of the boom. The sail had to be immediately lowered, which was done with difficulty, and as the swell caused a slatting of the fore boom that sail was also taken in. So we have rolled away all day with no relief until this afternoon, when a very light breeze came and the repaired jaw was again ready for service.

To my delight I beat Mr. Pemberton at chess this afternoon, although with odds having been given me, of course. I like the game immensely, and so do most of the others. Late this afternoon the gentlemen amused themselves by pulling a tug-of-war and by other gymnastics on deck. This evening we have been reading aloud awhile, and now as I write Arthur is giving Dr. Adriance instruction in navigation, computing latitude and longitude, etc. The others, all except Professor and Mrs. Todd, are sitting about with books or resting. Poor Mr. Todd is miserable much of the time, and by far the poorest sailor on board. He begins a meal in the saloon now and then, but is almost sure to take his plate on deck before it is finished. Mr. Gerrish is the only other one to be much sick. We hope, however, to give better reports of them before we sight Honolulu. Everybody is growing sleepy, so I will say good-night and hope for more interesting things to write you in the month of May.

MAY 1ST.—I remarked at breakfast this morning that I would like some May flowers for the table, and with their usual willingness to do anything possible one of the gentlemen said he would be pleased to take a walk and pick some. It is only at such a moment that we remember our boulevard is a contracted one, but we comfort ourselves by the remembrance that we have to walk back and forth from the main sheet to the gig only sixty-one times to make a mile. And, too, if we cannot have the May flowers, you at home can. Nearly all day

to-day I have been reading the book Melissa Atterbury gave me, "The Bishop's Conversion," which is a story of the trials of the missionary and his family in India. After reading of their sacrifices, I wonder how we can ever complain of anything. It is a wonderfully strong appeal for the cause of foreign missions, and gives one an insight into the lives of missionaries as well as that of the natives of a country which must be almost unbearable during nine months of the year.

A part of the morning Mrs. Todd and I spent in bringing our scrap-books up to date. I thought mine had been growing rapidly, but I find she has over forty more notices than I have. However, she subscribed to a press-clipping bureau, which I suppose accounts for the difference.

We have, I think, made about the usual number of miles since yesterday; but with so little wind that we hardly knew we were sailing, except for the heavy-rolling sea. We begin to realize that the rollers of the Pacific are longer than those of the Atlantic, as we had been told they were before we left, but hesitated to believe.

To-night we have commenced an article on the Hawaiian Islands, published in one of the books on the Islands of the Pacific. To-morrow we shall finish it; so you see, even though off by ourselves on this big ocean, we do have a good deal of variety in our life and all of the time is not spent in frivolity. Nearly all have retired while I have been writing, so I will follow them and leave the rest until to-morrow.

MAY 2D.—All night a rolling sea, with no wind, and the same during the day. We are almost afraid the steamer *Mariposa*, which *Louis* is on, will pass us. Last night Captain Crosby made ready the square-sail rigging, thinking we might be near the trades, but no such good luck has overtaken us. This afternoon the men have been fishing for goonies again and playing ball. They had a great scramble to catch a ball which fell overboard, but were unsuccessful and lowered the dingy to get it. Andrew and Arthur went after it, and later Dr. Adriance and Mrs. Todd took Andrew's place. I confess I do not like them to go off in the dingy, but Arthur as-

asures me it is perfectly safe. Mrs. Todd returned wildly enthusiastic over the row, and greatly impressed by the weird sensations of being in so small a boat on the big ocean, and having wondered to herself what would become of them in case their little world, the yacht, should suddenly disappear. It really seems to us a little world, for there is almost everything imaginable in it—all kinds of people, with very varied talents and dispositions, and with every kind of a tool to work with. On week-days now the saloon is a workshop. The tool-chest stands open, the table is the carpenter's, and the sound of chisel and hammer are constantly heard. By another week each member of the expedition will have regular work to do, for convalescence is now over, and there is no excuse for more laziness.

This evening has been partly spent in rehearsal of chants and hymns for to-morrow's service, and now we feel we have earned our rest.

MAY 3D.—In my haste in writing I neglected to mention the bright spots in the last two days, which were the arrival of some home mail—Amie's little note with the pretty hat-pin to help me guard my hat from the breezy trade winds, and Maud's welcome letter and its pretty inclosure. Then to-day has come Mrs. Ferry's letter and I have been favored indeed. They were all so bright and newsy that I feel quite as though I had had a chat with you. Thank you ever so much for remembering me so sweetly, for these little surprises mean a great deal to us when so very far from home.

The long-looked-for and longed-for trades have at last arrived, and all day we have been conscious again of making time and distance. We had begun to be almost discouraged and fearful lest the steamer leaving the 30th would beat us in. Even now there is a chance of it, but we hope to be more fortunate. To-day we are in latitude $28^{\circ} 16'$ north and longitude $132^{\circ} 38'$ west. It has begun to be very warm on the deck where the sun strikes, and we are glad to get into the saloon while the heat of the day lasts.

Ten sailors and stewards besides ourselves attended service

this morning, which quite filled the cabin. Every one knew the first hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and it must have sounded far out over the waters. The other hymns were "Olivet" and the "Portuguese Hymn." Arthur read the usual service, with two Scripture lessons. After church we sang a good while in the saloon. Arthur and I walked a mile on deck this afternoon while the rest wrote, walked or read. Mr. Thompson, who is busy much of the time, goes to the messroom table, except on Sunday, when he comes to us. He interests us more and more, and is so thoroughly good, earnest and intelligent that we all admire him. When he appeared at dinner to-day he had cut his beard into a short, pointed one, and has made a bargain with the doctor, for whom he has an especial fondness, to raise a mustache if the doctor will a beard. There seems to be nothing mechanical which he cannot do, and he is ready and willing to be of service.

MAY 4TH.—While I have been writing Arthur has come down from the deck, and now sits near me reading the last few sheets of my journal. Mr. Pemberton and Dr. Adriance are playing chess, Arthur Francis reading a Japanese story, Professor Todd and Mr. Gerrish nearly asleep, and Mrs. Todd writing for a weekly paper, which she says will be our first edition. I do not yet know what her scheme is, but I think she is trying to encourage us to literary flights.

Up to noon to-day we have made one hundred and fifty-five miles, rather more than our average; but we hope for better things, as the trades are increasing in strength. During some fun and frolic on the deck after tea, Mr. Thompson asked the first conundrum we have heard since we left home. "Why is the captain a very careful one, so far as his craft is concerned?" The answer, "Because he carries a dry Doc. with him"—meaning a witty one, which he surely is.

I did my first work for the expedition proper to-day. With anvil, chisel and hammer, I helped make some tin-plate holders for the revolving camera. There are one hundred and fifty to arrange, and Mr. Pemberton and I cut about fifty this afternoon,

MAY 5TH AND 6TH.—These two days we have spent in doing little or nothing. I for one having all I could do, and sometimes a little more, in keeping my head up. It has been very rough, and we have rolled almost constantly, the one compensation being the fact that we were making ten and eleven knots through it all. The mainsail had to be taken in, as it was too rough to carry it without running the risk of breaking something. This allowed the foresail to do more work, so that we lost very little in speed. Captain Crosby has said that the week's run was the slowest he had ever known the Coronet to make, and is as pleased as we are to have her make up for the delay by speeding on now. Of course, there is no chance of beating Louis' steamer, but we hope to sight land by Sunday.

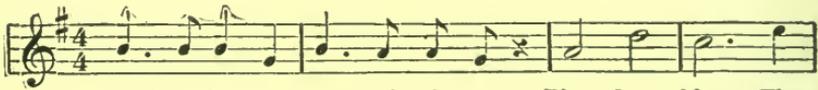
MAY 7TH.—To-day continued rough, but I was able to be up and to play chess. To my delight, I beat Mr. Pemberton twice, with the queen as odds; beat the Doctor an even game, and Arthur Francis and I played a draw game. Expedition labor went on busily to-day, although somewhat hampered by Mr. Thompson's sore hand. He hurt it in a frolic with Professor Todd on the deck, and disobeyed the doctor's orders by using it more than he ought. Now it has to be wrapped securely, while he works with one hand. However, as I write, he is at the opposite end of the table, working with the aid of his son on what they call the "Gyroscutus," a sort of revolving wheel which holds the plates for the photographing telescopes. This evening all work is over, and while some have been reading, Mr. Gerrish and I have been singing duets and solos, Mrs. Todd accompanying us. She reads rapidly and plays well.

MAY 8TH.—One of my first thoughts on waking this morning was for little Harriet, and I send her her auntie's warmest love and wish her many happy returns of this, her birthday.

We are sailing along at a rapid rate, and each day reducing the miles between us and port by more than two hundred. At noon we were in latitude $22^{\circ} 20'$, and to-night we have reached that of Honolulu. The rest of the distance is in longitude only.

Much of the day has been passed by all in writing for the *Coronet Saturday Evening News*, which will be published tomorrow for the first time. We have had a great deal of fun in preparing it, and I will try to send a copy with the journal. The only difficulty in connection with it is that we have no typewriter or printing press wherewith to speed its publication.

The following is one of the songs with which the sailors delighted us yesterday in hoisting the mainsail. The crew use a number of these, and we are glad indeed to hear these old-time "chanteys," which have well-nigh departed from the Atlantic coast.



Yan-kee ship comes down the riv-er, Blow, boys, blow: The



Yan-kee ship comes down the riv-er, Blow, boys, Bully boys, blow!

2. How d'ye know she's a Yankee liner?
Blow, boys, blow.
Stars and Stripes and Spangled Banner.
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow.
3. Bet your life she's a Yankee clipper.
Blow, boys, blow.
You bet your life she's a Yankee clipper.
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow.
4. Coronet's the name they give her.
Blow boys, blow.
The Coronet's the name they give her.
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow.
5. What d'ye think they had for dinner?
Blow, boys, blow.
Monkey's heart and donkey's liver.
Blow, boys, bully boys, blow.

Some of the solos were sung by Andrew, and others by Mr. Orr, the mate. He is a strongly built man, and not afraid of work, but pulls with a will on the halyards which hoist the sails as if Quartermaster Tom had hold of them.

MAY 9TH.—The event of the day has been the reading to-night of the *Coronet Saturday Evening News*, which Mrs. Todd has compiled in a very neat form, Mr. Pemberton making the design for the heading, copied from the pin which Florence Sullivan gave me before leaving home. The paper is full of jokes, which mean more to us than they can to you; but the reading has been the greatest fun, and we think it a success, of course. To-night we are less than two hundred miles from the islands, which we hope to see early to-morrow morning.

MAY 10TH.—Just before church this morning we saw what we thought was land, and after the service was over there was no doubt of it. At twelve o'clock it had become sufficiently clear to reveal a high, sloping shore, with waterfalls piercing its rocky cliffs. This proved to be the Island of Molokai, which is the largest of the group, and on which is situated the leper station. This afternoon we are skirting the north shore of this island, and hope before night to have gone through the strait separating it from Oahu, toward which we are journeying as rapidly as possible. Once in the bay we are not many miles from Honolulu, but unless we are very fortunate we shall not reach that city until to-morrow. I am writing this afternoon in order to be ready to mail the journal at a moment's notice, if necessary. It must be nearly time for the mail steamer to leave the islands, and if it should happen to pass us before we have landed, we would do our utmost to put our mail aboard her. I hope I have not written so fully that you will be burdened by trying to read it. To us, however, the voyage has been full of interest, and I suspect many days I have written more than was necessary.

None of us can realize that we are actually in the Sandwich Islands, about which we used to study in our geographies, and wondered if we would ever reach.

Already Arthur has written a telegram, which he has inclosed in a letter to Mr. Merrill, of San Francisco. If Mr. Merrill forwards it at once you will hear of our arrival four or five days before our letters reach you. Then you will have some

from Honolulu which you will receive long after we have left for Japan. Even now I will not say good-by, for I may have a chance to add more before the steamer leaves.

SUNDAY EVENING.—At seven o'clock we began to burn pilot signals, with the hope that a tug might come out to us. Before very long a little boat appeared with a pilot, who sent his men back for the tug. We all questioned him about every conceivable subject, giving him a warm welcome. The tug came, and we were hardly under way again when another little rowboat arrived and a painter was thrown on board. It was caught by a sailor, just as a man climbed over the side. It was so dark we could only just recognize Louis Slade, whom we were all rejoiced to see. He had heard of our arrival on leaving evening service, and ran to the dock, with the hope of coming out with the tugboat. Missing that, he had hired a rowboat. Both Mabel and he are delighted with the islands.

CHAPTER III.

“THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC.”

MAY 11TH.—This has been our first day in Honolulu, and a busy one it has proved. Callers began to arrive early, as they invariably do in tropical climes, and having found out that in our West Indian visits we were ready to receive them. Before breakfast had been cleared away the custom house officer and surveyor of the port came. The next visitors were two gentlemen, Mr. Wood and Mr. Corbett, who belong to the Y. M. C. A., and came at the request of Mr. McBurney, of New York. Dr. Hyde followed, and afterward Professor and Mrs. Hosmer, of the Oahu College. As soon as possible the gentlemen went ashore, returning with mail. In the meantime I endeavored to pack away some of the warm clothing which had been so comfortable during the journey over, but which we realize to-day there will be little use for from now on. At eleven o'clock Arthur and I went ashore together,



AT ANCHOR IN HARBOR OF HONOLULU.

calling first upon my old school friend, Oscar White, and then going to the hotel to see Mabel and Louis, who returned for luncheon with us. The town is smaller than I had expected to find, but a very business-like and progressive one, with tram-cars going in every direction, and electric lights. The buildings are low on account of the earthquakes, some of them built of wood, although many of these are being replaced by more permanent ones. The tropical foliage is not as luxuriant and fine as that in some of the West India islands, but they tell us that Hawaii is more fertile, and we shall see that in going to the volcano, which is now active and furnishes strong inducements to us on that account. We only regret that the steamer for Hawaii sails to-morrow, and that in order to see the volcano we must be away from seven to ten days.

At the hotel I met Mrs. Charles Carter, to whom we have letters. She had already sent an invitation through Mabel to our entire party to come to her house at Waikiki that afternoon and to have supper there. We had promised ourselves for an afternoon drive to the "Pali," with the Y. M. C. A. gentlemen, but accepted Mrs. Carter's invitation for supper.

I hardly know how to give you an idea of our afternoon and evening. The "Pali" is such a wonderful place. It is almost beyond description. The word means a precipice, and such it is indeed, for when one reaches it one overlooks the great ocean, which just here is bordered by volcanic islands, rocks rising to ragged peaks and overlapping one another in the sea. It was here that Kamehameha I. drove the opposing army to the edge of the precipice, from which they were dashed into the sea. Kamehameha commanded the forces of Hawaii against those of the King of Oahu, and that was the decisive battle by which he gained possession of this island about a hundred years ago. One must imagine oneself standing on the brink of a great rock five hundred feet in height, on the right serrated peaks fifteen hundred feet high, and on the left one after another of every shade of brown and green, here and there almost purple in the sunlight. As the wind sweeps in from the sea, one fairly grasps the stone railing which is the only protection from the deep abyss.

Leaving the Pali, we drove back over the six miles between the barren volcanic cliffs, past the Royal Mausoleum, two or three beautiful avenues of royal and cocoanut palms, into Nuuanu Avenue, where are the finest residences of Honolulu. The houses are much like those of other tropical islands—low, surrounded by a piazza, and easily opened throughout. The lawns are well kept, with a mass of flowers and palms. After reaching the town we stopped a few minutes at the tennis court, where a match game was being played, and then drove out to the beach at Waikiki, where we were charmingly received by Mrs. Charles Carter. She is in mourning still for her husband, who was shot while helping to quell a riot among the natives about a year and a half ago. The main room of the house is one short step above the level of the lawn, from which it is separated by blinds which lift like an awning. The room might almost be called a piazza, it is so open, were it not filled with furniture and dainty tables and bric-a-brac. In one corner of it a table was being decorated for the feast by two of Mrs. Carter's cousins. When we arrived the bathers were just returning, and after meeting the strangers among them we all walked to the next place to get the ocean view from a wide terrace. Returning we found the lawn illuminated by Japanese lanterns, and the table set in the midst of it, covered with beautiful Hawaiian "leis" of red carnations and green leaves. Chairs and smaller tables were scattered about, and here the men helped the little Japanese waitress to serve us. After the feast Mrs. Carter put a lei on each of us and we sat on the ground in groups, listening to Hawaiian music from a quartette of natives. Altogether it was a charmingly novel entertainment, and one which many of the party pronounced the best of their lives. It was indeed one long to be remembered, and we shall always have cause to praise Hawaiian hospitality.

MAY 12TH TO 18TH.—Our journey to the volcano Kilauea via the steamship W. G. Hall.

On leaving Honolulu this morning we saw a side of Hawaiian life which was entirely new to us. The landing was

gay with natives, carrying bright-colored leis, with which they were decorating their friends about to go on board. Some of them were put over our heads, but we found they were glad to receive coin for them. Everything you take from their hands you are expected to keep. Some one told us it is because the value had been extracted by contact with a foreigner.

Forward of the staterooms is the open deck, on which all beside the first cabin passengers are quartered. They spread their mattresses or mats, whichever it may be, on the deck, and here they both eat and sleep. Men, women and children of five nationalities—Hawaiian, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese and American.

Alfred had bought us some chocolate, crackers, olives and Weisbaden strawberries, which we were very glad to have before the day was over. The steamer carries a large amount of freight, and is not especially anxious for cabin passengers, so that the supply of food is not large. However, it is quite as good as we expected to find, and shall not complain.

Our first stop was made at Lahaina, on the Island of Maui, Molokai having been passed without a stop. The purser asked us if we cared to go ashore in his boat, an invitation which we quickly accepted. The gangway was lowered and we went off in the first boat and walked about the dusty little village while the freight was being shipped. We tasted the sugar-cane, which is largely cultivated on the island, and looked for the coffee, none of which we could find, but which we decided must be raised in the mountains instead of by the sea. The next stops were made during the night, and about six A.M. we reached Kealakeakua, on Hawaii. Here the first missionary church was built. The kings have long had a residence here also.

At Hookena we went ashore again, in order to see Captain Cook's monument, built on the spot where he fell in 1778, shot by the cannibals who had thought he was a god, but decided otherwise when he fell. All along the beach were mules whose riders had come to town for the great event of the week—the arrival of the steamer. Women in their holokus, what we would call "Mother-Hubbard wrappers," sat in the sand or on

the landing; while drawn up on the beach were several native canoes with outriggers, called in native "waa." Our last stopping-place before Punaluu was reached just before supper, and again we landed in the purser's boat. In the town, which looked like most of the others, with the same assembly of native men and women, we found a man who offered to climb a cocoanut tree for us, and quite a crowd gathered in the street to watch the process. We carried several cocoanuts back to the steamer and ate them in the evening. The most exciting landing was made at our destination, Punaluu. Oftentimes the surf is too high to allow a landing, but the natives are very expert, and took us safely over. We were met on the dock by Mrs. Graham, who was a Miss Coney, of Honolulu, and married Mr. Malcolm Graham's oldest son, from whom she is now divorced. She had come to meet her sister, Mrs. Renjes, but expected us also, as she had heard of our proposed trip to the volcano. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Monserrat, is the man with whom we must make arrangements for the journey. Mrs. Graham is a charming woman, and to have known her has added much to our comfort and pleasure. Our first night was spent in three rooms in the little hotel on the beach, three having been all that were available for our party. The five men had a rather broken sleep, I fancy, for it was very late before we heard the last peals of laughter from their room. Late in the evening we overheard Mr. Monserrat ordering the breakfast. "What is there for eat, A Kee?" "Eggs and bacon, sir." "What! eggs and bacon, A Kee? must catch chicken!" "Yah! one chicky." "No, no, many chicken. These all newspaper people. Egypt, China, Europe, Russia, America. They come from everywhere. They go home, say A Kee no keep good hotel. You catch many chicken, they say A Kee fine man—big hotel—you make much money."

Needless to say we had many chicken and a bountiful breakfast.

In the morning we all started on the little narrow-gauge road for Pahala, Mr. Monserrat with us, so that there was no rush for the train, which left whenever we were ready. It rained heavily when we left the little station, but before Pa-

hala Plantation was reached, in about an hour, we had run away from the shower. While the stage and horses were being made ready we went over the plantation, where some of the Havemeyer sugar is made. The Monserrat party all rode horses sent them from the ranch. Miss Carter and Mabel Slade also rode, while the rest of us used the old six-horse stage and a wagon. The stage load, including Mrs. Todd and ourselves, had been asked for luncheon at the ranch of Mr. Monserrat, who would have invited the entire party had his dining room been large enough. We thought them exceedingly kind to ask any of us.

With Mrs. Graham and her two sisters was their aunt, Mrs. Haalelea, whose husband was a chief. At luncheon she sat on my left, and I had a very interesting talk with her about island life and customs. The ranch is called "Kapapala," and is an oasis in the desert on that side of Hawaii. The house is small, and completely hidden in flowers, which border the pretty little pathways through the garden. Mr. and Mrs. Monserrat did much for us, and in the early afternoon we remounted the stage, feeling much refreshed and ready for the next seventeen miles' travel. At the halfway house we stopped only long enough to water the horses, and found the men had gone on without us to the Volcano House. At seven o'clock we arrived there, after having been pretty well soaked by the rain, and almost black and-blue from the jolting of the rough old stage. The hotel offered a most comfortable and inviting shelter, with a warm open fire by which to dry ourselves. To the disappointment of some of the number, we learned that "Moku-a-weo-weo," the volcano at the top of "Mauna-Loa," had ceased its activity, and we must satisfy ourselves with Kilauea. For my part I am content, as every one who has taken the trip pronounces it a very difficult one. Only three women have ascended it, and one of those is Mrs. Graham, who speaks of it as a wonderfully magnificent sight, but a hard experience. Nineteen were in the party, and nearly every one suffered from mountain sickness. The native girl who went up with Mrs. Graham sat all night long watching the crater with its two fiery fountains, and bore it far better than did the white

people, who took to their beds. Before retiring we ordered our horses for the morning, and arranged to spend the first half of the day in riding over the crater and looking at the lake. As we left the hotel in single file, led by native guides, the scene was a queer one. Here and there about the Volcano House steam was bursting from the ground, warning the pedestrian not to step nearer on account of soft spots. Below us was the black crater over which we must travel for three miles in order to reach the fiery lake. The trail to it is just wide enough for a horse, but they go over it so often that they knew their way far better than we did. The last half-mile one is obliged to walk; and here we began to realize what kind of a place we were visiting.

As we walked over the smooth lava, called "pahoehoe," we came upon places which the guides told us to avoid, as they were only shells, and the soles of our feet constantly reminded us of the great heat which was below the surface. Near the lake, from which the sulphur fumes were pouring in a great white cloud, we could not stand for more than a few seconds. Here the great wall of the crater has fallen about six hundred feet—this having begun to occur while Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, with some other people, were walking on that very spot. All about us we could see the heat in wave motions, and in the cracks of the lava whenever we dropped a stick it was quickly lighted. One of our guides placed a ladder in a hole near-by and asked if we would like to go down into it. We could not put more than one foot in, and yet he was able to go down and stay long enough to gather some hot lava for us. We all felt a strange, uncertain feeling creeping over us, and I think no one was sorry to get away from so weird a place. The scenes of Wagner's operas of the Trilogy occurred to me, and I felt as near to Brunhilde's haunts as I ever hope to come.

Late in the afternoon we walked to a smaller crater called Maunakea, about one and a quarter miles from the hotel. We stood at least six hundred feet above the crater and looked down into it, and watched the great rocks thrown by the guide crash down the side and break in pieces on the crater. That evening we had a jolly time at the hotel, singing and dancing.



SULPHUR BLOW-HOLE IN THE CRATER OF KILAUEA.

From "Corona and Coronet," by courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



It was quite like a house party. A vote was taken during the evening on the subject of our return to Honolulu, and it was decided as we could not ascend the mountain to go back the way we had come rather than spend three days in Hilo, waiting for the other steamer. On that account we arranged to drive over the most attractive part of the road toward Hilo, and to return in the evening to the Volcano House. The proprietor, Mr. Lee, is an old sailor, and was at one time mate with Captain Samuels, of the Dreadnaught. He offered to drive the ladies himself and to have three saddle horses at our disposal beside the stage.

The drive is one of fifteen miles over an excellent government road, either side thickly covered with tree fern, banana and "Ohia" trees. The latter is that which one finds all over the volcano mountain, the blossoms of which one must not pick, according to tradition, until they have first paid tribute to Pele, the goddess of the volcano. Natives were also forbidden to eat the "Ohello" berry on the way up, lest Pele should be made angry. Many interesting legends are told in connection with this volcano, but it would take too long either to write or read them. Most of them relate to the stopping of the lava flows. The town of Hilo has had many narrow escapes during these flows, the last one, in 1894, having stopped within three-quarters of a mile of it. In journeying toward Hilo we came upon several coffee plantations, at one of which we stopped, that of a Mr. Grossman, of San Francisco. Here we saw coffee culture from the seed to the berry. The planter told us that it took five years to get any return for money invested in coffee planting. He also said that they were allowed to cut away a frontage of four hundred feet for their plantations. Further than that they must leave one hundred and fifty feet of the natural growth. At the Mountain View House, which we reached about twelve o'clock, we found luncheon spread on the piazza. A Portuguese man with his family occupy the house and care for all the travelers. To our amazement we found the oldest child, a boy of two and a half years, playing with the stub of a large, strong cigar. The father assured us he could smoke it, and would be only too glad to have it

lighted. It seemed almost impossible for him to grasp the idea that he ought not to allow it. The child was a very pretty boy, and held the cigar in his fingers like an old smoker. It was indeed a pitiful sight. The doctor told the mother it ought not to be allowed, but I doubt if even she understood the danger.

At four o'clock we were back in our rooms at the Volcano House, and glad enough to rest before dinner. This evening will be our last here, as we must leave early to-morrow in order to stop for luncheon at the Ranch and reach Punaluu in time to go aboard the steamer. Mrs. Monserrat has invited the entire party for a poi feast or luau. Needless to say we all accepted an invitation which promised so unique and interesting a feast. Besides, those of us who had been at the Ranch were delighted to go again, and to have the others see it also. The meal was cooked in native fashion, and soon after our arrival we were asked to go out to see the lunch taken from the oven. A hole had been dug in the ground and lined with cleanly washed hot stones. The food had been placed over these stones, after having been tightly wrapped with other hot stones and covered with tea leaves, and those of the banana. Over this were many layers of leaves and then a Hawaiian mat. When we reached the spot they were about to begin the uncovering, and the first delicious-looking object to meet our hungry eyes was a small pig. It had been so well cooked that the men were unable to get it out quite whole, but they were very expert. A pail of water stood near by, and after removing each layer of leaves or stone, they dipped their hands in the water. The next package of tea leaves, which is a large, flat leaf, resembling the banana, contained chicken; the next salmon, then greens and other vegetables. The table was spread on the piazza, and well covered with ferns and bright flowers. On the back of each chair was a Hawaiian lei. Here the good things were brought and everything was placed on the table, from which we were to help ourselves. Usually all sit on the floor, but they feared we might be fatigued after our long journey, and so provided chairs for us. At the table were twenty-three people, the three children, their nurse, and the manager of the

Ranch and his wife. On the left of each person was a bowl of "poi," which was eaten by every one except ourselves with great relish. Luckily, I had said to Mrs. Haalelea, who sat next to me, that I should follow her in eating luncheon, for she was the only person near me who ate with knife and fork. I confess I would not have enjoyed eating with two fingers in native style. The relishes provided were a few pieces of red pepper, some coarse salt, and a dry sauce made of the kukui nut. For drink we were given, beside water, a mixture of champagne and beer. The dessert was a pudding made of sweet potato and cocoanut. Various fruits were also provided. When the custom is exactly followed a bowl of water is handed about after the meal and every one uses it. Here, however, we were invited to wash our hands before having coffee on the open "Lanai." "Kona" coffee is a delicious beverage, and one which we seldom care to refuse. Everything possible was done to make us enjoy the queer, ancient customs, and we were loath to leave the Ranch when the time came, as it did very speedily. In the meantime, however, we had persuaded Mrs. Graham to come back to Honolulu with us, and she will stay until we sail away to Japan. It has made it much pleasanter to have some one with us during this trip who has known all the points of interest. Monday and Tuesday, the 18th and 19th, we were on board the steamer W. G. Hall, with our thoughts turned toward Honolulu. Time passed much as on the journey down, taking the boat ashore wherever it was possible, and listening to or learning native songs and playing chess. At Kealakeakua Bay two women came on board. One of them proved to be Miss Kate Field. She looked ill and tired, and went straight to her stateroom. We had hardly steamed away from the little bay before the other woman sought out some of our party whom she knew, and asked if there were a physician on board. Miss Carter told her of our Dr. Adriance, and after a few words with Miss Field, Miss Paris returned to ask Dr. Adriance to see her. He quickly discovered that she had pneumonia, which he felt was a severe illness for a woman of her age. He quietly told Arthur of this, but nothing was said to alarm the rest until the following morn-

ing. At night she had begun to grow somewhat delirious, and Dr. Adriance spent the night at her bedside, doing what he could for her. At two o'clock he noticed a decided change, and when we came out of our rooms in the morning both he and Mrs. Todd were at her bedside, the latter trying to take a few addresses from her and to write a letter, which she attempted to dictate. It was a sad sight, and as the day wore on it grew even more so. The rest, I feel sure, mamma and papa have learned from Arthur's letter, and it is a story sad both to read or to write. Suffice it to say that everything was done for her which could have been done anywhere. She had worn herself out in travel over the mountains, with lack of proper food and much exposure. The captain hurried the steamer along as rapidly as possible, and the doctor, although he had given up hope, worked with a will to keep her alive with the hope that the crisis, if it were near, would bring a break in the fever. No one knew how long she had been ill, however, and he could not tell how near the crisis might be. On landing Arthur saw Mrs. Graham's brother on the dock, and called to him to telephone at once for the American consul and for the Grahams' physician, Dr. Herbert. Almost immediately they arrived, and after a short consultation between the two physicians, a stretcher was brought from the U. S. S. Adams, and the sailors in solemn manner carried poor, unconscious Miss Field to the home of Doctor McGrew, who had been a friend and physician to her during the few months she had spent in the islands. That night the papers announced that she had gone, and we who had been with her during the last few hours of her life, without having known her before, were the only countrywomen present to mourn for her. It was a sad ending to a brilliant life.

After writing this it is hard to return to the record of our daily life, and I hardly know where to begin to take it up again. The only thing I think of in connection with our trip to the volcano which impressed me as more primitive than pleasant, was the trying way in which the poor bullocks were taken on board our steamer. We went ashore at Kailua, hoping to see an amusing sight, but it was almost pitiful.

Miss Paris asked us to her "lanai," and gave the other ladies bathing suits that they might go in for a bath. I did not care to join them in that, and so watched the men lassoing the cattle and leading and driving them out to the boats. It was funny to see the wild animals leap into the surf led by one rider and followed by another, but there the fun ceased. They threw their lassos to a man who stood in the stern of the small boat, and then rode away for another poor beast. Eight or ten animals are thus fastened by their horns to the edges of the small boat, and they kick at one another and try to extricate themselves in a frantic manner. Finally, when all are securely fastened, and the first ones to arrive have been almost drowned, they are towed by another boat to the steamer. Poor things! When worn out their troubles seem to come more heavily than ever. One by one they are strapped and hauled on board, where again their horns are fastened; but this time they are allowed to stand instead of hang by their horns. All night long the Hall tumbled and tossed, and I lay awake thinking of the poor beasts and their sufferings. It is said that they are allowed no water during the trip, which fortunately ends the next afternoon; and that when they reach Honolulu they cannot eat, as the grass is so different from that which they have eaten on the hills. I did not ask if this was true, so I will not add more to this tale of horrors. I have asked a number of people why this custom was used, and they say it is the cheapest way, and most of them do not think it inhumane.

So we are back in Honolulu again, and already the news of our arrival has brought both notes and cards from people whom we have either met or shall meet during our few days here.

MAY 19TH TO 23D.—It has been a charming week to us, and we cannot begin to tell you how kind and hospitable every one is. On arriving at the yacht after our volcano trip, we found a good deal of consternation on board caused by having seen the litter taken from the deck of the steamer on our arrival. As we had lingered there until Miss Field could be moved, they had naturally supposed some accident had oc-

curred to us. We found Mr. Thompson at work, and Professor Todd and Mr. Gerrish variously employed. They seem to have enjoyed their stay here, as they are not sorry to have remained on board.

Oscar White and his wife called directly after dinner, and I was glad to meet my old school friend. We are to dine with them on Thursday, the 22d.

MAY 20TH.—This morning we spent in seeing the town, doing a few errands, and in a drive to Waikiki, to call upon Mrs. Charles Carter, who has been thrown from her horse since we saw her last. Fortunately she was only bruised, although we found her lying on a couch. She hopes to be able to go picnicking with us to-morrow. At four o'clock we all attended the funeral of Miss Kate Field, which was held in the Union Church. The service was a very simple and unostentatious one, and conducted by Rev. Mr. Birnie. The news of her death has been sent by steamer to Japan, from which point it will be cabled to New York by the American consul.

Late this afternoon we went with Mrs. Graham and her brother, Mr. Coney, to the tennis courts, where the men had some good games, and we ate café frappé on the piazza. Mabel and Louis came out to dine with us, also Mr. Coney, who brought his mandolin, and played and sang native songs with his sister. It is moonlight now, and the evenings are delightful on board.

MAY 21ST.—Our rendezvous this morning was at Mrs. Graham's house, both she and Miss Carter having invited us for the picnic. Miss McGrew, Mrs. Charles Carter, Mr. Pemberton and I prefer not to ride horseback, and so have a wagonette. The others have good-looking saddle horses, and the ladies ride astride, with divided skirts, except Mrs. Todd, who prefers a side-saddle. In consequence, her horse is the poorest one, as they dislike to have a side-saddle used.

We left the house at half-past ten for Manoa Valley by a lovely road winding between the hills, and bordered by guava and banana. We left our horses at the entrance to some pri-



RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT DOLE IN HONOLULU.
From "Corona and Coronet," by courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

vate lands, and then walked for a quarter of a mile into the forest along a pretty brook, at one point of which we found an attractive rock and soft grass on which to place our baskets. A little bend in the brook revealed a pretty waterfall, and in the midst of this wealth of nature we decided to have our feast.

So the days have been spent; the next, Friday, the 22d, bringing us more pleasure. We went in the morning to the Bishop Museum, where are many curios connected with life in the islands during the early days. Mrs. Bishop was one of the Kamehamehas, and her husband was the founder of the banking firm of Bishop & Co.

The feather capes worn by the kings and chiefs—the “kahilis,” carried by them during great occasions—and the “tapa,” or native cloth, interested us especially.

This afternoon most of the party went canoeing in the surf, an account of which they could give more easily than can I, who remained behind. Before they returned, Mr. and Mrs. Birnie, with Mr. and Mrs. Meigs, of New York, came out for afternoon tea with us. They have asked us for dinner on Saturday, but as we have people coming out to the yacht we shall not be able to accept. Mr. Brown, who had taken them all canoeing, came for dinner on board. He is marshal, and consequently has a boat with native oarsmen at his disposal. They both sang and danced the “*hulacui*” for us after dinner. The dance is one which is peculiar, although graceful in some of its motions. Evidently it has been greatly modified since civilization.

MAY 23D.—Time is hurrying on, and it has been so filled these last few days that my writing has had to be neglected.

The story of our next two days here, Saturday and Sunday, is a long one, and I must give you only a brief sketch of it. The morning was largely spent at the breakfast table at President Dole. We went at half-past eight and were at the table until after ten o'clock. It was prettily trimmed with pink and white pinks, and was a delicious breakfast, served by two prettily dressed Japanese women. Mr. Dole was exceedingly agreeable, and so was his wife, who, however, sat at the fur-

ther end of the table, so that I had little conversation with her. She is a New England woman, having been born in Castine, Maine. Mr. Dole was born in this country.

The afternoon was spent in a drive to Moana Lua, Mr. Samuel Damon's place in the country. He is Minister of Finance, and an influential as well as charming man. His place comprises nine thousand acres, and he is to lay it out eventually in the form of a park. We went over his cottage, which was once occupied by Kamehameha V., and saw the great square bed covered with native mats on which he slept. Then to the Grass House—a facsimile of those built by the natives in early days—cool and most comfortable, inviting one to take an afternoon nap. Here we saw many Hawaiian curios, and then drove to the garden, where tea, coffee and cake was served in the pretty Japanese arbor. On coming away they gave us leis and small yellow pineapples, offering to send a basket of fruit later. Mrs. Damon is related to Mrs. Maltby, of Waterbury, whom she will visit this summer, when she goes to America for her son's graduation at Yale. To-night we are to have our farewell on board.

MAY 24TH.—The Queen's birthday. This was announced to us by the decorations on the English and the German ships in the harbor.

Our "Farewell" was a pretty picture, and the fifty friends on board seemed to enjoy it. Supper was served at 7:30 and afterward there were a few fireworks and dancing on the deck to the music of the native singers. The table was decorated in our colors, green and white. The gentlemen were given boutonnières and the ladies green leis, which looked very charming over their white gowns.

This morning we went first to the native and afterward to the Union Church, where we heard about sixty Chinese and Japanese boys sing, and an account of their school work from Mr. Frank Damon, to whom we had letters from Melissa Atterbury. President and Mrs. Dole lunched on board very informally, remaining until nearly four o'clock. This afternoon we have been trying to get our mail ready to send in the morn.

ing, as the day will be a busy one of preparation for departure. I am sorry to have been obliged to write so hastily, but as it will be a month before we can mail you more letters, I was anxious to give you a sketch of our entire visit here.

MAY 25TH.—Everything is active and everybody engaged. Many have called to say good-by, and for that reason we have had to postpone writing some of the letters we intended to send. Fruit, flowers and leis are arriving in quantities, and many good wishes for a successful journey come with them. The rest I leave until we get to sea, which will be before many hours. Good-by, or as we say here, “Aloha-oe” (my love to you), and may you be kept in health and happiness until we are made joyous by a message from you all in Japan.

CHAPTER IV.

“SOUTHERN SEAS.”

JUNE 6TH.—We have now been out twelve days, and this is the first time I have tried to write. As I look back over the days on board since we left fascinating Honolulu, I think of a number of amusing and interesting things which have happened, and fear I shall forget them if I do not begin the journal again. We sailed away from the dock at Honolulu at four o'clock on the 25th of May. Early in the morning we were towed alongside the wharf, which we found thronged with natives who had come down to watch preparations. I thought I should write a number of letters, but soon found I must either leave the yacht or consent to see the many people who called. Almost every one whom we had met came to bid us farewell and to leave some visible token of their good-will toward us. By the time we were about to fill away, we were each one laden with beautiful leis—I wore a dozen of them myself, and Arthur's neck was so covered you could not have seen either collar or shirt front; with his tanned face he might almost have passed for a native Hawaiian.

Scattered over the main skylight were large bouquets of car-

nations tied with ribbon, and some fine baskets of fruit. One basket from Mrs. Graham was tied with white carnations and green ribbon—the colors of the Coronet—and from Mr. S. M. Damon a crate of pineapples and grapes. All these, of course, had to be acknowledged, and so you will see why I could not write you more on that day.

President Dole had especially requested us to put off sailing from twelve until four in order that he might accompany us to sea, and he appeared true to his word just before four o'clock. He came alongside in his little sloop close enough to say a few words to us, then we let go our hawsers and waved good-by to all, just as our gun was fired and the ensign lowered. The United States cruiser Adams answered with three dips, which we returned, and then transferred our attention to those on board, who had but a few minutes to stay before the pilot boat must leave—Mabel, Louis, Mrs. Graham, her son, and Miss Carter. In the meantime President Dole's little boat was beating us badly, for the wind was very light; and in order to keep the awning we had not yet hoisted the mainsail. Presently the pilot began his adieus, and we threw some of our leis after the boatload, two of whose occupants we hope to meet before many days in Japan.

Next came the sloop as close as she could to us, being managed entirely by the president and a friend—a young man whom we did not know—and wishing us a pleasant voyage, they bade us good-by. We gave them our usual salute, only wishing we might give twenty-one of them for so cordial a farewell from one whom every one likes, both native and white.

The next few days I must pass by, as much of it was spent in my stateroom, and I do not know that anything especially interesting transpired. Mr. Thompson kept at work, but I fancy the others were getting more or less acclimated. Dr. Adriance and Mrs. Todd, with Arthur, were my most constant visitors, so I think I must have heard most of the news of the day. On the morning of Decoration Day there was much gay laughter in the saloon, and Arthur announced that they were to have a procession. It was a funny procession, as you will

see—Arthur, Arthur Francis, Doctor and Chief, each wearing a tall hat, some remarkable neckties and badges, two with “hulakui skirts,” over their trousers, one with a blue dressing-gown, and one with a gay sash. All four carried something—a flag, a horn, and two tin pans. They marched around the deck and saluted the flag at the stern, fired a gun, and sang “The Star-Spangled Banner.”

June 1st was the next day of importance—first because it was Arthur’s birthday, and second because it dawned at all. We had been making such good time that we had begun to fear the 180° meridian would be reached during Sunday night, in which case the next day must be Tuesday, the 2d of June. Had such been the case I had decided to celebrate the last few hours of the 31st, which really would belong to the day which we had been using up all the way over here.

It was a noisy welcome which greeted Arthur on his appearance that morning—three cheers and salutes from every one. Mamma’s books, with the handsome set of Shakespeare, Alfred had arranged about his plate at table, and I had succeeded in finding a native pipe for him at Honolulu.

My experience with a native woman who helped me find it was one of the interesting events of my visit there. She is a Mrs. Ilau, a woman of a great deal of intelligence, who has made a study of native curios. She aided Professor Agassiz in making his island collection now in the Boston Museum. She tells me that the natives who understand making pipes, nets, calabashes, mats, etc., are almost all gone, and that the younger ones do not know how. I told her it seemed to me there were few things to buy which were distinctively Hawaiian; and she said: “Yes, there is almost nothing. Now and then one obtains something from a native, but even then private collectors have the first chance in securing it.”

At dinner there was a birthday cake for Arthur, with the two dates and one large candle. It caused a good deal of fun, and as there was a bachelor’s button to cut for it, added to the interest. Mr. Gerrish very fittingly won the prize.

Several evenings lately while on deck in the starlight Professor Todd has talked to us about the stars and eclipses. He

gave us one rather startling illustration of how far away is even the nearest star. Light, he said, traveled seven and a half times around the world (186,330 miles) in one second. At this rate it takes between three and four years for the light of the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, to reach us; or, you would have to read two hundred and forty volumes like those of the Century Dictionary while it is coming. He talks in a very interesting way about the heavens, and many of his illustrations one cannot fail to remember. Mrs. Todd has undertaken to teach some of the gentlemen to sing, and their lessons furnish much amusement for the listeners. The first lessons were given during this week, about which I am now writing, June 1st to 7th. In four days' time Doctor and Chief have learned the duet, "My True Love Hath My Heart," and they go about the deck humming their parts, and then sit down together and try to sing it from memory. Neither of them have much voice, but their energy and determination make it very funny. Arthur receives many words of encouragement, but persists in behaving so obstreperously during lessons that he still remains in Class B. Mrs. Todd told him last time, however, that she would have to promote him if he continued to improve.

It is getting so very warm that we can spend little time below, and live almost constantly on deck under the awning. That is removed at five o'clock, when the sun is shut off by the square sail, and then the exercises of the day begin. Doctor, Arthur Francis, Professor and Mr. Thompson pull themselves up the ropes hand over hand. The two Arthurs and the Doctor do gymnastics with their arms and legs, and all walk. Mr. Gerrish is less athletic than any one on board. Sunday came very quickly this week on account of the loss of a day. Having had to "lay to" during the night owing to our close proximity to Wake Island, the position of which was doubtful, the watch had to be called and all sails set this morning. Church was put off until eleven o'clock, and even then only two or three of the sailors could come. Service was a short one, as the saloon was hot and time had to be taken just before twelve. After service Dr. Adriance read aloud two chapters of Dr. Stimson's book on "Modern Inquiry." We had expected to

see the island to-day, but the midday observation puts it about twenty-five miles south of us. We might have run with safety last night, but of course were wise to be on the safe side. The charts and sailing directions disagreed in giving its position, so that we had nothing to work upon in locating it. Mr. Thompson, Doctor and Chief have been drawing pictures of me a part of the afternoon, and some of them are very amusing. They make me look like several different people instead of one, and I wonder what I look like anyway. Mr. Thompson shows much artistic ability. There are few things he cannot do.

JUNE 8TH (Lat. $19^{\circ} 12'$ N.; Long. $163^{\circ} 12'$ E.) TO JUNE 15TH (Lat. $26^{\circ} 33'$ N.; Long. 149° E.).—This week has been one of calms and rain-squalls, such as we have not had during our entire voyage. Expedition work has hardly been arranged on the deck before the threatening clouds have made all hurry below with perishable work, while others have waited for the downpour before giving in to the elements. On such occasions the saloon becomes a busy workshop. "Gyroscuti" are still in the process of being put together, and some of them are very interesting. More and more we long for clear weather, that we may see them in motion. One of the sailors has asked Mr. Thompson, "Well, what are you going to do if it rains?" and this has become a byword of the expedition. Last night we all gazed anxiously at the new moon to discover if it were a dry one, although why the June moon should be so interesting we none of us quite know. Perhaps it is a proof that we are living in the present after all, and that August weather is not the only thing to be thought of. During the rain storms the men have collected buckets full of water for refilling the tanks, which have been kept well supplied, however, by the condenser. Ice and fresh meat have given out this week, but we still have live chickens, although the poor things have had numerous baths of late. They have been kept in an improvised hen-coop in the bow of the yacht, forward of the windlass, and after a night of bad weather, during which we had taken in some waves over the bow the poor chickens were taken out in a dripping state and transferred to the cutter.

The doctor's most severe case on board this week has been Mr. Orr, the mate. He bruised his thumb badly, and as blood-poisoning threatened it had to be lanced several times and very carefully watched and tended. It is getting on well now, and Dr. Adriance hopes not to be obliged to lance it again.

One of the sailors, Martin, was laid by a week on account of a broken muscle, and during dinner one day there was a sudden call for the doctor. A sailor, Charlie, had cut his little finger badly while working on a sail.

Every morning the gentlemen meet on the deck for an early bath. It is usually salt water, although this morning the rain came down in such torrents that they were forced to have a fresh water one. Arthur remained on deck until breakfast time, helping gather rain-water for the tanks. Mrs. Todd and I satisfy ourselves with salt baths in the tub, and find them very refreshing. The water has been 80°, but now we are going north it begins to be colder.

One afternoon this week Dr. Adriance read us the account of his visit to the leper settlement on the island of Molokai. On leaving home one of his wishes in regard to the islands was that he might have the opportunity of going there. On reaching Honolulu he found that the board of health made only two visits to the settlement during the year, and that visitors were not allowed to land there. He then feared he would have to submit to disappointment. After we returned from Hawaii he heard that the board were to make a visit that week, and he immediately let his desire be known. The result was that he was asked to a medical luncheon at the house of Dr. McGrew, where he sat next to the president of the board of health, Dr. Emerson, who happened to be a graduate of Williams. Of course, Dr. Adriance was asked to go to the settlement, and his account is a very interesting one. They went by steamer on Friday evening, the 22d, arriving there early Saturday morning, passing the day in visiting different cases and in riding over the settlement. He told us that the government spends one hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually in caring for its lepers—one-tenth of its entire income. The people have everything they can wish for and lead contented

lives. While visiting the cases they wore cotton gloves, which they left behind on leaving the island, and as their midday meal was sent ashore from the steamer Iwalani and served in the club-house which is reserved for government use, they took all necessary precautions against contracting the disease. He says doctors have discovered the germ of leprosy, and that it is not more contagious than consumption. I will spare you the account of the various cases, the description of which was sufficiently revolting. I am glad we were not all tempted to visit them. Probably that would not have been possible anyway.

You will see by our present position we have been getting on rapidly of late, and even now hope another week may find us sighting Yokohama. Perhaps before I write again we shall have reached it although as we have the doldrums ahead we dare not promise.

JUNE 18TH.—The last time I wrote we were speeding on at such a rate that I began to feel we could almost see Yokohama, even though still a thousand miles away. To-day, however, we are only drifting along, and as we have been doing little more for nearly three days, I fear we shall not arrive at the time we last set. Yesterday at twelve o'clock we had five hundred miles to run. If only there might be a good strong breeze it could be made in two days, but without no one knows how long it may be. Still that seems almost nothing to us, and we are happy and contented. Everybody spends much time in writing, now that land is so near, for we know there will be so much to distract our attention on arrival that letter writing will have to be abandoned. Professor Todd gave us a lecture on the corona this afternoon, telling us all that has yet been discovered in regard to its nature. Much that has been written about it is founded entirely upon supposition. He told us that one of the difficulties in discovering the nature of the corona is the great distance of the sun from us—millions and millions of miles. The mind cannot easily conceive of even a thousand miles, and to give us an idea of the sun's distance he instanced Professor Mendenhall's illustration. Suppose a child on the earth has an arm long enough to

touch the sun. A nerve sensation travels one hundred feet in a second. Such being the case, it would take one hundred and fifty years for the child to know that his fingers were burned.

This morning Mrs. Todd read us her last article, written probably for the *Nation*. It is called "A Mid-Pacific College," and tells especially about the dedication exercises of a new building connected with Oahu College. Since we left home she has sent three articles to the *Nation* and two to the *New York Sun*.

JUNE 20TH.—At noon to-day we have traveled two hundred and fifty miles, having had a strong wind since yesterday afternoon. This afternoon we were obliged to double reef for the first time since leaving San Francisco. By four o'clock the wind was so strong and the sea so great that it was thought best to heave to for the night. With good weather we might make the first of the islands during the night, but with bad weather the islands are a lee shore, and if a typhoon is coming we are safer at sea. We have had such perfect weather until now that we are, some of us, not quite happy to-day.

JUNE 21ST.—The noon observation found us one hundred and sixty miles from Yokohama yesterday, while to-day noon we are seventy miles. This proves that while hove to we were in the Kura Siwa, or Japan current, which carried us to the northward.

At 1:25 P.M. we sighted the first island, Mikura, then about forty miles away. Very soon after we saw Maibi, and before sunset we had sighted seven, counting the mainland. Just before dark on this, the longest day of the year, Fujiyama came out in all its glorious symmetry. We were disappointed not to find the mountain snow-capped, which would seem to add to its great height. We have been greatly favored to-day in every way, and there seems now to be no reason why we cannot go straight on and arrive either during the night or in the morning.

JUNE 22D.—Before I said good-night last evening we had

made the lights on the cape at the entrance of the straits leading into Yeddo Bay. We had burned blue lights and red lights, hoping to get a pilot, but none appeared. The course is a clear one, so it made little difference and we sailed slowly on, the wind having grown very light.

Arthur spent most of the night on deck, and when I went below both Professor and Mrs. Todd were busy writing in the saloon. We all feel perfectly sure Mrs. Todd is getting ready to write a book on the cruise. She keeps a very comprehensive journal, besides a diary, and is constantly making notes in pencil on rough paper. Now while I am writing we are within sight of three American men-of-war in Yokohama harbor, and I hear an order to clew up the main-topsail. The quarantine officer has come alongside, and given us an order to pass on, and the good news of no cholera. Now I must go up and see the sights. Will finish later.

11:05 A.M.—Anchored after twenty-six days at sea. Surrounded by sampans, every one speaking a language we know nothing of; all except the ship chandlers, who insist upon coming aboard and suing for patronage. A steam launch marked the Grand Hotel, has appeared, the proprietor of which recognizes Professor Todd as an old friend, and is eager to have us come to his hotel. He tells us that Louis has gone into the country, so we shall not see him until he hears of our arrival.

Yokohama looks like a busy place, and there are war-ships all around us, besides other vessels. We hear that a mail steamer leaves to-day, so I will say good-by for this time and hurry with some other letters that I have not yet written.

We are all happy, well, and most enthusiastic expeditionites. All say hurrah for the Coronet.

CHAPTER V.

LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

JUNE 22D TO 29TH (Yokohama).—When I closed my last letter we were about to let go anchor in this far-away harbor, ten thousand miles from home. We were immediately sur-

rounded by sampans filled with well-tanned Japanese, eager to see the white people who had dared to come over the great ocean in so small a ship, and anxious to find purchasers for their many curios. Having parted with our American money and being without the Japanese, we were not tempted to purchase, but interested ourselves in watching the various costumes of the boatmen and their frantic attempts to get as near as possible to the yacht. After the usual official business of landing in a foreign port was over, we were given permission to go ashore, and soon availed ourselves of it, largely because of the confusion on deck incident to our landing. Sails were not made up, as we had come to the landing with our own motive power; ropes were all about the deck, and Alfred besieged by ship-chandlers and laundrymen.

Once ashore all was new and strange, and everything interesting and amusing. We were immediately surrounded by jinrikisha men wearing blue jean coats and short trousers, with bare brown legs, made muscular by constant running about with the queer little vehicle which reminds one of an old-fashioned baby-carriage. On their heads they wear wide round hats covered with blue or white cotton, which look like a basket upside down or the top of a mushroom. For a time we rode about the streets, nine in a row, making a procession of our own, but gazing quite as curiously at the quaint little people as they did at us. We went first to the Kongkong and Shanghai Bank, where Arthur found English clerks, although most of the work is done by Chinese; then to the American consul for mail, and to the post office, where the patter-patter of the Japanese shoe, the "geta," makes a national accompaniment to their walk about the streets.

The true Japanese wear the native dress, the kimono, the women adding the obi, and neither the men nor women wear hats; but frequently one meets a man with the kimono and a derby hat. Yokohama has a large number of foreign residents, so we must not form our ideas of Japanese life or customs from what we find here, but wait until we have gone inland. After the necessary errands we went to the Grand Hotel, where we had an excellent "tiffin," served in European

fashion. The hotel is a large and comfortable one, situated on the Bund overlooking the harbor, and seems to have many guests, mostly English and American. We found no one we knew, but heard that Mr. and Mrs. Everit Macy had just left for Tokio, which is about an hour's ride from here. During tiffin the proprietor came in and told us he had a telegram from Louis saying he would arrive by the Doric on Wednesday. We will turn the tables by meeting him. Before we left the dining room Mr. Pemberton came in, bringing his old friend of the Monocacy, Dr. Ames, who is now on the Detroit, anchored not far from us. Two other American men-of-war, the Machias and the flagship Olympia, are here, and as Chief knows many of the officers, and we have letters to all from the Secretary of the Navy, we shall probably meet most of them.

Dr. Ames offered to pilot us to the park and take us to a tea house afterward; so we hired jinrikishas and had a jolly ride to the bluff where the English reside, and through a busy shopping street where we walked about a little while. It is still an undecided question with us whether the jinrikisha men shall be paid ten or fifteen cents an hour, but we usually give them the former if we use them several hours, the latter if for one or two. No one thinks of walking here, though I do not know why it should be thought necessary to ride all the time, as since we arrived it has not been too warm for exercise. The tea house where we took our first cup of Japanese tea is called the Hundred Steps, and is the best known in Yokohama. It is reached either by the stone steps or from the drive which winds up the bluff on which it is located. The Japanese woman presiding over it is called Kin San; her father, Tenabe, for a long time the only Liberal in Japan, was influential in making the treaty with Commodore Perry. He was banished for some years on account of his political views, and his family became impoverished. Kin San in consequence has the tea house and teaches young ladies the arts required in their education. Her sister Tenabe San, has a little silk store; both are perfect ladies and speak English very well. Kin San showed us Commodore Perry's harp and her very interesting guest book, with

well-known names from every nation; General Grant, Sir Edwin Arnold and many others among them. Before we left Kin San asked us to name an evening, when she might give us a ceremonial tea. We decided upon Wednesday, the 25th, and on that evening thirteen of us climbed the hill in jinrikishas, each coolie carrying a Japanese lantern tied to the shaft of his kuruma.

We were cordially welcomed by both the little women, who bowed themselves to the ground, and cushions were placed in a circle about the floor for us. We had previously removed our shoes, although we have found it unnecessary in most places. People here are well accustomed to foreigners, and indeed so much so that they overcharge for their goods, knowing that they can impose upon most of them. The ceremonial tea is usually a very solemn affair and a long time is consumed in serving it. Having Dr. Ames and Chief Pemberton with us, both of whom had been here many times, and knowing it was the first time we had taken it, they allowed the occasion to lack the usual solemnity, and we asked a good many questions. The little woman who came in to prepare the tea neither spoke nor looked at any one of us during the entire process, and after the tea was taken she danced and played the koto. Tenabe and Kin San played the samisen, and the latter sang. I confess I am unable to appreciate Japanese music, which is in minor keys, and the singing entirely through the nose. They have no notes and no pitch, but sing and play entirely by ear.

Most of the week has been spent by Arthur and Professor Todd at Tokio, the former getting passports and arranging for our trip through the Inland Sea, while the professor has been endeavoring to get the Japanese to give him transportation to the north coast of Yezo. He finds Akeshi is a good location for the station, but that there is a better place beyond, although more difficult to reach. He thinks he has succeeded, but has not obtained passes yet.

One of the most interesting events of the week was a dinner given us by Arthur's college classmate, Mr. Kabayama. We were invited to come to Tokio early in the afternoon for a

drive. Mr. Herod, *chargé d'affaires* of the Legation during the absence of Mr. Dunn, had arranged to call that afternoon, so we were obliged to decline the first part of the invitation. The Todds went and were given a drive in the imperial gardens, which are not usually shown to strangers. We were disappointed not to see them, but Mr. Kabayama hopes to arrange it again when we go to Tokio to stay. The dinner was given at the Maple Club, the only tea house in Tokio where ladies can go. Knowing that Professor Todd would soon go to the Eclipse station, Mr. Kabayama had put a number of evening entertainments into one, so that we saw far more than the regular programme of the tea house, and many of the performers came in from outside. We were received by Mr. Kabayama, Mr. Mishima and Mr. Kanda. Mr. Kabayama's wife was not well, but his mother, the Countess Kabayama, came soon after we had met the gentlemen. She was followed by two young Japanese girls, one of them a sister-in-law of Mr. Kabayama. None of the ladies spoke English, but during dinner Mr. Mishima sat between Countess Kabayama and me and interpreted for us. She was dressed in a soft gray silk kimono with dark-blue brocaded obi, and wore white silk mitts. The two young girls were dressed in fawn-colored silk crepes, painted in soft colors on each corner, with lovely cream-color brocades as obis. The three gentlemen were in court costumes—skirts plaited and cut like our divided skirts, with short kimonos in different shades of brownish gray. Mats were placed on the floor for each, and four low cushions were brought to use, if we preferred. The low tables were reached more easily when sitting on the floor, so we used the cushions only as a rest or between times when we moved nearer the dancers and players. After seating ourselves for dinner the first thing brought in and placed in front of each guest by the little waitresses were square, white wooden boxes with handles on top. These were for us to admire and afterward to take home. Following Countess Kabayama and her son, we removed the cover and found three kinds of sweets, each one more picturesque in shape and color than the other. On one the Japanese and American flags were crossed in a transparent jelly. A second was a pink camelia on a knot of

ribbon; the third I cannot describe, but as I hope to keep them for our return you will see them. After these were sufficiently admired, which is very necessary in Japan, they were taken away and a little table of dainties was brought in their place. The first thing to be eaten is the soup, and after that anything which one desires. Chop-sticks are used even for the soup, although one can drink that at the same time. The soup being taken the players begin. A screen was pulled back, revealing a room the same size as that in which we sat. A knight dressed in a gorgeous costume of the olden time, his servant and a monkey performer with his monkey, were the actors in the play, called a kyogen. It is a mixture of the humorous and pathetic, and is seldom given except on very ceremonious occasions. The players are old men now, and it may die away with this generation. At the end of the play a "No" song is given by four men, with samisen accompaniment. After this a second table was brought, on which were more dainty edibles, Mr. Kabayama remarked that some of these were served especially for us, so that we might not be hungry. I find it takes a long time to eat a very little with chop-sticks, and although there were twenty-six things to eat, I left far more on the tables than I took from them. After the play there followed a dance by three girls, called a "Gaisen," written in celebration of the late victory. Then another kind of kyogen, or dance, called a "Fukitori," which means take a wife by playing a flute. This was acted by three persons, a bachelor, matrimonial agent and a gorgeously dressed girl, who is closely veiled until she has been promised to the bachelor, when she reveals her ugly face.

The fifth event was some Japanese juggling given by a noted performer.

The sixth a Maple Club dance called "Ogurayama," which means "story of a mountain." Then followed more jugglery and a pretty dance by three girls with long white sashes.

It was very late when all was over, and interesting though it was, all decided we did not envy the people whose only entertainment is of this kind.

Mr. Kanda offered his wife's company in a shopping tour the following morning, Friday, which we gladly accepted, thinking



SUNDAY ON BOARD.

she would take us to truly Japanese shops, which we could not find by ourselves. But alas! fashion here is as omnipresent as elsewhere, and now silks copying the Parisian styles are considered the finest by the ladies. Had we bought some of the things she most admired we might quite as well have purchased them at home.

She was very kind, and spoke English fairly well, although she has hardly used it for eleven years. Her husband, Arthur and Professor Todd met us at the "Sayoken," where we had been asked to have luncheon with them. Before we finished, some of the men with Mabel and Louis arrived, having sought us out by telephone, and wanting us to see some wrestling with them. We had promised to visit the museum with the Kandas, and thither we went while they saw the wrestling. Later we met at the railroad station and returned together. In the evening we accepted an invitation to attend the "hop" at the Grand Hotel.

Sunday morning, when we gathered on deck soon after color-time, all the men-of-war were in gala dress, which we discovered had been done in honor of the Queen's coronation day. At half-past nine Chief, Arthur Francis and ourselves went ashore in order to hear the last part of the Japanese service, which is held in the Union Church, and is the result of mission work in Yokohama. After the service, and before the English one, a missionary, who had been assisting the Japanese preacher in the pulpit, came to speak with us and told us a great deal about his work, which has lasted nearly thirty years. The vestry-room of the new church is the original church of Japan, a small room built on the site where the treaty with Commodore Perry was signed. We sat during the second service with Mrs. Scidmore, the mother of the vice-consul. She introduced us to a Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, who represent the American Bible Society, and told us that a gray-haired woman nearby was Miss Crosby, who has been here about thirty years, and is the founder of the Girl's School in Yokohama.

We were on board again at twelve o'clock, and at the same instant all the ships fired twenty-one guns. It is against the

regulations for a yacht to fire on Sunday, and we were surprised to hear our men-of-war do it, as I am pretty sure they never do at home, but here it seems to be otherwise. Shops are open and natives do the same as on other days. We spent the afternoon and evening very quietly on deck, preparing to start early in the morning for Tokio, where we shall dine at the United State Legation with the Secretary Mr. Herod.

I forgot to mention that the astronomers of the French and the Lick Observatory expeditions called Sunday evening. They expect to leave on Wednesday. The French by the man-of-war *Alger*, and the Lick by the steamer which will carry Professor Todd's instruments as far as Otaro, on the west coast of Yezo. There the instruments will be met by a steamer especially arranged to carry them on to the station Esashi, on the northeast coast, fifty miles from Soya, the extreme point.

The Lick station will be at Akeshi, the point first chosen by us, but given up since it has been found possible to reach Esashi. This change means that we shall probably not see the total eclipse.

JUNE 29TH.—This morning it pours, but we have invested in thin mackintoshes and made up our minds not to give up engagements because of it. The Japanese on such a day costume themselves in an entirely new and picturesque fashion. They look almost barbarous in their straw coverings, which are supposed to shed the water, but look very wet after they have been out a while.

Having accepted an invitation to dine at the legation in Tokio, we decided to go up before luncheon and have the afternoon there for shopping. For now that the expedition is to leave on Wednesday, we shall soon be off for the Inland Sea, and may have little time for Tokio. Besides, it is a city of magnificent distances, which must be traversed by jinrikisha, and after a while that way of getting over the ground becomes irksome, especially if one is in a hurry. A million and a quarter inhabitants in a city covering eighty square miles, and with only one line of horse-cars, seems a large town. Shops are everywhere, and one rides miles in going from one to another;

and here too, it is necessary to beware, for the shop-keepers lie in wait for foreigners, and ask as much as they dare for their wares.

During the afternoon we went out from the Imperial Hotel early, and found Mr. Namikawa, from whom Mr. Babbott wished us to secure a vase if possible. We soon discovered that his request would be a difficult one to fulfill, as he wishes a vase made by an artist who died several years ago, and left few pieces unsold—Takemoto by name. We liked better the cloisonne without wire, invented and made by Mr. Namikawa himself. It is very expensive but very lovely. He showed us one picture, which he values at fifteen hundred dollars, and was three years in perfecting—two or three cherry trees in full bloom against a background of low gray hills, the white mist rising from the valley below. All this work has the gray or grayish-blue background, with flowers or birds painted delicately against it. After showing his specimens to us, Mr. Namikawa took us to an art exhibition by modern workers, where we saw exquisite ivory carvings, one of the arts in which these people excel. We went also to a place for silks, but were not so carried away by the things as we expect to be when we reach Kioto, where they are said to be more beautiful.

By the middle of the afternoon it was clear—so much so that Fujiyama unveiled its face once more. Professor Todd had not appeared when it was time to leave, so we were obliged to go without him, and to explain his absence in as gracious a way as possible. Mr. and Mrs. Herod took it very pleasantly, and we all went in to dinner wondering at his absence. When about halfway through he appeared, and explained that he had suddenly been given transportation for his instruments by a line owning a steamer which would start for the Hokkaido at ten o'clock on the following morning, and that in consequence he had been obliged to return that afternoon to Yokohama, where he was very busy until late. It was good news, of course, but coming suddenly it will make every one on board hurry about to-night. Professor will take a late train back to Yokohama, and Arthur an early one in the morning. The dinner was a very pleasant one. The other guests were

the English Secretary of Legation, Mr. Govens, and Mrs. Blakiston, the sister of the American Minister, Mr. Dunn.

JUNE 30TH.—When I returned to the yacht at noon to-day I found her looking quite like herself again—packing-boxes gone with the steamer just leaving the harbor, and on board as guard over the precious instruments was Mr. Thompson. I regretted that I had not had an opportunity to say good-by, but I knew he had gone with a happy heart, for he has long wished to reach the station and get the gyroscuti working. Indeed, he feels great responsibility regarding them, and if there are clouds no one will be more downcast than he.

At 1:30 Mrs. Herod and her husband, with Mrs. Blakiston, came for informal tiffin with us. We asked them to-day, as they were coming to Yokohama to make official visits before going to the country for the summer. Having apologized when giving the invitation for such a busy day, we were glad to find a good luncheon prepared for us, and as they were wet and hungry after a morning in the rain, they appreciated it also. Both the ladies have given us cordial invitations to come to their country homes later, and we hope to see both Mrs. Blakiston and Mr. Dunn when we go to Nikko.

The afternoon and evening have been spent by the scientific contingency in packing their own boxes, for they leave by train for Tokio to-morrow morning, and from thence by train and steamer to the station.

JULY 1ST.—Breakfast was quickly disposed of this morning, but during it a commission was given to almost every one on board, so we all met at the railroad station when 10:25 came, the time set for the departure.

Arthur and Mrs. Todd thought it best to go to Tokio with the party, but Arthur Francis, Dr. Adriance and I bade them godspeed and contented ourselves with placing an American flag in their hands, with Amherst colors attached as streamers. That we hope soon to hear has been planted in the northeast of Yezo, and may it bring good luck to the brave astronomers who watch beneath its protection.

Bidding them farewell, we rode to the Grand Hotel, and after a visit to the admiral and his wife returned to the yacht for a quiet luncheon. At four o'clock Mabel and Louis arrived, to go with us to a reception on board the cruiser Detroit, and at about five the others returned, with the news that the scientists had departed in good spirits and had found a comfortable car to carry them. For berths they will have to satisfy themselves with leather cushions, but they will doubtless bear that cheerfully for the cause of science.

JULY 2D.—To-night I am writing in our room in the Imperial Hotel, Tokio. Mabel and Mrs. Todd have just said good-night, and while waiting for Arthur to return from an excursion with the other men I will finish my present edition of the journal. To-morrow night the mail closes by which this must go to you. We came up here at 11:25 this morning—Mrs. Todd, Arthur Francis, Doctor, the Slades, their guide, Okita, and ourselves—quite a large party. To-morrow we go back, as Admiral McNair and his wife, with Flag Lieutenant and Mrs. Reamey, are to dine with us, and we are to dress ship on Saturday with the men-of-war. Our Japanese friends, six or eight of them, dine with us on Saturday evening and help celebrate the Fourth. Monday we take luncheon, or rather "tiffin," on board the flagship Olympia, and on Tuesday we hope to begin our cruise in the Inland Sea.

We went this afternoon to the Ueno Park School, where we hope to find the president, Mr. Okakura. Like so many others here, he has gone to the country; and being vacation there was no one at work in the school, and our journey was almost fruitless.

As I look back in the journal I find that in some way I have neglected to mention the cablegrams of this week. One on Sunday, which puzzled us for some time, read:

"Emma—Hitchcock."

Arthur puzzled over it with his code for some time without result. Finally he brought it on deck and asked Professor Todd if he had a private code. He took the cablegram and

went below, his face wreathed in smiles. When he returned it read " 'M. A.' E. Hitchcock." Even then we were slow in catching the meaning, which began to dawn upon us when Mrs. Todd clapped her hands in delight. Arthur, of course, was much excited; but, buttoning up his double-breasted coat with most dignified manner, paced the deck and announced to the Professor that he thought he would now be boss on shore as well as at sea.

Letters have come from Honolulu which tell us they have had a tidal wave or submarine disturbance, perhaps of volcanic nature. The horrors of the one in northern Japan fill the papers, and some of the accounts are heartrending. Mrs. Todd hoped to go to the scene of it this week, but she has been told that there would be no place for her to stay, as the town is utterly demolished. She has decided to go to the Inland Sea with us and take a guide later to Yezo.

I wish we might to-night have a glimpse of you all and see lovely "Onunda," which must be looking its very best just now. We would like, too, to have some of the good milk and fresh vegetables, for, although there is little illness here, we do not drink the milk or eat anything which grows near the ground, and do not drink the water. Fortunately, on board we are still using Honolulu water, and it is most refreshing after the bottled waters. So you see we take good care of ourselves.

JULY 3D (Tokio).—Last night I closed the journal, which must go by to-morrow morning's mail, fearing that I might not have an opportunity to add more before late this evening after the departure of our dinner guests. The evening has been a pleasant one, although it rained so hard we were unable to sit on deck. We like Admiral McNair and Mrs. McNair very much. The other guests were his flag lieutenant and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Reamey. After dinner we had some music. Before leaving Tokio we called at the Kabayamas, who have built a very American house.

JULY 4TH.—This morning we had the usual rain, but when we went on deck all the ships were dressed with flags, our own

being one of them. There were a few errands ashore, and Mabel and Louis wished to go to the hotel and finish their packing before coming to the yacht for their visit. Arthur went ashore quite early with them, and engaged a table for tiffin at the Grand Hotel. Later Arthur Francis and I were in jinrikishas not far from the hotel when we heard the firing of guns and saw some day fireworks. Then we knew that the great celebration of the day had begun. We rode at once to the Bund in front of the Grand Hotel, and there a crowd of Japanese men, women and children had assembled to hear the bands and see the fireworks. The first which we saw went up to a great height, and bursting there revealed a large American flag. After these followed figures of women, fish, birds, and Japanese characters. We found so many people about the hotel that we thought it best to dismiss our jinrikishas and go up to the piazza, from whence we might watch the fireworks away from the crowd. The two bands played alternately, both of them Japanese, but using our music. At tiffin flags and decorations of red, white and blue were very prominent, and many of the waiters, as well as others about the hotel, wore patriotic neckties, with flags in their buttonholes and bands about their hats. After tiffin we found seats on the piazza in the rear of the hotel, and from there watched some jugglery and a variety of entertainments, until it was time to go to the ball game between the Japanese and a nine composed of officers and sailors from the men-of-war. It was a very exciting game, and at first we feared the Americans would be beaten. In the eighth inning they were fortunate, and won the game by two runs. The Japanese played splendidly, and we cheered them many times, although we were glad in the end to have the other men win. Mr. and Mrs. Macy sat with us on our mackintoshes during the game, and we made quite a coterie of enthusiastic celebrators.

We had hoped to have the Kabayamas, the Kandas and Mishimas out for dinner and the evening on board, but they were obliged to give up coming on account of a charity concert in aid of the tidal-wave sufferers, which seemed to demand their presence. In consequence we dined on board by our-

selves, and while rowing about to see the beautifully lighted men-of-war were asked to come aboard the Detroit and watch the fireworks from the deck. At her mastheads and following the line from bow to stern were electric lights, while the deck was surrounded by Japanese lanterns in red, white and blue. At the stern was a large American flag on which the search-light was turned, and which made a beautiful picture as it waved. The Olympia carried two flags at either masthead, with all the lights; the Machias, although without the flag, was lighted with electric lights. The hotel was beautifully illuminated by Japanese lanterns on which were American flags, and from a float between the hotel and ourselves fireworks were set off. No one of us had ever seen such a Fourth. Europeans here tell us at one time the Queen's Birthday was more popular, but now it is the American Independence Day. We tried to get some fireworks for the yacht, but every one had been sold, and we discovered that the lanterns had been made especially for the hotel.

JULY 5TH.—Our second Sunday in Yokohama, but our surroundings on board are different from last week. Mabel and Louis went off early to the Japanese service, and at eleven Arthur and I joined them. We met several people whom we saw last week, among them Miss Crosby, Rev. and Mrs. Loomis, Mrs. Scidmore, the Pastor and Mr. Ballard. In the afternoon two Japanese ministers, one the pastor of a church and the other a mission worker in Tokio, called. Mr. and Mrs. Macy came out for a quiet dinner and evening on board. They sail for Vancouver on the ninth, and go from thence to Alaska, returning to Mrs. Macy's place on the Hudson in October. She told me they were sending twenty-two boxes of Japanese curios back by the steamer.

JULY 6TH.—Again to-day it rains, and so hard that no one cares to go ashore unless they must. We were awakened early by a disturbance on deck which threatened to be serious. One of the sailors had been drinking the night before, and had tried to desert the ship early this morning in order to get more liq-

uor. His intention was to get into one of the sampans which are always near-by. He was stopped by Mr. Orr and told to go below. When the latter was not on deck he came up again. The quartermaster reported him, and Mr. Orr came up with handcuffs, which Jim, the sailor, refused to have put on his wrists. In some way he got hold of a hammer, and a quarrel ensued. Fortunately the mate was the stronger, but the sailor was so intoxicated that his language was dreadful. He escaped with a much-blackened eye, and after we had begun to think the trouble over, one of the stewards came to tell us that Jim had jumped overboard and was swimming toward the flagship Olympia.

He must have become exhausted, for before reaching that vessel he sank twice, and two midshipmen jumped in to rescue him. Later they sent word that he was all right, and that they would bring him back as soon as the captain wished. Arthur went to the flagship soon after and saw the executive officer. Then the Olympia's steam launch was lowered and the officer of the guard and Arthur returned with him.

In coming on to the deck the still drunken Jim made a horrible threat, which I think made us all feel that we had better be rid of him if possible. The officer put him below, where he locked the handcuffs on him, and fortunately Jim went to sleep after he left.

Arthur and Captain Crosby immediately went ashore to arrange with the consul for dismissing him here, and also any of the other men who wished to leave. There is a law that no sailor can be left here without a month's wages in advance. The vice-consul, Mr. Scidmore, allowed Arthur to dismiss as many as he liked. The result was that Jim was soon left at the consul's office, and although a good sailor when sober, we were glad to see him go.

Before the morning ended the crew were given an opportunity to leave. Three only left, and they were all men who fought with the mate and hated him. Terrible though it is to have them at sword's points, it is well we have a mate who can manage such sailors. They are not like our Atlantic seamen, and require severe treatment.

While waiting for Arthur to return, Mr. Kabayama came, bringing us a parting gift in true Japanese fashion. It is a queer old kakemono from his own treasure house, and was painted by Sosen, the most famous painter of monkeys. He died about one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago. Okita, the guide, says it is a very valuable one, and that we could not buy it now anywhere.

Tiffin we took on board the Olympia with Admiral and Mrs. McNair, who sent their barge for us at a quarter to one. It was still raining heavily, and we were glad of the shelter of the barge. I sat on the right of the admiral, and Mrs. Macy on the left. Beside our entire party were the flag lieutenant and the admiral's secretary, Mr. Reamey and Mr. Logan; also Mr. Martin and Mr. Benner, two Englishmen. In the center of the table was a large flower ship, which the admiral said was for me, and flowers were placed at each plate. The band played through the luncheon, and the ladies were given hatbands bearing U. S. S. Olympia. It was a very jolly tiffin, and after it was over the admiral took me to the interesting parts of the ship. It was nearly four o'clock when we returned to the yacht, and we spent the rest of the day in preparing for our sea-trip to-morrow.

JULY 7TH.—Again the heavy rain and no wind. We have decided to tow outside the breakwater in order to be ready for the first breeze; and so go ashore early for the last few errands. At eleven o'clock the tug arrived and we bade farewell to the ships in the harbor. About three o'clock we felt a breeze, and soon we were sailing away with our lee rail under water much of the time. It was glorious sailing for a while until the wind increased too heavily. Then the sea came up, and soon many of us began to feel badly. Until midnight we beat against a heavy sea, making little and finding it hard work with a green crew, many of whom are Japanese, and do not understand the orders. Finally it was decided to turn back, and soon after one o'clock we were again at anchor near the lightship, but outside the breakwater. It was a hard night for everybody, and although disappointed to have to come back, we realized the wisdom of it.

JULY 8TH TO 12TH.—About twelve o'clock this morning, while anchored outside the breakwater, we noticed that the *Olympia* was signaling us, and we spent an hour in conversing with her. They were evidently surprised at our return and their curiosity being aroused their first question was "Where are you at?" To which we answered, I am ashamed to say, "In the soup." Then they began to ask about the trip, wind, weather, etc., and renewed their invitation for a dance on board the next afternoon. We accepted on condition we were still anchored. Then they offered their steam launches to tow us in. We declined, saying we intended to sail with the change of wind and bade them good-by. Mr. Scidmore came out in his little yacht, bringing us the weather report, which seemed favorable. At last we were again under way, and all went smoothly, although there was but a light breeze. The next day was perfectly calm, and we tried to signal a steamer to give us a tow. She took no notice of us, however, and we were glad a few hours later to catch a breeze which promised to be steady. On the evening of the 10th of July we had a gorgeous sunset, which seemed to be a suspicious one to the pilot. He said it looked like typhoon weather. Before long he had unintentionally frightened Captain Crosby, and even the mate seemed to expect something. That was all Captain Crosby had needed all day long to thoroughly frighten him, and although there was no visible reason for it, he grew worse and worse. We knew before going to bed that the wind must change from southwest to northeast before a typhoon, and that it would be surely twelve hours before a change, consequently, although Captain Crosby wanted to turn back, Arthur decided it was best to keep on until morning, when we should be in just as good a place as now. We had the best of weather all night, and in the morning were sailing ten knots, with steady wind; but the captain was excited, nervous, and dissatisfied. I never saw such a change in any man. He had simply gone to pieces, and yet seemed perfectly sane on other subjects. It was a very difficult time for Arthur, for he knew we would all be disappointed to turn back, and he as much so as any one. There seemed nothing else to be done,

however, and so during the afternoon we turned round, fearing that Captain Crosby might break down under the strain and would need more care than we could give him on board, and that with a new crew and no Andrew we would be too short-handed. The pilot was disappointed to turn back, as his own reputation would suffer by so doing, but even he agreed that the decision was best under the circumstances.

JULY 12TH.—Having decided not to continue our journey to Kobé, we retraced our steps, and this morning found us beating up the Gulf of Suruga to Shimidzu. The pilot knows the harbor well, and as he has ridden out a typhoon here, considers it safe should such a storm overtake us. We all rose early with a feeling of intense disappointment that our Inland Sea trip with the yacht must be abandoned. The wind died away during the night, and at daylight came up from the northeast, the dreaded quarter. Aside from the direction of the wind there was nothing to indicate an approaching storm, and we determined if possible to enjoy the sailing with the hope that if allowed to land at this unopened port, we might find it possible to take the railway to-morrow for Kioto. Our passports gave us the right to travel in any part of Japan, but we did not feel sure about landing from the sea in an unopened harbor. Luckily, we found here a Japanese man-of-war, the officers of which had heard of the expedition and knew of the Coronet through the newspapers. An officer came as soon as we had anchored and received us most cordially, and after asking some questions about our proposed voyage to the Inland Sea, and hearing Arthur's reasons for a change of plan, gave us permission to land. At Tokio passports had been obtained for Alfred as well as for ourselves, and we decided to take him, with the hope of still finding it possible to make some kind of a cruise through the Inland Sea.

Arthur has been corresponding with a yachtsman in Kobé in regard to chartering a towboat, and we hope now that he may be able to give us a small steamer instead.

Late this afternoon we bade farewell to Captain Crosby and the crew, and are to spend the night at a Japanese inn and

take a six o'clock train to-morrow morning. So much time has been wasted since leaving Yokohama we have decided to pass the night ashore in order to catch that train and reach Kioto late at night. In this country there are no sleeping-cars, and a night on the railway would not be comfortable. Evidently the natives of Shimidzu have seen few, if any, white people, and we not only found them on the wharf in large numbers, but heard from the officer of police that sampans had come ten miles down the bay in order to see us. As we rode through the village on our way to the hotel we were objects of curiosity to every household, but the queer sights interested us quite as much as we did the people. Evidently most of the inhabitants were laborers in the rice fields or tea pickers, for we went through fields of both. Men and women were poorly and scantily clothed, and we became conscious of the fact that a wide gulf existed between their civilization and our own. They are children of nature, untouched by the conventionalities of life.

On reaching the village we went at once to the Japanese inn "Daitokwan," in the rear of which we found a separate square building containing European rooms. They reminded us of those used by the servants in our houses, but were shown us with the greatest pride, as much as to say, "See how very comfortable you can make yourselves." There were but four of these bedrooms, and in consequence the three young men went forward, where they found a pretty suite of Japanese apartments, outside of which was a little balcony, where we sat during the evening. On walking a short distance before retiring we were followed again by the interested onlookers, but not being able to either understand or be understood we soon tired of that novelty.

JULY 13TH (Shidzuoka).—We were awakened at five o'clock this morning in order to take the early train, and I saw my first sunrise in Japan. The edges of a heavy cloud were tipped with gold when I rose, and soon after the great ball appeared above it, and the new day dawned. It was but a minute's walk to the station, so we felt we could take plenty of time and a leisurely breakfast of eggs, coffee, and bread and butter.

We find but one first-class carriage on Japanese trains, and to-day we have had that entirely to ourselves. At one end was a little compartment in which Alfred and Okita rode, and which they turned into a temporary buffet, where, with the help of Okita's tiffin basket and that from the yacht, we fared sumptuously.

While studying our Murray we discovered this route would lead us through Gifu, where the famous cormorant fishing is still carried on during the summer months. Finding that our tickets would allow us to stop over a night, we decided to telegraph ahead and ask if there would be fishing. Arriving at Gifu, Okita saw the owner of the Tamaiya, who had come himself, that being a special attention, to tell us that we might see the fishing. An hour later we find ourselves in a very interesting and picturesque Japanese inn. Okita tells us that it is not a hotel, for the owner will only take certain kinds of guests. Gifu has little to attract the tourist, but thus far seems fascinating to us. Our rooms are purely Japanese, without a sign of the European about them, and had you been able to see us this afternoon you would perhaps not have recognized even Arthur and me. Soon after our arrival some little Japanese maids entered, bringing kimono for each of us, and waiting upon us with Japanese ceremony, especially upon the gentlemen, to whom they are taught to give the greatest attention. We women are expected to care for ourselves. After taking tea together in our apartment, which happened to be the meeting place, we all sat about the floor in our kimonos, which we had put on after our baths, and the proprietor brought in his collection of kakemonos. One specimen had been hung in each of our rooms, and as we admired them he brought others for our inspection. Good ones are already rare, and we were all interested in seeing his, of which he is very proud.

At eight-thirty we left in jinrikishas for the fishing, which is watched from charming pleasure boats poled up the river by coolies. Ours was covered by an awning, lighted by Japanese lanterns, with light-blue curtains hung at the sides. Three geisha girls had been obtained by Okita, and they became our hostesses for the evening; making tea and serving rice cakes



IN A TEA HOUSE AT GIFU.

with seaweed, singing and playing for us, and going through some of their dances, which we would call calisthenics. About eleven o'clock we saw the lights of the fishing boats coming down the river. There were six of them, each carrying at the bow a basket filled with burning sticks, which attract the fish—a kind of trout. Back of the basket stands the fisherman, who manages the twelve coromrants of his boat by means of long strings. He must be very expert in order not to tangle the strings, for as soon as one bird has his throat pouch filled, the fisherman must be ready to pull him back to the boat, where its bill is emptied by the other men. Only the very smallest fish can go beyond the ring which is put around the neck of the bird to keep him from swallowing them all. It is a strange sight, and one not often seen, this being the only place where it is still practiced in Japan. We returned to the hotel soon after twelve, where we found our beds made on the floor, surrounded by mosquito-nets.

JULY 14TH.—The first thing this morning Okita came to ask if we had lost anything during the night. Some people returning at three o'clock, after the fishing, had been robbed of both clothes and money—four hundred yen of the latter. Thieves would have very little difficulty in entering any Japanese house, and we consider ourselves most fortunate to have escaped without loss. At ten o'clock we took the train for Kioto, which we reached at three this afternoon. In the carriage were two Japanese gentlemen and some English barristers who spoke and wrote Japanese. Our rooms here are on the second floor, and open upon a balcony which overlooks the city. The mountains in the distance, the town in the valley, and the soft green of the trees and the little garden in front of the Hotel Yaami, make a most attractive view from our windows.

To our delight we find that we have chosen a fortunate time for our visit here, as a Gion Matsuri, or festival of the Gion Temple, is held this week. The procession will be on Friday. Before dinner Arthur, Arthur Francis and the Doctor went out by themselves, and returned with cotton kimonas and Japanese

sandals. They say the place is most interesting, so we look forward to the morning.

JULY 15TH.—Arthur and Louis have gone to Kobé to arrange about the Inland Sea trip, and to get letters and permits for the palaces here. We have spent the morning in two shops—one that of the artist who makes the finest cloisonne with wire now made in Japan, Namikawa by name. He has a charming Japanese house, in one room of which the artists work. The floor is covered with straw matting, and the entire room inclosed in glass, outside of which is a picturesque garden for resting the eyes of the workmen. The process of making a cloisonne vase is a long and very difficult one, the uncertainty of the result making it very expensive.

As it rained this afternoon we could not go to the temples, and so visited an interesting silk and embroidery shop. The men returned at eight o'clock, while we were at dinner. They had, after much trouble, succeeded in getting the refusal of a small sloop, and will probably be able to obtain a small steam yacht to tow her. Both would be necessary to accommodate six. As the steam yacht is now in Yokohama it will have to be sent for, and will probably delay our trip. In that case Mrs. Todd will have to go to Yezo without seeing the Inland Sea.

Arthur presented the letter of the Japanese minister at Washington to the governor at Kobé. He was most gracious, and wished to do anything in his power to aid us. A permit for the Coronet to visit the unopened ports had arrived, and the governor offered to substitute the name of whatever vessel was decided upon.

The yacht *Satanella* at Yokohama will now be telegraphed to, and an answer must be received before our arrangements can be made.

JULY 16TH.—Leaving the *Yaami* soon after eight o'clock this morning we went first to the workrooms of Mr. Nishimura, who has a large silk and embroidery store here. The latter art is a specialty of his, and the work is truly wonderful

and beautiful. On one of the looms was a screen being made for the Imperial household. The subject is a naval battle during the late war. There are to be six screens, three for the army and three for the navy; all solid embroidery, and the effect quite as rich as though painted in oil.

From there we drove, or rather were pulled by the 'riksha men, to the Doshisha, Neesima's College. Unfortunately the term had closed, and we saw nothing of the work. Our letters to Dr. Gordon and Mr. Davis we left with a Japanese, who promised to deliver them for us. Then we went to the girls' school nearby, where Mrs. Todd found a missionary teacher, Miss Denton, to whom she had a letter. She asked if there might possibly be a place at the Eclipse station for a young *protégé* of hers, whom she considers the coming Newton of Japan. Mrs. Todd is looking for such a person to interpret for her on the trip to Esashi, and Miss Denton is delighted at the possibility of his accompanying her.

From the school we went to the Golden Pavilion, which is over six hundred years old, and situated on the edge of a pretty pond, covered with lily leaves and surrounded by rocks and sloping hillsides. After walking about the old building and the garden beyond, we found a shady spot called Maple Mount, where a table was spread and tiffin, brought from the hotel, was laid for us.

After eating and resting, we took our jinrikishas again and rode to Myoshinji—a Chinese Jin temple, which is in excellent preservation, and where the priests still live and worship in a little town quite by themselves. Some of the bronze and lacquer treasures looked old and valuable, but not very interesting. Returning to the town, Arthur and I stopped a few minutes at a shop where we looked at swords, which seems to be a popular curio for men to secure while here. After the Restoration, in 1868, the Samurai were obliged to lay down their swords, thus flooding the market with valuable blades, which before that time had been prized equally with their own lives. These are already becoming rare, and good ones command a high price. Arriving home Arthur found a telegram from Kobé, offering a new steamer for the Inland Sea trip. This obliges

him to go to Kobé in the morning, much to our disappointment, as to-morrow the Matsuri procession takes place.

JULY 17TH.—This morning Arthur took an early train for Kobé in order to settle the steamer question, and at 9:30 we went to witness the procession from the roof of a Japanese shop. The floats consisted entirely of temple treasures—hangings, rugs, bells and priests' garments, gifts made to the Gion Temple by worshippers. Each float was cared for by the worshippers of one street, the coolies of that district pulling the car and the high-class worshippers walking behind in ceremonial dress—blue and white. Chairs for the latter were carried in large baskets by coolies and whenever the car stopped the men rested. Every float carried a Sun goddess and many children, who struck the bells and threw the holy rice to the onlookers. The streets were a mass of people, but a very easily managed assemblage. For several nights the streets have been lighted by great lanterns, in rows on either side. Last night we went out to see them and walked through the Gion Temple grounds, where we found many people kneeling before the shrine; but to-night it rains and we shall not attempt it. The festival lasts through the week, and we may see more of it to-morrow,

Doctor and Mrs. Gordon and Mr. and Mrs. Otis Cary, who called yesterday, have been asked to dine here to-morrow, when we shall hear something of the late discussion in regard to missionary work in Japan.

It was so warm this afternoon that Okita found it difficult to get any of us out to the temples. About 3:30, however, Mrs. Todd, Doctor and I decided to see some of the best ones. Louis and Mabel had already visited them and thought we would be repaid by going. Those chosen were the Nishi Hongwanji and the Higashi Hongwanji, the western and eastern branches of the Hongwanji sect of Buddhists. Both are very large, fine structures, one an old and the other a new building. The most interesting work in both of them is the wood-carving of birds, chrysanthemums, and other characteristic birds and flowers with which the gates and chambers are ornamented. From thence we went to the temple "Sanju San-



A "FLOAT" IN MATSURI PROCESSION AT KYOTO.

From "Corona and Coronet," by courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

gendo," dedicated to the Goddess of Mercy, in which are the one thousand and one images of Quanon. There is absolutely nothing to see there except the images, but no one thinks of visiting Kioto without going there. Afterward to the Diabutsu, or Great Buddha. At one time it was bronze, which is now replaced by wood, and is not worth a visit, even though so large and terrible.

JULY 18TH.—Arthur telegraphed last evening that he would not return until midnight, so I closed yesterday's journal without knowing the decision about the boats for the Inland Sea. It is all arranged that we take the trip by a steamer, which he has engaged for as long a time as we wish—from a week to ten days probably. I will not attempt to describe the boat until I have seen it, but Arthur thinks we can be very comfortable in a simple way. We shall start on Monday from Kobé. Much must be done to-day, our last for sight-seeing.

Permits have arrived from Tokio to visit the old palace of the Shogun and that of the Emperor. Until the Restoration, in 1868, the Mikado, resided here, but nothing about his quarters is worth special mention. The Nijo Palace, that of the Shogun, is far finer and well worth a visit. Until the Restoration the Shogun was the practical ruler, the Mikado being simply a figurehead. In 1868 the Mikado met his Council of State and "in their presence swore to grant a deliberative assembly and to decide all measures by public opinion." After that time the palace was used by the Mikado as one of his summer residences.

This afternoon we finished our shopping and went to see some porcelain made by Seifu. He is one of four men in Kioto who are workers for the Imperial household. His speciality is monochrome with mottling.

Doctor and Mrs. Gordon and Mr. and Mrs. Otis Cary dined with us to-night. They both brought flowers and our table looked quite festive. Mrs. Gordon is a sister of Dr. Donald, of Boston. They told us something of their work here, but all seem to feel disappointed at the action of the Doshisha trustees. The ladies say their husbands will hereafter make long trips

through the country towns and they will be much alone. Mrs. Gordon's children are grown and she is able to give her time to the missionary work. At present she has a kindergarten. Mrs. Cary has four little children and says she does little regular work in consequence. Sunday morning she has a Bible class of Japanese women, and every morning a number of them come to her house for prayers.

JULY 19TH.—Before breakfast Mr. Cary called and left two boxes of fresh blackberries for us. It was almost the first fresh fruit we had dared to touch, and all enjoyed them. Dr. Gordon was to preach at a little self-supporting church not far from the hotel, and Arthur and I went there for the communion service at half-past ten. It was in Japanese, but very unique and interesting. A young girl, who is a teacher in the public schools, played the organ, and the music was better than any we have yet heard. The people sing very strangely, and their own music is not melodious. Of harmony they know nothing. The pastor of the little church is a Japanese, but unordained, which accounts for the assistance of Dr. Gordon in the service. This afternoon Mabel and Mrs. Todd went to the girls' school for the praise service, the rest of us remaining at the hotel in order to finish our letters and prepare for an early start in the morning.

JULY 20TH.—We said good-by to Mrs. Todd this morning, and at noon she will be joined by the young astronomer, who will go to Yezo with her. She seemed greatly disappointed in having to give up the Inland Sea. Her steamer sails on Thursday, and it would be impossible to go far from Kobé before that time. She will go to Nara this afternoon, see Osaka on Wednesday, and reach Kobé either Wednesday evening or Thursday morning. At eleven o'clock we reached Kobé and started at once to find the steamer Miyako Maru, the Coronet Junior, chartered for the Inland Sea. In appearance she is not handsome, but is fortunately new, and we shall be able, I think, to make her fairly comfortable. Alfred has been rushing about the entire afternoon getting stores and an oven in which





S. S. "MIYAKO MARU."

to cook for us. At present all the arrangements are for Japanese cooking, and most inconvenient for any other kind. Arthur's old tutor, Mr. Halsey, came down from Osaka this afternoon and has been of great service in interpreting for Alfred. He will dine with us at the hotel to-night, and Arthur thinks of asking him to accompany us. His wife and children are now in America.

CHAPTER VI.

THE INLAND SEA.

JULY 21ST.—At seven o'clock last evening the steamer was ready to start, so our charter began from that time. The rooms not being yet in order, we decided to stay at the hotel overnight and start early this morning. It was eleven o'clock when we left, Louis and Arthur thinking it best to call on the Governor before starting. They wanted to thank him for transferring our permits to land from the *Coronet* to the chartered steamer, and also to get some letters he had offered to give them to officials in the Inland Sea.

It has rained heavily all day, at times coming in torrents, and driving us below for shelter, even though the deck is covered by an awning. Mabel and I have taken the saloon cabin, which usually serves as second-class, and sometimes accommodates thirty or forty people, lying as close to one another as possible. We find it none too large for two, and being somewhat taller than the Japanese, cannot stand up straight, unless just beneath the skylight. There are five little staterooms which the gentlemen occupy, Arthur's opening into the saloon. From them we have taken two lower berth mattresses and these, with blankets as covers, make our berths in the saloon. All the beds are hard, and we may prefer Japanese mats before many nights are over. They do not understand the philosophy of soft beds in this country, and in making the mattresses they pound the straw into place and tie it down with cords. The result is anything but comfortable. To-day we have been greatly amused at the admiring audience which we have had

while unpacking, rearranging, and in fact while doing anything. It is the first voyage of the steamer, you remember, and evidently the twenty-six men have not had an opportunity to observe foreigners before. Our washing facilities are all outside our stateroom, and much of our dressing is necessarily public. The toilet arrangements consist of one small brass wash-bowl, a pitcher and a tumbler, so the washing cannot be elaborate.

Alfred is doing the cooking for us, and if to-day is a sample of what he is able to do, we shall live well. Altogether this style of camping out promises to be unique, and every one is in the spirit to enjoy it.

The first points of interest passed were the little villages of Suma and Maiko, where some of the residents of Kobé have summer places on the beach or in the pines. Our first night was spent at Nomamura, on the Island Sojusima. Awaji and Shikoku Islands were passed before anchoring—the former supposed to have been the first Japanese island formed.

JULY 22D.—Early this morning we left Nomamura, and before breakfast reached Okayama. Here we hoped to anchor long enough to enable us to see a Daimyo's castle and the garden Koraku-en, which is one of the finest in Japan. Okita landed and returned to the steamer with word that only seven jinrikishas could be found, and that the roads had been so badly washed by the rains as to make them almost impassable. If we wished to make the journey we must give fully six hours in order to take a roundabout way. We decided it would require too much time, and so steamed away toward Takamatsu, to which we went close enough to see the walled castle. At three o'clock we anchored at Tadotsu for the night in order to make a pilgrimage to a Shinto temple which Okita thought well worth seeing. Had it not been so insufferably hot we might have thought so too, but as it was we were less enthusiastic in our praise. After a half-hour in the train we reached Kompira, and when alighting could see the temple far up on the mountain side. Two jinrikishas were found, as it rained slightly, to take Mabel and me to the foot of the hill, but from

there we were all obliged to climb the hundreds of steps to the temple. We took plenty of time, and on the way stopped at the little shops for fans. It was a warm climb, and all the more so because of our scanty exercise since arriving in Japan. About all we get is from the shaking of the jinrikishas. When near the temple we paused for the fine view across the valley below. On our right was the rude stall where the white horse is kept in which is supposed to rest the spirit of the god worshipped by the sailors, and believed to be most helpful to them. The captain of our craft went with us, as he always visits the temple when in this harbor. Murray says there are five hundred and seventy-two steps—there seemed to us three times as many.

Returning to the town of Kompira we stopped for tea and bottled lemonade at a pretty little tea house.

JULY 23D.—To-day we are in the finest part of the Inland Sea. The sun has shone constantly, and much of the day has been spent on the bridge, where we could have a full view on every side. The islands completely surrounded us, and we have passed through one strait after another where there seemed to be no outlet. The hills are of every shade of green, and every conceivable shape, size and height. Pine trees are almost the only vegetation except that planted by the natives in terraces, and yielding sweet potatoes and millet. The shores are dotted by picturesque fishing villages, and the blue water is covered with the little white sails of the fishermen and old-fashioned junks, which in a few years will be things of the past.

During the day we have been where few beside missionaries have traveled, and Mr. Halsey says there are towns where the name of Christ has never been heard. A Mr. Allen, of the Canadian Steamship Company, has given ten thousand dollars as a memorial of his mother to build a steam yacht for work among the islands, on which there will be a room capable of holding seventy-five people. At Tomo we saw a charming yoshiro, or temple, built on the cliff of the mainland overlooking the sea. One cannot imagine a more lovely scene than the little town nestling near the shore of the pretty Island of Tomo.

At Onomichi we anchored for half an hour on account of the strong current, which would not allow us to see much of the harbor unless we did so. It is a large town, and there were a number of small trading vessels in the harbor. One large temple on the hill back of the town could be plainly seen from the sea, and another nearer the shore. From Onomichi to Ondo strait, or Ondo Seto, we have passed islands which seem to be covered with sand, and show bare brown patches between the pine trees, while those opposite are beautifully green and fertile. As I write we are near the Ondo Seto, a narrow strait through which we are about to pass, after having waited an hour for a full tide. It seems an impossible thing to do, but I will tell the result of the trial later.

Little did I realize that my last sentence would prove a prophecy. We passed the Ondo (Hidden Door) safely, and a glorious view greeted us on the other side. A wide bay, surrounded by mountains, whose wooded slopes reach to the very edge of the water.

The captain thought it best to anchor for the night at Kure, one of the three naval stations during the war, and still the most important one in Japan. Being in a Japanese vessel we did not fear to anchor, but Arthur felt quite sure we would have difficulty in getting ashore if we tried to land. We did not intend to land at the naval station, anyway, but might have tried to go to the town. No such opportunity was offered us, however, for as soon as we stopped a steam launch from the naval station came alongside. Mr. Halsey and Okita became interpreters for the party, and although no one but the captain of the steamer entered into the conversation, we were glad to know what it was about.

“What do you mean by coming in here without flying your signals, giving your name?” was the first question.

“This is a new vessel and there has not been time to obtain them. She was finished in July only.”

“Then you had no right to come in here at all, and what is your business?”

“The vessel has been chartered by foreigners, who are traveling slowly through the Inland Sea.”

Finally, after much heated invective on the part of the launch officer, we were told to wait until they commanded us further. Immediately we back water and put about. We began to think the captain would steam away without waiting longer, but such was not the case. The launch returned, bringing a naval officer, who marched to the bridge without noticing the captain and first officer, who stood at the gangway. He took command and ordered the engineer to steam away. We wondered where we were to be taken, and Arthur and Louis went on the bridge to find out. Instead of taking us forward he ordered us back to our former anchorage outside the narrow strait. We afterward found that this was done to test the ability of the captain. Had he been inexperienced, although less guilty, it would prove whether he ought to have known better. He took us through again so easily that the young officer told us he must have passed before and there was no excuse for his coming. After some conversation with him Arthur discovered that a boat would be sent over from the naval station, and that the captain would be obliged to return with it. Now was our opportunity to try to save delay, and Arthur asked Okita to interpret for him. First, to tell him that we had chartered the vessel for a pleasure trip, and that we were anxious not to be delayed, as our time was short. To tell him of our general passports, and of the letters from the governor of Kobé to the governors of all these provinces, commending us to their good offices whenever possible. Later we were able to congratulate ourselves on this possession. The young officer was very polite all through, and assured us that the difficulty did not concern us in the least, except in delaying us. He seemed very considerate, but had no power, of course, to do anything to prevent the captain from being punished. The usual sentence for this negligence is a fine of at least sixty yen and a loss of his license for six months, also possible imprisonment, in which case Okita told us it is very hard for the family. They all get together—the number representing several generations—give his children away for adoption, his wife is divorced, and the home broken up. This, of course, usually happens only to families where the man has no money to support them.

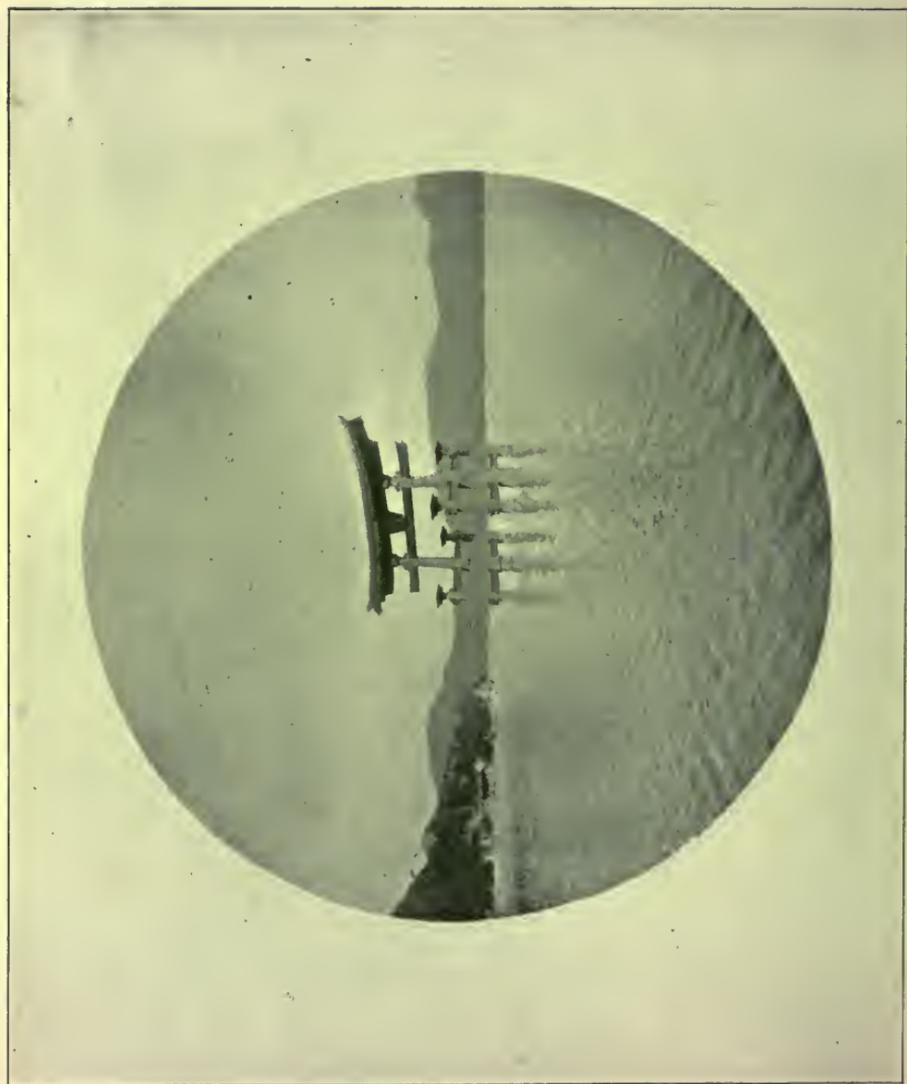
We waited a long time for the launch to return, and in the meantime it was arranged that Okita should accompany the captain and try to help him with the commanding officer, and also do what he could to avoid delay for us. Louis, in the interim, had been getting furious, and was ready to go to law about it at once. I think Arthur rather enjoyed the situation. It was novel, to say the least. Finally the boat arrived, and our young commander boarded it, and after some words with its officer came back to the steamer, where he held a council with the captain, in which he told him that on account of our letters from the governor, we would be allowed to proceed this time without further delay. We were all delighted and glad enough to say "arigato" (*ari is (gato) hard*, because the favor is so great it is hard for me to make any expression of my gratitude. All this is understood by the word.

We had intended to pass the night either at Kure or here, but under the circumstances we thought it wiser to get away before the naval station officers changed their minds. So we weighed anchor and had a delightful evening sail to Nakashima. The night was so warm and the sky so brilliant in the moonlight we could not bear to go below, and decided to have our mattresses spread on the after-deck.

JULY 24TH.—The night was by far the most comfortable I have had on this boat, and we all think we will continue to use the deck on fair nights. The men wakened us very early in order to wash the decks, which I suppose must be done at an early hour, even though they seem to do nothing for the rest of the day. Their chief interest is to watch us, and as they have not been taught to keep the boat properly clean, and we cannot make them understand, they have little else to do.

To-day Alfred has been bothered by their having three times stolen his pared potatoes and also his fish. Arthur sent Mr. Halsey to speak to them, and for a time there was a great discussion among them. By night they had returned the fish nicely washed and dressed, and the last we heard they were teaching Alfred Japanese.

We left so early this morning that we were eating breakfast



TORN IN THE SEA, MIYAGIMA.

while anchoring at "Miyajima," the sacred island, considered one of the three favorite places of the Japanese. The early morning was spent on the bridge, and when breakfast was announced we were obliged to go, but very reluctantly. The island was brilliantly green and feathery, and we came upon it suddenly, almost at a right angle from the passage through which we had been steaming. The principal objects of interest here are the two Shinto temples, sacred to the patron goddess of the island; but the village is a very picturesque one, and the little tea houses on the edge of the ravine, through which runs a brook and over which are pretty stone bridges, make charming resting-places. The camphor, the kiyaki, the maple, the conifers and bamboo trees make a delightful shade for the pilgrims who come here year after year for the Mâtsumi. This is to take place next week, and we saw many of the preparations for it. On our way to the garden we stopped to feed some of the tame deer, one of which we afterward saw bounding through the bed of the stream.

While standing at the treasury box, back of which is the altar and toward which Okita had cast our offering, a man and woman came and knelt in front of us before the coffer. They clapped their hands to attract the attention of the god after having thrown in a rin and a half-rin piece. When they rose the man picked up one of the five-sen pieces Okita had thrown down. He immediately called him back, telling him, so Mr. Halsey said, that he had taken consecrated money. The priest who stood near came forward and gathered the other pieces from the floor, and the man, after returning the five-sen piece, walked away. It was a parody on their worship, we thought. One of the most interesting features of the temple is the big torii, or gate, in the sea, before the temple. Another is the five-storied pagoda back of the old temple. The latter, now out of use, is nine hundred years old.

We left Miyajima rather reluctantly just before luncheon, and the afternoon sail has again been varied and delightful. We passed through another narrow channel, this time going at full speed on account of the tide. About seven o'clock we anchored at Tokuyama, where Mr. Halsey went ashore to see a missionary preacher and send some telegrams for Arthur.

JULY 25TH.—Last night was full of adventure. The first funny thing occurred about three o'clock, when a boat arrived, bringing the telegraph operator, who had undercharged Mr. Halsey for the telegrams sent at evening. Of course we were all wakened by the discussion about the extra twenty sen, ten of which he would have to pay for the sampan. The twenty sen, however, meant possibly a day's wages to him—in our money about eleven cents.

Next event occurred a little later, when there was loud talking and in a very hurried, excited way. It was not Arthur having a nightmare, but Mr. Halsey, who says he never had such a thing before. His room is at the foot of the companionway, and he was dreaming that he heard some one in his own house trying to open a private bureau. At first he thought he would let him go without touching him, but just then hearing some one coming down the stairs, he sprang from his bed and grasped the man (who was actually Alfred,) by the waist and throat, and the stairs being back of him, he could do nothing but cry for help. This was what we heard, and their voices talking with one another in a rapid way. The noise Alfred made awakened Mr. Halsey, luckily, and they came on deck to explain and fortunately to laugh about it.

The next event was having to arouse Louis and Arthur to keep them from being moonstruck. Arthur was too sleepy to do more than throw his arms over his eyes, but Louis bravely rose and tied up an awning. Frank Thompson thought his eyes were affected by sleeping in the moonlight coming around the Horn, and we have heard of so many such cases that we have guarded against it ourselves.

Altogether the night was rather a broken one, and we were loath to rise as usual between five and six o'clock.

Shimonoseki means Lower Barrier. Here we arrived this morning about noon, but instead of anchoring at once we went past the harbor and around the Island Rokuren, returning to Shimonoseki at half-past one. The harbor entrance, both from the strait and from the Japan Sea, is guarded by strong forts, commanding wide views in every direction. The bay is filled with junks, sailing vessels and steamers, the latter coaling

here for the voyage to foreign countries, as well as through the Inland Sea. This is a free port for both rice and coal. While anchoring a French mail steamer bound for Kobé passed us. This strait was the scene of great activity during the late war, as all the transports started from here. Mr. Halsey was living here at that time, and has pointed out all the interesting places.

While our steamer was coaling we went ashore, and after a jinrikisha ride about the town passed the barracks and intended to climb a hill, from which Mr. Halsey said was a beautiful view of the strait, "which wound like a silver thread through the mountains." Asking a mounted officer if we would be transgressing, he told us they were building a fort there and that no foreigners were allowed. The people are intensely afraid of foreign vigilance, and we meet it everywhere, as you see. Mr. Halsey was disappointed and afterward wished we had presented our letter to the governor. That is our magic charm in every port.

We spent an hour under a lacquer tree covered with the berries used in that industry, fearing all the while that we may have been poisoned by so doing. We were careful not to touch the berries, and after we had sat there a few minutes Okita remarked we might as well stay longer, as we had already been there ten minutes. On our way through the town we stopped to arrange for a Japanese dinner at the tea house Fujino, in which the treaty was made between the Japanese and Chinese. Li Hung Chang lived nine days in a Buddhist temple nearby, and Count Ito and Count Mutsu, who was at Washington as minister before that time, stayed at the Hotel Daikichi on the main street below the tea house. It was while being carried in a kago from the tea house to the temple that Li Hung Chang was shot. To show the coolness of the Chinese at such a time he turned, with blood running down his face, to Mr. Foster, and said: "Is there any official record of a foreign ambassador being assassinated while negotiating a treaty?" It is said here that Mr. Foster received a quarter of a million dollars from Li Hung Chang for his services.

We had an excellent dinner at the tea house, served in Japan-

ese fashion, while we sat on mats on the floor. After the full moon rose we returned to the steamer, which we found cleaner than we had expected or dared to hope. Our beds were again arranged on deck, and at twelve o'clock we left Shimonoseki, so full of historical association, not only in our own time, but as far back as 202 A.D., when the Empress Jingo, the most famous woman in the annals of Japan, started out from Toyoura nearby to conquer Corea. Here also the allied fleets met in 1863, when they bombarded Maida.

JULY 26TH.—We were under way most of the night, and this morning anchored at Beppu on Kyushu. It is famous on account of its hot baths, the guide book tells us, and all day as we have sat quietly on the deck we have seen the people bathing on the beach or making holes for themselves in the sand and sitting there in the warm water, with umbrellas over their heads. The town is built close to the water, and behind it rise the green sloping hills separated by pretty valleys, at times reminding one of those in Oahu, Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. Halsey conducted a service for us at half-past ten, to which the crew were invited, but none appeared. Had they done so he would have given it in Japanese. Instead many of them went ashore, and leave was given to all during the day.

About six o'clock we went ashore for a walk, going in the sampan which brought one of the police to examine our passports. He did not seem quite at home, and admitted to Okita that he had never seen one before. Whether this proves us to be the first foreigners to visit Beppu I do not know, but unless they were to reach it as we have I see nothing to call them hither. In parting from the policeman he said to Okita, "I advise you to warn the foreigners to be careful of pickpockets while bathing." Okita said, "Thank you; they are not going to bathe." Later we realized how correct was his answer.

From the landing to the first baths we were followed by men, women and children, who stared as if we were on exhibition in a circus. When we stopped we were surrounded and were obliged to look over their heads at the bathers. In a large square building, open on four sides, sat both men and

women, who had left their clothes in boxes along the wall. It was not a pretty sight. The water looked dirty and the people decidedly unattractive. We walked on through the main street, still followed, passing other bathers, and looking on either side at the open shops, back of which live the entire family in what seems to be one room; then out through a country lane into another street of shops, and back through fields of ginger to the town and to the landing-place. This Mr. Halsey calls the real Japan, and he says: "It is the Japan which the chrysanthemum and the cherry-blossom enthusiast does not see, and the part which educated Japanese do not wish them to see if they can avoid it." These are the people who find it most arduous to save enough to support the standing army of one hundred thousand which Japan wishes, and who yet want war to make this country the equal of Europe and America in power. They scorn to be compared with any Asiatic nation, and consider themselves more divinely descended than any. It is said that one of the brightest professors in the Imperial University was discharged because he questioned the divine descent of the Emperor.

JULY 27TH.—It had been our intention not to leave the harbor until twelve o'clock and to reach Matsuyama in the morning. We had not been long on board before we discovered that some of the men and under-officers had been drinking too much saké. Okita tells us that a Japanese captain has no responsibility while a vessel is in harbor, and the first officer seemed to have so little control over them that we began to suspect him of being intoxicated also. Mr. Halsey tried to discipline one of the men who insisted on coming to the after-deck without his clothes. This would have gone no further had not one of the other men less drunk than he, but still affected, taken his part and stirred up the rest to defend him. All presumably because Mr. Halsey could speak the language. As we could not, they seemed to feel at liberty to do as they pleased. When we discovered that the chief engineer was ashore and we could not leave on that account, Arthur decided it best to tell the captain to call back all hands, and if enough

were sober to manage the boat to leave at once. Accordingly the whistle was blown and the siren given. It was not until eleven o'clock that all had returned, some bringing saké with them. We made sure that the engineer and captain were capable of doing their work, and we were glad enough to get away. By this time the other drunkards had gone to sleep, and it seemed quiet and safe enough for some of us to do likewise. The wind had begun to blow so heavily that Mabel and I decided to sleep below, and as Arthur announced his intention to spend the night on deck, and Louis promised to relieve him later, the doctor offered us his protection. Consequently he slept across the entrance of our room. When we awakened at five o'clock we found the men at work washing decks and all seemingly quiet. Louis and Arthur Francis had been up a good deal of the night and Arthur, Mr. Halsey and Alfred had gone to bed soon after four. All night they had been on watch, going from bridge to engine-room, watching the course, and making sure of our safety. The officers showed signs of saké-drinking, but they say it was surprising to see them attend to their work, although they were not very steady. Even the captain, Arthur says, had had more than was good for him.

The plan of putting watch over the officers was evidently a good one, as it gave them no time to drink more; and this morning, when they were told we would not anchor, as we had expected to do, but go on for the day, they obeyed at once. Now we are on our way to Kobé. Whether we stop again depends entirely upon the state of things when we are near the next anchorage. We want to see the rapids at Awaji to-morrow, but may have to give them up. I think we are so nearly back that they will make no more trouble, lest we might refuse to pay for the charter and make them lose their positions. One thing is sure, we shall keep our fees; and I think some more severe lesson in regard to their treatment of foreigners would be a good thing for them.

JULY 28TH (Kobé.)—I have just learned that the mail via Vancouver closes at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and as we have decided to go to Nara on a seven o'clock train, spend the



CAPTAIN AND MATE OF "MIYAKO MARU."

day there and return in time to catch the steamer Coptic for Yokohama, which leaves at six P.M., I can only write a word in regard to this, our last day in the Inland Sea.

We anchored during the night near the Naruto Channel, in order to visit the whirlpool this morning. It was a beautiful day, and when we climbed over the rocks and up to a high point overlooking the channel, the sea and the far-away ocean, we were rewarded by a magnificent view. The tide was in the wrong direction to show the whirlpool at its best, but we felt repaid for the climb.

CHAPTER VII.

RURAL JAPAN.

JULY 29TH.—Last night I mailed the journal before going to bed, as we were to start early this morning for Nara, spend the day there and return in time to catch the steamer Coptic at six o'clock. It made the day a busy one, but we feel well repaid. The train left at 7:18, and at 8:30 we were in Osaka. Mr. Halsey met us with jinrikishas to take us to the satsuma manufactory of Meizan. He is the most famous satsuma painter in Japan, although like the other famous artists we have seen, his work is done in one ordinary-sized room with few finished pieces in his showroom. One walks about among the men, not more than ten or twelve in number, and can watch them do the work in its various stages. In consequence one becomes much interested in a certain piece, and although unable to wait perhaps several months for its completion may secure something nearly if not quite like it from those already finished. To my great delight he was persuaded to sell us, beside a new piece, *one* of two old vases in his possession which he has kept for his own use. Old satsuma is still shown by some curio dealers, but the authentic books on art say it is impossible to obtain a genuine piece. Meizan gave us his guarantee, and said he would take it back at any time if we wished to part with it. In decoration it does not compare with

the new, but the creamy color is said to be impossible to duplicate. At 9:25 we left Osaka, Mr. Halsey accompanying us, and at 11:30 reached Nara, where we were met with jinrikishas by the hotel landlord, to whom Okita had telegraphed for luncheon. We told him to have the meal ready at one o'clock, as the train left at 1:47. This gave us just an hour and a half for the sights of Nara. With one man to pull and one to push each jinrikisha, we went at great speed, first through the lovely park to the Kuruga Temple, stopping only once on the way to feed some of the sacred deer. At the temple we remained a few minutes to see the sacred dance, for the pleasure of the Shinto gods. It is usually performed by four maidens with white enameled faces and gay costumes. We saw only two. Two men play, one a flute and the other clappers, while the latter intones an accompaniment. This was given in the new temple, and from there we went to the old temple, outside of which was the usual white horse. There was nothing of interest in the old temple, the architecture being like all the other Shinto places. The avenue of lanterns with their background of great cedar trees is the most picturesque temple walk we have seen.

The next thing visited was the Great Diabutsu of bronze. The road from the temple is a winding one through the park, mostly downhill, and our kurumayas ran very swiftly. The Diabutsu is an enormous statue, about sixty-eight feet high, seated on a lotus leaf, and is well worth a visit. Our way back to the little Japanese inn was still through the park, and we were reminded more of home by this ride than by anything we have seen. The trees were grand and fine and the grass like velvet. In one spot a pretty summerhouse overlooking the lake appealed to us as a home-picture. The finest pagoda we have seen was also passed in this ride.

Luncheon was a delicious one, served by two Japanese women, who, as usual, waited especially upon the men, Okita not being with us to tell them to serve the ladies first. We once asked him if he did do so, and he admitted it. We have also discovered that he tells the jinrikisha men to let the ladies head the procession. It is said here that when the Japanese women



STONE LANTERNS AND CRYPTOMERIAS AT NARA.

From "Corona and Coronet," by courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

wear European dress their husbands instinctively treat them with greater politeness. Then they allow them to walk or ride before them. At other times the ladies follow.

We left Nara by the 1:47 train, and arrived in Kobé at 5:30. Our jinrikishas of the morning were awaiting us, and we fairly flew to the steamer's dock. Fortunately, the ship chandler whose branch store we have patronized in Yokohama was on the lookout for us and put his launch at our disposal. Otherwise I doubt if we could have caught the steamer. Louis was interviewing the captain and telling him of our delay just as we came alongside. Our room is large and airy, being the one in which Arthur has crossed the Atlantic twice, although in sister ships. The Coptic is very clean and her decks wide and comfortable. Some of the chairs purchased for the Miyako Maru we are bringing back on the steamer, so we are supplied with all the necessary comforts. It seems good to find English sailors and attentive deck hands after the miserable service we have had from the Japanese sailors. However, we take great pleasure in rehearsing the adventures of our Inland Sea trip, and shall never be sorry to have taken it.

JULY 30TH.—We have all slept long and soundly, and came on deck this morning to find a glorious day, and the ship making sixteen knots an hour in a perfectly smooth sea. Not a particle of vibration is apparent. We have read, written and played chess all the morning, and now at five o'clock are nearing quarantine. The Chinamen are being massed on the lower deck. Each has to be examined in turn by the officer, and then pass on to the bow and back the other side to the stern again.

A little before seven we dropped anchor, and very soon the gig came alongside to take us home to the Coronet. We found her delightfully homelike, and Captain Crosby somewhat better, although he says he is not as strong as he was. While away he has dismissed Mr. Orr, and also some of the crew—mostly the Japanese, who wanted to be ashore all the time.

JULY 31ST AND AUGUST 1ST AND 2D.—These three days have been rest days, pure and simple. Some of us have not even left the yacht until to-day, Sunday, when we all went to the English Church. We found many letters which we were more than delighted to receive, and some of the time since has been passed in answering them. Mr. Pemberton writes from the Eclipse Camp that they are comfortably settled, having a large two-roomed schoolhouse for their residence. They hope we are coming for the great event, but say “It is a long, hard pull to get there.” As far as we have been able to discover, the steamers run very irregularly and are apt to be delayed several days by fog. If we were to leave now we might not reach the station in time. So we are forced to give it up, and shall go to Miyanosbita instead, returning here on Monday, August 10th.

AUGUST 3D.—We spent the morning in various ways—Mabel and I trying some muslin gowns and among the shops getting ribbons, etc. The price for making a muslin gown is five yen. Had we been able to find the muslin I think we would have indulged in several, but at this time of the year everything is sold. This afternoon, after packing awhile for tomorrow’s journey, we all went aboard the Olympia for their “At Home,” given by the captain and officers. The ship was gayly decorated with flags and bamboo and the music excellent. We went all over the ship and to the bridge, from which we were nearly blown away by the strong wind. Though strong, it was a hot one, dying down before night as quickly as it had come up, and making it uncomfortable to sleep below decks. Arthur remained only a few minutes on the Olympia, and then went sailing with Mr. Campbell, who has a small sloop yacht. He came back as wet as though he had been swimming.

AUGUST 4TH.—At three o’clock the mosquitoes and heat became too great for us, and Arthur and I took our pillows, blankets and saloon cushions on deck, where we spent the rest of the night. We were up at six and had breakfast at 7:30 took the train at 8:30, and within an hour were at Kama-

kura viewing the temple, the Diabutsu and the great image of Quanon, Goddess of Mercy. It is one of two great statues made from a large camphor tree, the other being at Nara. This Diabutsu is the one so often photographed. It is far finer than the two we have seen, which hardly deserve a visit. It is surrounded by a pretty garden, instead of inclosed as the others are. After the sightseeing, we rode by jinrikisha for six miles through the country. It was very hot and we were glad to reach a little tea house, where the lunch basket was opened and tiffin spread. The train left from the opposite side of the way at 1:19, so all rested until the time to start. We were in the train for about an hour before reaching Kodzu, where we took the tram cars for Yumoto. One tram car we had entirely to ourselves, and I fear some of us indulged in naps for a part of the hour and a half. The road was not especially interesting, as it passed through villages filled with very unattractive people. The distant views, however, began to reveal the fact that we were soon to find ourselves climbing and away from the dirt and heat of city life.

At Yumoto we took kurumas, with two men for each, as the road is rough. Our feelings for the poor coolies were soon aroused, and all walked a good deal of the way. The hills constantly grew more lovely, the valleys filled with rushing streams, and a delicious scent of pine filled the air. We all breathed more freely and feel to-night like new beings. Miyanoshita is a charming place and the Hotel Fujiya most comfortable and clean. It has a fine view over the valley beneath and in the far distance a glimpse of the blue sea. There is a noise of rushing water all about us, and the warm and cold baths are delicious.

AUGUST 5TH.—To-day we have more than enjoyed lovely Miyanoshita. We walked all the morning across brooks and up and down hills. Four coolies carried a straw chair hung on bamboo poles, holding Hirano water, kodaks, coats, etc., which we intended to use one by one if we became fatigued, but no one cared for it. Although it was sunny and warm, the air was buoyant and we came home much refreshed. The others,

with the exception of Arthur Francis and myself, have gone again this afternoon for a short walk, but we thought we had had enough for the first day. I think they must be training for Fuji. We have not yet decided whether to climb it or not. We hope while here to visit Hakone Lake, which takes a day at least, and as Fuji is in the opposite direction that would require three more.

AUGUST 6TH.—We had expected to go to Hakone to-day, but as it seemed rather threatening and there were other shorter excursions to be made we decided to postpone it until to-morrow. Some of the party climbed this morning to a place called Big Hell (Ojigoku). Sulphur fumes steam from the ground all about one, but they are not as terrifying as those near the Volcano House at Kilauea. It is a good climb, however, and the view over the hilltops is a fine one. We all rested this afternoon, writing letters on our piazza and indulging in a hot bath before dinner. The baths are large, clean and inviting, with water of three temperatures and a cold shower besides. I have never traveled where baths were so delightful and refreshing.

This evening we had a game of English pool in a large billiard room near the hotel.

AUGUST 7TH.—At eight-thirty we started for Hakone, making an amusing and interesting procession. Two large rattan chairs hung on bamboo poles carried on the shoulders of four coolies, one kago with three coolies, and two horses with two men in charge—five conveyances for seven people, as most of us chose to walk some of the time. A good deal of mist hung over the mountains all day, but not heavily enough to shut them off constantly. The distance over is about five and a half miles, and most of that is ascending. We stopped twice at tea houses, where we drank tea and opened some of the Hirano brought with us. We are up so high here that the doctor thinks it safe to drink the water, and we find it a great luxury. All the ice is inspected now by the government and we are told that it is perfectly safe.

From the last tea house Hakone Lake came suddenly into

view, nestling in the hills, from one of which we were viewing it. On the shore was a quiet little hamlet of low houses, with the usual sloping square roofs made of straw well blackened by the weather.

Underneath one of these we found shelter for the night, which we decided to spend here, with the hope of a clearer day to-morrow.

AUGUST 8TH.—Had it been pleasant this morning, or rather perfectly clear, Okita would have called us at 5:30, as instructed, in order that we might go to the Ten Province Pass for a beautiful view of Odowara and Tokio bays, as well as the Lake Hakone and mountains on this side. The mountain tops were still veiled, and Okita feared we would not be repaid for the six hours' trip there and back. So we slept until eight, although we had retired at nine o'clock. Our beds were on the floor, in Japanese style, each having a room to himself and a comfortable pillow. There were no locks on any of the screens, and none on the glass screens which form the only protection from the outside world and the lake winds. During the night I thought I heard some one trying to open our screen, and I spoke to Arthur, who, after listening a minute, said "Halloo!" and "Scat!" Fearing English might not be understood, I said, "Yo ga arica!" which means, "What special business have you here?" Our remarks met with no response, and we at last decided it was either rats or mice. I drew the sheet over my face to avoid a closer contact with them, but doubt if Arthur feared them enough to take such a precaution.

We left Hakone by sampan soon after nine o'clock, and were about an hour in crossing the entire length of the lake. At the end of it we left the boats and started to walk toward Miyano-shita. This we all did for two miles, and then Mabel and I took chairs; the kago and horses being taken by the men. We climbed to the top of the Nagao Pass in this way with the hope of a fine view at the top. When we reached it, although perfectly clear in the direction from which we had come, we could see nothing on the opposite side. After a short rest in the clouds we retraced our steps and reached the hotel between two and

three o'clock. Arthur and Dr. Adriance walked all the way from the mountain pass, and so rapidly that they arrived over half an hour before us.

We were both tired of the jolting of the chairs over the level road or coming down the mountains. In climbing they are much more comfortable. The hotel gave us luncheon on our arrival, and after warm baths we all felt better.

AUGUST 9TH.—Our last thoughts on retiring were for the eclipse party, and many were the expressions of hope that the morning would dawn clearly. Accordingly we were disappointed to find clouds and mist at sunrise. As the morning passed it grew clearer, and when we went for luncheon at half-past twelve we felt that it might be worth while to climb one of the hills in order to have a view of it ourselves. Before luncheon was finished the sun came out brightly, and we were all rejoiced. Arthur telegraphed the state of the weather to Professor Todd, expressing the hope that it might be better with him. Then we took our pieces of smoked glass and made the tramp of half an hour to the top of the hill on the right of the hotel, where we found a tea house and several people from the hotel. The sun had already lost a good piece from the right side, and the shadow was rapidly passing over it. We all took bits of paper on which we drew a circle, diameters and what we saw as the shadow passed. We had a good deal of fun in doing it; our pictures were taken by several people, and Mr. Pearson made various amusing caricatures of what he saw on the sun or nearby. About the time when the shadow was greatest thin gray clouds came up sufficient to spoil totality at Esashi, but still we hoped it was clear there and longingly awaited telegrams. Alas! We were doomed to disappointment. The first message to arrive came about six o'clock from Mr. Allen at Akeshi. Mrs. Allen saw some of our party and told them her husband telegraphed, "A total failure at Akeshi." Still that was not Esashi. At seven o'clock our message arrived, saying, "Corona scarcely visible; have taken a few pictures." Somewhat better news, but still not encouraging. Arthur answered immediately, asking Professor Todd



WATCHING THE ECLIPSE AT MIYANOSKITA.

to telegraph more fully to Yokohama, where we shall go to-morrow morning. Before the evening was over a second message came, saying that all the other stations had rain and thunder showers. Ours had been the best, but not what we had hoped for. We were much disappointed ourselves, but of course do not begin to feel what those do who have thought of nothing else for months, and have come so far to see. We have had the delights of traveling, meanwhile, and much for which to be grateful.

AUGUST 10TH.—On many accounts we regretted having to leave Miyanoshita so soon, but now the eclipse is over our thoughts must turn homeward, and we have not many days left in which to see the places we have reserved until the last—Nikko, Chuzenji, and for Doctor and Arthur probably Sapporo. If possible they hope to start to-morrow for the Ainu country, where they will collect specimens for the Museum of Natural History.

We left the Fujiya about eleven, after Arthur had written a few words of praise in the proprietor's famous guest book. Our luncheon was carried ahead by coolies, and after a walk of an hour and a half we reached a pretty waterfall, where tiffin was ready. We ate it near the fall, on a low table and benches, screened from the sun by bamboo branches and the shade of mossy trees.

The tram left soon after two o'clock, our party having a car to ourselves, from which floated a flag in purple and white, marked engaged. It was nearly six o'clock when we reached Yokohama, which we found hot and oppressive. Captain Crosby seemed in good spirits and all glad of our return. A long telegram came during the evening from Professor Todd. It confirmed our fears that little had been seen of the corona, which they could just distinguish through the clouds. He thinks it must have been a bright one. They took some photographs and say something about a possibility of X-rays. Mrs. Todd and he return by French man-of-war Alger, arriving about the 18th. The others will come a week later. Arthur telegraphed to hurry the return if possible.

Doctor and Arthur spent the evening in finding a guide for the Sapporo trip. They interviewed several who spoke English, and have engaged a Mr. Kato, who will meet them at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. Strange to say, Kato was Mr. Bush's guide. Alfred is preparing the large tiffin basket, and they are ready within these few hours to start on their journey north.

AUGUST 11TH.—All slept comfortably on deck. Captain Crosby has made a boudoir for the ladies, where we sleep between two flags as screens, with curtains at the head and feet. We had not been long awake when we were called on deck to hear the flagship play the Coronet's song, "Nancy Lee." Lieutenant-Commander Delano had told me we would hear it the morning we went to Miyancshita. For some reason they did not play it, and last night I found a note from him saying it was because they did not have the music. He had succeeded in finding it, and we should hear it on our return. They played it exceedingly well, and directly after the national airs of the men-of-war in harbor.

We call that the Coronet song because the year Frank Plummer went to the West Indies with us he wrote some words which we sung to that air. The Olympia has been exceedingly kind and attentive, and this is an additional compliment. Arthur went at eleven o'clock as planned. We all feel lonely without him, but doctor and he will have a jolly time, I feel sure. We spent much of the day in repacking for Nikko, whither we go to-morrow. Mabel and I visited the porcelain kiln of Makudio Kojan, outside of Yokohama, but he had not much to show as he does not open his kiln until the 18th. We hope to go out on our return, as he is considered one of the best potters in Japan. His work is much like that of Seifu in Kioto. Mr. and Mrs. Brook Pearson, whom we met at Miyancshita, to whom the Slades had letters of introduction, dined with us this evening. They were very bright and entertaining.

My deck bedroom was again used, and we were glad to rest after a busy and hot day.

AUGUST 12TH.—Again the Coronet's song from the flagship, and we were off for the train to Nikko, leaving before nine o'clock. It rained heavily, and we began to fear it was what we must expect for some days, as it is said to rain every day at Nikko. We have been all day reaching the place, having to change cars three times, and now find miserable little rooms and an overcrowded hotel. We were not able to get any at the Kanaya hotel, to which Okita telegraphed several days ago, and so have come to the Nikko, which seems about the same, but is not so high up, and has not the fine view of the mountains. In a few days the proprietor promises us better rooms and above the ground floor. We have had our first glimpse of Nikko in the rain, and yet appreciate its beauty. The great cryptomeria trees are truly magnificent, and we long to ride through the avenue, which is said to be twenty miles in length, bordered by them on either side. On our way to the hotel we drove past the sacred red bridge only opened for the royal family. With the background of a rushing white river and the mountains revealing their deep dark greens through the mist and clouds, it was a picture long to be remembered.

AUGUST 13TH.—This morning we had hoped, if it were fine, to take an excursion to Lake Chuzenji. But alas for one's plans in this country if the Crown Prince is about. To-day he had engaged all the krumas in the town for an excursion of his own, and we were not able to get any before eleven o'clock. As one needs to start early to avoid the climb at midday, we decided to go to one of the temples instead. We chose the best—the temple and shrine of Iyeyasu, first Shogun. It is by far the finest temple we have seen, but the beautiful surroundings of trees, woods and moss-covered steps make its beauty in great part. We found an artist whom Mabel knew, sitting beneath a gable of the great Nikko gate, painting a portion of it. We watched him for a little while, and then continued our walk through the temple, the treasure house and up a hundred steps—perhaps more—until we reached the actual resting-place of the Shogun. The steps are all moss-covered, and lead up a mountain side through a forest of great cryptomerias.

All the morning was spent in this temple, and we did not start out again until after four o'clock, when we went for a walk to the pool called Gammou-ya-fuchi, and to a little artificial garden surrounding one of the purest springs in Nikko, Dainichi-do.

Received to-night a letter from Dr. Adriance, which had been written on the train and mailed at Aomori. They had passed an amusing night, having had little sleep. Their companions a Japanese, a German and one other, besides fleas galore; and having to stop every few minutes at some station to change lamps, etc. The mosquitoes were many, and the doctor says he thinks he must be "all wool," because the little moths bothered him so. If they have good weather they should reach Otaru to-night and Sapporo to-morrow morning.

AUGUST 14TH.—Alfred sent some laundry to-day, inclosing a postal card mailed by Arthur before leaving Tokio. He likes his guide Kato, and they were then taking luncheon in a tea house where we have lunched together. Our day has been passed at lovely Lake Chuzenji, which is about seven and a half miles away, and as much of it is a mountain climb, we had three kurumayas apiece. Even then we walked a good deal. The views all the way were enchanting, and the cascades and waterfalls very beautiful. We carried tiffin with us, and with the addition of eggs and rice served by the tea house on the lake fared sumptuously. The return was even more delightful than the ascent, and it confirmed the pleasant impression already made by Nikko. I received a long journal letter from the Chief, dated August 5th. It was mailed on Mrs. Todd's arrival at the Eclipse Camp, and sent by the steamer which brought her. There was also a letter from Mrs. Todd for Arthur, saying that every one was busy and the instruments practically ready. She had enjoyed her journey to the camp, as much had been done for her comfort by the steamship people, even European food served for the first time. A few days more only, and they will have returned. Then we shall know just how much they were able to see of the corona.

AUGUST 15TH.—To-day we have visited the temple second

in interest among those here—that of Iyemitsu, third Shogun of the Tokugawa dynasty, the last in power, the sixteenth member of which still lives at Sidzuoka. The temple is not so elaborately carved as that of Iyeyasu, but like it in many other ways, with the same beautiful surrounding views, woods and paths inviting one to wander. We walked all the morning, going up and down the steps, past waterfalls, shrines and rushing streams.

In the afternoon we returned the calls of the artist, Mr. Newman, and his wife, who have rooms at the Kanaya Hotel. Mr. Newman showed us a number of flower paintings in water-colors, also that which he was working upon when we met him. Louis asked him if he was expecting to sell the latter, and he replied that when finished it would be one hundred and fifty pounds. The picture was perhaps eighteen by twenty-four inches. He is an Englishman whose residence is in Rome, but who spends most of his time on the Nile. On our way back to the hotel we stopped at the shop of a famous pawnbroker who has curios for sale. Arriving at Nikko I found a telegram from Arthur saying: "Sapporo best place in Japan. Business all done; start back to-night." I think he should arrive not later than Tuesday morning. If the expedition can get back this week we shall probably be off within ten days.

AUGUST 16TH.—This morning a box of peaches and apples came from the yacht, and we were glad indeed to get them, as there is little fruit to be had here. Many people went away yesterday, the service has already improved, and the food is better cooked. Last night's dinner was really very good. The rest of the party changed their rooms to the second floor, but I have kept the same, as we enjoy the corner piazza in front of it, and we shall be here only a few days longer.

There was service this morning in a little mission chapel of the Episcopal Church. The preacher was evidently an Englishman, and yet his prayer for the rulers was in this order: the President of the United States, the Queen of Great Britain, and the Emperor of Japan. His text was: "And the heathen

round about said, Where now is their god?" He said perhaps the most difficult task of a missionary in this country is to teach the people to believe in a personal God—one capable of feeling pleasure or pain. They can bring themselves to believe in the Savior—their own daily lives teach the need of Him—or even in the Trinity, but the one God is the stumbling block. Like Israel of old, perhaps God now will lead this people out of captivity.

Received a telegram from Arthur to-night saying he would leave Aomori to-morrow, and reach Nikko on Wednesday.

Captain Stockton and Chief Engineer Webster, of the Yorktown, are staying here a few days. The ship has lately anchored beside us at Yokohama. The captain is related to Dr. Beverly Robinson, and knows many of our friends in New York.

AUGUST 17TH.—The morning being bright and fine, we rose early and prepared to take a seven-mile walk to a waterfall. As we were about to start we met Captain Stockton and Mr. Webster, who were going the same direction. They joined us and the walk was a most enjoyable one. When about to leave the cascade it began to rain, but as the return was mostly down hill we reached the hotel before it came down too heavily to be comfortable. The afternoon was very stormy, and no one but Louis ventured out. The Crown Prince was to have had sports and athletics out of doors this afternoon for the entertainment of some royal guests, among them his mother. We are beginning to consider the Prince a great nuisance. Hearing he was about to pass the hotel a few days ago, we went out to see him. Police were stationed all along the way, keeping people to one side of the road, asking ladies to lower their umbrellas and men to remove their hats, and more ridiculous than all, to close the second-story windows and not dare to look at him from them. After all this preparation the youth changed his mind and took a short cut by way of some steps. The next day we were returning from Chuzenji by the same road he was to pass. Our jinrikishas were allowed to go on, as he had not yet appeared and we were going in the same di-

rection. Had we been going toward him we would have been stopped. Louis, being some distance behind on horseback, was stopped and made to get off. As he was too indignant to wait and see him pass, he was obliged to walk back. Mabel and I had reached the hotel before he appeared, so we walked out to the fence in front, which is about three feet above the street. The officer, who spoke a little English, said: "If you would like to see the Crown Prince pass, please come down into the street, as it is not allowed from the second story." In former days any person daring to look at all would have been arrested, but now one can look if below him. This seems to be considered a great step forward. The Prince was in European clothing, riding a beautiful black horse. It was amusing to see him gaze at our men as he passed.

AUGUST 18TH.—Mabel and Louis received a telegram last night from Mr. James Stokes announcing his arrival by the China, saying their letters did not encourage him to come to Nikko, and asking their plans for visiting China. Louis answered that the hotel was less crowded now and more comfortable, so we may see them.

We learn to-day that the Crown Prince has engaged all the jinrikishas for Thursday, Friday and Saturday—a hundred and twenty of them. That means no excursions for any one else, and I don't see but we may as well leave. It is a great bother, as I had hoped Arthur might go to Lake Chuzenji on one of those days.

Arthur arrived this morning. He has given an order for Ainu curios to be collected and sent later. I close this hastily that it may surely catch the mail on the 21st, and will send a few sheets more if there is time later. This edition is very long, and as I have had all kinds of pens I fear it may be difficult to read. Our warmest love goes with it, and we shall follow next.

AUGUST 19TH (Nikko).—The day being fine, we decided to go again to Chuzenji, that Arthur and Doctor Adriance might see that charming place. We found the roads washed by the

recent rains, but being quickly repaired on account of the visit to be made to-morrow by the Crown Prince. We walked half-way to the lake, which was reached in time for tiffin. There were the same good things to eat at the tea house, and we started home soon after three o'clock, leaving our kurumas and walking about four miles through the woods until we reached a beautiful waterfall, called Urami-ga-taki, or Back View Cascade. We walked along the edge of the stream by a path built on the rocky slope, and after a slight wetting from the spray reached a sheltered spot behind the fall beneath the rock from which the cascade descends. It was a lovely sight, and one which we are glad not to have missed.

A telegram came to-night from Professor and Mrs. Todd, saying they had reached Yokohama by the Alger, the French man-of-war. Chief had returned with them, and asked by telegram if it would be worth while for him to come to Nikko before our departure. We answered that we were to leave to-morrow. The expedition proper is expected a week later.

AUGUST 20TH.—While Arthur and Doctor Adriance visited the two great temples this morning I packed our koris—straw baskets—with which we have made all our journeys while in this country. They have the advantage of being light, and an extra one can be procured almost anywhere. I was glad to have an additional one to-day, as Arthur has brought a few Ainu things with him, and we have added small purchases here. One of the Ainuland curios is a brown bearskin, and the other a deerskin rug of two colors. It looks like a large checker-board. Mabel and Louis are going to ride for six miles through the cryptomeria avenue with us as far as a town called Imaichi, where we shall take the train for Tokio. They will return to Nikko and remain until Monday morning, when they start for Sapporo.

AUGUST 21ST.—We spent last night at Tokio, where we found a telegram from Mr. Stokes, saying they would come up about noon, and hoped to see us. Arthur had decided to leave by an early train for the yacht, and hoped to see some of them

before they left the Grand Hotel. Doctor, Arthur Francis and I remained in Tokio to finish some shopping. Chief arrived at tiffin time, and we all lunched with Mr. Stokes, the Misses Stokes, and Mrs. Twing. Mr. Stokes told us he was not at all well, and after luncheon consulted Doctor Adriance, who found him suffering with asthma. He will go to Nikko and rest there awhile.

The Todds seem glad to get back and bear up well under their disappointment. The eclipse was a magnificent spectacle, almost unearthly in appearance. The gradual coming of darkness after bright sunlight, and followed by a sudden flood of light seems to have produced a great and deep impression on them all. Chief and Mrs. Todd viewed it from the top of a high tower, and both say the other was overcome at the moment. After breathlessly watching and waiting the last few seconds before totality, and then to have a tiny cloud screen the corona from their sight, was a disappointment too deep for words. What the astronomers saw was, we suppose, not of scientific value, but a few photographs may be of interest. Mr. Pemberton describes it well in his last Journal letter, which you will see later.

Some of the English astronomers lunched on board to-day, as they were to sail this afternoon. Professor Turner, of Oxford, Mr. E. H. Hills, and the astronomer royal Mr. W. H. M. Christie. The French astronomer M. Henri Deslandres, and M. le Commandant Boutet, of the Alger, dined with us to-night. The captain gave Mrs. Todd his room while she was on board, and everything seems to have been done for them. Both gentlemen spoke English very brokenly, but with the help of Mrs. Todd and Arthur conversation did not drag. The French astronomer complimented Professor Todd on his instruments at the station, and said he had learned much from him. They congratulated each other in having chosen the only partially clear station for the eclipse camp.

AUGUST 22D.—The captain of the Alger came to say good-by this morning, and sailed at five o'clock. We spent most of the day in gathering various orders left here for com-

pletion. Captain Stockton and Mr. Webster, of the Yorktown, dined with us quite informally. The former has long been one of the staff of the *Nation* and writes on international law. We found many mutual acquaintances among people in New York and Newport, where he makes his home when not in Washington.

AUGUST 23D TO 30TH.—All this week we have been awaiting the arrival of the other members of the expedition, and little of interest has occurred. Some days there was not sufficient to make it worth while to keep a daily journal. A few nights have been spent in Tokio, one of them after a dinner at the Maple Club, given to us by Mr. Ogawa, the photographer of the expedition. Although it rained and was even growing dark when we arrived there, Mr. Ogawa took pictures of Mrs. Todd and me in Japanese costume; the result is very good, especially the photograph of Mrs. Todd, who looks more Japanese than I do. My height does not add to the grace of the costume.

We had tiffin on board the U. S. S. Yorktown before her departure on Tuesday, and were asked for dinner the previous evening, but had already accepted an invitation to dine in the wardroom of the Olympia. The officers entertained us delightfully, and the dinner was a very good one. While we were boarding the ship the band played "Nancy Lee," the Coronet song, which is still heard at colors.

Another pretty compliment was paid us by the Yorktown, whose men were drawn up to salute the Coronet while the man-of-war left the harbor.

Some of the officers from the Olympia dined with us on Thursday. We had a good deal of fun over the dinner cards, and finding our places. Instead of names there were appropriate sentiments at each plate.

On Thursday Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., and Mr. Stockwell arrived by the Belgic. Arthur met them and brought them to the yacht for tea. They will travel round the world, probably visiting China with the other members of the family now here. Mr. Stockwell is a graduate of Brown and Union Seminary,

and has been tutor for one of the younger boys in the family. They have engaged the guide Kato, whom we have employed for the last month.

On Friday afternoon, while we were all sitting quietly on deck, a sampan appeared bringing the rest of the expedition. They looked worn and dishevelled, but have already improved in appearance. Seven days were spent on the way down, but they were less dreary, I fancy, than those passed in waiting for a steamer to bring them to the first port, from which they took the train. Mr. Gerrish has been much bothered by a skin affection which many of the coolies have here, and he is delighted to get back to the doctor. The boxes will not arrive until Monday, so we cannot hope to sail before Tuesday at the earliest.

We have sent invitations for an informal reception on board Monday from seven to nine to meet the Eclipse expedition. This is our only means of returning the courtesies of the Japanese officials.

To-day is Sunday, and service is just over. It has been unlike any we have had on board. Mr. Austen, the head of the Seamen's Mission, conducted it, after bringing sailors from all the ships in harbor. He gathers them in a launch call the Gleaner, and holds the service on any vessel offered for the purpose. His wife played the piano, five children helped in the singing, and another clergyman gave the talk. It was about the sea being Christ's. The minister talked easily and in a very heart-felt manner. About fifty were seated in the saloon, several of them negro sailors from an English vessel nearby.

It rained heavily all the afternoon, and we spent most of it writing home preparatory to our departure on Tuesday.

AUGUST 31ST.—The steamer arrived to-day, bringing all the expedition boxes, most of which are to be sent home through McArthur & Co., the shipping agents. Mr. Thompson has to have his tool chest along, although he looks as if a good rest would be by far the best thing for him on the homeward voyage;

Regrets for our reception this evening have come from all

but one of the Japanese officials, Captain Kimctski, who accompanied Mrs. Todd to Esashi.

The officers of the *Olympia* and eight Americans from the shore came, however, and by the kindness of Admiral McNair the orchestra of the flagship played for us. Supper was served on deck. The yacht, with bamboo trees tied to the stanchions and with lanterns and flags here and there, never looked more attractive in harbor.

Captain Kimotski and Mr. Ogawa, the photographer, brought us gifts and presented them in Japanese style. We have decided not to sail until Wednesday morning, as Professor and Arthur still have a few things to attend to in Tokio.

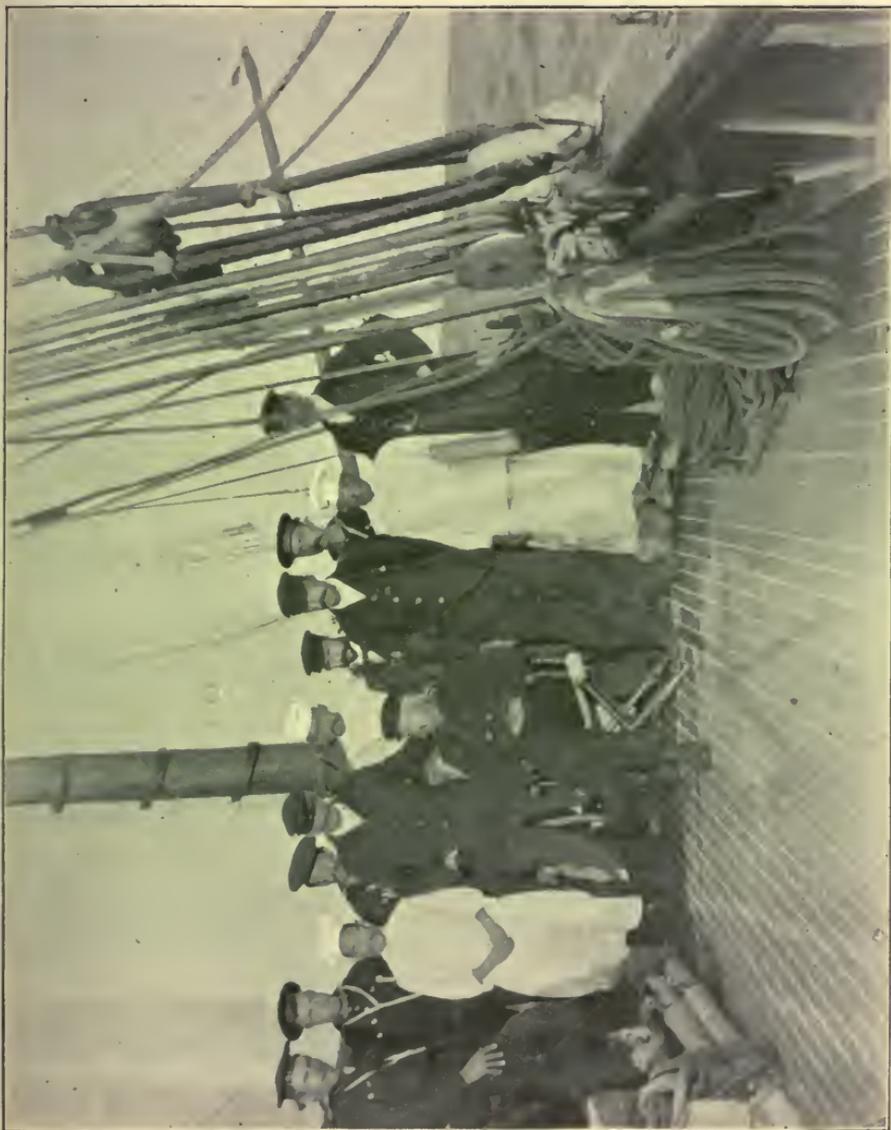
SEPTEMBER 1ST.—We have just returned from luncheon at the Grand Hotel, whither we went in order that the yacht might have a thorough cleaning before sailing, and Alfred have an opportunity to get things stowed away for sea. Professor and Arthur, also Mrs. Todd, have gone to Tokio, but we expect them back to-night. The chickens are cackling in their stylish new houses. The deck is covered with stores, most of which they tell us are crockery, beds, blankets and pillows from the Eclipse camp, the boxes for which can be thrown overboard.

Anson Stokes and Mr. Stockwell bade us good-by this morning after breakfasting with us. They start to climb Fuji to-day, and go afterward to Miyanoshita.

A telegram of good-by has just arrived from Louis Slade, who is storm-bound at Sapporo. I spent the morning packing away summer clothes, and getting out those that we shall need at sea. Now we are ready to start, and by eight o'clock to-morrow morning we spread our wings and sail away. Do not expect us to arrive too quickly, although we do hope to make a remarkable run. Admiral McNair is most encouraging, and the captains of the steamers say we ought to have good weather. Do not worry; we will be only a little seasick.

Here endeth the long Journal from Japan.

May the North Pacific treat us well, that the next Journal shall have something interesting to relate of the homeward voyage.



NORTH PACIFIC CREW.

CHAPTER VIII.

NORTH PACIFIC LOG.

SEPTEMBER 2D.—We awake this morning to find the awning down for the first time since our arrival in Japan. On deck the scene is one of busy preparation for departure; ropes are lying about the deck, the boats stowed away and secured for rough weather. Our first early visitor, the chief engineer from the Olympia, arrived before breakfast, with a bouquet of roses for me. Mr. Hyashi followed with his tug to say good-by, and ask if we needed assistance. Arthur had already engaged the Pacific Mail tug, hoping we might tow to sea. The Doric being expected, its services can be had to the lightship only, but we hope the Coronet will reach the open sea before nightfall. Promptly at a quarter before nine we were under way and our good-by salute had been fired. At the same moment the Yokohama pennant was hauled down and the New York Yacht Club burgee, which meant to us homebound, was hoisted to its well-known place. Hardly was this accomplished before the flagship ensign was lowered in answer, and the band began to play "Nancy Lee," "Auld Lang Syne" and our own dear "Home, Sweet Home." The officers raised their hats, and the sailors in a mass along the starboard rail gave us three cheers. We answered with three cheers for the Olympia and good-by. The tug left us at the lightship, our foresail having been already hoisted. Soon jibs and mainsail were unfurled and away we went with a favorable wind. At night we were just inside the light which guards the entrance to Yeddo Bay, and hope to take farewell before morning.

SEPTEMBER 3D.—Our hopes are realized and to-night the land has been left in the dim distance. Breakfast time found us sixty miles from the light, and Captain Crosby ready to throw up his hat in consequence. Land is the only thing he is afraid of. Nothing on the briny deep can worry him, now that

is left behind. With one good day's run we will not fear a typhoon.

SEPTEMBER 5TH.—It is unnecessary to explain my silence of yesterday. One companion only had I in my misery, which after all was not very miserable. At noon we were four hundred miles from Yokohama, and would have been more but for the calm a part of yesterday. I have packed away all the summer things, and already the warm sea clothing and steamer rugs are in requisition. The chicken colony does not thrive as on our voyage over, three of them having found a watery grave. The fine new coops are so made that they can be shifted in stormy weather, but they stayed a little too long to-day in the bow. The rough weather we fear may make it necessary to send them all to the refrigerator, "or else put chest protectors on," as Chief says.

SEPTEMBER 6TH.—It seems to have leaked out that to-day is my birthday. Some mysterious boxes on the floor announced the fact at about half-past five this morning. I saw them in the night and supposed we had rolled so heavily that they had fallen out of the closet, entirely forgetting the coming event. Needless to say that those same boxes had something very nice inside of them, and I afterward discovered that one day in Tokio when it was very necessary for Arthur to return to the yacht, he had not gone straight there. Instead he had stopped at the Seibiken, where he found a lovely inlaid box, and some very handsome vases. When breakfast time came I went as usual to the table and was much surprised to have Mrs. Todd say, "Have you seen anything this morning that we have not seen?" and I said, after some hesitation, "Yes, I have." Whereat a number of very interesting-looking boxes appeared from various places in the saloon. From Professor a fine bearskin, which Mrs. Todd had procured in Yezo, at the same place in which Arthur had bought his. An artistic lacquer box contained a Japanese silver buckle wishing me long life and happiness, with a poetical sentiment inclosed from the Chief. A picture from Mrs. Todd—fish painted by a famous artist,

Beishu. Doctor said he had found one thing which we had not already bought, and in his box I found an exquisite ivory inro or medicine box. There was also a set of silver enameled chopsticks, in case I should still prefer them to knife and fork.

Any special occasion makes a great commotion on board ship, and so at dinner time I was not surprised to have the usual beautiful white cake appear, its arrival announced by the chef blowing a horn; the latter accompaniment an innovation, but a very amusing one.

We had service as usual, most of the sailors being present. Run to-day, 195 miles.

SEPTEMBER 7TH.—Log shows one hundred and thirty-two miles until noon observation. To-day has been calm. Light fog, but not enough to need the horn, which has been put in good condition by way of preparation.

SEPTEMBER 8TH AND 9TH.—Calm still continues. Have logged one hundred and forty-five miles. We read a good deal and some have become industrious. Doctor is writing a medical thesis; Chief is making a set of chessmen from a piece of spruce wood, and Mr. Thompson is carving a bamboo cane. He has any number of talents. On this stick are to be monkeys' heads, a man looking at the eclipse of the sun, and insects of various kinds.

SEPTEMBER 10TH.—At noon to-day we have made two hundred and ten miles. We are all glad to have the wind take the place of the calm and none more so than Arthur. Ever since leaving our anchorage he has been standing his watch with Andrew as companion. One night he retires at eight o'clock and goes on duty at twelve. Goes to bed at four and sleeps through the next watch, often until eleven, when he has breakfast and takes the noon sight. The next day he takes the first watch, and sleeps from twelve to four. He likes it, as it gives him just that practical knowledge in which he feels deficient. Then, too, he thinks it best not to give Mr. Haas, the new mate, a watch by himself. He may be a better steamer officer, but does not know much about a vessel fore and aft rigged.

SEPTEMBER 11TH.—Two hundred and forty miles by observation—our best run thus far. The sea to-day is very rough, and I find it difficult to get about or do anything; still I am not seasick, but surprised to be able to sit at the dinner table and eat mince pie.

SEPTEMBER 12TH AND 13TH.—One hundred and ninety-five miles, and forty miles. Rough sea; head winds. Cannot carry sail. Arthur read the service as usual; Arthur Francis the lessons. Wind better to-night.

SEPTEMBER 14TH.—One hundred and ninety-five miles. Mrs. Todd and I spent the entire morning sewing. She made a warm red flannel hood, which is very becoming and caused many remarks from all. Not to be outdone, I tied a red sash on my head, and we had a great deal of fun over it. I found my golf cape hood more useful, however, and went back to it before the day was over. Our fur coats are most comfortable, but the saloon and open fire still more so.

Mr. Thompson has finished the bamboo cane, and now is making his first attempt for me at ivory carving. The subject is the Goddess of Mercy, "Quanon," riding on a fish. It is an interesting one, and we all sit by in open admiration.

SEPTEMBER 16TH.—Yesterday made one hundred and fifty-five miles, and to-day, as we are on the one hundred and eightieth meridian, have a day of forty-eight hours, in which the run has been three hundred and forty miles.

SEPTEMBER 17TH.—One hundred and fifty-five miles. We are nearer the Aleutian Islands to-day than we have yet been, the nearest being two hundred and eighty miles away. The first evidence of land was in the arrival of a little bird. It was so rough and the decks so wet we tried bringing it below, and doctor improvised a cage for it. The poor little thing refused to be comforted, and beat itself against the side of the basket so furiously that we released it, deciding to let it look after itself on deck.

The last few evenings have been gladly spent below,

and we have had some very jolly games of five-handed euchre. I have tried to bring my scrapbook up to date, but find it difficult, as I do not even know which part of the papers in Japanese refer to us, or which is top or bottom.

In a former journal letter I think I referred to the album of Esashi photographs presented by Mr. Ogawa. We have all been deeply interested in it, and feel quite as if we had been present during the eclipse. The pictures of the Eclipse station are especially good and those of the instruments most instructive. The X-ray theory cannot be developed until experiments have been made at home. Professor Todd intends to make them as soon as he can conveniently do so. The experiment at the station was done in this wise: A plate, after being tightly incased in black paper, was exposed to the sun during totality, and there are now bright spots on the negative. From this the conclusion is deduced.

SEPTEMBER 19TH.—One hundred and seventy-two miles. Yesterday, one hundred and ninety-one miles. Wind N. W. to W. by S. We are delighted to have steady sailing again, and as we are now halfway, we begin to feel that we may reach California by the first of October.

We are having beautiful moonlight nights, and to-night it was not too cold to sit on deck, where we sang songs until bedtime.

Mrs. Todd plays for us after dinner nearly every evening, and Arthur Francis or I usually sing for a while afterward.

SEPTEMBER 20TH.—To-day we have sailed by log two hundred miles, but the noon observation allows one hundred and ninety on our course. It has been a beautiful, shining day, and we have spent most of it on deck. Arthur slept until eleven o'clock, so we had vespers instead of morning service. Most of the sailors came, as the wind was steady and it was just between watches. Since visiting Yokohama we have used the Gosepl Hymns instead of the *Laudes Domini*, as the sailors know them well and enjoy them better.

Professor Todd read us a chapter from his new book on

eclipses this evening; also told us a good deal about the photographic instruments completed at Esashi. He says they worked perfectly and demonstrated the fact that such an apparatus is practicable. We are all anxious to hear the results in Norway and Nova Zembla.

I have begun to read "The Mikado's Empire," by Dr. Griffis, which seems to me the most just and comprehensive book we have yet read.

To-night Captain Crosby called us on deck to see a lunar bow. It was even more perfect than that which we saw two years ago on our way to the West Indies.

SEPTEMBER 21ST.—(Lat. $46^{\circ} 53' N.$; long., $157^{\circ} 4' W.$; run, two hundred and ten miles.) A few days ago Professor Todd very inadvertently told Mrs. Todd she talked too much, and to-night she announced she would not speak through dinner. We did everything to make her talk, and had great fun over it. This seems to have been the most notable event of the day.

SEPTEMBER 22D.—(Lat. $46^{\circ} 21' N.$; long. $154^{\circ} 27' W.$; distance, one hundred and fifteen miles.) The wind changed to the northeast during the night, and to-day we are having a head wind driving us toward the north, almost in the direction of Bering Sea. When Arthur came down last night he said there seemed to be a light on the horizon, presumably a sealing vessel. Wind growing very strong and a gale seems inevitable.

SEPTEMBER 23D.—Distance run, one hundred and twenty miles. A moderate gale from the southeast. With it we can keep our old course, but the sea is so rough we go but slowly. The mainsail is furled, the storm trysail set, foresail reefed, staysail and no jibs.

A waterspout was seen before breakfast by Mr. Thompson and Dr. Adriance. The latter thus describes it: "A tremendous waterspout passed us to windward, and as the rain stopped we could see it off the stern, broken, but trying to reform. It was fine to see the cloud revolve and dip downward in the vain attempt to lick up the sea. At times the sea rose

in tongues, and the spray-like steam reached toward the black cloud above. But the force of the squall was expended and the last of the waterspout was soon gone."

It has been very rough and disagreeable all day. We have been on deck between showers, but closely wrapped in hoods and shawls. Every one took a nap during the afternoon except Arthur, who had slept until twelve o'clock.

SEPTEMBER 24TH.—Sea moderated during the night enough to allow the foresail to be "shook out." Shipped several good seas. Average run during the night about six knots an hour. To-day's run one hundred and thirty-five miles. We are surprised to have made so much. Our average now is one hundred and fifty miles since leaving Yokohama.

Mrs. Todd has to-day commenced her analysis for the "Corona and the Coronet." It will certainly be very interesting to us, as a complete record of the trip.

During a lurch of the yacht last evening Arthur fell out of bed: luckily he was not hurt, and raised the roll-board for future security.

SEPTEMBER 25TH.—Wind S. S. E.; heavy sea, with some fog; run to-day one hundred and thirty-five miles. Lat. $46^{\circ} 25'$ N.; long. $145^{\circ} 38'$. Twelve hundred miles more to travel. Mrs. Todd read us her last article for *The Nation*, which will be mailed on our arrival in San Francisco. To-night it is growing very rough, with heavy head sea. We are sailing under close-reefed foresail, staysail and main trysail. All retire early.

SEPTEMBER 26TH.—Distance run, one hundred and sixty-five miles, one hundred of which were sailed from eight last evening until eight this morning. Arthur says he never saw the yacht sail so rapidly under storm sails. We fairly spun along, and once in a while the squalls were tremendous in force. The yacht pitched and rolled so heavily few of us could sleep. I rose at twelve o'clock and sat for some time on the top step of the companionway, closely wrapped in rugs. Later

Arthur came below for coffee and crackers and I shared the meal.

Fearing I would be seasick, Doctor sent a cup of malted milk to my room. Arthur and I drank it, and when I had finished dressing Arthur called to the doctor, saying, "You had better get your hypodermics." Doctor said, "Yes, right away." We had a good joke on him when he appeared and found me ready for breakfast. Really, I surprise myself.

We have seen the first sail to-day, the first sign of life outside our own vessel and the birds and fish. It was a bark, sailing in the direction of Alaska. We did not speak, although when the fog enveloped her she seemed very near to us, probably between two and three miles away.

To-night there is very little wind and the sea is moderating. The sunset was gorgeous and promised a fine day to-morrow, our fourth Sunday on board. Ice has just given out; the last steak was used at luncheon; the last chicken to-night. Still, I presume Alfred will find something good for us.

SEPTEMBER 27TH.—Run, one hundred and seventy-one miles. We were all glad to see the sun again and most of the day has been spent on deck. The sea has quieted down and we took our walks. My Sunday reading now is the book which mamma and papa so much enjoy, "Memorials of a Quiet Life." I have found some of the letters delightful and think there is much to be learned from them. The one from Mrs. Stanley to her sister Maria, telling her how to read; and that in which the latter writes of her visit to Sir Walter Scott, especially interested me.

As Arthur slept until eleven o'clock, we had vesper service again to-day. Arthur Francis read the lessons—the story of Daniel in the lion's den, and that of Christ healing the sick, Luke vi. For the last three Sundays Bible stories have been read, and I think the sailors seem interested in them. When a chapter is chosen here and there they sometimes miss the meaning. They attend very regularly, perhaps more so than on any previous voyage.

We have been counting the number of days spent at sea on

board the Coronet during this summer, and find them to be seventy-four. To-day we are eight hundred miles from the coast, and wonder how many we shall have to add before our actual arrival. Professor takes a watch with Arthur to-night in order to get a lunar observation. This evening I sang between half-past seven and eight o'clock, when Arthur retired.

SEPTEMBER 28TH.—Almost no wind this morning. However, we made one hundred and thirty miles until eight o'clock, and our average will suffer but little. Fifteen miles only were sailed during the forenoon watch. The afternoon was almost calm, but to-night there is a light breeze from the southeast. All the evening we have been pasting pictures in our scrapbooks. Those which Dr. Adriance has taken are by far the best, and as he has given us a complete set we shall have a goodly number to show you. Beside these, we are bringing a great many of the beautiful colored photographs of Japan and things Japanese.

To-day Mrs. Todd and I have been glad to seek shelter from the sun, and our parasols—Japanese pongee with green linings—have been tied to the backs of our straw chairs. It has made us feel as if we were still in the East, instead of gradually approaching the Western Continent. I very nearly beat the Chief in a game of chess this afternoon. When almost sure of a victory he captured my castle, and soon it was a "draw." We now play without odds, so you see I am progressing. I shall have to challenge mamma when we return to you. We begin to anticipate the letters which we hope to find in San Francisco. Then we shall know what you have been doing this summer, and where the month of August was spent. We hope papa has escaped the hay-fever. Arthur felt only an occasional touch of it while in Japan.

This afternoon Doctor performed an operation on the neck of a sailor, removing a tumor with much skill. Arthur assisted him and when he returned to the saloon said, "I believe I ought to have been a doctor." I fear if such had been the case he would not have been a traveler by sea, than which at present there is nothing more delightful.

SEPTEMBER 29TH.—Run, one hundred and eighty miles. Wind S. S. E., and fresh. We made one hundred and thirty-five miles in twelve hours. Had it continued strong, to-day would have been our best.

SEPTEMBER 30TH.—Winds strong all night, and although there was little this morning, we have logged two hundred and twenty miles. Almost flat calm this afternoon.

OCTOBER 1ST.—To-day we were all anxious to know the distance made at noon, feeling sure that should the strong wind continue we must sight the Farallones during the day. The wind changed to N. N. W. during the night, and we are now sailing rapidly before it. Directly after luncheon the table was quickly cleared, and all gathered as usual about the big chart to help measure the day's run. We found it one hundred and sixty-five miles, despite the calm of yesterday. The distance left is one hundred and fifteen miles.

This afternoon there has been a good deal of fog, and we fear the light will not be made to-night.

OCTOBER 2D, 3:30 A.M.—Arthur came to my room an hour ago and said, "Do you want to see something pretty?" It only took a moment to clothe myself in a warm wrapper. When we reached the companionway, and I turned around on the top step, right ahead was a brilliant flashlight, and the waning but still beautiful moon in the sky above it. We had hove-to at ten o'clock, fearing to run longer in the fog, but soon after Arthur's watch began it cleared, and within an hour the welcome light was seen. The big foghorn had been heard for some time, and you can well imagine all were glad to know just how near the islands were. So after thirty days we are again in sight of land, and this time our native one.

Arthur and Captain Crosby well deserve the congratulations which all have showered upon them. The saloon has been the meeting-place of rather an unusual company to-night, for of course each one had to sight land, and afterward we all sat by the open fire and talked about it, with coffee and crackers for good cheer.

Already we have passed the Farallones, and Mr. Thompson can see the other light on the coast from the crosstrees. It is a very fortunate landfall on this foggy coast.

2 P.M.—Fog has disappeared and we have now bright sunlight, a light breeze and a favorable tide to carry us onward. The coast scene ahead is a very imposing one, and we appreciate now the true meaning of its name, the Golden Gate. The rocks are actually golden in large patches, and rising up behind them is a lofty mountain range. Mr. Thompson is making a sketch of it, which he says he will color later and if it pleases him send to me.

4:45 P.M.—We are at anchor in San Francisco Bay; the doctor and the customs have passed us most cordially and agreeably, and already the gentlemen have gone ashore for mail. Doctor and Arthur Francis will leave either to-morrow or on Sunday night and you will probably see them the last of next week. We shall miss them on the homeward journey, they are both so bright and genial.

Mrs. Todd is holding an interview with a reporter from the *Chronicle*, and their conversation is rather distracting. I think I have told you everything of interest, however, and as I have been up since three A. M., will say good-by, and try to get some sleep before dinner.

CHAPTER IX.

ON LAND AGAIN.

OCTOBER 3D.—Instead of going to Sausalito at once we have decided to spend a day or two at our anchorage here. It is conveniently near the landing and more easily reached by our friends from the city. Arthur had a good many duties on shore and so I decided to begin the packing during his absence. I had hardly commenced when a note was brought me from the California Hotel. Wonderingly I opened it, to find to my surprise that Mrs. Graham, of Honolulu, is staying here, and

hoped to see me this morning, as she was to leave for San Mateo between one and two o'clock. I hurried off and we spent a delightful hour and a half together. She came more than two weeks ago for medical advice, and hopes ere long to be allowed to go to New York.

As Mr. and Mrs. Merrill sent word that they would call this afternoon, we remained on board to receive them. They have given us all a most cordial invitation for luncheon and a drive with them on Monday—a holiday here.

OCTOBER 4TH.—Feeling tired and like resting to-day, I have not been ashore, and I think all have passed the day in much the same way. It seems strange not to be sailing and the quiet after constant motion has taken effect. Professor and Mrs. Todd took a walk this afternoon and said everything was closed and it seemed like the Eastern Sabbath. After hearing that the day was disregarded in the town, we were glad to find the contrary.

OCTOBER 5TH.—This is the State Labor Day. A telegram has arrived from Mrs. Graham giving us an invitation from her friend, Mrs. Spreckles, to pass the day at San Mateo. Having accepted Mr. Merrill's invitation, we regretted Mrs. Spreckles, and went ashore soon after nine o'clock. Mr. Merrill and his youngest daughter, Ruth, were at the landing-stage and guided us to their house on Van Ness Avenue. I cannot tell you how impressed I was by the return to an American home, the first real home since we left Honolulu more than four months ago. It is large and comfortable, with plenty of sunshine, and there we met a warm welcome. Many of the curios about we recognized as Japanese, and much of the china used at luncheon had been brought from there. A wagonette and four horses were waiting outside, and two ladies, friends of Mrs. Merrill, completed the driving party. We visited the Presidio, the Sutro baths, Cliff House, and returned by Strawberry Hill and the park. It was a beautiful morning drive without the usual wind of this place. The lunch table was decorated with baskets holding fruit, which seemed about to fall from them. Red and

white grapes with vines, leaves and green ribbons, completed the center decoration and violets were placed at each plate. Four o'clock came almost before it seemed possible, and after calling on Mr. and Mrs. Booth we returned to the yacht. Here I find a note from Mrs. Graham saying that Mrs. Spreckles will call in the morning, and hopes we may return to San Mateo with her in the afternoon. In consequence I am now packing most vigorously and hope to have it well under way to-morrow.

OCTOBER 6TH AND 7TH.—Having accepted Mrs. Spreckles' invitation of yesterday morning, Arthur and I took the 4:30 train for Burlingame, at which station we were met by a handsome pair of horses and wagonette—Mrs. Graham's sister, Mrs. Renjes, and Mr. Spreckles having joined us at the train. We found Mrs. Spreckles and Mrs. Graham at the house; Mrs. Graham, dressed in a white tea gown, reclining on her cushions, but ready to receive us. The house is an old-fashioned one, painted red, and not outwardly attractive, but inside filled with luxurious couches, tables covered with artistic bric-a-brac, and a dim but attractive red lamplight casting shadows through it all. We sat around the couch of Mrs. Graham until time to dress for dinner and then went to our rooms. We did not see her again until the last course, when she came to the table for the first time since her accident. She can sit for a little while only, and seems much fatigued by it. After dinner she remained a short time with us, and on reaching her room sent for me to have a quiet talk with her. I bade her good-by early this morning, as we felt obliged to take the nine o'clock train. The day has been well filled, and it was wise to have returned early. We were amused in reading the morning paper that we had held a reception on board yesterday afternoon, also that we would give a dinner to-night. For a fact, I spent most of the day in packing, and one trunk—too large to go into my cabin—was the sole occupant of the saloon most of the afternoon. Mrs. De Greayer, who came out for luncheon in the midst of the operations, was as amused as we were. To-day we lunched with her and with Mrs. Merrill at the

University Club, and went afterward to the Ladies' Century Club, where we heard one of the professors of Leland Stanford University lecture, his subject being "A Walk in Florence." It was here that Mrs. Todd gave a talk on our way out, and she was again warmly welcomed. I believe she said a few words after the lecture, but I could not stay to the end. At four o'clock I returned to the yacht, where I found many things to occupy me until seven, when our dinner guests arrived—Mr. and Mrs. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Chickering and Mr. Wheeler. Mr. and Mrs. Coffin regretted on account of the former's illness. Two of the gentlemen are Amherst alumni, and all of them have done many things for us both this fall and in the spring. Mrs. Merrill brought me flowers and an exquisite Dutch silver bonbon spoon.

All but one of our trunks and all the small baggage was sent away this afternoon, so that the last hour of the day was spent in dismantling the saloon for its journey around the Horn.

OCTOBER 8TH.—It was nearly one o'clock when we extinguished our lights, and not long after six when we were called this morning. Breakfast was soon over, and after good-bys all around colors found us in the gig waving farewell and wishing the Coronet godspeed. The gun was fired and all the signals lowered in a parting salute to the captain. It was a sight truly affecting, and I felt a lump in my throat as we bade good-by. We had been on the dock a few minutes only when Captain Crosby appeared on his way for a tug to bring the yacht alongside the landing. He loses no time in preparation for his long voyage.

We boarded our car, the "Buenaventura," at Oakland, and found our friends had yet again been thoughtful of us and added to our pleasure. Mr. Wheeler had sent flowers, Mr. Pemberton bonbons, and the Merrills a large basket which contained sweetmeats and all good things imaginable—everything to make a night supper attractive or to tempt the appetite of each one of our number—crackers, wafers, cheese, strawberry jam, Spanish peanuts, chocolate, preserved ginger, crys-

talized ginger, bonbons, perfume, cologne and champagne—a regular surprise party—with a charming note from the givers.

CHAPTER X.

HOMeward BOUND.

OCTOBER 10TH TO 12TH.—Fortunately we crossed the desert this time without a sand-storm, and the temperature, although sometimes at 100° outside, did not become too uncomfortable in the car. We could not sit on the platform during Friday afternoon on account of the dust, and even inside were well covered by that which came through the open windows. I remember the last time we crossed both doors and windows had to be closed. We walked about at each eating station, but found little of interest. Here and there an Indian with long hair offered bows and arrows for sale. The tramp class seemed to predominate. One night six men were on top of our car for many miles, and at almost every stop they were extricated from the trucks. Our train reached Benson two hours late, 6:30 A.M., and almost immediately the station agent came to ask when we would go on to Bisbee. The engine was awaiting our arrival, as the regular train would not leave Benson until noon. Before we were dressed we were again under way. After breakfast Mrs. Todd had her wish fulfilled, and rode on the cow-catcher. Professor took his seat near her, and Arthur and I established ourselves in the engine cab. After all we are only grown children, for it was quite as much fun to blow the whistle or ring the bell as it would have been in childhood's days.

Bisbee looked very natural, although we find the works far more extensive than five years ago. Mr. Ben Williams met us and after coming to the car for a few minutes, we went to his house, where we found Mrs. Williams and the rest of the family. Mr. Williams lunched with us, and we arranged for an afternoon trip into the mine. The men clothed themselves in blue jeans at the store and we donned wash dresses. We

visited the two hundred and four hundred foot levels, and walked about two miles underground, climbed into one stope fourteen feet below the two hundred foot level, and saw one chamber of the beautiful blue and white cave discovered some time ago, the rest of which is now unsafe. Much of the blue and green ore has been taken out, and that now being worked, although rich with copper, is less beautiful. We were all covered with mud and soil of various colors when we came to the surface again, and the two bathrooms in the Williams' house were in great demand.

The evening was the most interesting part of the day. We visited the great new furnace, which can take two hundred and thirty tons of ore a day, and watched the men shoveling it in with the proper quantity of coke. The great roaring, sputtering flames devoured both like a hungry monster; and when we went below we were not surprised to see the beautiful yellow copper "matte" issuing from it.

Two nights we watched this interesting process, and on one of them took an excursion on the little Queen to see the burning slag hurled over the hillside. It is as beautiful as fireworks and more useful, as the slag-hill becomes solid ground in a short time. Mr. Thompson was openly enthusiastic—perhaps because he understood it all so fully. It was better even than Japan to him. When not at the works he hunted the hillsides for specimens of rock, to sketch the formations or understand more perfectly the geological reason for them.

OCTOBER 13TH.—We expected to leave Bisbee last evening, and join the Southern Pacific at Benson this morning. There have been heavy rains, however, and washouts on both roads, and we cannot go at present. This morning it began to rain at twelve o'clock, and before many minutes the water had risen so rapidly in the gulch that it was impossible to cross from the Williams house to the car, and the men in the store were placing bags of sand and flour in front of the lower door. Boxes, barrels and stones were brought down the rushing stream, and we feared some of the houses along it would be undermined. No such catastrophe took place, fortunately, and

the rain ceased before the store was flooded. It was a fine though exciting sight, and we began to think we would be kept for some time at Bisbee. Arthur decides the only sure way of traveling and meeting engagements is by sailing vessel. The delay, too, means a loss of three votes for McKinley, which goes to the hearts of all the men.

OCTOBER 14TH.—Morning brought a message that the road was passable all the way, so we decided to leave at two o'clock. Some of the places were still rough, and one or two bridges had to be taken very carefully. The section men had done very good work, as some of the rails were washed many feet away. We reached Benson safely about half-past six, just before dark.

OCTOBER 15TH.—Left two hours late this morning and have been trying to make up time all day. The Southern Pacific is very rough, and we roll about in a way which seems unsafe to me. It is badly washed, in places even worse than the A. & S. E.

OCTOBER 16TH.—The night was as bad if not worse than the day. We seemed to be traveling very rapidly, although four hours late by noon. This afternoon we just escaped a bad accident—the engine truck jumped the track when we were going rapidly over a short bridge. It scraped along the ties, plowing a trough for itself until the engineer could stop. We were the last car, and did not know what had happened until the brakeman ran back. All the men then went forward, and Mr. Thompson returned to explain the difficulty to us. The train was backed slowly, after placing frogs or temporary tracks beneath the truck. Fortunately they worked perfectly, and in a short time we were off again. To-night we are at San Antonio, Texas, where we have been since four o'clock. The train was so late it has been cancelled, and will be joined to that leaving at ten o'clock. This delays us again, and it will be necessary to spend Sunday in New Orleans, which we reach too late for the evening train. Arthur and I enjoyed a quiet

jaunt together. First a drive to the telegraph and railroad offices and to the points of interest, including the old church where David Crockett fought and was killed in the Mexican War, 1836. The guide told us that the only surviving person is a woman one hundred thirteen years old, who at that time was quartered with her little child in one of the rooms in the building. The old Mexican Cathedral was the next place visited, and after passing other public buildings we left the carriage and took the trolley to Government Hill. The Post is by far the finest we have seen in this country, the grounds extensive and the buildings attractive. After the ride we walked for half an hour back to the car, returning with an appetite for dinner, and as Arthur says, having had a good wedding trip.

OCTOBER 17TH.—We are nearing New Orleans, which we will reach between seven and eight o'clock if on time. As we stay there until to-morrow evening I will mail this on the train, with the hope that it may reach you a few hours before we do. It has grown warm and we are reminded of home by the first glimpse of forests, wild flowers and negroes, in place of Japanese.

At New Orleans we bade good-by to the car, arriving at the hotel after dinner. Once more we begin to feel in touch with home affairs, for a political meeting takes place this evening, at which Messrs. Palmer and Buckner are to speak. All night cries for Bryan have disturbed one's sleep, and they have not tended to increase our belief in a sound-money victory.

OCTOBER 20TH.—We attended service at the cathedral, walking back to the hotel, and after luncheon visited historic New Orleans, the French quarter and the jetty, covered with bales of cotton.

The train left at nine o'clock, and we feel that our journey is now practically ended.

OCTOBER 22D.—Once again we are on familiar ground. The welcomes have been received, and our hearts are filled with thankfulness for the many blessings of the summer. From a

scientific standpoint, our Amherst Eclipse Expedition has not proven a grand success, although we hesitate to say with the Japanese translator, "There is nothing worth for penny." The few pictures taken through the clouds show the corona to have been a brilliant one, flattened at the poles, but are too indistinct to be of value for study. We hope a few plates may prove of interest later on the subject of X-rays in the corona.

The unscientific members look back upon the weeks passed in scientific company with nothing but pleasure; and return thanks to them for having furnished so delightful and worthy an object for their first cruise to the islands of the great Pacific.

H. P. J.

APPENDIX.

LETTERS FROM AMHERST ECLIPSE STATION, ESASHI, YEZO.

J. P. to H. P. J.

ON BOARD "SAKURA MARU," *July 4, 1896.*

DEAR MRS. JAMES: This being the glorious Fourth, we have shaken hands all around and congratulated each other that we have the Stars and Stripes on board. As it is in my heart to continue the celebration, and include the Coronet in some way, what better than to write a while to you?

It was a very hot ride through Tokio, and quite as hot in the car until toward night. There was one Japanese with us when we embarked, but he was either frightened away or did not consider our company up to his, for he disappeared before the train started. So we had the car to ourselves. When well out of the station, coats, vests, neckties, collars, etc., began to be discarded and we were soon in P. J.'s, or similar costume. The first little irregularity noted is that the cook was in a second-class car, the mechanic in a third-class car, and our grub in the baggage car. The stops were so short and our command of the language so limited that to get either the cook or the mechanic out in time to tell the baggage master that we wanted to get out a package, seemed a very serious undertak-

ing and several stations were passed without anything being accomplished in the commissary department. About four o'clock a man came along with packages of Japanese luncheon, consisting of two neat wooden boxes, one containing cooked rice, the other a variety of other food, such as dicon (radish), ginger root, a kind of omelet, sea weed which looked like fine-cut tobacco, and which tasted as though the same had been soaked in fish oil, also a kind of dark-brown substance of the consistency of jujube paste, but of quite a different flavor. We invested in some of this, but there was plenty left uneaten. Then we all became thirsty. There was a small table in the middle of the car supplied with a pot of water and three tumblers. We were afraid to drink, and here your devoted servant distinguished himself; he volunteered to get beer. At the next station he found quart bottles that looked as though they contained beer, and he understood the girl to say they contained beer, so he bought three and returned to the car triumphantly. Upon opening the first bottle, however, it was not beer, but saké. We mixed some of this with the water and drank it, but with sad countenances. It naturally follows that the others had fun with the "Chief." The next circus was when the weather changed. We were reaching a higher altitude and nightfall was coming on. The wind sprang up suddenly, and the windows being open, hats, collars and neckties went flying about. Andrew's necktie, to which was attached a scarf-pin, went out of the window. I doubt if he ever gets it again. The matter has been reported to the railroad authorities and a telegram sent to the station nearest the disaster. Soon after this a determined attempt was made to get at the package of eatables. No one could remember the size or shape of it, so it was necessary to get into the baggage car and make a thorough search. Andrew had the checks. At the next station I hunted up the cook, and the mechanic appeared from somewhere. By the time we got the baggagemaster to understand the situation it was time to start again. Finally, by locking Andrew up with the baggagemaster from one station to the next, we found it. About this time they took out the little table containing water and replaced it by one containing an outfit for tea. We made a

nice evening meal of crackers, potted quail, etc., washed down with tea. There was room enough in the car for us to partially stretch out for our night's rest, and sleep came sooner or later. I was some time getting into the land of dreams, and it took many miles to take all of me away from Yokohama harbor and the Coronet. The next day was cool and comfortable, and we arrived in good shape on time at Aomori. There was plenty of irksome duty here, finding carts and sampans to get our traps from the station to the steamer. We all had to act as vanguards or rearguards to see that nothing was lost. On board the steamer we found that no food of any kind could be obtained, so we decided to return to the town and take supper at the tea house. We had a very merry time here. Everybody tried to speak the language, and the girls in waiting were inclined to be sociable. When Andrew and one of them conversed—the one in Russian and the other in Japanese—it was very amusing. We sailed at ten P. M. for Hakodate, arriving there at five in the morning. One of the party was greatly exercised as to getting his teeth brushed while on the steamer without having his mouth full of microbes. So he managed to have some water boiled and cooled for him. I hope we'll pull him through somehow.

At Hakodate we found our steamer had not arrived, so we landed everything. Fortunately, the hotel was near the landing, and there was not much trouble. About nine o'clock the steamer arrived, and Mr. Thompson came on shore. They had rough weather during one night, the packages got adrift, and one of them struck Mr. Thompson on the head, making a slight wound. He is all right now. As doctor of the expedition, I examined him, and so report. After breakfast, there being a little spare time, I thought I would look up the matter of wind instruments. While I was gazing about, an Englishman accosted me and asked if he could do anything for me. He directed me to a Mr. Russell, agent of supplies to English men-of-war. There I was furnished with a Japanese guide, who took me to the shops. I found three musical instruments, two of them similar to our flute or fife, made of bamboo; the third one is longer, and resembles somewhat a flageolet. Last

night one of our fellow passengers played on it from notes he had in a book. The notes look the same as their writing, consisting of rows of Japanese characters.

JULY 4TH (Otaru, Hokkaido, Japan).—In the afternoon I went with Professor Todd by rail to Sapporo. On the train we noticed that most of the Jap dudes wore European dress. There are many fruit trees along the route—apple, pear and cherry—which were imported from America, and are thriving well. We went to a large hotel on the European plan, which we understand was built for a palace originally. The rooms are very large, and it is three stories high, but only the first floor is now used. Most of the guests were Japanese. They seem to be going in for the advanced civilization. We were delighted to find delicious strawberries and fine cherries. Before dinner we went to call on the Governor of Hokkaido, and were graciously received notwithstanding our sack suits. We didn't progress very well in conversation, as there was no interpreter, except a servant, who made hard work of it. At last we were made to understand that the governor would call on us at the hotel the next morning with an interpreter.

JULY 5TH.—Soon after breakfast the governor arrived with a Mr. Nozawa, who since has been detailed to accompany us and remain a few days with us. Everything we expected was accomplished, and some tents promised, to be sent down to Otaru to-morrow. The governor will also write to the local Governor at Esashi to receive us and help us to the best of his ability. Soon after the governor left a Professor Iuazo Nitobe called on Professor Todd. He is connected with the Imperial Agricultural College at Sapporo, and married an American lady from Philadelphia. Professor Todd went with him to call at their home. While they were away I looked about the place, and visited the shops in search of wind instruments. By the way, before he left I took occasion to ask Professor Nitobe about Ainu musical instruments, and he promised to help me in the matter. In one of the shops I found a man who spoke English. He directed me to an Ainu curio shop. Here

I *did* find a rather curious musical (?) wind arrangement, consisting of a flat piece of wood in the side of which was a hole. A piece of parchment is stretched over the flat part and held by the fingers in such a way that when one blows through the hole the air strikes the edge of the parchment and sets it vibrating, producing a squawking sound. The pitch is varied by covering more or less of the parchment by the fingers. It is carved, and evidently old. I showed it afterward to Professor Nitobe. He recognized it as Ainu, but could not tell me the name.

JULY 6TH.—On account of my heavy cold I thought I would remain at the hotel and get a good night's rest in a "four-poster," instead of taking the chances at Otaru, so left for that place at 9:35 A.M., in company with Mr. Nozawa, above mentioned. Also I had with me the agricultural student, Mr. Oshima, and a police official, the latter I suppose for the purpose of protecting our "*I know*," from any Ainu that may undertake to attack him. At Otaru I found that our traps and the other members of the expedition had been transferred to the Suruga Maru. By the way, you should feel complimented that I have written these troublesome names all right. I can't keep any one of them in my mind more than a minute or two at a time, and constantly have to refer to the list I have in the back part of my notebook. We sailed as soon as the tents arrived on board—about 2:30. The steamer though small is quite comfortable. We have fairly good European food. The captain and officers are agreeable, and do everything possible for our comfort. The beds are as hard as boards, which will give us good *solid* comfort. There is much talk about the flies and mosquitoes we are expecting to encounter in camp. This causes considerable anxiety in the mind of at least *one* of us. The prospect of being enveloped in a veil of netting hanging from the rim of one's hat, and having the face anointed with a mixture of castor-oil and tar, is not inviting.

JULY 7TH.—Was awakened this morning about half-past three by the sound of the steam whistle, and on looking out of

the port saw we were in a fog; also a strong wind was blowing and the sea coming up. About eight o'clock A.M., we ran into a place called Wakkanai to telegraph to Esashi as to sea and weather at that port. The harbor is not good at that place, and it would be impossible to unload our traps with the present conditions. About two o'clock an answer to the dispatch arrived, to the effect that fog and heavy sea prevailed there. So we are to wait in this locality until there is a change of weather. I don't like it. Professor Todd takes it calmly, however, and we are doing pretty good work on board. I have donned my overalls and jacket, and help a little.

JULY 8TH.—Early this morning we shifted our anchorage to a more sheltered part of the bay, a distance of six or eight miles, the weather not having improved during the night. All hands have been at work. My part this morning consisted in helping at pipe-fitting, and this afternoon I resumed my old business of painting in black, this time small wooden boxes and not tin-plate. The weather moderating toward night, we got under way with the intention of feeling our way toward Cape Soya, and anchoring just inside the cape if too rough to venture outside. I am reminded that we have been away from the Coronet just a week. Well, I've got to learn to be without that craft and its pleasant associations, and this is my first lesson.

JULY 9TH.—Just a solid month before the eclipse. We did not go outside last night, the wind having increased somewhat, but about ten o'clock this morning started for Esashi. It was rough work rounding the Cape Horn of Japan. Todd San became invisible. Gerrish lost his breakfast, I believe. The Japanese student sought his berth. It was very cold and rainy. I spent most of my time in my bed just to keep warm. For the past two days we have had a regular Japanese meal for tiffin. Probably the stock of European food on board is getting low. No work has been done; weather too rough.

JULY 10TH.—This has been an eventful day, inasmuch as

we have finally reached Esashi, taken possession of our camp, and have everything unloaded and under cover. Professor Todd and Mr. Nozawa went on shore early in the morning, met the local governor, and arranged everything in short order. There was a vacant space, made so by a fire, level and large enough to mount our "Gyroscuti." There was also near us the upper part of a large house in which we might store our things, and possibly ourselves. After we had about agreed that this would be the place, and were looking about for a temporary shelter near the beach in which to put our things as they came on shore, we struck a large schoolhouse, lately vacated, which we were at liberty to take. Upon further investigation it was found that the schoolhouse had a back yard connected with it quite as large as the first place shown us, on higher ground and in better condition, nice and level, with a small vegetable garden in one corner. It seemed made for us. The schoolhouse has a large room, about forty-five by twenty, which we intend to use as a storehouse and workroom. Then there are rooms besides suitable for Professor Todd's office and sleeping room, a dormitory for the rest of us, dining room and kitchen. So we landed our goods on the beach just below and had them carried directly to our quarters. The town itself is not very large—a fishing village, one or two Japanese hotels and a few shops. There is a very strong odor of fish, but our place has less of it than elsewhere. There are lots of small flies about, but I haven't heard any complaints from members of the party, and neither netting, castor oil nor tar has been mentioned as yet. However, it is still cool and the wind is from the sea. Perhaps we may hear from them later. Before night Mr. Thompson had his work-bench up, and the cook had such a display of hams, bacon, etc., in his quarters that it looked like a corner grocery. To-morrow we hope to get the bunks up. To-night we expect to sleep at the Japanese hotel. The French astronomer and the captain of the Alger have called, also the governor of this province. As you have sometimes been interested in my needlework, pardon me if I mention that this morning before leaving the ship I made repairs to my everyday trousers. I cut pieces from the turned up portions

of the legs, and did a little appliqué work elsewhere. I hope they will do. After I had finished I held the garments up to the light for inspection, and behold, a good omen! for I had the "Corona," or rather *two* of them—two dark places surrounded by rays of light. The dark part was not round, it is true. I showed them to my comrades, and they think I had better wear them on the day of the eclipse. I'm afraid if I wear them from now till then there will be too much "Corona." Pardon this digression, and good-night.

JULY 11TH.—The day has been consumed in getting up the piers for the main station, setting up a tent, and opening the boxes that contain the portable house. The weather has cleared up nicely, and the sun was out at eclipse time this afternoon. Andrew is a hustler with the work, and gets on exceedingly well with the Japanese. There are many of them standing about the premises and looking in at the windows. He speaks to them in Russian, English and Japanese, and so charmed one of the women that she brought him a couple of old sliding doors, and he has used them to close in his portion of the dormitory. We are quite comfortable in our sleeping quarters. I purchased a few yards of cheap material, and have quite a cozy stateroom. I expect to sleep there to-night, and have hung up my little spectacle pocket, and feel quite settled for the next month or so. I think of Mrs. Todd as vibrating her elbows and wringing her hands in wild admiration of the scenery, and hope she will let me have a peep at her notebook. Remember me in the most affectionate manner to all of the other *young* fellows from the captain down, and my kindest regards to Miss Slade.

JULY 12TH.—Just four weeks to the eclipse! It is a clear day, warm in the sun but cool in the shade. Some little work has been done. Wrote up my journal and mailed it to you. This afternoon five Japanese gentlemen, the town governor, the owner of the ground we occupy, and three others, called. After a lot of complimentary speeches on both sides, which Mr. Nozawa interpreted, Professor Todd suggested that we

give them some tea, so I stirred up the cook. Thinking that something ought to be served with the tea, I spied a tin of pretzels, and opened it, and as the cook had just been baking some kind of a doughnut, had some of them also. They took kindly to the entertainment, and after much bowing left. Our cook is a good one; the only thing lacking is bread. There seems to be something wrong with the oven. Tell "Doc" that I came near having a serious case in my capacity of assistant surgeon. A day or two ago Frank Thompson tumbled over a pile of tent-poles and came down. He didn't get up at once, and said his leg was out of joint at the knee. Instantly after he said, "It's all right, it has slipped back into place." I was much bothered when it first happened; knew something ought to be done at once, but whether to have him pulled out straight or doubled up, I wasn't sure. As he was already doubled up, I think the first would have been proper. When he said "All right," I promptly produced the "Pond's Extract," and recommended *rest*, which treatment the patient caught on to before I had a chance to recommend it. I will also have to record a little accident that occurred at our evening meal to-day. The cook has been giving us coffee three times a day. It was suggested that at night we have tea and no coffee. I thought I had made the cook understand what we wished. What was our surprise to find at supper nothing but tea. The joke was on the "Chief," of course. By the lugubrious looks of some of the others I think the joke was divided around a little. However, we made out with cold ham, etc., and I promised it should not occur again.

JULY 13TH.—In this journal perhaps I am telling too much about myself and too little about affairs in general. But this morning I came to the front again rather unexpectedly. I had started work on those everlasting plate-holders, when Professor Todd called out that my professional services as doctor were called for at the French camp. One of the sailors was ill, and they had no surgeon. So I took my bottles and paper of instructions that "Doc" provided, and went up there with Professor Todd and the assistant who came down for me. I

explained that I was not really possessed of a medical education, but they were welcome to the medicine and the directions for use. While there they wished me, also, to look at a sick sheep. They have a number of sheep in a tent. I felt the sheep's pulse, but doubt if I got hold of the right leg. I recommended rest. After business we went over to headquarters and had beer and cognac. This afternoon the report comes that both patients are about the same. I am thankful they're no worse. The portable house is fairly started, and good work has been done by all hands. Ogawa, the photographer, is expected in a day or two. This afternoon we saw an Ainu across the street, and the cook called him over. I got our Japanese mechanic to interview him on musical matters. He has hair long and bushy enough for a first-class virtuoso, but he looks too mild and indifferent to blow on a penny trumpet. So I'm afraid I can't do much for your collection among the Esashi Ainus. He told us there were only about ten of his people in town, and that there were no wind instruments to be had.

JULY 14TH.—We have two flagpoles erected, one for the Stars and Stripes with Amherst colors, and the other for the Japanese flag. I hear from Professor Todd that at a meeting of the good citizens of this place it was voted that on eclipse day there should be no wood fires made, the cooking to be either done the day before, or charcoal to be used in its place; this is to secure a clear atmosphere. I find myself feeling a little depressed to-night. The cook gave us some Japanese soup for supper; perhaps it is that.

JULY 16TH.—I have gotten into the habit of writing up my journal by candlelight here in my little den just before going to by-by. Everybody is pretty tired; there isn't much sociability at night, and we retire very early. So this little duty is really a pleasure to me, the only substitute I have for seeing you and my other messmates on board. The portable house is about finished outside. The different tubes for the lens, etc., are being made ready to be bolted to the platform, and lots of small work, overhauling and adjusting the plate mechan-

isms, is going on. Andrew and I are great friends; he has done me the honor of inviting me to go home with him to Russia next year. We had some washing done. Of course we don't mind such a little thing as having undershirts starched and trousers creased the wrong way. Andrew says, "Chief, I have to laugh at you a little. You are the caterer, and yet you express great surprise sometimes when the cook brings something on the table." I say, "Andrew, I think the less I interfere with the cook the better for you." I think I will turn mess affairs over to Mrs. Todd when she arrives.

JULY 18TH.—Two letters arrived, one for Professor Todd from Captain James, written from Yokohama just before you started for the Inland Sea, and one for Mr. Gerrish. Both letters, it seems, were sent to another Esashi, near Hakodate. Yesterday a steamer stopped here bound to the southward; so we took the opportunity of sending mail. Mr. Ogawa arrive early this morning with his assistants. I think this journal will be very monotonous. Every day is like the one before it. My duties to-day have been verily like that of Jack-of-all-trades. I have taken up electrical business, connecting galvanic batteries. Then I play carpenter and screw small boxes to a wheel; then paint a lot of square pieces of wood, and from that go to cutting out rectangular pieces of black velvet and glueing them on the inside of the boxes. We saw something rather novel in the way of a baby carriage this morning, a sampan on wheels. The fond papa, probably a fisherman, had made his boy a boat, in which he might sail and not go near the water. It had a mast, and a sort of canopy on which to place a covering for keeping out sun or rain. The mother was pulling it along the street.

JULY 20TH.—This has been another cloudy day. Of course, everybody has been busy. Andrew has the task of fixing the gable end of the portable house so that it can be opened or removed for the eclipse observations. This involves considerable skill and labor, as the rest of the house must be made self-supporting. The fitting up of photographic plate boxes seems

to remain my particular occupation. I found that there were about eighty additional smaller ones to be made ready, so I have resumed my old kid gloves and gone to painting, and to-morrow will be cutting and glueing velvet, I suppose. As to affairs out in town, there seems to be a great scarcity of small change. It is impossible to get a yen changed. To make a small purchase at the shop near here I had to leave the yen and take a due bill for the balance, to be traded out afterward. There are lots of crows in town. They don't speak English; that is, they say "Ah, ah!" instead of "Caw, caw!"

The others still run me a little about mess affairs. At the table, when anything appears, they say, "What is this coming, Chief?" As I haven't the least idea what it is, I say, 'A little surprise for you to-day.' When I do say anything to the cook there seems to be a misunderstanding. Seeing onions for sale in town, I suggested that we have some occasionally. The very next night, at the last course, when we usually have some canned fruit or prunes, he served two stewed onions for each of us. They were very nice, but why did they not come earlier in the meal?

JULY 22D.—The French man-of-war *Alger* appeared in port this morning. The professor in charge of the *Eclipse* party called here. He said to me: "I am glad to tell you that we are all well. I was sick myself two or three days ago, and took two or three of the little tablets you left, and am all right again. You are a very good doctor." Professor Todd borrowed a pair of my sleeve buttons, put on a "boiled shirt," and disappeared this afternoon. I think he must have been invited on board ship. Outside of these happenings there is nothing much to record.

JULY 24TH.—Yesterday was clear in the morning, but it clouded up in the afternoon, and we also had very strong winds. As a part of the roof of the portable house is in process of being formed into a cellar door, or rather two cellar doors (you may slide down our cellar doors if you really care to when you see them), it had to be tied down.

It has been rainy and cloudy again to-day, and very cold. I managed to take my work into the dining room, where it was warmer. I am at those green wires you helped to wind, fitting the ends to a switchboard. Captain James will tell you what that is, if you do not already know. It is very like what the telephone girl runs, I believe. Yesterday I had a notion that some American hash would be good for breakfast. I took Mr. Ogawa and we interviewed the cook on the subject. I had the matter explained very fully, I thought, and that it was to be for breakfast. Of course, there had to be something crooked about it! It was excellent hash, the meat and potatoes were well balanced, and it was dry and nicely browned, but it came at supper time, the very last thing. I give it up. No more fooling with the cook for me. I doubt not we'll have hash for supper every night for a week, and not a morsel of it for breakfast. Work is going on lively. If Mr. Thompson don't give out, and isn't laid up with brain fever, I am hopeful that with clear weather we shall have some good pictures. You may be sure we will all work faithfully for that end.

JULY 27TH.—Yesterday afternoon Andrew, Frank Thompson and myself walked over to the Ainu village, about two miles distant. We found the house of the principal inhabitant. There were three inmates, men. One of them had rather a noble cast of countenance, and had he been cleaner I might have had quite an admiration for him. By the help of Frank's book I managed to make him understand that I was after Ainu musical instruments, and was willing to buy; but it was no go. "Arimasen" was the answer to everything—"I haven't it." Poor objects they seemed to be in every respect, and it was "Arimasen" in everything but fish and rice. It has been raining again all day, and we made our excursion in rubber boots and rain clothes. On our way there we met Papa Thompson. For the first time since our arrival he was taking a walk for recreation and health. Even Professor Todd let up a little yesterday and fixed up his room, in preparation, I suppose, for Mrs. Todd's arrival. So she may sing with the poet, "'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark our coming, and look brighter when we come."

JULY 29TH.—Yesterday letters did arrive for us. It seems you had a very unfortunate time in trying to get to the Inland Sea. Facing a gale of wind, followed by a dead calm, makes slow work for sailing vessels. Judging from your hard luck, I give up the idea of seeing the Coronet up here, and I doubt very much if we shall be given the pleasure of having you touch the button on Eclipse day. There has been quite a little excitement in our town to-day. A few days ago the village officer, or Mayor, went to Mombetsu to get the Emperor's portrait. It has been presented to the village school. A new schoolhouse is to be dedicated on the 11th of August, and the picture is to be then displayed. When the Emperor's portrait travels about it is to be treated with the same respect as he himself. So this afternoon there has been a little ceremony connected with the landing from the steamer. A new sampan, having a canopy draped about with purple and roofed with white bunting, was towed out to the steamer by another sampan, pulled by a large number of men. Plenty of flags displayed, of course, on both sampans, and also many flags and red and white lanterns shown along the streets. The portrait was inclosed in a square box, covered with white cloth and furnished with four legs, and two poles fastened to it, so it could be carried on the shoulders of two men. All along the route from the landing to the schoolhouse little hills of sand had been previously placed. Just before the procession started these were made into a path so that the Emperor would have had new soil to walk on had he not been his picture. The box was carried by men in white kimono and black hats shaped something like a bishop's mitre. The school-children, with their holiday clothes and unusually clean faces, looked quite sweet. They were marched down to the landing and formed into two lines, the girls on one side and the boys on the other. After the portrait passed them they reformed and followed it to the schoolhouse. I could not avoid the impression that they were going to bury it somewhere. As to our work: The portable house is finished, and Andrew's folding roof and gable end works well. There are two masts connected with the scheme, as well as a number of guyropes, blocks and halyards, so that it looks as

if the whole business might get under way when we're "all over" and sail back to America. But I don't want to go that way. If I can't go back in the Coronet "*I'll act.*"

JULY 31ST.—Yesterday was showery all day, with a little thunder and lightning by way of variety. It was so gloomy last night that I did not write in my journal. Just before tea time I had another patient. Mr. Gerrish came to me and asked if I had any whisky. Said he had something like a chill. I had a little Monogram rye which had been in my flask ever since we left New York. I gave him a ration, and advised quinine later. I gave him some No. 1 tablets for headache, and he is all right again to-day. Am I not doing well as medical officer of the expedition?

AUGUST 2D.—This would have been a good eclipse day. Advantage was taken of the sun's presence to run the glycerine clock. Professor Todd is very much pleased with its action. This afternoon Andrew and the police officer took a horse-back ride over to an Ainu village about three miles away. I asked Andrew to try and find the Ainu flute I'm after. On the way Andrew's horse deliberately sat down in a small river they were crossing; his rubber boots were filled with water, but otherwise no harm was done. They could not find anything in the shape of musical instruments. We are all in better spirits to-day. Five consecutive sunless days have tried us both mentally and physically. I shall be very glad when it is all over. I confess myself quite homesick for the Coronet.

AUGUST 3D.—Only five more working days before the day that must bring us the corona or bitter disappointment. To-day has been fine for the most part. At eclipse time—five minutes past three—the sun was out in good shape. Of course we are working pretty hard. I have been sewing again to-day, making a bonnet. They are not "stuck on it," but it is to be stuck on the end of a telescope to reduce the amount of light to be admitted; in fact, the bonnet has a round hole in the top. It is made of thick black paper, and I sew it to-

gether. So if any of your bonnets need repairs call on me. I have two more bonnets to make to-morrow. By the way, what do you think of my going into the business of making musical instruments? The police officer made one out of a piece of bamboo—a sort of stringed instrument. This started Frank Thompson, who made out of a cigar box and a straight piece of wood a three-stringed arrangement resembling the samisen. Not to be outdone, I bethought me of some very thin shingles that Professor Todd bought of a man who was making them. With a couple of these and other pieces of wood I have fashioned something resembling a mandolin, but which will be strung like a banjo if ever finished. Of course I only work at this at night. You may think I have quite enough mechanical work during the day, but I've taken the notion to build the thing even if it keeps me awake a little longer at night, and I get to sleep sooner. I am usually in bed by nine o'clock, and waken very early. The cook's assistant is an early bird, but a noisy one. The partition is thin, and we don't get much show for a second nap; besides this, the crows are up early, and often have a romp on the roof about half-past four. It is amusing to hear them scamper over the shingles. I can't say whether it is a two step or a waltz they are executing, but its sound is decidedly humorous. Another little thing I have noticed in the early morning. At first there will be a crackling sound, then I will observe if I look upward a cloud of smoke passing over my head and gradually disappearing among the rafters. It is the cook starting his fire. There being no chimney, the smoke must find its way out the best it can. When the charcoal gets started all is serene.

AUGUST 6TH.—Last evening after working hours I escorted Mrs. Todd, who arrived yesterday, through the two principal streets of the town to show her the shopping places. Her appearance created quite a sensation. The children followed her, and one kid with a tin trumpet marched by her side quite a distance playing energetically. I understand that Mrs. Todd has the distinction of being the first foreign lady visitor to this place. Two or three pieces of the mechanism connected with

the telescopes in the portable house were tried to-day. They performed very well. We understand that the vessel that is to take us back to Otaru will be here on the 14th. We shall have to work lively to be ready. To-day has been partially cloudy. I have been wishing for the rain to come and be "all over" before Saturday night. Mrs. Todd relieves me of the duties of commissary general. She has already produced a clean table cloth.

AUGUST 7ST.—Cloudy this morning and rain in the afternoon. Everybody busy, but more or less nervous and irritable. I went to a Japanese barber and had my hair cut. He kept on shingling so long that I had to stop him. The only way I could do that was to get up out of my chair. My words had no effect upon him whatever. Then I had a circus trying to prevent him from dousing my head with some liquid full of musk. I finally came out of it with a hair-cut and shampoo for twenty sen. Professor Todd received a telegram from Captain James. You are about where I had imagined you to be this warm weather.

AUGUST 9TH.—I find it difficult to write up this, the last day's record in my journal. I am not at all equal to the task of describing its hopes, its fears, and finally its disappointments. The morning opened with showers, alternated with patches of clear sky. We were quite hopeful for a fair afternoon. At eight o'clock Andrew and I, like good American citizens and good Coronet people, went out and hoisted the colors, saluting as they went up. It was settled by Professor Todd that I should go with Mrs. Todd to the top of the lighthouse, from which we were to make sketches of the "Corona" should one come into view. About eleven o'clock we made a preliminary excursion to our station to take there some small drawing boards, on which were diagrams representing the circle of the moon, to assist the eye in locating points on the "Corona." By the time we had reached the lighthouse the wind had shifted to the northwest, and a large space of clear sky appeared in the same direction. We were much encouraged, and felt that we

were pretty sure of the "Corona." Alas! in half an hour it was raining. About this time telegrams were received from Miyano-shita and also from the other eclipse stations, to the effect that cloudy weather or fog prevailed all over the Hokkaido. Although the rain ceased the sky did not become clear. We could at times during the eclipse see the crescent through the clouds, and at totality there was a "Corona." At about twenty minutes before totality began, Mrs. Todd and myself took our stations at the lighthouse. Gerrish had previously set up his camera and focussed it on some boats near shore, in order to see if a picture could be taken during totality. I was to remove and replace the cap at the proper time. As totality approached there seemed to be nothing more peculiar about the situation than that it was gradually growing darker. A number of crows started about the same time for the woods, and some younger birds were flying about restlessly. Up to within two minutes of totality it hardly seemed as dark as it ought to be. It was cloudy enough for us to look at the sun with the naked eye, and yet we could see quite distinctly the progress of the eclipse, and about when totality would take place. While thinking it ought to be darker, there came a sudden change, very startling and strangely beautiful. I almost held my breath. It did not seem as though the scene was here on earth. The northwestern sky, with its heavy clouds, was lighted up with a magnificent orange light similar to a sunset as to the horizon, but no real sunset ever had such coloring or came into existence with such startling rapidity. The southwestern sky was also brilliant, the color being of a light yellow tone. There is no description that I can give that will convey to you this beautiful, startling, unreal picture. Its magnificence lasted only during totality, and it disappeared as rapidly as it came, and the day dawned upon us again as it had only a few hours before. I thought to replace the cap on the camera, and looked down on Mrs. Todd in tears. I am sure tears came to my eyes also, and great disappointment, which Shirakawa experience has not made less bitter. Professor Todd takes it calmly, but I am sure he must suffer in silence. Working night and day as he has to be ready, it must

be very trying to be without any valuable results. It now remains for us to pack our traps and go back to the Coronet Corona-less. I am glad you didn't get up here; one woman in tears at a time is all I can stand. This ends my journal. If it has given you any pleasure in reading it, I shall feel well repaid, for in this out-of-the-way place it has not been a task, but pleasant employment.

“CHIEF.”

PART VII.

THE GOLDEN GATE TO NEW YORK BY WAY OF CAPE HORN.

ON Sunday evening, October 4th, while we were all sitting about the library tea table, the dispatch I had been awaiting from Mr. Arthur James upon his arrival in San Francisco, came. It ran: "I am willing you should go with the Coronet around Cape Horn, provided you can stand many discomforts and mess with the captain. Coronet sails about the twelfth, due in New York February." It brought a sort of gale off Terra del Fuego into our home circle; but we soon eased our mainsheets and I was off to the telegraph office to send my answer. It was: "Accept with thanks chance to go with Coronet under conditions you state."

Monday night I left Syracuse, and Saturday morning we breakfasted in Sacramento, crossing the Karquinez Strait on the mighty railroad ferry.

I had known much of the Coronet and seen her photographs. Of course I was pretty impatient to make a closer acquaintance. To visit her where she lay at the Pacific Street pier, just beyond the massive Australian liner, Mariposa, was my first object. I could not fail to be delighted with her appearance.

I have yet to learn her qualities as a sailing vessel. As an ocean home she is palatial. She has all the beauty common to such pleasure yachts in burnished brasswork of rail and binnacle, figured ground-glass skylights, and tapering, gilt-lined head. There are five gangways, two abaft the mainmast, and, forward, one each into the galley, the captain's messroom and the forecabin. Two skylights run, each for twelve feet, one above the saloon, the other above the passageway, fore and aft, between the staterooms. The domes of these openings, curving

handsomely in polished mahogany and heavy plate-glass panes, give a noticeably elegant appearance above decks. Just forward from the wheel and binnacle and the short skylight over the captain's and first mate's cabin, one looks down the handsome balustrade leading to the large saloon and guests' staterooms. The saloon runs forward to the mainmast. It is very spacious, about eighteen feet each way, handsomely finished in mahogany, with a ceiling of white and gold, and luxuriously upholstered with lounges, running the whole length, and ten or more plush-covered chairs suitable to place about the large dining table. Above the table is the capacious skylight that fills the room with mellowed brightness. The hand rail of the stairs curves away from marble steps and the saloon is carpeted with heavy Brussels. There are book-racks well stored with the latest works of travel and fiction, lockers and sideboards, a folding desk, a Chickering upright piano, and a tiny tile open-grate fireplace with brass trimmings and chimney piece. Generous light is furnished in the evening by a large central chandelier and side lamps along the sofas.

There are six staterooms, each of good size, and having a full width, or at least three-quarter, berth built at the height of a bed. Two are aft of the saloon just before the captain's cabin, one each side of the main gangway. From the forward portion of the saloon runs a hall, on the left of which are two staterooms and a bathroom with standing tub; on the right is the owner's suite, consisting of two adjoining staterooms, say ten by twelve. The main room will be mine, the other being used for storage. It is certainly a most comfortable, indeed a luxurious, berth in which to spend a hundred nights upon the tossing sea. Monte Cristo, if he asked for more, should be kicked out. The bed, which is built in, is of full width, and has the finest mattress and pillows. Beneath are four deep drawers, and at head and foot, capacious lockers with shelves. Across one corner is a cretonne-covered divan. The inner wall is filled by a standing bowl and faucet flushed by a working handle placed just below—next to this the bureau, of full size, containing several large drawers. The bathroom, with salt and fresh water, is just across the hall. A second

long skylight arches this passageway, and admits fresh air through double portholes. All this makes it look very much as though the good Lord knew what was best when I was defeated in my hopes to fill a steward's bunk on the deep sea merchantman George C. Mallet, carrying oil to the Island of Java. If there is good in a sea trip I ought to get it.

I had not known but that there would be other passengers with me around the Cape. All the members of the party that went to Japan have evidently had enough of the sea for awhile, and have returned East to their homes. At Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson's, I found a telegram awaiting me from Mr. Arthur James in Arizona, expressing his regret at not being able to see me off. By letter he gave me a number of valuable suggestions as to my comfort and welfare on the trip. He explained that for the long voyage the conditions on board the yacht would be similar to those on a merchantman. Stores and spare sails must be stored in the saloon, and fresh provisions would give out very soon, the plan being to make the entire run without stops at intermediate ports. Still he thought I would be able to find a comfortable place to stow myself on board. I shall indeed. The one discomfort I feel is that I can never half-return these kindnesses.

It was on my visit to the yacht, the afternoon after my arrival, that I met the sailing master, Captain C. S. Crosby. The captain is a true seadog—an old campaigner, gray in the service. He has the sterling mark "rugged" on him. Genial, with a naval officer's gallantry to the ladies, there lies beneath the keen-eyed vision and the shrewd wisdom of the Maine seafarer. At once I was assured of good company.

In several later visits to get settled I saw enough of the young Russian, Andrew Berthold, first mate, to judge him a manly and excellent fellow. I was pleased, too, with Blades, the cook; little Jap Charley, the steward; and the able-bodied youthful crew of ten men, Swedes, Dutchmen, Irishmen, and Finns.

On Wednesday morning, while at my uncle's in Pacific Avenue, I received a telephone message saying we should sail at two that day. Captain Crosby, however, failed to get the

yacht's commission for to-day, so sailing was postponed until ebb tide to-morrow. With my traps stowed away I was in readiness for the morning.

AT SEA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1896.—We left Pier 7 at the foot of Pacific Street, San Francisco, at 10:30 this morning. As we swung out into the stream Captain Crosby pulled the guncord of our starboard ten-pounder. The gleaming brass spoke out merrily, and I waved my cap in last good-byes to the dear ones on the Pacific coast. The day was thick but full of sting and exhilaration. Our hawser was given to the Spreckels tug Alert. Like a thoroughbred, tranquil but quivering, the Coronet was led to her course. At sprit and boom the hands, in their clean ducks, were busy uncovering the imprisoned sails. Off our port bows lay the heights and stately avenues of the youthful giant-born city; across the bay the piers of Oakland. The Island Alcatraz rose between, the pile of its graceless arsenal a stern memorial of war.

Rounding the water-front I raised my glass to search out the sunny home at the crest of the avenue. There, from among the lilies and nasturtiums I knew that our ship was clearly seen. The sweep at large is in striking contrast to the city's freshness. At this season the mountain heights of the Coast Range, which stand apart to form the Golden Gate, are bare of verdure. They rise sheer and bald, with but here and there a crevasse of green. Diablo, inland from the bay, is the highest of the immediate peaks, rearing to thirty-nine hundred feet. As foothills to these vaster walls, the pillars of the "Gate" stand opposed on either shore. It is a double Gate. Point Diablo, to the north, stands against Fort Point and the tiny Gibraltar of "The Presidio." Confronting Lobos the im-browned promontory of Point Bonita shelters at its base a little rift of snow white huts. On its summit stands "The Old Light-house Tower." Above all, northward, set where it may command the leagues of sweeping surf, Tamalpais sentinels the bounds of the Pacific.

So I lost sight of San Francisco. The city and all its settings found a warm place in my heart. It seemed more like home to me than the middle West.

But let us not "give up the ship!" The northern headlands were being lost in the mist by the time we reached the bar. It was cold, and I dived below for sweater and great coat. Long swells were running, though the captain at the wheel, biting through the stub of his cigar, called it mild for the passage of the Gate. The tug, off ahead, strained at our cable, burying it deep in the oval of an intervening swell, lashing through its crest, swishing out the lines of spray. We listened for the whistling buoy, and soon spied it and caught its uncanny blowings off our starboard bow. The wind, whatever there was of it, was from the south. A few miles farther and a small boat tossed alongside the tug. The Alert prepared to leave us. Drawing in her hawser she steamed off to windward for an incoming charge. We dipped our flag in final farewell to her and to the distant shores, and steadied up under full working sail.

The yacht's stability is seen from her great spread of canvas. A toy beside the great merchantmen, she can carry as much upon her two slender masts as the largest vessel upon its four. The great foresail and mainsail were raised, each of more than eight hundred yards. Then the fore and main gaff topsails were set. The heads even of these, fitted to the working, not the racing, topmasts, taper to the luff at one hundred and thirty-five feet above the deck. Greater sails can be extended on longer booms and gaffs. The vast spinnaker for racing can be spread upon its own boom. Additional working sails are the main topmast staysail, square sail and St. Raphael. But to-day we proceeded under the fore and mainsail, with their topsails, and the jibs, jib topsail, flying jib, jib and fore staysail. Under these, close hauled, some intimation of the yachts riding can be gained even with a discouraging breeze. She rises upon the long swells like a sea bird. Her sails well filled, their great steadying power offsets her short dimensions as a deep-sea venturer.

The wind lessens, and off beneath the northern shore with its grand half-hidden ranges, several ships lie lifeless, flat-becalmed. Eastward we can still see the rocks of the Cliff House where the huge-flipper sea lions fight all day for the

sun, the beach of the life-saving station, and the sweeping curve of surf.

At noon I begin to think of dinner. Captain beckons me down the hatchway. I go below, forward through the galley, into our little messroom, and plant myself upon my campstool at the captain's right. Opposite us sits Andrew Berthold, first mate. Jap Charley brings in three steaming bowls of soup. Perhaps the captain cools his with a silent blessing! Perhaps not! An oath comes considerably more natural. Then the cook, who gets the name "chef," and has a right to it, sends in the substantials, well cooked and in great abundance. There is a fricasse of chicken, meat or fish, potatoes, tomatoes, corn and beans, tea with Japanese crystallized sugar, currant pudding, apples and raisins, the true California fruit. Certainly good sailors' fare.

The captain is a born story-teller. Early a Maine skipper, and captain of a coasting vessel, drifting into all sorts of enterprises ashore and on the sea, serving a brief war term in the navy, he designed, he says, the *Coronet*, and has captained her under various owners since her launching in '85. Pretty nearly all that the world furnishes to be seen by such a knockabout he has shot keen eyes upon. His opinions are strongly based on some fact, much fancy. The combination makes him whimsical. He is a philosopher and a satirist—yes, decidedly a cynic, with no reverence for man, none abounding for God. Scorning all pretense and sentiment, counting cleanness of mind the same with Willie-Nillieism, he is a reprobate undenied, yet not altogether hateful. All he has to say comes out with equal force and quaintness. One isn't uncommonly surprised at his illiteracy; but he has a vocabulary that is marvelous. A genius at words, he owns and constantly uses an unabridged compilation of the provincialisms and archaisms of all places in all times. Joined to Mrs. Malaprop he would have sired a language builder.

"Have yer ever read that book—what is it? 'Afore the Mast'?—'Two Years Afore the Mast'?" he puts to me. "Eh? Well, that fellar never saw the sea. Ef he did, he's a mighty poor scholar!"

“The trouble with people that writes things up is that they can’t tell what they sees. Everything is fine and it’s all colored up. There’s Kate Field, who died out at Honerluler, *she* didn’t get fooled into anything o’ *that* kind. No flowerettes about *her!* They’s lots of things you read about the sea thet’s never on ’em. It riminds me o’ when I was over among the Europeans at the Cowes Regatter. A lot of ’em came aboard, Lady Reade and her Earl was among ’em. When they come to go the Earl offered me a soverin. ‘No,’ I says—‘I thank you.’ ‘Aw well,’ he says, ‘paws it round among the good fellows.’ ‘No, sir, thank you,’ says I, ‘we don’t allow them to take anything. We are all Americans here!’ He seemed kinder taken aback. Then he asked if he might put his name in the visitin’ book. ‘Certainly,’ I said. Afterward he gave me his card and asked me to come to lunch with him and his lady. Which I did. I went and had a *nice* time. Now ef I’d taken the soverin, it wouldn’t ha’ been ‘Come to lunch!’

“But what I was sayin’—just afore they went, Lady Reade caught sight of all hands called together, in their white jackets, lookin’ kinder nice, you know, to have their pictures took. The Lady caught sight of ’em. She jumped right up and clapped her hands, mighty pleased. ‘Oh, how strikin’ American!’ she cried. As a actual fact, there wa’n’t a blessed American among ’em, all Russians or Germans or Swedes.”

So I form my picture of the captain as he sits next to me at mess, his well-seasoned frame, by no means diminutive, his coat off and his paunch full rounded with the succulent fat of many pigs’ feet; the clean-picked joints, symmetrically disposed beside his plate, form a crest not unworthy of the mound-builders. A low, infectious chuckle possesses him now and softens, where it is silhouetted against the sheathing, that rugged outline of high bald brow, huge Roman nose, and chin protruding like a rampart beneath a drift of snow. An apter snapshot may be taken as he stands on deck, to windward of the wheel man, in loose shirt and sea-turned yachting jacket; feet wide set in shoes whose laces, guiltless of a knot, fly to all the breezes, hands shoved in pockets, and all above the belt poised to the horizon. The chin is thrust forward as though

to *command* a breeze; the under lip pursed below the whisker droop, the nose pointing and sniffing, and the gray fox-like eyes, with their encircling centering ruts and furrows, bent in short, sharp dashes upon every movement of block or sail head, of wave and cloud-speck. That eye doesn't stop at the horizon; it follows the curvature of the sun's rays; it pierces the panoplies of cloud beyond.

At five o'clock we were all but becalmed. The log, which below a certain speed always under-registers, marked but two miles to the hour. We went below to supper, at which cold meats enough were spread for ten. I was glad to see that Charley passed through the fore-castle slide the same fare for the crew.

Thus early to supper we were on deck again before six, and lost no part of the evening, which all too early was shut in with darkness. It was a beautiful close to our initial day. The sun did not paint the sky with his overwhelming glories, but suffused the lighter clouds with a mild pink glow. Off among the ripples, whales were sporting near the surface, rising to send their geyser spouts several fathoms high against the line of sky and sea. Astern the Farallones, abrupt and ugly. As darkness settled, there issued from the blackness of northeast a line of lights that gathered brilliancy. It was the great Australian liner *Mariposa*, whose pier we shared in port. She is bound to the Sandwich Islands and Australia, carrying, among other ware, a large consignment of the inevitable bicycle. She swept astern of us and disappeared in the southwest. Only one more answering sign of the life we leave; along the southern shore toward Monterey a border of changing flame made by burning brush or forest fire. This was subdued by a low-lying fog, and we were left alone beneath the open heaven of God.

All hands were on deck, as is common during the dog watch when the evening is pleasant. The captain and first mate, enjoying their cigars, kept out a weather eye, dropped a hint now and then to the wheel man and paced and chatted with me on the after deck. Forward all the crew were up, some on duty, others enjoying the rest from the day's work. Mr. Johnson, the second mate, a bony, lank Norwegian, gave or-

ders and lent a hand at putting all in shape. At eight bells, or eight o'clock, the port watch was called, the dog watch was relieved, and Berthold, first mate, began his watch with that portion of the crew that goes on duty with him. I took this chance to have some talk with our second in command. I was confirmed in my high opinion of him. He is a man not far beyond thirty, full of snap, cautious in his judgments, but personally frank and humorous. He is a Jack-of-all-trades, if such a term does not invite disparagement. His handiness is of the higher order. He is not a little ambitious in a scientific way, and has had a rare opportunity on this scientific expedition under Professor Todd.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16TH.—Run, fifty-five knots. It was a noisy night. I slept like a Laplander. Standing in and off shore all the night, we had finally caught a wind of some steadiness, and were about sixty miles southeast from San Francisco. Beyond Monterey the faint outlines of the Coast Range were visible.

We breakfasted at eight. Captain Crosby summoned me by his messroom call of "Chow-chow-chow; *chow-chow-chow-chow!*" specially adapted, I take it, from the Japanese. Berthold came crawling through the forward hatchway rubbing his eyes from the morning snatch of sleep. We were quickly through our coffee, oatmeal, steak and johnny bread, then on deck again into the free cool air. The hands were busy putting all in shape for the long run. The shining baby cannons were given a final velveting and oil-sponge and tucked into their canvas jackets safe from all corrosion by sea and fog. The brass stanchions of the bulwark rail were smeared with tallow and overbound with strips of cloth. John and Peter with their paint-pots went to work on anchor and davits. We shall be as cleared for action as a man-o'-war.

I interspersed all my morning watchings with talks with the captain. We were led into a variety of themes; in all he was the guiding star. I let his fancy wander where it would, and cannot help recording certain snatches which indicate both his shrewd and caustic mind and the irresistible quaintness of his

expression. He has plenty of theories. We came to speak of the Island of Elephanta, not far from Bombay. "People that writes things up makes a great mistake," he says, "in not telling *why* the things they writes about is so. They paints it all up, but they lays on the strokes perfectly flat-like, an' don't give no background.

"Now in the Island of Elephanta, in India, they have what they call 'the whirlin' stone'—a stone people sits down on an' whirls about when they prays. I never seen anywhere, in any descriptions, a reason given why that's done. It's all plain enough when you've been down in the cave that is a remnant of the old antshunt temple. It is very beautiful and the walls fresh with pictures, as if they'd been painted to-day. In these paintin's, cut in, kinder like stamped leather, you can find all the happenin's of the Bible. Don't make any difference what it is; even if it's the last supper and Christ sittin' at the head of the table, you can spot it all out. Well, when the people comes in and stands on the earth floors, the first thing done is all hands down and prays—right in the mud; they don't have no cushions under their knees. Then they burns incense and strikes bells and each in turn sits on a stone in the middle and a priest blesses 'em, and after each blessing they faces round an' fetches a new point and prays agin. In that way they gits all around and that is the origin of the whirlin' stone."

He also has strong ideas on government and politics. "Cleveland was a good man. The one fault of his administration was that instead of issuing bonds he didn't sell titles. They'd 'a' been plenty would ha' bought 'em. Yes, yes; the money gets power on its side and they'd 'a' been dukes and dukesses without goin' out of the country for it. If I thought I had any of that d—d blood in me I'd stick a knife in and let it out."

This is a whiff of some of the captain's brine. The air is not always so violently stirred. There are gentler flows of thought that take us at our mess to islands of the Mediterranean, to the wild north coast of Russia, and to the native vil-lages of South America where children with tails play together with the monkeys among the trees. Some weird tales he tells me, if not all elegant, yet bound to illustrate a truth. So I go to school.

The breeze freshened. We clipped off seven or eight miles an hour due south. I slept soundly after dinner and looked over the library in the saloon; it consists of several hundred books of travel, adventure and fiction, yachtsmen's guides and navigation tables. These, with the little volumes which I find in my stateroom, and such of my own as lined my trunk for this isolated experience, will give good company for many a day.

There was a quiet delight in being about the deck in the late afternoon and during the evening. The yacht is complete in comfort. All her motions are a pleasure to the eye. With her flush decks, low hand rail and entire openness above, one commands at the instant her upper outlines and looks into the very heart of the waves. The sense of ship and sea is vastly keener than on an ocean steamship.

The sky grew remarkably clear, foretelling a change to S. E. winds. The captain gave orders for raising the main topmast staysail. Soon it was filling out between the masts. The evening western sky was brilliant. Pictured along the line was a shore of clouds that seemed like Fire Island, only a morning's sail from New York Bay. "Cape Flyaway," the captain dubbed it, and in a second it bore out its name.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17TH.—Run, ninety knots. I went above to find it bright and balmy, but there was little wind. The log sunk, dragging the long white reelings of the log-line in a slack slant for many fathoms beneath the surface.

"Very beautiful weather," rails the captain; "altogether too beautiful!" He is disappointed that we have not struck at once well out into the N. E. trades.

My order of the day is forming itself as follows: Rising at seven or seven-thirty, a rub and bath, then before breakfast ten minutes light exercising on deck with a couple of belaying pins in place of dumb-bells. After breakfast a look at log and compass and whatever there may be to interest, I get a respectable walk, from the wheel to the long boat, back and forth, a free beat of twenty yards or so. By ten I have acquired ozone and circulation, and am ready for whatever next offers, pure

loafing, writing or reading, chatting or watching the hands at their various tasks. Dinner is uniformly at twelve. The captain does not refuse a cigar, and I fill for myself an occasional pipe. It is easy to start him going, either against the syndicate or the curse of Anglomania. So the day passes, and passes not slowly. Evening has an especial charm. The quietude is intensified. The sun's glare is softened. Changing colors come upon the waters and thoughts cannot be idle. To-night there was hardly a ripple. The slender banner of the west was soon absorbed into the gray above. Only the moon gave light where it stood, small and distant, over our foremast, shining hazily. Yes, there was one other brightness. Looking off our starboard quarter way astern, suddenly I saw a brilliant light as from a ship's masthead or lighthouse lamp. I was astonished, it had come so suddenly. As suddenly it changed in color and disappeared. "A setting star, sir," the mate called out, "just on the horizon." The clouds had opened for it one last moment while it shot its beam upon the world.

The air became deliciously soft and balmy. The broad light of the moon shone on, mellowed by the haze. About it was a great wide ring. Within the ring the yacht from keel to vane was framed as she rose upon a breathless swell. ☐

I had a talk with the first mate when he came up for his night watch; I got at something of his history. He, too, for a young gallant, is a well-seasoned nut, a worthy pupil of the captain's. But he is a clean-spoken, altogether manly fellow. A wild boy, a wiser man! His story has romance, and he tells it with that candor and emphasizing of the personal that is sometimes charming. Egotism, with such people, has a charm, because it is thoroughly wholesome. He has been at sea about seventeen years, working his way up on the big merchantmen, getting into yachts, until at length he became quartermaster on the *Coronet*. It changed hands and he got a job ashore. He became coachman to Professor Schmidt, a teacher of music in New York, "die best coachman dat he had efer had before." A room caught fire in the house, which Berthold, by means of buckets and soaked blankets, had gotten well under control before the engines came tearing in. "Eferybody talked about

it. Dere was a big column in die papers, dot long" (about three feet by outstretched hands). "Who done it? Professor Schmidt's coachman, dot one he engaged 'bout one monnth ago—die sailorboy—he save house."

Then he used to escort Professor Schmidt's young lady pupils home at night. "Professor Schmidt say, 'Andrew, you go mit dem.' Dey was nice young ladies; dey lik-ed me and haf die laugh on me for die t'ings I say. I say shoost vat I t'ought, don't mak any difference, eferywher. Eet come out so funny! Deese leetle points. Dey all laugh." Berthold rebuilt the burned room. Professor Schmidt moved to Morristown. Mr. James engaged Andrew as second mate on the *Coronet*. Professor Schmidt telephoned to Mr. James wanting to know "where he could get a good coachman. They are so hard to get in the country." He speaks of having lost a good one and goes on to tell some of the good things about him. "Why," Mr. James says, "that's the man I've got for second mate of the *Coronet*," and there's another laugh on Andrew as the new mate.

Well, naturally he won Captain James' confidence, and Mr. James did all he could for him. "Why! he has done more for me dan my own fader could do. He paid my tuition for a course in navigation in die College ob New York, die same course dat Captain Jams took himselb."

So after several years on the yacht, Berthold went to Japan with the "Amherst Expedition." "We had a great time in Japan," he went on. "Captain Jams, he recommend me to Professor Todd, and let me off to go up into die countres mit him." At Esashi they put together the observatory house, brought over ready matched in panels and iron stanchions from America. There was difficulty in the location and fitting, some problems, and Berthold "mak-ed eet all right." His description of the building is as fine as Cæsar's Bridge. He came to be much liked among the Japs, and made his way among them "as no odder members ob die party." He gave several reasons for this. In the first placo he put up flagpoles and raised side by side both the United States and Japanese flags. *Diplomacy!* It won. Pre-eminently he was a "gold-

headed man." They have a partiality for golden-haired men, and he was lighter than the professor. *Idolatry!* But I fancy what brought about much of it was everyday human nature. "Dey lik-ed me. I am so funny. I catch-ed all die leetle points an' dey all laugh-ed at me. Ven die noble ladies come to call and bow-ed down flat on hands and knees, touching dere heads several times to die ground, I did shoost die same. But ven dey got up, I stay-ed down lak a dog and bow-ed twenty, tirty times shoost for fun. I vas shoost like dot. I nebber care. And eferybody laugh and flop dere hands."

All the Japs were much interested in the house-building, and everywhere that Andrew went, "Dey call-ed me in," he says. "I talk lots of Chinese; know only few words, but keeps talking. Eet come out so funny! Dey all laugh. Dey likes you to make dem laugh. Professor Todd say, 'Andrew, you cannot do better dan stay here. You will be die biggest man in die town and can introduce European ways. It is a good climate, and you can get Europeans to coming here for die summer.' Vell, I moost stay by die yacht. I can go dere again."

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18TH.— $34^{\circ} 44' N.$, $123^{\circ} 47' W.$ Distance, forty-six miles. There was litt'e that set apart the Sabbath. The hands were free from all except pressing duties, and perhaps a greater number than usual had taken the weekly shave or given an extra moment to the morning douse.

The breakfast talk led to the subject of the church, but touched upon in a manner not common to our pulpits. The captain is as bitter toward the clergy as toward wealth or politics. Dr. Parkhurst, that intrepid crusader against vice in New York, he denounces as "a thief and a liar." "Talmage, beyond a doubt, burned his own churches." He condemns politics in the pulpit; admires Beecher, but comes down uncompromisingly on all "Holy Joes." This is the regular nautical term for minister or parson, but the captain uses it in a significance of his own.

"They are men who was born with the *self* in 'em, an' their mothers never got it out. Nobody upholds true religion more nor I, but I can't go shams!"

The captain likes to talk. He has a sort of rough eloquence and likes to show it. Nor would many of his strong ideas be unwholesome were they not dominated by a hatred that is awful.

After dinner we went above to find a light rain and the mate sorting out the oilskins. A high barometer suggested the nearness of a sou'easter; the motion of the waves indicated a sou'wester. We were heading between the two. It came upon us from the sou'west, and took us aback. We went about in quite a gust and hauled in the staysail. But there was no force behind the sudden blowout, and the sky was soon clearing toward the southwest though it continued thick astern. By evening we raised our main topmast staysail, and had a big under cliff of pink and yellow to windward, while the moon rose bright over our port. As the captain puts it, "we have as many strata to work through as though building a tunnel, before we get to the trades."

A TRY AT THE TRADES.—A vigorous run initiated the next week. A squall from the southwest, the only distinguishing feature of Sunday, stirred our stagnancy and added spice to the balm of the Pacific. After it had passed the wind drew again into the northwest and was firm. Throughout the night we were sweeping free, under full sail through waves of foam. At eight bells Monday morning, in the last ten hours, we had made one hundred knots.

So we continued for some days with an average eight or nine-knot breeze and a sea that would have been heavy had we been running into it, but which, following, only gave an appearance of deep-blue foam-topped waves piled high all round. Our main topmast staysail having torn out, we had excellent conditions for making it good by the great square sail; and when the wind shifted to northeast, we gybed and put on the "Raphy." We covered two and even three degrees of latitude daily, holding somewhat to the westward so that our longitude increased. That from which we sailed, the position of San Francisco, is $122^{\circ} 25'$, latitude $3^{\circ} 47'$.

By the 23d, in 22', we came actually into the "northeast trades," considering ourselves fortunate to have worried along

the "horse latitudes" without meeting total calms. Even a "norther," which is apt to break up the steady breezes and bring bad weather, let us off easily. When these "trades" struck us we began to indulge in as fine a bit of sailing as the old Pacific often sees. It came out of the east northeast, magnificent, and, taking it abeam, we started in to make twelve knots the modicum for the hour. We couldn't hold that, but we began to knock off latitudes by fours, which means considerably over two hundred miles, noon to noon. After a few days we met heavy seas coming every which way, and there was continual chafe and yank. It was lower and mend, sometimes to replace the robans of the mainsail that were breaking away, again to gather in and patch, first the heavier, then the lighter main topmast staysail that had bulged out until they split; and once, in a sudden gust, a belaying pin making fast to the topsail halyard, was snapped in two and spun away out over the sea.

We saw but one sail, on our second Friday, a bark of about a thousand tons. She was running northerly, and by evening we had all but "sunk" her, only her topmasts remaining visible.

"That novel of somebody 'r other's, 'Ships Thet Pass in th' Night'—I threwed it down," scorned the captain. "Too shaller! *Ships* can't speak. Sech expressions sounds flat!"

I began to get the run of sea life. I watched the order of the tricks and watches, tried my hand sometimes at the wheel, and climbed the rigging to look down upon the long, keen deck plan of the eager yacht and all the richness of her finish. Captain put the barometric clock into my charge and the keys to the medicine drawers. The men worked into the routine of splicing, braiding, tarring, slushing; harpoons and fishing tackle were overhauled, and we let out a strong line and hook to take a supposed shark that had nipped one of the metal fins from our log almost a quarter-inch in thickness.

I began to haul away occasionally on sheets and halyards, and by degrees not always on the wrong one. Captain would have a royal laugh if after the sixty-foot hoist of the mainsail, the thirteenth man at the halyards dropped on to a bench.

One night I had wandered away forward to the stem, where perhaps I had little business to be, and was sitting beyond the men watching the reaching prow and the line of surf that was matched against the gold streak in the sky. Jack edged up and began to sound me, if I was a land-lubber in good faith.

"Certainly," I said; and then he explained that he'd heard Neptune wanted to know, and so he asked me.

"That's all right," I laughed; "I suppose he'll want to see me."

When we had chatted awhile, "Jack," I put to him, "I would like to go into the forecandle, some time when the men aren't sleeping; I want to see *all* the ship."

"All right, sir," and stepping to the slide he peered below, gave a word and called to me, "I guess you can come down *now*."

I squeezed down five rungs of an iron ladder to the flooring of a low room the length and breadth of a bob-tailed country horsecar. There were eight bunks, four on either side of the alley, two in a tier. The starboard watch were piled upon them, smoking, reading, mending their clothes. Harry, who talks good English and smokes cigarettes, had dropped his to a fastidious slope of 30°, accommodated to the heeling of the yacht. Forward was a lattice door to the peak storeroom below the grating; at the after bulkhead, a square of table, the slide into our messroom, a lamp and scrap of looking-glass. All remaining space was taken by lockers, chain lockers, hanging racks, and their overflow of seamen's gear. There was not room for disorder, but corners were filled and deck-beams softened with an extensive array, oilskins, tarpaulins, high boots, reefers, and, brightly punctuating this tale of storm, a tossed away novel or a lurid can of Old Grizzly Fine Cut Plug.

Sailors don't have to be pummeled to talk. Squatted on a locker, I "took" these mysteries, as the men crawled off their blankets and began to yarn. Of course it was shipwreck and feats of hazard; Captain Slocum and his try around Cape Horn in a dory of thirty feet, Paul Boynton, the smash of the big Pacific mailer Oregon off the California coast. When we

reached that, big curly-headed Swedish Boney fairly rocked with joy. "Was I not on her till the hour before she broke, me and Gus?"

Yes, I'll venture so. As Berthold has it, "Sailor, he be sailor." These are a good set and didn't smoke me out until I was ready to go aft to my "blue room," and give them full space in all they own on earth.

OCTOBER 26TH.—12° 53' S., 125° 24' W. I dressed in sections and went above to breathe. The deck was swept with brine, not an inch dry. The mainsail was furled and the storm trysail set. Under this, with foresail and fore topsail, flying jib and jib, we were driving south with a northeast wind abeam. The sea was pitching violently, the sky black.

Captain had been up much of the night, but he hailed me in the companionway with his customary "Chow-chow!" and I tumbled into the darkened messroom. There was not much use in trying to eat. In this small place forward we were dropping every moment as though Neptune had kicked the sea from beneath us. I saved myself from a first turn of the stomach by tugging on top boots and jumping above. Ahead, the bowsprit, when it did not descend to Hades, was thrusting straight into a vast black bank. Gus, slacking the flying jib, clinging as by his toes to the foot ropes, was dipped thigh deep in the sea. Astern and to leeward it was fairly clear, but the waves were half-covered with white. It was exhilarating after the closeness of the galley, but warm even here. There was a slight rain, and the sun burned hot from the horizon only to be hidden before it stood high. I beat along the deck in light shirt, and pajamas thrust into my boot tops. The port bows were overswept momentarily and on the starboard, as she heeled, the sea gushed in at the scuppers.

To keep one's feet was not easy. I settled myself aft in a well-lashed chair, and, with the gun cover handy to save the binding, took up a book. A sea dashed full upon my head soon set me to pacing again, and drying off.

The sea was magnificent. Great caverns sunk beneath our keel as the swells took up our hulls to their crests. Now our

stern was high and dry as that of the Spanish galleon. Now it loaded as near to the water as the cushion of a St. Lawrence canoe. Conelike swellings heaved, leaping along the shrouds. Tri-pyramids of foam tapered and burst and sent final geyser spouts aspiring. The long edges of the waves combed by the wind streamed sunward, like manes of Guido's horses. And onward the masses rolled and pinnacled their white crests skyward, mountains of snow. No one had the peerage. Each aspired to be chief.

The night was so black we ran into one another, pacing the deck. We still drove rushing, rolling on, the sails strained taut, the sea boiling, warring along our rails.

OCTOBER 27TH.— $9^{\circ} 49' S.$, $26^{\circ} 3' W.$ The wind fell at dawn, but the sea was not smoothed. The mainsail was raised and the trysail was stowed away below. By afternoon the wind had drawn nearly dead ahead, and after some rain, was back again in the northeast, but nearly forceless. The men came into the saloon to sew the sails. It was quiet enough for me to write above. A total change from the roar and plunge of twelve hours ago. No wonder that the captain thinks "a man's life is made up of calms and hurricanes."

These are the first of the doldrums, wretched sulks and squalls that torment the journeyer to the equator. The old man napped in his chair.

When the captain put himself again beside the wheel, he commented that there was lots of "mud" piling on the horizon. Sure enough, after dog watch rain fell heavily.

OCTOBER 28TH.— $9^{\circ} 19' N.$, $126^{\circ} 10' W.$ The wind was inconsequent and from all quarters during the night. The tackle of the fore boom scraped and thundered from port to starboard, from starboard to port just over my head. All hands might have been playing at ninepins with hundred-pound iron bowls.

Finally both main and foresail were down, and we had only jib and flying jib to keep our course. The foresail became a big water spout to fill our tanks. This is the bright feature of the rain—our fresh water supply is being increased. Under

the skilled eye of the mate the canvas was ingeniously swung to catch it, the peak and leech being raised to flood into the basin formed below the drainings of the whole vast spread. Then the hands went to work to bale and to distribute into various tanks. After the first scrubbing and rinsing the sails are freed from salt and I want nothing better to drink.

But better still, it was both bath-day and wash-day. Not all this downpour can be caught. The decks themselves are soon a tide. It pours to the leeward waterways; and baths in the lee scuppers become the height of fashion in Doldrum Realm. Right after dinner it was coming down uncommonly hard.

“Here’s a chance for you,” the old man sang out, as we put our faces above, and I was not unwilling to take it. I tumbled below, and when I reappeared I wasn’t wearing much, but had as big an armful as Mrs. O’Reilly used to take from Old Brick Row in college days. It and I and a chunk of soap slid across decks together, and plumped virtuously into the long turbulent pool. Rain below, rain from all sides, rain above, and all of it soft and temperate. No Roman ever guessed such luxury. Tepadarium, Calidarium, Laconicum—it beat them all. And when the vessel lurched and the plugs pumped inward, the suction of the escaping streams bore out to sea triumphantly yet thoughtfully, not more than one garment of each kind, one’s lightest pair of socks, his easiest shirt or the big handkerchief that had been prized because it kept clean longest. Putting together the spaces I soaped at wildly on all the different articles, I am confident I made out to wash one whole piece. All hands were at it in turns when water-harvesting intermitted. The tars turned into expert laundrymen. Duck suits began to shine under their sturdy scrub brooms. Knuckles were washboards and forearms shamed wringers. The men laughed and told me I’d learn yet.

OCTOBER 29TH.—8° 16′ N., 126° 41′ W.—The yacht was “dressed.” From yard end to jibboom guys flamed the colors of all nations. But it was not the brilliancy of a pleasure cruise. Simply drying day. Dutch shirts and Finnish jumpers filled the place of flags and pennants.

I spent much of the day below. The captain finds little to keep him on deck, and favors his rheumatism.

We prolong messroom talk in the saloon. He reads and re-reads my comic papers, and even dips into the *Congregationalist* (more likely sleeps over it).

“Them fellars looks well-fed.” He refers to a group of missionaries on the outer cover.

He makes return for his diversion, has laid on my table pictures of the yacht, a characteristic old scrapbook, and a Doré edition of Balzac’s short stories; that is his “favoright work, fur moral teachin’ and lessons.” I try it, as I would the old man’s tobacco, but it isn’t my mixture.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30TH.—Only the trysail aft and forward the jibs. “What?” I exclaimed, as I glanced through the mist-thickened glasses of the binnacle. *South* had swung clear round to face the wheelman. It mattered little which way we headed. There was no steerage.

When I next put my head above there was a grateful sound of rushing water, and we were sailing south by east at a rate no one was disposed to scorn. Captain had a happier look.

“Every little tells,” he ventured.

It was bright for an hour or more in the evening, and there was a broken rainbow arc, or wind dog, in the north-east. The old philosopher was inclined to be jocose and indulged in a mild irony as he cheered us with:

“Oh, we may get a little rain yet. Our sheets ain’t soaked bigger’n your leg.”

It was raining in fifteen minutes.

OCTOBER 31ST.—7° 20’ N., 126° 25’ W. There was a slight south wind. We ran until mid-afternoon on the port tack. The tub of the forward gaff having been repaired and fitted aft, this puzzle was solved and we were again proceeding almost under full sail. But though the wind is ahead, the swells of a norther, spent before reaching us, throw us into a chop of a sea.

We have to run close so as to make all possible southing. Captain tells of Captain Driscoll who, two years ago, was de-

layed until eight months had passed in sailing from New Zealand to New York, a voyage often completed in three.

NOVEMBER 1ST.— $126^{\circ} 33'$ W., 6° N. Distance, one hundred and forty-seven miles. Head wind, nearly south. Course southeasterly and southwesterly. Gained southward in last twenty-four hours, seventy miles. To make this we had to run one hundred and forty-seven miles. A correction, too, must be made to the apparent gain. Change of latitude, compared with southing from run of log, shows us to have been subjected to a northerly current by which we have lost of late from fifteen to twenty miles daily. Since leaving 10° we have averaged a gain of only thirty miles per day.

It continues comparatively cool, where the air can reach one, even though the clouds have opened and the sun is bright. Winds ahead have this redeeming feature, one feels the full force of the breeze. In the companionway, under cover, the thermometer was not above eighty-five. The yacht pitched heavily, sawing hard into the waves. Every few moments she shipped a sea that ran aft like a young rapid, and flooded the waterways on the leeward side. With the deck boards dry and gleaming as Virginia sea sand, this sun-warmed flow was alluring as the glaze on the shingle at Old Point Comfort. One could plunge into it from very thirst.

The hands were free from the drudgery tasks of week-day life, and it was pleasant to watch them preparing for their Sunday afternoon of enjoyment. All chose to take the time above, and at once after dinner they were crawling over the long boat and hatchway to find a spot of extra comfort. Some stretched out for sleep, remembering the four hours on duty during the night. They lay face downward, with the soles of their bare feet burning in the sun. Boney and Peter and most of the wide-awakes had each a paper-covered love-tale. Squatted each in a patch of shade, beneath the corner of a spare sail or to windward of the gig, they were living in the romance of "My Danish Sweetheart," "A Pair of Brown Eyes," or "Love and Mirage."

But contentedest of all were the faces of John and Paddy.

Each held in his big brown hand a yellow apple stowed away from mess. An apple and Sunday, what a match! What memories of the bin against the corn-rick and the cider press; the lane that led up through Irish pastures to the knob-trunked orchard; or, perhaps the sharp-spired chapel in "dem Vaterland," the hum and drowse of the Sunday-school, and the stealthy swap of fruit for leb-Kuchen behind the high-pitched seat!

No such memories, may be, only grime and garlic! But there is no mast slushing to-day. The tropics are tempered and the apple is large. The time it takes to begin—balancing on the skylight, sliding down the canvas cover till a nest is found, propping one's head against the water tank! And then the pains. The green stem must be pawed slowly out; the golden whole must be cleanly pared, each blemish rounded and the core carved free. Now at last comes the eating. Was it in the stuffy fo'c'sle that the meal began? What matters it that the fruit knife used is the greasy, rust-stained sailcloth dagger whipped from the belt? I would wager theirs just now is a keener pleasure than ever my Lady Laura feels over her almond tray.

There was a gorgeous sunset. Our bows swung well to westward, the vessel's head lifted itself to the glory. The air was enchanting. Stars filled the heavens. As though reflecting them, flakes of phosphorus sprung from the motions of our keel and shooting sternward studded the milky way that wreathed our track.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2D.—5° 3' N., 127° 38' W. Run, one hundred and fifty-three miles. Fine, bright. The sky was cleared from drooping clouds. Only puffs and light-blown billows were piled here and there in a wide expanse of blue. The breeze was steady and there was an even sea. The thermometer stood at eighty-eight. We carried comfortably full main and foresails with both topsails and all the jibs. It was a capital chance for drying out. Laid in long bights under the full power of sun, the ropes came down to normal size. At mid-forenoon a sail to windward hove in sight; no part of the hull was visible

above the line. She was too distant for us to determine easily her kind or the course she was taking. I perched on the steering gear and, balancing against the boom brace, studied her long and searchingly through the glass. I made her out to be square-rigged, and from the rapidity with which we drew abreast it was seen she was running across our course south-westerly, doubtless to Australia. When we came up from dinner she had fallen well astern. She was defined in detail and proved to be square-rigged on all three masts, and of no mean size.

Bound to different worlds we were soon lost to one another's view. The only sign for days of other souls, we passed her—on she swept into the unmeasured waste—and not a word.

There was again a brilliant sunset, though from the earnestness of my discussion with the captain I barely heeded it. All day there was an even seven-knot breeze; from the close of the morning watch till noon thirty-five knots were made.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3D.— $3^{\circ} 21' N.$, $128^{\circ} 57' W.$ Distance, one hundred and fifty-eight miles. To-day was a very idyl of sea life. So gentle, yet so firmly blew the breeze. It fanned our brows. It also filled the sails. A tropic sky was over us; not dry burned with torrid heat, only mellowed into a golden glimmer by the power of a life-opening sun. Such a joy to find this at the equator's belt!

"A Neapolitan day," I suggested to the captain. "Um—wal, they may have *some* sech days there!" But even from Captain Crosby there escaped a twinkle of real pleasure. Had it been all coloring and no wind the "shimmer" might be hanged. But nature gave him no excuse. He stumbled about in short turns to windward barefoot but for his Japan sandals. He also took this heaven-born day in which to ransack his cabin and pitch up the gangway on to the after-deck a perfect junk-shop of old clothes. There were garments of all styles and all degrees of demoralization, whole sets of sailors' suits with caps and wide-cut trousers, rubber gloves and Arctic helmets, leather reefers, Turkish fezzes, bamboo canes, charts, netting, and, pitched among all, an assortment of feminine

needle cases. "I used the needles that come in 'em up," explained the gray old winner. On all the tropical sun was given an equal chance. "I can't get through them all in one day," the old man muttered, poking around. "If there's bugs in 'em, it's my fault for havin' too much clothes."

The North Star is no longer in our ken. Now we have in our firmament the Southern Cross.

The group is not conspicuous, and even the star which indicates the south has no unusual fire. But these heavens are grand. To-night we are about a degree and a half from the equator.

With our doldrums and head winds we have been twelve days in making eight degrees.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4TH.— $1^{\circ} 38'$ N., $129^{\circ} 45'$ W. Distance, one hundred and twenty-nine miles. It was another gem-like day, though not the equal of its forerunner. By log at noon we had sailed one hundred and twenty miles. Our latitude showed a gain of one degree. This brings us to about $1^{\circ} 40'$. The thermometer ranges at eighty-six or eighty-eight.

The atmosphere has the peculiarity of all tropical or lower temperate latitudes. A shield from the sun without an over-roofing cover entirely changes the quality of the air. When it is blazing hot on the sunny side of the deck, a cap or stocking hung just on the other side of the boom in the shade becomes damp. The common moisture of the air saturates it. I find it better not to lie outstretched above deck after sundown—best indeed to put on a sweater or extra woolen garment. Otherwise one becomes full of sluggishness and inertia. In the day one feels a certain dizziness if rising and stepping suddenly out of the shade into the full sun glare. Some malaria, of course, along the equator. It is good advice to wear woolen flannels even at night. The sailors hold to heavy ones.

Neptune evidently grew tired of waiting for us, and determined to seek us out in advance of our reaching the line. I whiffed, toward late afternoon, an air of something ominous, and knew, too, that the time for my reception could not be far away. The cook gave me a wink as I came out from supper

and smuggled into my possession a pair of rough, light trousers that "I might find handy for the evening."

"I think Neptune will be round before dark, sir," he volunteered.

So I laid off my underwear before going above and slipped a light coat over my flannel shirt and trousers. A momentous unconcern completed my outfit, and wrapped in this I watched the sun set—and the forecastle. Soon after Boney at the wheel had struck four bells I was less surprised than amused to see strange figures circling around the capstan. Next an eerie band came crouching under the fore boom. There was no mistaking Neptune at their head. Jack had contrived a jolly get-up out of an old tarpaulin, yellow jacket and huge top boots. But the glory of his seaborne majesty was a vast and snakey beard made of long manila ringlets. About this and over his huge so'wester he flourished a shapeless, thin-edged bludgeon, the size of an oar. By the hand he led a creature as winsome as himself, of feminine stature, shrouded in black, her features masked by a greasy covering that disclosed but one eye. A rag-tag of fantastic creatures followed. Filing right aft to the captain and mate, Neptune, in a ceremonious speech, expressed his gratification at welcoming these well-known subjects once more to the throne seat of his domain, conveying also the equal pleasure of his queen and court. He then begged the captain without further parley to make it known to him if he had in his company any who had never before crossed this dividing tract of ocean and been given a reception at his briny court.

"Yes," replied the captain, "there is one;" and with a sweep of his hand he indicated me standing nearby. Thanking him for the information, Neptune thereupon presented me to his wife, who greeted me with effusion and a suggested kiss. Straightway in the hands of his minions I was hurried forward. Had I humored the affair less there would doubtless have been a rougher turn to the fun. Good-nature led them to give me a camp-stool way forward as a seat instead of the rail of the vessel. I was placed with my back to the bow, not knowing what was going to befall me from behind. There the

body of the court was gathered. Only Neptune stood before, staff upraised, and I now perceived it to be fashioned as a huge razor. He gravely informed me that before receiving his royal favor it was necessary I should first be shaved. Mrs. Neptune at once appeared with the mug and soap. It was an iron basin filled with mingled mast slush and bilge water. Into this a large swab was dipped. I winced a bit and perhaps closed my nostrils. Neptune himself seemed to waver. But dipping in the brush, at it he went, lathering my beard, then making a pretense to shave it off.

“What sort of a beard is this?” he cursed, pretending to saw laboriously.

“A Bowery beard,” I retorted, “one of the finest,” which upset the ceremony with a laugh.

After more such monkeying, the preliminaries were declared completed. I was knighted by a sharp blow of the razor over my shoulder, and at a motion from behind I was deluged by a dozen bucketsful of water, fresh from Neptune’s realm. I was then led aft, dripping, and took a somewhat watery farewell of my newly gained royal friends. All hands were reinstated. A general scuffle was soon in progress. Harry, who ran up to the cross-trees, was finally hauled down and doused and even Boney at the wheel was salted down and had to be relieved for dry clothes. A galaxy of cigar lights about the forecastle evidenced that my health was being honored when I went forward again. Jack received my congratulations on his wife and razor, laughingly assured me that the fun was even greater when a large number of landlubbers had to be received. He had tossed over his beard and scepter, but is going to make me copies of them to take home.

I should have relished a plunge overboard after that “shave.” But old “Meester Shark,” as Berthold calls him, who has been accompanying us might have given me a closer one. We were all but becalmed at sundown. The sky became low, hung with blackening clouds. We shall not make the equator to-night.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5TH.—1° 3' N., 131° 12' W. Run, eighty-eight miles. Southing forty miles. I was early on deck

to find a light breeze, the sky clear, and quite a bracing flavor in the air. I took a turn at the wheel after breakfast, one of the men standing by when the captain went below. He gave an occasional jog at the handles and told me a number of interesting things in regard to the different kinds of wheels and the methods of steering. It seems to be agreed that the great liners are the most difficult. Steering is done by a scale of degrees, the wheel is small and controls the rudder by hydraulic power. Consequently the turn to starboard or port is very slight. A "hard down," in the sailboat sense, would tear the gearing all to pieces. But the speed of the large vessels is an easing factor. The faster a vessel the easier she steers. In any other than light weather so much sailor talk at the wheel would be decidedly out of order.

After dinner the fish were seen jumping out of the water off our bows. With a good-sized line and hook I crawled out onto the end of the jibboom and trolled and bobbed for them. They do not readily come in so near. Shoals of flying fish flashed across the ripples, sustaining themselves, sometimes for rods at a time, and the gulls seemed to be finding off on the waste plenty of the small madrones that, stunned by the larger fish, they steal away from their slayers, swooping down too quick for their rivals. They can be seen lighting in fluttering dots of white upon the green expanse.

I caught nothing, but found my narrow perch most pleasurable. I somehow managed to stretch out between the jibs and dreamed and dozed in the warm sun. On just such a day six months ago, away at the bow of an Old Dominion liner, I swept the rim of just such a sea, little thinking that the old tub, Columbia, which was poking wanderingly along the North Atlantic seaboard, would be exchanged in several months for a grayhound yacht in the Pacific tropics. So I mused and moralized. "How very"—but a tug at my line, by Jove! something weighty, and I pulled up—the cook's dank dishcloth, which the prosaic rascal had tied on amidst my dreams.

At nine P. M. we tacked to the westward with a light breeze. We can safely hope to reach the line to-morrow. Twenty-two days from San Francisco against the captain's expectation of

fifteen. Even merchantmen (with good winds) have made it in twenty-one. Shall we know the president before he is inaugurated?

EQUATOR, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH.— $0^{\circ} 9' S.$, $132^{\circ} 5' W.$ Run, one hundred and twenty-seven miles. By the noon sights we found ourselves over the equator, several leagues into the South Pacific. Almost sixty degrees of it lie below us as compared with the thirty-seven we have traversed amid the broadness of the Northern sweep. The exact longitude at which we crossed the line was 132° west; in miles, from the coast, where the line enters Ecuador, we are three thousand, one hundred and twenty; from the Galapagos Islands, two thousand, five hundred and twenty; from the nearest land, Marquesas Islands, southwest, about six hundred and sixty miles. We are thus not far from mid-ocean. We are as near to the Marshall and Fiji Islands as to South America, and about two-fifths of the way between South America and the Australian coast.

To-day the captain decided to cut four inches from the stanchions of the gallows built to support the main boom on occasions of heavy strain. He sets the mate to work upon it, knowing him to be a clever hand. Pieter helped, and they were about it most of the day. When it was lowered, along the crossbar was padded a huge thrum-mat, braided and fashioned by the sailors. Long and rounded, with a tawny fluff of intertwined hemp, it struck me that this would make a charming New Year's offering to the Patagonian Queen as a Cape Horn Sunday boa. The captain's dominating personality overhung the "job." I found a double interest in watching both the progress of the work and the old man's superintendency of it. His imperiousness resulted in his at one time taking the auger into his own hands and applying it in the *expeditious* way "by rule of thumb." This was much to the disgust of the mate, who is an exacter, perhaps because a younger, man.

On such slight happenings the interest of these passing days is based, so equable in light of heaven and sea. With only an occasional shifting of the sails, we haul to eastward or to westward of the breeze; the sails are softly filled for another long

tack and the more stirring activities of a sailor's life lapse into the humdrum tasks of daily "keeping up."

There is always something to be done, and the sailor goes about it efficiently and with seeming content. Jack is not alone compelled by the imperativeness of his duty to be active; he seems to have a personal pride and finds a charm in it. Basting the staysail or picking rope yarn, he willingly lends a moment to teach you "a bowline knot on a bight;" but he is as studiously back at his needle and that too when his over-officer is not near.

It was a beautiful firmament. To look free, thoughtfully on such grandeur, changeless from God's own hand, cannot, I believe, fail to better any man. Mr. Johnson, the rough Norwegian second mate, had been talking lightly to me as I watched, reminiscing on his youthful days when as one of the boys he used to take his time on shore. It was a long-forgotten time, and he continued chuckling softly to himself as his thoughts took wing way back. But as twilight deepened there was silence. When next I recognized his presence it was to be attracted by an earnest tone. In his broken tongue:

"Der Lord does good tings for us, doesn't he, sir?"

Then quietly and with real eloquence in his voice, "Yes, everything spread out so beautiful! Everything is well made, it is, sir."

A longer pause, then:

"We thinks very leetle of it. No, sir, we *doos* not!"

Truly there is one God over all!

It was on the next day, Saturday, the seventh, that, coming into two degrees south of the equator, we caught the southeast "trades." They settle well to the east. Taking them full on the beam, by Sunday we were not only running briskly with the main topmast staysail again straining out its clew, but we also began to bear along the slant of the South American coast. We headed east of south even to southeast. It was a good change, to begin scaling down our heretofore always increasing longitude.

We had been feeling that, after the hop-sotch variables, the bad luck of perhaps three days out of six months, we ought

to be given these trades until well along the southern tropic. The third day we made a run of two hundred and eleven miles; but, curiously, with a fresh E. or E. N. E. wind we began to encounter heavy swells from the south; they are common to this sea, and tossed and bothered us. After that the wind faltered, drew abaft the beam, and it became stifflingly hot.

The trysail was hauled up from the saloon, dried and aired on deck, and new cleats fitted. Spread over the long boat and the midship skylights, it shut out the glass-drawn sun below and shaded coolingly the saloon and companionways. The captain at noon stated that because of the heat he had dressed for dinner and came—in his overalls. I mistrust he wore them to cover his present laziness by the suggestion of a sometime working-man. He didn't swallow his food and run, for press of work. We dallied over the last of the apples. Ambition seems to have vanished with the cook's last lump of ice. The case of that "dear departed," I must add, was one of "brightening blessings." "The funeral meats did coldly furnish forth the (Sunday) table." Cook ideally celebrated the loss in three plates of "Eagle Brand" ice cream, wonderfully intermarried with the honeyed nectar of peaches. "Chef" truly is the real De Soto, "pound-for-pound" the only known recipe for eternal youth. Let him find one other for the butter which we still absurdly go through the form of "cutting" with a knife.

Early rising so stamps hot days with vim. We lay as if amid the hay swathes of the old Maine farm. In place of fringing orchard leaves, the swinging staysail barred and unbarred the sun. In the moment's shadow it was not uncomfortable, but looking upward through the flinging head, gauzy in the light, suddenly it would flap aside—a blinding glare, a furnace seven times heated suddenly turned on, that was the antipodal contrast between sun and shadow on the equator's margin.

The nights are cooler. In the pale crayonings of the moon the life upon our little ship is touched with sorcery. Lights and figures—the wheel man leaning on the spokes, the restless captain and pacing mate; flute notes from the fore-castle group; along the canvas of the boats, slumbering figures.

fading constellations of cigars, the dying embers of deep-burned pipes.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11TH.—9° 35' S., 130° 25' 30" W. Temperature 86°. Distance, twenty-one miles. On deck at sunrise. There was no breeze. The sky was scarcely broken by a cloud. The sun, just peeping from the eastern rim, looked across long sweeps of undulating molten glass. Scarce a color blended with the blue above. It had been painted on the deep; and the deep was heaving, swelling all around. Amber and opal-pink and plain-pale blue were varying on the tinted ocean mounds. These rose and fell, causeless but never still; they reached from rim to rim over this sun-sipped goblet called the sea.

Most distant, to the east, the hither slopes were poured upon with gold. They seemed like breakers over-curving on a sunken coast.

This was the daybreak beauty of the scene, the mystery and suspense; calmness, quiet everywhere—but these unrolling heaves!

About the decks it was scrubbing hour. The captain was still sleeping. Berthold had the morning watch. With his four men he was washing down the decks. Washing, I say, not superintending, for he was bare-legged among them. One man with line and canvas bucket drew water, casting over the vessel's side. The mate received it in his iron pail, and freely dashing it, swept the deck-planks and flushed out every joining along the sides. Gus pushed hard on the scrubbing brush; Jack splashed in with a broom; Paddy and Albert were at the pump; a few moments working daily drives out the leakage that is hardly appreciable.

This is the lively, unslacked work that comes with sun-up to these men. They are at it daily three hours before breakfast in cold as well as warmth. Twice a week the decks are sand-scoured as well as washed.

After the scrubbing, the appearance of the captain and the taking of the sights, things become settled for the day—tremendously settled. Quite.

“ As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.”

Not a breath. By breakfast time captain, the mate and I were all looking intently over the rail. If not a breeze, anything, a shark, or whale! I believe these men would take a good whip from a monster rather than such stagnation. It was the nature of the jungle-beast, this desire for something to come along. We did spy some “kitten” mackerel, sharks’ delicacies, useless to us. We soon had over several lines, but there were few and they did not bite. Breakfast came as a happy feature.

No improvement when we went above. “Ain’t had the luck of a lousy calf!” was the captain’s comment, “lived all winter and killed in the spring.”

But the captain’s a better philosopher at sea than ashore. He said little more, but settled himself again in the gig-cover. I climbed the rigging and watched the sea, fluctuant, and variegated into more colors than a grain-field weaves. From my foremast perch against the sun the sea flashed and sparkled in a million diamond points of light. It was as any mill pond on an August day. Yet its limit was the line, far away, of heaven. This straight drawn edge was waving in great heaps, sometimes seeming to rise above our hull and we to have slid to the valley’s bed. There were great contrasts on the sea. Just about us only the merest crinkling ripple, a woman’s moire flow of skirt. This was inexplicably dappled in little paws, as from drops of oil. Then the aimless risings shimmered and blended in streaks and courses and counter-courses. It was as though elusive breezes were playing lazy hide-and-seek in silver grain.

One thing that interested me was our early “speaking” of several “Portuguese men-o’-war,” that came sailing by in tiny majesty. They are a jelly-fish organization, propelled on smooth water by raising perpendicularly a filmy, vertebrated semicircle that serves for working sail. A single mast, as it were, with tight-drawn stays, is outlined sharply.

“Climbing the mighty deep,” it is certainly an amusing curiosity. Toward night other strange forms of minute sea life

came drifting by. I ceased to discount so much the poet's whim.

“The very deep did rot . . .
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs,
Upon a slimy sea.”

One that I succeeded in baling in by a bucket was a curious mass of spawn and brittle-shelled barnacles which, scraped away, exposed a snail that exuded an indigo liquid. I bottled this floating shell, but the slime, evidently its float bag, dried in the air. As the captain illustrates the equatorial pregnancy, “I have watched a grease spot and seen it *git up*—a bug.”

It was the next evening when the spell broke. Just a moving breeze had given us seven miles. Rain clouds passed and killed that wind. But at five, to the southeast, we saw a brilliant wind-dog. It was a true omen. As the sooty clouds rose again over us, a grand east wind sprang up, heeling us well to leeward, crushing out the thick coverlids of foam. From four to six bells, twelve knots, next hour seven or eight, a pretty bit of sailing. Then continuing moderate.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13TH. —12° 22' S., 129° 34' W. Temperature 88°. Distance, one hundred and fifty-two miles. A strong sailing day. The vigorous trade well to the east held steadily abeam. We continued under full spread of canvas. It is the yacht's soundest course. Under it she carries herself evenly, maintaining to-day an eight-knot average, a fair daily rate. The sea had life and zest but was not boisterous. Hands and faces burned and gained an added coat of tan.

From the first days it has fallen to me to act as ship's physician. Forward from the saloon there is a well-equipped chest of drugs, plasters, salves and bandages. I am installed custodian of the keys and am working up a respectable village practice. Popular office hours seem to be about dog watch. If a supporter of the “mind-cure” theory it would perhaps be suggested to me that this is the period when there is little active work to be done, much chance to think of home. Jack then discovers that he has a “suckin' in his stomick; he has felt

bad for the last half-week." Dragging aft he intercepts me amidships in my walk and petitions me "to be so kind as to give him a physic." If he's a little worse than slightly upset the relation of his ills is harrowing indeed. Invariably he has "got most scared, for havin' always been healthy before."

I have been disappointed not to find either among the professor's or the captain's papers a chart of these southern heavens. The Southern Cross is clearer now, and we look for it from starboard as we run southeast. Shooting stars are numberless. Captain "points me out the way to the 'Pelarades.'" He adds that, by its name, the "Aurora Borus" belongs in the North, instruction more picturesque than satisfying.

Berthold came to-night and stretched out on the deck beside me where I sat. He and Mr. Johnson are apt to overlap their times above these fine nights; before turning in they take another hour just for cooling off on deck. Andrew is a little quiet of late. I think he feels the heat, and is a trifle restless. A hot-blooded son of brawn, his chest runs rivers; and from the difficulty in sleeping during the heat of the day he is falling off in his square set frame, while Johnson and I are growing fat. I chafed him on being more homesick than I, and looking ahead, thinking of that fine American girl I am to find for him. We have famous talks on all sorts of subjects, many sound and wholesome among them. Tame some of his Russian fierceness, and he will indeed make a bold and lovable sailor lad for any lass. He put out his hand before he dived below, and I wished him a cool four hours.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH.—17° 50' S., 129° 1' 15" W. Distance, one hundred and sixty miles. Another poem. One with sacredness. It was the first of our Sabbaths that has had the peaceful quietude of the Lord's Day. Of common worship there was none, as formerly, but from the earliest step on deck there was the light of peaceful sanctitude on the sea, as unmistakable a presence as we feel about the Green Mountain village church, or along the elm-arched paths of Salisbury Close and Lincoln.

Captain and I spent all the later morning in such considera-

tions. He began by scoring me for bringing two heavy suits above to air on deck. "You're bad as Jack," he says, "leave your chest below all the week and fetch it up Sunday morning."

"Yes, pretty bad, pretty bad, captain; better let the moths have 'em whole."

Captain's explanation of the plucking of the corn ears on the Sabbath is this:

"Christ *hed* to do something to offend the Jews, in order that His death should take place. Here was one of His best chances, the breaking of the old law, an' he took it." In another line, relating to the inquiry of the rich young man, the captain explained by a critical exegesis the nature of Christ's temptation under this ordeal. "Christ looked at him, knowin' all the money he had, and he might very easy have said, 'Yes, you can come into eternal life by giving all you've got to the church.' But no, he knew that the young man to be saved must give it all up unconditioned and He let the advantage to the church go."

These are the truths that the captain draws from the highest sources. The calculating element, the basis of dollars and cents, animating even the Saviour! Doesn't it all sometimes seem hopeless? Yes, utterly so; and then the divine spark manifestly, surprisingly shines out. As we were led on, I listening mainly, the sweet side, the summer of the captain's heart, seemed to open, mellowed by God's sunshine-flooded day. There is a spiritual beauty far beyond the sensuous charm of sea and sky on such a day. Of little children, of mildly-speaking, lovable characters that he had known in life, noble mothers, of ministers, even, who had done an earnest, humble work, such courses the captain's conversation took, and I was as much profited as by communion with the purest. The "best portion" is Christlike in all.

There was the same charm all the afternoon. But toward supper-time a fall became noticeable in the unusual spiritual height of the captain's barometer. His old New England Sunday was up at sundown, I suppose. Once in the messroom, with the bringing on of the beans, long restrained, he was

sniffing for a fray—could stand it no longer, it seemed. Mention of the Salvation Army—rather his own introduction of it—gave cause for war. By cake time he was at it full tilt, charging not only against this somewhat irregular body, but also against “all Bethel Missions, Christian Endeavorers, and Holy Joe orders of all kinds.” “The Salvation Army is jest pure cussedness. There ain’t no sincerity about it, unless it’s the fraud in it—that’s sincere enough!” From this to French Sailors’ Missions, how he had been defrauded by one in Havre “run by a Holy Joe,” the impossibility of getting any justice from judge or jury in cases against religious orders of any nature—and so forth and on.

When finally he tumbled below to get his pipe we all laughed. In these holdings forth the man at the wheel has to go through all sorts of pretexts to hide his smiles. He is supposed to be conscious of nothing but the compass, but in a gale—conceive the captain would indulge in these tirades—’twould go hard with the ship. Jack is often folded up double over the spokes and buries his grins only by appearing to watch the log rope.

“Wot you t’ink of him?” Andrew will ask. “Die old man is pretty sharp.”

“He’s in great spirits to-day, Andrew, no mistake.” Then Andrew came across to me and in a confidential tone, “Die trut is, I wonder to myself. In der four years I haf been mid him he was never so good before.” From this I hit upon something quite new to me.

This is Andrew’s initial trip as first mate of the Coronet. Only at San Francisco, after the return from Yokohama, did he come up from the second place. He is the fourth man who has filled the place since the sailing from New York, a year ago next month. Most of this time, because of his thorough acquaintance with the boat, the greater part of the work for both mates has fallen upon him. Naturally his work has not been easy, and now I understand the responsibility that he has felt during the first weeks in a position new to him. The results of his headship of the practical management, with efficient help from Johnson, are clearly marked. The vessel in

every part and all its rigging was from the first put into shape and has been kept in shape. The captain, I believe, is well satisfied with the new arrangement, but Andrew says, "Eef I keep on being mid der old man I shall get to be shoost lak him. I get some lak him already, dees leetle points I know eet—yes."

It is a month to-day since we set sail. It has been exceptionally slow traveling thus far. "Poor luck" has fallen to us in all nautical reckoning. Only the lightness of our little ship has enabled us to make creditable headway. But as a pleasure trip it has been equally exceptional. This bounteous dispensation of fair days so nearly equable has framed a rosary of bright golden beads. We have been most fortunate to have experienced no insufferable heat in the tropics. I hardly look for the same conditions on the northern run. These days which one might think would grow so monotonous do not wear on me. I have enjoyed the month keenly. It has not seemed long, and has done me much good. I feel decidedly the benefits of my splendid accommodations, the excellent table and thoroughly comfortable berth. I have the practical without the useless obstructive "knocking about."

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18TH.—24° 16' S., 129° 39' W.
Distance, one hundred and ninety-one miles.

"Man overboard!"

That was the cry that struck in upon our souls and froze itself into a lasting memory of this day. It doesn't matter much that it came about in a commonplace manner. The sea is just awful, whether you are dragged into it from a clothesline or shaken from the masthead. All the morning it had tossed us angrily. Wind and waves had heightened since yesterday. We were driving under a half-clouded sky, and had tried fitfully for the noon sights. The cook's galley has just been deluged by a heavy sea, and I came above from mopping up the alley next my room. Captain and Berthold were still forward below. Two of the hands leeward of the foremast were steady-ing themselves where they were busy just over the wet slanting deck and the flooded scuppers. Suddenly they came crawling

up amidships over the long boat, and I was caught by the words, spoken quietly, almost lifelessly, "Man overboard, man overboard." I could make nothing of the fellows' actions. It must be they were in sport. But that was quickly settled. Another instant and gurgling, hysterical shrieks rose from the surf beneath our starboard bows. No mistaking that! In a flash all was commotion. The two men were down against the bulwarks casting alongside free sheets and halyards. Johnson was aft in five great bounding strides. Captain, with the mate, had gained the deck, torn the wheel from the steersman, and cursing and swearing at him for his delinquency, thrust the spokes hard down and had her hove to. All hands were above, and dragging down the fore staysail. We sensed it somehow that Harry had gone off the jib boom guys, foolishly out there to take in his clothes. He was buried from all help beneath the vessel's side. Now we could hope to reach him only astern.

"Lower the boats—never mind the staysail, let her go."

"Stand by with that buoy."

These were some of the orders bawled hoarsely. In a second head and flinging arms appeared out of the great swells at our stern. I sprang for the slack of the main sheet. But we still had headway, and the distance of the tossing figure was too rapidly lengthening in our wake.

"Catch the log line," Berthold bawled and bawled again, trumpeting through his hands.

I hung over the taffrail to shake the slender white cord up to the surface. The weakening arms caught at it, but did not hold. Just then some heaven-guided hand cast the life-buoy. It scaled and circled over the cavernous depths, fell, fell short—but three strong over-lunges brought the sinking man to it. Up again with his shoulder and he had it through the loop. But he was adrift; we could have hauled him straight in had he caught the twisting line and grappled to the rotator. The captain was a white that chilled one's blood to witness.

"Has he got it?" There was an awful anguish in his voice.

"All right, sir!" I sung out, peering away astern. "He's got it now; he's all right."

Then the freeing from the greater strain seemed to come in a storm of oaths. We had torn away the lashings and were lowering the quarter boat.

“Make sure that the plugs are in. *Make sure that those plugs are in!*” thundering and stamping the deck as his orders seemed neglected. “Not d—d sense enough to put the wheel down, or he might ha’ had the line. Out o’ that boat, one of you. It ain’t *safe* for more than two men. Out of it. D—n it, you’ll *all* be in!” The boat was on its keel and swirled off by the sea, both the mates with oars. But quickly as possible she was wrenched alongside and Berthold clambered back by help of a halyard. Standing to pay and push her off, Johnson an other moment was swung about, his long arms swept at the oars, and swiftly he was carried up, down, away, over the piles of the sea to the man, still discernible fifty rods astern. We shouted and pointed the direction to him, then there was an instant to turn to the knot of men gathered in whitened, awe-struck motionlessness about the empty davits. It was not a time for tenderness but for stern reproof. The mate stepped forward and his words fell wrathfully on all.

“I tell you all the time, all the time, and yet you take no care. The man’s clothes hangs there two days and two nights and *now* he goes out to take them in. I speak to him about them. But he shan’t do it *now*. He waits till stern. He risks his life. What if he had missed the buoy? A man’s life is lost and the question is ‘Where were the officers?’ Dot man should be brought in, taken to the mast, stripped and lashed, I mean it—yes!”

Naturally there was nothing said. The tossing shell reappeared, Johnson facing this time in the stern the drenched shrunken figure of Harry. Not a shout, no words of greeting! There were friendly arms to give him a pull over the vessel’s side. No doubt below the boys had a warm word for the culprit—so he seemed. But to be spared death and come back to such a chill would leaden the heart of our finer creatures!

Harry found his way out of the ring and forward to a seat, where he might steady up and free his lungs of water. The hands went to work to save the vessel’s headway. The stay-

sail was reset, she filled on the starboard, then tacked onto her old course and we were on our way again. But I looked for some storm still. I went forward and was confirmed in my assurance that the unlucky fellow wasn't badly off. He needed no stimulant, so I gave him none. Both hands were bleeding, one badly torn on the guy-ropes or gashed by his knife. I dressed and bound them, and told him to get some dry clothes on. I went to mess and found the captain's place cleared—which I did not greatly regret. I was hungry and ready to keep quiet awhile. I let the mate blow off the rest of his steam and even in a piece of curious logic lay all this trouble to the fact of the fellow's being an American.

“Russians, Swedes, Norwegians, dey take *care* ob demselbes.”

Such an experience is indeed terrific for officers; they have a responsibility which is far beyond their personal heart-quakings. The man was certainly culpable. I cannot blame the mate for the feeling.

We all had the lesson without the terrible example, the presence of death without its awful touch. Soon nerves were calmed; Mr. Johnson joked with me that he had had a good boat ride; the captain after coming above fell to humming at his place by the steersman, and our frame of mind bore a little toward the thankful. Only Harry sat a long time alone, his back to the other men on watch. There are times to be alone. He had told me that 'twas only the life-buoy saved him.

Who could follow the after-thoughts that filled the Irish-American boy's mind? Were they not of home? Were there not prayers, whether or not he himself knew them? God pity him in his loneliness, reckless, foolish though he was.

We continued under gaff topsails and jib topsail furled. By dark the captain was meditating reefing the mainsail. The yank coming every which way could not be withstood. Rain burst upon us heavily. After a time I went below to read. I had just fixed a lamp when there came a swoop, then a crash, just over me as if a mast had gone. Springing above I found the main gaff had fallen. An inch and a quarter iron hook, snapping into the strap of the throat halyard just below the

jaw, had snapped clean as a toothpick. The spar had fallen almost from the crosstrees, sixty feet or more, full upon the companionways. Most fortunately the heavy crook of iron struck against the boom or the folds of the sail that had jammed. If this had not happened it would have crashed through the polished gangway, through to the cabins. Another calamity prevented. Andrew, with two of the hands, spent a half hour in the saloon clearing away the ring with a cold saw. The damage was repaired, and we proceeded for the night under reefed mainsail, foresail and furled topsails and jib topsails.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH.—Last night we sighted land. We sailed four miles to windward of Pitcairn Island, $25^{\circ} 3' S.$, $130^{\circ} 6' W.$ It is one of the Paumotu or Low Arch group, lying to the southward and eastward of the cluster. In the darkness and rain to us it was little else than a blur upon the horizon. Covering five or more square miles, it has at its greatest height an elevation of about a thousand feet, and bears luxuriantly the products of higher tropical latitudes.

Pitcairn is famous as having been settled by the mutineers of the English ship *Bounty*, which on the suggestion of Captain Cook had been sent to Tahiti for the purpose of transporting shoots of the bread-fruit tree to the West Indies. A body of the mutineers established themselves upon the lonely Pitcairn in 1789. There were less than thirty of the colonists, men and native women. Preserving from the *Bounty* all equipments that could be used, they burned the vessel itself and left a thickening fringe of trees to screen their huts seaward from observation. It was not until a score of years later that an American ship, chancing to land for water, discovered the fugitives. Through the vicissitudes of lawlessness and a memory of their misdeeds they had evolved with the coming on of a new generation, into a community both peaceable and well controlled. With hardly an exception the old mutineers had met violent deaths. Those who had sought refuge at Tahiti had been brought to English justice. The youthful survivors in Pitcairn were relieved and cared for, and it became in time a

firmly rooted English station. Some of their descendants have gone as missionaries among the other islands; and there are said to be upon Pitcairn to-day about one hundred and thirty of these quiet-lived people. When an occasional whaler or mission brig anchors off their little coast, the men put out in boats to fill the visitors' casks. The captain in return rummages his chest for all books and papers that can be spared. They are turned over to the islanders, and over tidings of the great world they dream on for another term of months or years of isolation.

It is not easy to pass over so much of the world and not open eyes on some of these strange regions. But I am out for the sea, and am content.

We are again in the temperate zone. The sun we overtook and passed on Monday. The event gave an interest to our noon observation. When captain had called "Eight bells!" the reading of his sextant gave us lat. $19^{\circ} 51'$. The declination of the sun was $19^{\circ} 1'$, the difference between the two representing just the number of miles we were south of the sun at the moment of its highest altitude (which was high indeed, $88^{\circ} 48'$, or more). When I swept my instrument all about the horizon a little before the sun reached its highest point, its relative position north and south was just opposite to what it had been before. Its image has been lower to the south. To-day starting with a space of a degree in the north, I kept the image all the way around, but gradually to the south it heightened to, say, two degrees. We were only slightly removed from the crest of the circle inscribed by the sextant. If fifty miles had been cut from our last day's run, we should have been directly under the sun; its image at noon would have grazed the horizon at all points. It was near enough! Aside from affording us interest, it made its mark upon our Fahrenheit at eighty-nine.

A fraction over another day's run brought us to the Tropic of Capricorn. I have continued taking observations, Mr. Johnson having kindly offered me his octant. When we crossed this second goal where, after but a few degrees further south, the sun will turn to cast his beams upon the Northern world, the stupendousness of this phenomenon and its spiritual force came over me afresh,

“His going forth is from the end of heaven, and his circuit unto the end of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.”

The man who went overboard is none the worse. I dressed his hands again; he wanted little more.

“What did you say about the man overboard in your log?” asked Andrew and Mr. Johnson.

“Ah, a bad day, I put it, a bad off day!”

“Vell, now, I tink eet vas petty good day. Vee saved a man, die land vas sighted and die gaff didn’t smash in notting nor kill ennybody. Mighty good day, I tink.”

“I guess you’ve got it just right, Andrew.”

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22D.—It has grown considerably cooler. In three days there was a drop of twenty degrees. Blankets are tolerable. Yesterday was fine, strong and crisp, with somewhat such an amber tint above as we experienced three days north of the line. The hands were busy tarring down the lower shrouds, the lanyards, and examining the dead eyes. Captain predicted wind northerly before to-day, and this morning it was full from N.E. It held all day with driving power; we had a “Chilian fog,” and the first part of the afternoon there was rain. I think we all felt better for having a religious service. I determined last week we ought to have it, and I am glad that a start has been made. The first mate is favorable but not encouraging. He tried on the outward passage to have a Sunday service, but the men grew careless and mocking. He found he could not go in and out among the hands as one of them during the week and on Sunday carry in a religious service the weight with them that is essential to inspire respect. I told him this morning that I wanted to do what we could and that he must help me both in advice and by his participation. I tried as much as possible to get at the best way of it. Andrew said that I must use my own judgment, and consider fully whether to enter upon it. I must not depend upon him at all, first because on alternate Sundays he would be on duty, again it would be better in other ways to go quite independent of him. He used to have the men in our messroom

forward. After the serious ones had gone above the others would pile down from their game of cards and howl and bawl over the sacred hymns in derision.

First of all, I thought, it is necessary to get those men who *do* care anything about it into a spot where they can be quiet; they must not have one eye on a neighboring game of High-Low-Jack. The main saloon is the only proper place, and I knew that when cruising with a party aboard Captain Arthur James commonly had Sunday services there for the guests and hands together. I felt justified to bring them down there, yet wanted to get Captain Crosby's approval. I knew that he had squelched T—, a college fellow who came as "owner's seaman" on the westward trip. T—, being desirous to keep up the home observances, approached the captain a few mornings out and said that he was accustomed to having prayers and would like to call the hands together for that purpose.

"No, none o' that," was the captain's response, "if yer want to hev any o' that you can go forward in the fo'c'sle."

Decidedly the "old man" considered T— a "Holy Joe."

So I was not a little relieved when, having bided the old man's good humor, I broached the subject to him, stating that it seemed best to me to get the men together in the saloon rather than forward—I was relieved, I say, to have him assent to the whole proposal with a brief but conclusive—

"*All* right; you can have 'em where you want."

I went forward and told the men, first calling down the fore-castle ladder to learn if I might descend, then speaking to the other men, on watch, about the decks, and at the wheel. It was easy enough for those to whom I spoke individually to at least return a non-committal "all right, sir." The lad who was so narrowly saved from drowning seemed really glad of the chance. But for those who were among their cronies, lounging, reading, smoking, sharpening their razors in the fore-castle, it was a harder moment. I purposely took them this way. "Let 'em have it, then leave it to God," I thought.

"We're going to have a little religious service," I started in, as I slipped a step, and shot down among the bunks—"some

singing—a half hour of worship. We've been half a dozen Sundays out, and it seems only the right thing. We want to have all that want to come, *come*. How about it?"

Jack hung his head over his strap—I guessed it was Gus barricaded behind a novel—got squarer behind his book, and Barney was studiously examining his pipe. I waited, and there wasn't anybody ready to speak first.

"Now, understand one thing. I tell you plainly, we don't want any one to come who doesn't want to come. Would like to have everybody, and if we all come I think we'll have a good time. But we want to have it in the right kind of a way. Now for those who want to, what's the best time? Just after the dog watch is set?"

"Yes," came from behind the book where Gus's head was bolstered. That broke the hang-dog embarrassment. The others agreed that was as good a time as any. So we called it a go.

At four it had stopped raining. Eight bells struck, the man at the wheel was relieved, but no move aft was made from the group about the forecandle. I went forward and told them that it was this time I meant, the *first* dog watch. Then I went below and swept a commanding eye over my *auditorium* crowded with empty chairs. Stepping to the galley to remind the cook, he told me he must first get his supper under way. I saw playing over his face the remnant of a smile he was just exchanging with or at a group passing his skylight above. Perhaps he had seen something that reminded him of a chain of convicts going to the gallows. But when I was back again in the saloon, down the companionway they came, a good solid string of men. I saw at once to my delight that all the crew, except the man whose turn at the wheel it was and one other, were on hand. Mr. Johnson supplemented them, Berthold being on duty, the captain dozing in his cabin just aft, not out of hearing. I strung the men along the side of the saloon on chairs and sofas, so as to have each to the front. Then I passed around the song books, and we were soon well at it. I based much on the singing, and never regretted more my uselessness at the piano. It could easily have been unearthed from the sugar barrels,

But the old gospels go of themselves, once started. I somehow managed to pitch them on a key that held, and soon we were well into the swing of "Shall We Gather at the River?" "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," "He Leadeth Me," and "Come to the Saviour, Make No Delay."

I left them alone while I went to get my watch. The song kept up and soon I saw that for to-day at least I had the boys. I opened a little book of Bible Nature verses, and read a half-dozen from the Psalms that I had selected as peculiarly appropriate. "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord. . . . To Him that made the sun to rule by day, for his mercy endureth forever."

I could see that the boys did not lose the sublimity of it all. How could they? I followed it with a portion of the first prayer from the Episcopal prayers to be used at sea.

Then a few words about these services. They are to do us good, be a little different half-hour from any other in the week. We come below here to be quiet. It is our church, as true as any. The worship is in us. If we truly have it, it makes no difference where we are; we could worship God in a cow stall, seated on a milk stool, as truly as in the richest cathedral. So we will be quiet. There is all the week for the other.

We closed with "Hold the Fort," and the men went off rolling up the little song books in their jackets. They don't know many of the songs, so I let them take them forward for the week.

"We feel more like Sunday, don't we, Mr. Johnson?" I said to the big second mate after they had gone.

"We doos, sir," he returned; "I lik-ed it berry much. It was short and right down to die right tings. I lik-ed it better dan die long services in der big churches, dot you can't understand."

I was much pleased. I felt that to-day it was well. I know the novelty will wear off, but I hope I can hold them, and Broadway Tabernacle couldn't have given me a sounder gratification than this which I might call my first church with swearing Johnson's words of appreciation.

MONDAY TO WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23D-25TH.—Gray, mist stinging, Chilian days in the main, with magnificent runs,

sailing free, with a N. E. wind on the quarter. We came south of the latitudes of Valparaiso and Buenos Ayres, of Cape Town, Africa; and Tuesday we were just about corresponding in latitude and longitude with the position we left, San Francisco, in the northern zone. We saw our first albatross, a great, wide-winged, slowly sailing noble, poising along the waves, surprising us with sudden throws of royal hues, purplish blue above the wings, rich browns, and beneath grays and whites. So the mighty fellow is, at a distance, under a disconsolate sky.

Tuesday was a lonely day. It was the forlornest sea we have had. What a blessing that we cannot take in more of this unmeasured spread, more fully realize our isolation! Coats and top boots begin to appear. No more sleeping on deck. Thermometer ranges from 60° to 68° . Wednesday was another day when our balance sheet showed mainly loss. Again the ship was turned into a repair shop. At seven A.M., in a yank of a sea, the fore throat halyard snapped, just as did the main last week. It was a bothersome thing to replace; and the gaff being down, the opportunity was taken to tear off the worn copper along the jaw and rivet on new sheathing. We were tinkering all day, and I "monkeyed" about with a wrench. Meanwhile, set and furl trysail above main boom and square sail forward; then the wind edging south'ards disqualified the latter. A detailed record would illustrate finely the contingency element in this class of days at sea. Not until night had come were we again under full main and foresail with everything possible set.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26TH.—Thanksgiving!

The wind was about as square ahead as it could manage to get. We were heading almost E. N. E., on the back tack to the equator. It was ideal for Thanksgiving, the gray and the sixty-degree chill. But I didn't think the captain's look was such as we see in praise meetings. We have made, however, with all the delay, as much as a degree. It brings us to the latitude corresponding with that of New York, a pleasant coincidence.

Charley brought in Chef's special Thanksgiving dish which, with a most magnificent glee for a heathen, he announced as an "Old Kentuck Crack Hash." We had a roar, and went at it with a vim as though we were winging from, instead of wearing back to, north latitudes.

But what of home? How goes the Thanksgiving there? Who is President? There may be war!

Why do I have one foot ashore—and hop round on it all over the continent? We had a good Thanksgiving, whether America did or not. How happily I am spending it, how fully safe and well I am! I only wish that the dear ones at home knew. As to their welfare, I am doing a lot of trusting.

Cook had us an excellent dinner, hot soup, chicken pie, doughnuts (which I had before had a fond glance at sizzling like mad in the hot fat), coffee, plum pudding, jelly. Rope pulling is a better appetizer than the cross-country tramp, and as good as the skating pond. Cigars keep pace with the anniversaries, and to-day got in their soothing influences against the cross-grained wind. Captain tried to think he preferred a pipe, but yielded; and mate, finding no pleasure in a pipe, hails a good Havana as he would a trade wind.

It was pace and whiff, chat and read, and write and pace again until a third good meal.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28TH.—A dazzling sun, but scant wind. The thermometer toward noon rouses up a bit from its torpid burrowing. The Brevetee comparative "*enregistreur*" has started on a high flight, jumping clear off its card; I mean that the glass is at 30° 5' and still rising.

The hands begin to come to the captain for thick socks, from his store chest. Perhaps they stock up, as their holiday treat, with an extra ha' pound plug o' chewin' tobaccer. Their clothes, I haven't mentioned, are furnished free by Mr. James. Their monthly pay is twenty-five dollars as compared with eighteen, the amount commonly given to a sailor in a merchantman. The second mate gets fifty, against the thirty that is good pay on the large traders.

“Watch is aft, sir,” when all hands muster amidships and second dog watch is set. The call comes from the spokesman of a black-figured crew. And after the mate’s dismissal with his official but unintelligible jargon of doing something with the wheel “a carte,” they grow infectiously colty about the fo’c’sle slide. There are tussels and sparrings, and if the evening nips pepperly some one starts a broom parade.

Ah, what nights! The long twilight, big coat and sweater, deck not too heaving to “heel-and-toe it” squarely, air keen and sweet as if from tall marsh grass—priming one, all, for a fierce pitched battle with the captain on slavery, or those everlasting “bonds;” then, when pig-headedness assails every idol, makes you sick and maddened—the flashing rally of vast stars.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH.—Wind to northeast again. A nine-knot practical clip, free, under all possible sail. In the sun it was warm enough to sit down with a book.

The hands, numbering exactly the same, assembled at four.

The reading was from Paul’s shipwreck, then I touched upon characteristic features of his life—his conversion.

The men are thoroughly attentive. I delight to see the responsive look upon their faces. But the singing was lame to-day. It must be bettered.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH.—45° 27’ S., 106° 58’ W. Temperature on deck at four A.M., 51.5°. Distance, two hundred and twenty-eight miles. Fresh, cloudy. The wind was strong, working north even to the northeast. Toward night the great following waves overtaking us, the sky leaden and wet, gusts threatening, we put all in shape before dark. We hauled in the main topmast staysail; after supper, the main topsail and jib topsail; reefed the mainsail, then got out the gaskets, drew it all in and fitted the trysail in its place. The blow, however, appeared to moderate. Nothing worse happened than an appetite that drove me to cook’s cracker barrel before blanket time.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1ST.—Temperature, 54° to 60°. S.

lat., $47^{\circ} 2'$. W. long., $102^{\circ} 28'$. Distance, two hundred and twenty-one.—We are on our seventh week from San Francisco. The captain, forecasting at the start, figured that by December 1st we should be rounding Cape Horn. We are ten degrees north of it, thirty degrees or more east. Failing “trades,” light variables and calms have kept us back. Captain considers we might have left “Frisco” a week, perhaps two weeks later, and to-day be at an equal point on our course. It was more than a negative condition that confronted us. Missing the northeast “trades,” where first we looked for them, the variables brought us way to the west. We crossed the equator twelve degrees west of our starting point; San Francisco lies in 122° . The captain is partial to “plenty of water,” but he did not lay out the arc of a great circle as our course to the Cape. It is not a practical line. Its comely uselessness has been further enhanced by zigzag courscations as we beat across the swell of its curve.

The average time from the equator to the Cape is forty days. We have passed to date twenty-five. We should certainly cover these tapering degrees in less than fifteen more. The whole trip looks like four months. Coming out a year ago the time was one hundred and seventeen days. And the longitude followed along this coast was not outside of the eighties.

I like these gray days in this latitude. There is character in them, they seem in keeping. For, though it is the first day of “Cape Horn summer,” it is not summer. Fifty degrees is not mellow. It is mustard; its tang is beyond even the keen relish of fall. Without snow for the winter sun to flash on, I choose

“Old Ocean’s gray and melancholy waste.”

I am above most of the day. Books a plenty below. But the charm is this life. We are a little community of fifteen souls. In spirit there is no distinction of “class” and “mass.” We are down at primal realities. Here’s the intercourse of mind with mind, not all sweet intercourse, but vigorous.

· WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2D.—No observations. Distance,

two hundred and fourteen miles. We were shut in by fog, not dense, but the horizon was narrow. By compass our course is north of east; but the variation to be allowed is nearly two points. So we make some southing, a degree of latitude per day to an average five of longitude. Degrees of longitude are considerably shorter at this distance from the line. At 50° S. latitude they are but little more than forty-five miles.

Thom's old work on navigation, which I have begged away from the captain, is a relic for an antiquary. Its title page alone furnishes reading matter for a morning. I have copied it into a notebook, and it fills two pages, fine-ruled. In the body of the work in the table of true positions near the "after" dog's-ear cover, this statement is made:

"The highest land yet discovered is Mt. Erebus, which is one hundred and twenty-four thousand feet above the sea, and is an active volcano. It is in S. lat. $77^{\circ} 33'$, E. long. $168^{\circ} 58'$."

The captain tried to make me swallow this the other day. I couldn't down it; an anaconda would be discomfited. Everest, of the Himalayas, is less than a fourth that height, and Erebus, in the older statistics, is commonly disregarded.

By the longboat, about dark, I was showing Mr. Johnson how to soak out the well of-nicotine in his pipe, when all hands reported and the night watch was set. Pieter lingered with us after the others had turned below. Later Gus and John joined in and we had a good talk in the rain until late about the sailor's life and ways; the young boy's hardships, his difficulty in learning English terms among a crew from all nationalities, prevalence of swearing among English seamen, food, and on shore the unspeakable "boardin'-house master," missions, the difficulty of getting jobs ashore, and many other subjects uncommonly interesting.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3D.—S. $48^{\circ} 59'$; W. $92^{\circ} 57'$. Distance, two hundred and thirteen miles. What a day! I spent it changing my clothes and watching my flying ink bottles. It was evident in the night that there was a pow-wow above. As we caught at our crashing coffee mugs, Andrew remarked, "You will see some swells dis morning." Suddenly the sun

leaped out and danced down the little diamond skylights into our gloom. The men hurried above to get morning sights. I drew on my long-legged boots and was after them.

It was the biggest sea I ever saw. We had gybed at midnight, and gone onto the starboard tack. The wind then was stiffening and working to the south. At four A.M. a fresh gale had started in. It was a sou'wester. Its blast must have sounded like "Double reef that foresail," for that's what was done, and we ran under that, main trysail, jib and squaresail until after mess. When I came above the squaresail also was being hauled in and we were well trimmed down. In spite of that the ship was in a terrific struggle. My first move on opening out the bolted companion doors and pitching wheelward was to find something to hang to. The waves were running from the southwest. They were massed all of twenty-five feet under a wind blowing fifty miles the hour. With some of them we were making soda water. The rest were using us to play bean toss. The albatross whirled and keeled in broken squadrons overhead. Strangest, the sun looked down on all and shook with laughter.

Most likely there was a terrorful look as "the doctor" put his face above. But he soon steadied up and spent one of the days of his lifetime.

There was no moderation. At noon the fore staysail was reefed, and without more difficulty than was to be expected we got our sights.

The Coronet showed the stuff that's in her. Her qualities as a deep-sea vessel are admirable. She is a high-bred lady, as staunch as she is beautiful. Of course with her quickness there is motion, and these rollers abeam send many a leaping sea over her sides. There is a recoil when a billow gathers for a spring, hurls itself liftingly beneath her bows, and is dashed far up in a fountain of spray. To one below, the combers that clear her bulwarks fall with a thud that stuns. But on she goes, swooping, rising, righting, keeping the course.

This sea ahead would give us many more discomforts. But it is more trying work for the wheelman as it is. We may expect the wind to hold from this general quarter for some

days, varying from southwest not more than four points either way. It might almost be called the Cape Horn trade, and serves us nobly, holding abeam and giving us a chance to clear off our great easterly in short order. The hatches were kept closed. The captain favors his rheumatism below such days, especially if there is much dampness; to-day he complained of having no appetite and made a brave struggle against the inseparable pipe.

Mr. Johnson and I were left alone with the wheelman, everybody forward seeming to have been washed away. There was no such thing as walking to keep warm; you must do it some other way. Just as we did as boys on the first sun-warmed patch of spring, I crowded my boots onto a sheltered strip, wind swept and dried, and, fastening myself to the reef cringles above, leaped from foot to foot in a blood-warming dance. The throne seat—and at the same time one could get a good knee-grip there—was the wheel box. Astride o' this I rode the storm, and was scorning it magnificently till, crawling to the skylight and leaning there to exchange a point with Johnson, a great crest curled high over us, even to amidships, and fell full upon us both. It drenched us from crown to sole, filled our pockets and our boots, and I had to tumble below to peel everything off.

Below decks is hateful such a day. A languor, even without any sickness, kills all energy. After a facing of that opiate wind, sleep is the height of ambition. "Chef" and I, from an old tobacco box, fashioned a broad-based tray for my ink wells. I got up a thousand patents to shut keyless lockers. One way to keep track of your clothes is to wear all of them. At any rate, in a rainless latitude it is as beautiful not to have the laundry-press swinging open. But as to what I do wear these keen blows, when I'm sizzling in New York, I maybe interested to recall. A short-sleeved gauze, full heavy English woolen underwrapper, a blue flannel shirt, a sweater, a vest, a second blue flannel shirt a larger size—a jacket. Below, same underwear, thick knickerbockers, two or three pairs of stockings, short and long, and thigh-reaching rubber boots. It is a good scheme to pile on shirts rather than weight down with an

overcoat. One gets around more easily tailless. But Johnson still wears his dress coat.

On deck it registers about 48°. It is ten warmer below, out of the wind. But the battle comes if one turns in cold. The condition is more than mere "absence of heat." No amount of blanket-piling seems able to overcome its mortal hatred of coming near you. A *coup d'état* that downs dampness is to pull over all your rubber "mackintosh." Cold then crawls out, "yelling 'nuff," and you only smother without freezing.

On deck again after dinner and repeated dryings out, one was impressed with the new order of things. It seemed, indeed, that we were surging toward the Pole. In the first place the watch was doing nothing. That is an unusual work-day sight, sometimes due to efficiency on the mate's part that is all-accomplishing. To-day the explanation was just uncommonly bad weather. Cold, wet, and the incessant battering made all standing still work impossible. There was no staying forward above. The larboard watch was gathered amidships to leeward of the lashed boom. In stoutest oilskins and to a man full-bearded since these nipping days, they were a set of tars. Pitched from bench to bulwark rail by every blow, they clung like cats to the slant deck. Yet Seyble's hands were free enough to catch a pair of belaying pins and go through my calisthenics, with the laugh of course on me. Mists were thrown and blown from our bows. The sun catching their saline particles set them burning like sulphuric acid fumes. "Die Coronet," Andrew says, "runs trough rainbows." And down the valleys of the waves skimmed the Jack-rabbit albatross. They run on the sea itself, winging and paddling as they slow from and break into a long-steered sweep.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4TH.—Distance, one hundred and eighty-eight miles. At seven last night, in foresail and set reefed trysail. At eight this morning we set the squaresail. Charlie brought in some steaming meat-balls, with a cheery "Fine Humbug steak, Sir Mister Capitaine." Everything below has been lashed, movable articles stacked; the brass cannon now thrust their noses over a fortress of molding canvas in the saloon; blocks and tackle form a series of outworks.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 7TH.—At four it was broad daylight. Peeping above, I found the rain steadfast and pulled on oilskins. Andrew had the watch and answered that the captain had made but a poor night of it. I went below and pushed into the old man's cabin. He was half-dressed, sleepless and wretched. He agreed to let me prescribe for him. I went to work to get his stomach in order. Chef will look out for him at mess. Somewhat later, while the gruel was warming, he wandered into the galley, and keeling over on cook's chopping block, buried his gray old head in his hands in a dyspeptic agony of body and mind. Poor, poor old fellow; but his own worst enemy. He kept referring pointedly during mess to various members of his family who had been taken off by "hard-enin' of the stomick passage." Charlie fortunately didn't tempt him with "Humbug steak." In thick flannels and chest protector he turned in soon after mess.

When the rain pelt lessened and Andrew crawled astern, hugging, away out there on the main boom, as he tried for sights, I should have liked to get a crayon of it as a Cape Horn day. The water—I don't mean the sea—the water itself is gray; we are nearing land. Mist and spray closing us in. An instant, and the surcharging power of the sun pervades. It makes more visible the fog. Down again shuts gloom. Scores of albatross, tattered winged, battle above, and the dainty Cape Horn pigeons, beautifully striped, lovable little visitors, unharmed in all this clash, flutter alongside at Andrew's whistle, drop their web feet, like tiny weights, into the sea, and float serenely blessed spirits of peace.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8TH.—Drawing abreast of Cape Horn! When I went above at 7:30 there was as high a sea as in the sou'west gale of Thursday. The wind was hurling fierce from the south and lashed a cauldron pot of brine. The mate told me it had blown much harder during the night. Captain thought we had outrun a wester; for it was when we ran further to the south'ard yesterday that we caught the most weather. It blew terrifically all the morning. The deck was in a constant swirl. We were under three leg-o'-mutton sails,

namely, fore staysail, and fore and main trysail, all reefed. These trysails are an admirable rough weather rig. They combine two advantages. First, main or fore trysail unbonneted and single reefed, gives a spread of canvas, say one-third less than what can be had by double reefing mainsail and foresail. This is easily seen—a triangle instead of a square, and its sides shorter. Secondly, more important, the reef shaken out, the bonnet attached, a spread equal to the double-reefed main or foresail is obtainable, while the thrash and tear of gaff and heavy grinding jaw is entirely obviated. Of course there is a vast amount of work in lowering and hoisting, furling, making fast boom and gaff, and bending on the trysail by its loops. Square-rigged vessels can have their yardarms simply shifted, and the square sails brought around. But the general gain for us more than counterbalances. Almost all fore and aft rigs carry at least one trysail. We are fortunate in having two.

We never find it too rough to feed the pigeons. They are the sailors' friends, and we bless their little souls as they struggle steep down alongside to peck and gobble at the bits of pork. "Hello, you still alive?" the captain sung out when I went below. The old fellow had a better night, snoozed this morning, and is feeling in finer spirits. He came and brought me his gold watch to get up by, mine having snapped the main-spring. He is showing an excellent spirit, and I can't do enough for a man who turns about so. I only hope it isn't "fear of death." This bilious attack may not last.

At noon the sun was blazing, then shut in by smoky clouds. We tried for sights, with difficulty, amid the maze of trysail tackle and boom stays astern, the vessel jumping, yanking at her scanty rags in incalculable starts. Amid the bristling pinnacles of waves, the sun appeared to dance, catch a kiss and flee above or below the line. We finally made our altitude $55^{\circ} 446'$, which gave us for our latitude $56^{\circ} 52' 7''$.

"Well, we'll call it quits with no more south'ard," captain announced as he came forward from getting results, and we compared notes.

We headed true east. For an hour or two we sailed under the squaresail alone. Changes multiplied. Rain, sunshine and mist; pitch, roll, let-up, toss, and pitch again. Finally it



CAPE HORN.

From the only photograph in existence. Taken by the Captain of the "A. C. Pease."

seemed to settle into some degree of steadiness. Main and fore trysails were reset, with reefs shaken out. The wind drew dead astern. At five we went below to fish-balls—a terrible moment for the captain, still on graham gruel. But

“I’m going to take a piece o’ that pork, if I die for it,” he asserts, and forks out a generous sliver.

I was almost asleep before nine. But I must pile above, for another look. All seemed transformed. The wind was dead aft, steady, even soft. We had that appearance of weighting deep in the water common when sailing strongly free. And the great following swells were smoothed. The moon’s quarter now appeared, pink in the mist, just where the sun had stood. All over and about us, sand plashing warmly in the rain softened water of our wake, scores of half-grown albatross were crowding, slate-gray in the dusk. The mate was trolling for them with six or eight fathoms and a pork bait. In a light wind it is a simple matter to catch them. They circle and light close to the bait and make a grab for it. The hook catches just within the curve of their beaks, and is easily shaken out when they are landed. To-night it was hard, at the rate we were running, for them to keep abreast the tempting mouthful. They would settle and at once, when they found the bait drawing away, engage in a race for it, scrabbling on half-through, half-over the water, with a curious combination of wing and leg power. Generally they came up, but failed to gauge it, pecked and plunged a moment frantically, then lost their sand (or gained their sense) and fell off astern, distanced.

I asked the mate to call me if land should be sighted, and turned in, full of sleep from the windy day.

CAPE HORN, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9TH.—Air, wet, 46°; dry, 50°. Water, 43°. Distance, one hundred and fifty-nine miles. Squalls, light, fine.

“Get up and see the Hemeireeds!” Captain roused me with these good words. I wasn’t long in getting above. There on the northern horizon, to windward not more than six miles, lay a ragged outline of rocky peaks. A series of sharp and rounded heights, overlapping, blending, shutting each

other out, stony crags, ungrassed, creatureless—sentryed at either limit by outlying fang-like teeth thrust from the sea—this was my first sight of land in eight weeks. A barren, bristling clod ten miles off—yet how good to know it's there!

Of very practical service, it gives us a "check" for our chronometers, kept on Greenwich time. They were condemned in San Francisco. California air did not agree with them. Today, bearing by the Diego Ramirez, (this the "Century," not captain), we had the gratification of finding them "on the dot."

It was misty to the north. After breakfast I searched these islands carefully with the glass, also the North Rocks. There was little added distinctness by it. I brought up my reckoning pad and did some "sketching;" though I'd never drawn an ant-hill.

The Ramirez heralded the Horn. An examination of the map shows how the backbone of this Southern continent presented to the West has cut off as its final vertebra, by the cartilage of Magellan Straits, all the bony land lying south. The spine curves way around and has eastern Terre del Fuego, even Staten Island, as its tip or tail. But it's well my wording is figurative. I should lose hope of man or country with such a backbone. There is a junk on the map five degrees square of this lowest section that is more like the ant-eaten core of an old apple tree. It is "railroaded" beyond count with passageways both navigable and unnavigable. In the tapering archipelago thus formed Cape Horn is not the final, but the southernmost point. Thus it is that navigators literally *round* the Cape; they do not angle it. Thus too the agony is prolonged. Horn Island, then, clear of the Ramirez, was our "Pass of Thermopoly." Toward it we looked ahead, and it almost seemed as though the "tug-of-war" might be avoided. The "Pass" was five hours off. We fetched a half-point closer to the east, and heading N. E. by E. one-half E., stood onward to the fray. The foresail and reefed mainsail had been set. It was pleasant to see the big booms swinging out again. Almost a week since both had been free. Jib and fore staysail filled well forward. The ship's majesty was regained. It brightened somewhat. Andrew came above with his big thermome-

ter, moistened one bulb and slung the whole about his head to get the moist and dry air temperature, then called two hands to dip a canvas bucket along the vessel's side. He plunged his instrument into it and found the ocean's mark 43° . That was seven degrees colder than dry air. I talked with the captain; summing up our run from the line, forecasting as to the return. Then I went below to make up my record for these blowy days. I stepped above at eleven. There was not much change. Port tack, jib and fore staysail, main and foresail; course the same, and wind coming splendidly abeam. It was a rare speed. There was a great rush and roar. Our heeling was forceful, but strikingly uniform. Only the northern sky was black and weathery, and all the wave-sides windward were strewn with white spawn spray. I eyed it questioningly a moment, then returned. I was still writing. It was about an hour later. Suddenly something struck us. It struck and pushed and bent us clear down into the leeward. We righted, springing back. Again it struck. It pushed this time deadlier. Things were sliding about me. I heard a scamper and the captain thundering orders. I swept up ink and papers, wedged them into a drawer, reached for oilskin and close cap, and sprang staggering above. Such a change. Our little limits were a scene of uproar. From between west and northwest a heavy squall had swooped from the land. The sky, torn and blackened, was bayonetting us with rain. The waves were lashed into a fury. Massing, rearing, they tossed and swayed us. They seemed to drag us down, then storm the decks. The wind thundered and blasted through the rigging and battered at the dishevelled sails. It took me a second to take it all in. I saw the captain braced and clinging to the wheel spokes; then, forward, the crew. They were knotted to the fore peak halyards, dragging at the rebellious cloth. I skated, crawled, and drew myself forward. I was only in the way. Cook was up from the galley, both mates had their hands to the tackles, and the narrow forward deck was crowded full. At last the sail was gathered. A struggle came to lash the gaff. Some of us strained at the gaskets. The others scuttled aft to lower the main sail. The jib and staysail had been dropped and lay flap-

ping on the boom. We all went at the mainsail. Most being at the main peak halyards, Charley and I were left alone to swing in the peak. Bracing against the companion slide, hanging and throwing our weight as we might, we could not stir the gaff and bulging sail. Three more came and downed it with us. Sea after sea swept across the deck. Every piece of cordage was swept clean from the flush space and piled drenched in the scuppers. The men splashed and waded to the slant deck under the dragging canvas-pile; hands and teeth were busy along the spar; caryatid shoulders were bent to prop the mass. A drop and lurch sent all tumbling to leeward, checked safely only by the bulwark rail.

“Look out, or you’ll all be over. You’re so damned careless!” the captain roared.

But things were bettering. Everything down, the ship was emphatically eased. Still she raced on. Bare poles in such a gale carry her four miles to the hour. But the worst was done, all that could be done. There was a chance to lash the jib and staysail. I picked up loose mats and gaskets and chucked them where they would stay.

“Some one come and clear way this gear! Let that go and clear away this gear before it’s washed over!” Captain was standing to his knees in tangled sheets and braces washed against the wheel.

Finally all was put in shape. The sun began to break out. But captain continued watchful. He had every jig and down-haul coiled. Order at length ruled.

While we waited the lion’s further taming, all hands filed below and brought above the trysail, ready to bend on as soon as practicable. The larboard watch was then dismissed for dinner. The captain was white after his half-fasting term and looked ready for something hot. By virtue of my so-called medical capacity I wanted to order him below. All hands were well winded and conscious of an aching void under their belt buckles. The “golden sun” began to master, the clouds to roll and lift. Away north and eastward I picked out land. It cleared and shaped till I counted a line of vaporous peaks. I could see seven. The men had caught them forward, and

were pointing them to each other through the haze. A striking figure—the tossed sailor extending arm and finger over the bulwarks to the distant crags.

At length the captain relinquished the wheel. The tiger claws were sheathed.

“What? *I* blow!” protested the smiling Westerly. A frisky kitten could not be more innocent. We piled below, and such a dinner! “Chef” thrives on double service; or was it our tingling tissues and the lateness of mess? Soup vanished, “salt horse” and mustard, pie and coffee. We talked it over. Coming off the land such a squall is without warning. Mate and captain discussed the manner of lowering main and foresail at such a time, whether peak or throat should be kept low-ermost.

“I shall try awful hard to go inside the Falklands,” Captain ruminated. It is not alone the blow outside, but the risk of icebergs and drift-ice that he shuns.

Going above, there was Horn Island, or Cape Horn. A great bluff lion’s head. The massive brow rises precipitious from the sea; the nose is thrust beside projecting paws; the mane above, five hundred feet. Merely knotted, wrinkled, to the eye, through the glass the neck is fiercely jagged, bristling with rocky peaks. “Horresco, referens!” The back, saddle sunk, the hunched up loins, the tail, even, is not missing; one pictures it lashing amid the lines of ant hills—hardly more, these lesser crags. So it loomed in fog and sunshine. With my pad again, wet with spray, my fingers numb, I caught its mighty outline. “We have met the enemy and he is ours.”

There was at mid-afternoon a high gale again, but not troublesome. Since then it has constantly moderated. From a week of battling on our course at its very apex we are given rest. It is well.

It was such a night as I had never known. The late sunset, the ceaseless afterglow, the golden, sun-filled billows of cloud. Westward it was glory, tumultuous glory. Cape Horn had broken forth again. My last view, it rose imperial, full on its forehead the emblazoning sun. The globulous clouds were massed and pressing overhead. Soon the wet moon stood

among them with its spilling horns. All the eastern sky was purpled black, and a break allowed a blackened reflex to be thrown along gold waves. It was phenomenal. These unheard-of conditions, sun and moon and vaporous cloud forms blending. There were hard-edged oily pastings in another quarter, frays and curls and all the unusual aspects that betoken ill. We felt an ominous stillness, broken by the half-yell, half-whistle of the Cape Horn loon. Occasionally we saw the strange, deep-settling, long-necked diver, but few albatross.

Encompassing all the air was grand. It was keen—of such a kind that, inhaling, one feels it percolate to his very toes. At home, in from the dining room, they are edging around the fireplace, or close to the register. We, the thermometer at fifty, splashed along the thin skim on deck as if for a spring stroll. A priceless, free exhilaration. Oh, to always live!

I have not told it half. I failed to mention the brilliant rainbow of early evening straight ahead. The Jungfraus and Matterhorns, snow-white cloud-cliffs opposing the gilt-lined balls. I have not been reading yellow-covered sea tales. Truth is stranger than fiction. It is further beyond our powers.

By nine the wind was very light. Already under fore trysail and reefed main trysail, we spread the squaresail and jib. It was as bright as a clouded day until ten. Later than half-past nine I did some figuring on deck with perfect ease, and the moon was hidden. One could read and write by twilight until ten P.M.

A little summary. We sighted the Ramirez thirty-two days from the equator, fifty-four and a fraction from San Francisco. The captain tells me that commonly the trip from east to west (or south to north), is almost three times as long as the other way. I can hardly understand that. These men are singularly inexact and contradictory. We have beaten the average thus far. We have not beaten it so badly as captain expected to do. Perhaps he considers our failure in that when he says "Now, if we make the run to the equator in thirty-five days, we shall be doing well; and if to New York in twenty-five more, well." That would be New York about February 5th, one hundred and fifteen or so days. The record is eighty days made by the Sovereign of the Sea.

I turned out at twelve. There was still a redbelt in the west. The watch were catching a little sleep under sailcloths and any covering. They rose stiffly to carry out orders.

It was perfectly light again at two.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10TH.—S. $55^{\circ} 38'$, W. $65^{\circ} 22'$. Distance, seventy-eight miles. Day broke once again on land. Along the northward lay the heights of Tierra del Fuego, much clearer than any that we have seen. They rose jumbled, swell beyond swell, cliff above cliff, scored and capped with seeming rifts of snow. A clear, bright sky brought them out clearly. The scores ran down to the sea. I was confident that snow, if there was any, formed but a small part. Rather a chalky or quasi-marble deposit. I was confirmed in this opinion by the captain, who found in his "Pilot" comment on a quartz formation. It was a marvelous day. The wind was west and only moderate. The fore and mainsail had been reset, jib and flying jib. On all the sea there was not a touch of white. The decks were "dry as boards." I climbed to the forward cross-trees. The mates said they had early sighted a sail. It had disappeared mysteriously. Captain hinted skeptically at large powers of imagination. I could see no sign of a sail. It may have been a steam whaler able to put into one of those rock-walled channels. From aloft with the glass I developed more connectedly the string of ragged peaks and rounding bowlders. There is much difference in their distance from us. The slightest tips or mounds may be of greatest height. Farthest to the northeast I could just discern Staten Land, about sixty miles N. by E. The peaks abreast were not more than six or eight miles distant. All looked harmonious, as I have said, and when the cook took advantage of this mildness to start his salt water condenser, and the warm steam poured out the escapes—spring after the storm of winter seemed ours. A land-lubber is emotional. Captain has had more experience of the sea. There was ominousness in his stern outlook and silence. His only comment, "I would give a cow if we were beyond Staten Land!"

Sperm whales spouted. We sighted a bark, way to leeward

off our port bows. We overhauled her and went astern within a mile. It seemed to me we might speak her, and I made up a letter which I have long been hoping to have mailed at some South American port. But captain showed no interest in her, and I didn't think best to ask anything of him in his present mood. We tacked and left her away southeast. We watched her changes, and some attention was given to a large school of dolphins, black and white, that took a line from us to her, leaping astonishingly over the sea like a herd of asses across a plain. That was the end of it.

Yet we sighted two more sails, both barks. One was running to the southwest, and soon was near us. The evening was grand. The sun was clear and set at 9:10. Then, with nightfall, a black fog bank crept onto our bows. In the twilight it was like soot. With the bark in it, heading full athwart our course, the whole was like a blackened woodcut of a storm. We were enveloped. By degrees it shut out all the light astern. We placed the fog horn forward and pumped it for two blasts momentarily. No change when I turned below after twelve.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11TH.—They tell me it snowed soon after I turned in, and was "wicked cold." We stood on and off all night trying to round up under the shelter of "Del Fago;" her peaks still rise occasionally now to the west. There the winds are offshore. The common route rounding the Horn to the eastward is outside the Falklands. The barks we saw last night were holding that course. Two considerations, I take it, have led the captain to take the inside passage. First he says: "There's such a devil of a sea there in the offing! I'll bet they're running across there now."

Secondly, the northern limit for ice drift and icebergs waves along this latitude following the Falkland's curve. Ours is the longer course, but safer for a small craft, hugging the shore to the northwest. Southwesterly winds and good westerlies are our hopes.

We picked up a fourth bark in the early morning, and with double reefed mainsail and jib easily outran her, she pulling on

both spanker and gaff topsails. Captain avers she was an American. Her sails were unusually white. He was led to think they were cotton. European sails are commonly of hemp, and England went so far at one time, he recalls, as to put a tax upon the manufacture of cotton into sailcloth. It was a protection to Irish-grown hemp.

I napped in the morning, to be roused toward eleven by the old man calling down:

“You can see Staten Land very plain now.”

Yesterday N. by E. sixty miles or so, it now lay clearly outlined to the southwest, a long stretch, sloping gradually and attaining a goodly height. It is narrow, but extensive, after the lion’s fangs an inviting, seemingly habitable land. But the old man’s glad to have it astern. It quickly faded, and now once again the ship, as Æneas of old, “held possession of the deep.”

“No land any longer in view, sky all around and all around the ocean.”

Andrew and I had a pipe, at once of jubilee and consolation. The old man took his sleep. For the first time Andrew breathed a complaint. The old man’s peculiarities, his dependencies in the main, tell upon him.

“I woodner ha’ given her up ef she’d struck,” he said. I believed him. But it would be poor work for me to respond by a word to criticism of the captain. The discipline that so stamps the navy must be here.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12TH.—Course N. N. E. Heavy sea. Bright, strong. We had double-reefed mainsail with foresail and squaresail; also hoisted back to its place, the fore gaff top-sail unbent and stowed below on Monday. We head close to the north, and feel strikingly the change for the milder. After hoisting away, it was pleasant to sit on the cover of the long boat and enjoy the sun.

But after mess I caught the sound of hail. It was snowing again shortly, and a thin slush covering the deck. I gathered enough along the reef of the mainsail to make ice balls and pelt Johnson. Snowballing off the straits of Magellan in the height of summer is American.

By dusk we were stamping and hopping to keep warm. It's a strange sensation now we have. The sun sets in the east. For eight weeks, heading south, west has been our starboard. Let a man look always at one point, and Time's inevitable changes put all the world askew.

When we bear north westward, I chafe the captain, after all this labor, on running straight back to 'Frisco.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13TH.—Calm. The mainsail was down and left free, filling all the after port side with pillows of white. Air and water registered 48° in the morning; but the sun warmed things till one was glad to throw off his coat. I had a fine talk with captain, and later, service. The men were worn out—about half came—the others slept and sunned.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14TH.—We had a strong westerly, and set all possible sail. The sky was clear and inspiring, the air keen. There was less humidity; the glass settled. We have been drawing eastward to catch this off the coast, and as we come abreast the Gulf of St. George, we are on soundings, say sixty or eighty fathoms. The sea takes a rich bottle green from the green sand bottom.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15TH.—The fog horn in use again, but a strong breeze. Course still the same. Soundings are about one hundred fathoms. It is constantly warmer. Under cover of the companionway the thermometer reached 64° . Tide-rips running much like a mill-race, boiled along, a few rods from our port. They run four or five miles an hour, and chanced, as I noticed them, to be helping us. Shag followed us in large flocks, finding, no doubt, plenty of fish. And toward evening a huge white albatross swept about and about the circle. I don't believe we shall see many more north of this forty-fifth latitude. His body seemed the size of a sheep's.

Much in the way of finding work for the men, I judge, the dingy in which Harry came back from death has been swung from its davits, placed on the deck, and each watch in turn is assigned to overhauling it. It's a sort of pet of the captain's.

First we scrape it from bow to stern, the old man taking his hand at the file and bits of glass. A wind dog tinted the west and the sun set in a glorious burst of maroon or Indian red. The wind has been getting northwesterly, pretty well ahead and we fear further up off the Platte northeasters dead ahead.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16TH.—The violent pitching tore off the clew of the mainsail, and Andrew with his watch spent the better part of the day punching their needles through a roll of thickest canvas. It's no child's play, sewing through six thicknesses of this. The work turned out a masterpiece, the great bulk being as deftly turned as any curtain over its curtain rod. Andrew liked to hang around after it was done and hear what I had to say about it, and I didn't blame him. He told me how clumsily other mates would do it, and he had often been sent above to tighten a sheet which others couldn't find, and, though hidden by the mast, had put his hand right on it in the dark. Great boy, Andrew, but it isn't all talk.

The events of the day were a full-rigged ship to windward bound round the Horn; a lot of porpoises leaping in one spot in the evening, and a most penetrating chill and dampness before dark.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17TH.—We have caught our head winds and been compelled to run sometimes S. E. by E.; and its coming up all the time, and the ocean's temper rising. A most peculiar phenomenon was presented in the evening. The sun went down not round, but the shape of an egg. There were no two opinions about it. I suppose this appearance was due to the refraction which was heightened by the excessive moisture. Every evening the dew lies upon the rails and companionways in great globules. At the same time the wind freshens strong on shore, as though rushing in to fill the place of the heated air which is cooled at nightfall.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18TH.—It was a most uncomfortable day, foggy and a high sea ahead. Everything was damp

below. I managed to get some warmed sea water and have a bath, which worked wonders. Even the sea's getting blue; we are running into deeper water. After dark, Andrew showed me charts and some of his work in the cabin.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19TH.—It continued damp and gloomy with a heavy pitching sea ahead. We were under storm trysail. Before night it somewhat moderated. The captain, quartermaster and some of the men were enabled to continue work on the dingy; the weather side was littered with shavings, and adz planes and Japanese saws cluttered the deck, not an unpleasant sight.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20TH.—Getting what I had been watching for this morning, an on-shore wind, I cast overboard a tight-stoppered bottle with messages for home. I made out double reports for the Hydrographic Office, Washington, running as follows:

“Please report us.

“Yacht Coronet of New York.

“From San Francisco to New York.

“Dec. 20, 1896.

S. Lat. $39^{\circ} 57'$.

“W. Long. $49^{\circ} 17'$.

“G. B. SPALDING.”

I sealed these in separate envelopes, directed with different inks against the dampness, and put on as postage United States stamps, the only kind I had. I also mailed to father the letter I wrote off Staten Land, adding a page up to date. Tying on a conspicuous streamer, I chucked this “rapid transit” carrier overboard. If an enlightened Argentine finds it, I may reread the contents ere I die. The waves and currents do not run on schedule. But may it be favored! Formerly the Hydrographic Bureau rewarded the return of weather reports, and vessels would pick such things up. But, as the captain says, they have “lowered away for too much balderdash!” We are getting well out, rather away from the line of steamers. The chance of speaking a vessel that would report us lessens, and I take every chance.

There are large stories of albatross as carriers; "one made from Cape Horn to Good Hope in three days." But we have never caught an old one.

It rained hard. Though we had a good wind abeam, a head sea hindered. I went above just before the time for service. A brightness was breaking and lifting the clouds. The captain seemed depressed. He ordered, at just eight bells, to set the mainsail. While it was down, at the wheel he answered the mate's reports and questions only by a nod or shake.

My service, of course, had to take the go-by. It was nearly five when all was in shape. I went to the forecabin and suggested to the men that we have a short service forward after supper. All but two came above at six, also cook and Johnson. I sat on the messroom skylight, and the men perched on the forecabin slide or squatted on boards laid along the deck. We sang, mainly. I decided to consider a week from now the Christmas day. Yet I continued in Luke's account of the birth of John and of Christ, from chapters i. and ii. I followed by kneeling, with those two simple prayers of the Litany, the General Thanksgiving, and "A Prayer of St. Chrysostom." Then we sang again. I tried to bring them into the grander ring of

"All hail the power,"—
"Joy to the world,"

and even the old, old,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

But they are not used to these. The failing voices are best rallied by all four verses of

"The Lord's our rock, in Him we live,
A shelter in the time of storm,"

or

"We are out on the ocean sailing."

These, the captain says, "are wrote to get the pennies out o' the sailor boys." Well, they go, and all can come in at the closing with

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Before eight o'clock the wind had fallen. It was thrash and slat again. The labor of setting the mainsail had to be all undone, the trysail hauled up from the saloon and bent on.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 21ST.—It was uncomfortably warm. Short-sleeved flannels seemed good, and the wheelman scuffed off his shoes. Ten days ago we were jumping and thrashing to keep comfortable. I hung out my damp clothes once more. There is still considerable moisture, after sunset a heavy dew.

I had an instance of the sailor's devil-may-care makeup. The men were lounging round the forecandle in the warm, low sun. Barney had up his accordion, and, sitting against the sash light, struck on a lively air which set the boys dancing and me listening. Suddenly the music stopped. The next, I looked, the fluted box was floating past our quarter-deck.

"What a shame," I thought. "He's lost it."

No, not a sign of aggravation forward. The bantering was going on. No disturbance. Barney had grown tired of his purchase and thrown it overboard.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22D.—Poor night. On deck at 4:30. Sun rose in great splendor at a quarter to five. We have brought a chair or two up on deck, and I got some sleep after breakfast and lay and read. There was a sunfish dawdling along by us, rolling his big body and flopping his tall, sail-like fin. Heavy black clouds came up astern. But rain holds off and a strengthening breeze is brought.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23D.—Fine, strong. A vigorous breeze working from E. S. E. to east. All possible sail, including smaller main topmast staysail. I cast over another sealed bottle, overhauled my clothes again and took noon sights. Captain was pleasant, still working away on the dingy. We had horse talk at dinner. From noon to five P. M. forty-nine knots; five to seven, twenty-two knots.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24TH.—On deck again at midnight after turning in and not being able to sleep. It was a glorious night—pacing under a Christmas moon on tropic seas. The breeze was lessened, but tolerable.

In the morning again it was strong from the northeast. We were on the starboard tack. The sail bonnets hung drying.

I felt like doing nothing, and did it. Dragged my chair to leeward, and sat watching the piling foam as we surged. We got sights with difficulty under smoky clouds.

Christmas Eve. That wasn't to be forgotten. The men had unbent the main gaff topsail and were ranged about it sewing busily. There wasn't much chance for sentiment, but I've been overhauling my kit and managed to find to-night a number of simple things that must go as gifts to the boys. I got them sorted over down below, on each man's package his name with mine and some message. It was funny enough, for, after ransacking everything, I had to fall back upon books, and before long poems, not sailor's choice strictly, but the little booklet poems of "Maynard's Classical Series." There was nothing for it but to make as good a choice as possible, and give to Pat Gray's "Elegy," because he is an Irishman and to Jack, because he shot an albatross, the "Ancient Mariner," of Coleridge. It finally came out thus:

Set of bosom studs to captain.

Box of tobacco and box of camphor ice to mate.

Japanese hand stove to second mate.

Pair fuzzy mittens to quartermaster.

"Ancient Mariner" to Jack.

"Woodstock" to John.

"Sir Launfal" to Boney!

Gray's "Elegy" to Pat.

"Sesame and Lilies" to Harry!

White silk necktie to Charley.

Pipe to Albert.

Paper and envelopes to Gus.

Cooper's "Pilot" to Chef.

Piece of "Mellican" money to Jap Charley.

I stuffed them into the pockets of my big coat, and sweating above, distributed them about the forecandle and down the slide just after dog watch. A rough, busy evening, and not much time for sport. But the boys seemed much pleased, and voices came following me, up from below about the light in the midst of the forecandle group.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Spaldin', for that 'andsome

necktie," and "We'll remember these as 'avin' been given to us in the Atlantic." Going below and forward into the mess-room, I found big Johnson puzzling over the little warmer.

He said he shouldn't break into the charcoal package, and we had much fun over it as a tropical handful.

Aft again, Andrew made a pleasant little speech of thanks and we had a talk of unusual kindness and fairness of spirit. On the captain's envelope I had chalked, *apropos* of the studs—not solid, but out of my own shirt.

"'All is not gold that glitters,' Captain—but my regard for you, the *best* you, is without alloy."

The old man had gone below to open the package, and I didn't know how he would take it. But finally I dived below, and finding him seated in his locker corner pulling hard at his pipe, warned him "Not to get those buttons mixed up with the little liver pills I ordered him."

He laughed, and finally said:

"They is very nice."

I saw that it was all right, and we sat and chatted.

"Christmas was like any other day to him," he said. Still I believe he was thinking a bit of shore. And when he came above and stood and looked off absorbingly over the rail, I was persuaded that the thought had struck him:

"Is there a 'best self?' Is it worth while cherishing it?"

CHRISTMAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25TH.—30° 1' S., 41° 54' W. True, E. by N. Wind, N. N.E.—The captain, sleeping in his 'midship bunk.

"Merry Christmas, sir," the mate sang out cheerily as he roused him, coming below.

"Ugh!" grunted the old man; "how's she head?"

When I bobbed up later he managed to get out an only half-embarrassed greeting with a "Mer" and a "Chris" rolling round somewhere inside.

We found above a hard head wind and spiteful sea.

We have had, fixed on a beam below, a dwarf Japanese fir tree, standing with its box perhaps a foot high. Chef and Charlie had transplanted this to our messroom and there it

stood at breakfast, blossomed forth into more strange fruit than ever magician conjured. Its scrubby branches bent under pickles, fishballs, apple rings, crackers, biscuits, citron, raisins, and dried peaches. Other varieties would have followed more room. On a yellow envelope on top, "Merry Christmas;" while two pieces of a stodgy brown candle, the ends stuck into the earth at a noticeably unequal break, smoked benignly on the whole, and so worked upon the apocalyptic vision of the captain that he unhesitatingly announced them to be "Christ and John the Baptist, respectively."

It was a day to be remembered. The men were off duty. Each watch in turn settled down for a good read in the lee of the gig. Some of the rogues attacked the poems of last night with a diligence that, kept up, will make them professors of *belles lettres*. Captain lay in the big chair, one leg on the companion bench, smoking and dozing. It was gray; but it was good sport to watch the sea plunging constantly and flooding down the sash lights.

How cook could tackle a Christmas dinner with his whole outfit swamped every few moments was more than I could understand. But when the summons came I didn't ask any questions. We slid over his sea-scrubbed floor on to dry camp stools. Different things began to come on. Nobody knows what he might have done on a mild, bright day. It is evil to think. He tried us on chicken soup most successfully. It was followed by fried knots, with jelly. Then came a chicken pie, an old fashioned-one. It was encored, and his repertoire in the chicken line seemed inexhaustible, we had a verse or two of chicken patties. Fancy cakes, plum pudding, fruit pie, raisins, brought us to bed rock on the cigars. They furnished accompaniment as we launched into stories. And I mustn't forget a piece of philosophy of the captain's to which we listened profoundly. How we led up to it I can't tell, but recall it just about as it went.

"Every one that lives is the world. The Garden of Eden, 'n' all that about Adam, 'n' the Lord's taking some mud and making Eve—that is all fig'rative. A young boy or young girl grows up, and up to a certain age they know no evil.

Then a time comes when they know the animal instincts and passions, 'n' from that time the world is born in 'em. When they gits old and are sort of seeded out, then they ain't no more a 'part of the world. They is dead to it—that is so far as the animal goes.

“So all creatures was created, none of 'em alike, except two—two of a kind. Yet they ain't of a kind, they is far different as can be. There is very low forms, some coming out o' nothing more nor a spat upon the ocean of life, yet in the lowest there is none found that doesn't produce life.

“Now this matter of the creation of the world—they is a lot of it I don't set no stock in, glashers and floods and sech. Some thinks it was throwed up from below. It appears to me as if they was a something in the air that formed it, a kind of chemical parcel that flew round up there. These parcels was brought together and settled in some places and made a clear substance—what we call water. Then the clouds jammed and kneaded and squashed and pushed against each other, and made land.

“The world is constantly makin' and onmakin', however it's done. Some says it's by volcanoes. But you goes to the tops of the volcanoes and you find the sides tumblin' into the earth. Then the parts that slides down the mountain sides scrapes out valleys and levels a way to the sea.”

The sun was out when we came above, and decidedly warm. In the companionway it went as high as 85°, but the humidity was less, and it was dry and enjoyable.

The two mates got to swapping yarns, lounging over the little cabin slide. Andrew told feats of the Coronet; great runs in head winds; shaking on the tack into port a pushing tug boat, hungry for a job; and how the yacht had beaten on a run to Bermuda the regular steamer service. The trans-Atlantic race with the Dauntless wasn't forgotten. Mr. Johnson listens attentively to the little big mate, grinning and ducking his head—then fairly scraping your nose with his big whiskers as he tells you one of his own.

When he turned in and Andrew was left cleaning his sextant, I curled in the coil of the main sheet under an eighty de-

gree Christmas sun and listened to more stories of old Russia and all the girls. At the head of the daily reckoning slip, which this sturdy officer (with some of the boy, and considerable sentiment still in him) handed to me, I found "Mary Christmas" again.

Chef, a little later, said that Jack Seyble wanted to see me. I went forward, and Jack produced the Neptune's beard and razor. He has been getting them up in too elaborate a style. I expected him to daub the date and some reference to the "Ekwater" on them. Imagine my surprise to find a neat square of brown paper glued onto the varnished oar blade and an inscription written beautifully in a delicate German copper-plate hand. There were two verses showing such genius that I copy them, wishing I might reproduce the penmanship.

"Identical razor, used to erase
The dirt from every landlubber's face
Who, not having crossed the equator, would claim
An entrance to Neptune's Southern domain.

"For his manly behavior on that trying occasion
We think Spalding worthy of consideration.
We offer him, therefore, as token of praise,
This here razor that played the deuce with his face."

Hooray for Jack! I knew he was a poet. He has always had an old-fashioned octant up when we took sights and managed to take his observations also from the forward deck.

"I expect to see you a master mariner some day, Jack," I once turned and said to him.

"I expect to be, sir," was his reply in a flash.

I liked it. First of the trip he was sort of a clown at the wheel, but he has been steadying constantly.

At supper, the rest of the pot-pie.

Under the starlight captain came from the bulwark rail to sit and talk. I spoke of the Star in the East, the lowly ox-stall, what has come of it. He asserts that the "Star of Bethany" is known positively by astronomers of to-day. He enjoyed the description of the meeting under the palms in "Ben

Hur." But I couldn't get much out of him on the subject of his family.

"Yes," he says, "I've got children, but they's all gals."

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31ST.—We are getting desperately sick of this unending northeast wind. It has been a wearing week, reckoning almost entirely in longitude. We lose a mile to gain a mile, and the captain's slogan has been:

"Another blank day ahead."

Sometimes we have made magnificent easterlies on what seemed to promise a trans-Atlantic voyage. Tacking sometimes to the northwest, we would spend a night driving in a furious gale. Berthold and Johnson had a clash of words after one such experience. I thought it was going to bring them to blows—a question of management, I fancied, though giving it little heed. Andrew has a porcelain pride. He has taken offense at me over some tactlessness so trifling that it had to be explained for me to see. He is new in his position, naturally sensitive. One must be careful. A steady friend is missed in a world so small, but I have made the possible amends and await his cure.

The men have all shaved their Cape Horn whiskers. Johnson's grizzled chin is bare. But captain seems to have lost the last regard for cleanliness. He lops over the newly painted dingy, unshaved and stockingless, grimy heels crowding down the uppers of brine-whitened stiff shoes. He asserted in one of our chats that he has taken only five baths in his lifetime. I believe him. "Oh, for a breeze, a favoring breeze!"

I sat till midnight watching out the year.

At eight bells, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, all broke out of the forecabin. Over the blackness of the sea sounded horns, rifles and hurrahs. So we

"Greeted the Unseen with a cheer!"

FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1897.—Ther., 77°. Water 76°. 23° 3' S°, 30° 24' W. Course, N. W. by W., E. by N. Light, tropical. Distance, sixty-seven miles. Straining along the Brazilian coast, beating it, out six hundred miles. We are about

opposite Rio Janeiro. From but a few degrees above the River Platte (Buenos Ayres), we have "punched" against a prevailing northeaster steadier than any "trade." Now, at 23° , we look anxiously for the southeasters. But the only change is from head winds to calms. We are "headed off" only to be pursued back onto our old tack. This sort of thing wears on us. Only "New Year's Day" kept us from getting ugly. Captain rewarded my hopes of yesterday by shaving and getting on socks and clean clothes. At noon we were only five miles south from being directly under the sun, which is at $22^{\circ} 57'$. We are seventy-nine days from San Francisco and twenty-three from Cape Horn.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 3D.—I slid out of my bunk on a sharp slant and went above to find the yacht clipping a glorious eleven-knot drive. The wind had worked, during the night, to E. N. E., and settled vigorous there. It enabled us to keep to our course.

"Good," said the captain, "but not the southeast trades."

I wrote, read, and above enjoyed that rare mind-equipoise one experiences here. After a good dinner, captain had the same high flow of spirits that begat his richest stories in the more western tropics.

Squalls and rain after three P.M., killing the wind.

MONDAY, JANUARY 4TH.—Squalls all night. The captain was complaining bitterly of the way the wind pursued us dead into each quarter we tried. It was light and fine; about a seven-knot breeze. The air is dry and delicious. Head winds keep it cool. Even captain ventured, "It was a beautiful day."

I took the wheel, by the wind, set the barometer clock, studied some navigation, and went aloft for sails. At dinner we had up Civil Service. Captain's opinions are strongly put.

"I once tried to get into the custom house. Every step I took I had to join a club. There were two clubs at fifty dollars each. They wanted me to try an office that would be done away with in four months. I smelt another club and quit. If I'd kep' on, it 'ud cost me eight hundred dollars.

“Secretary T—— was aboard the ship,” he continued, “and among other things he said to me, ‘Captain, what do you think of Civil Service?’ Says I to him:

“‘I think it was meant well; and then again I think not. When a man frees his slave, saying, ‘Here’s your freedom. Go, you are free, but remember you are my man—free so long as you pay tribute to me, tribute to Cæsar,’ it may be meant well, and then again not. And when any man originated this law and upholds it, ef he knows as much about it as I do—*that man is a thief and a liar.*”

“What’d T—— say?” I asked.

“Why, he laughed! He knowed well enough all about it. When any man takes his oath on the Bible—then breaks it, I say he *lies*. Secretary T—— has done it a hundred thousand hundred times!”

How *could* the captain get on in politics?

TUESDAY, JANUARY 5TH.—A tough night, no sleep till after four. I loafed and tried for naps. Captain was talking away on Bible dreams—*Jacob’s* interpretation of Pharaoh’s.

“It was jest sheer luck; it didn’t make a cussed bit of difference to him which way. He was safe.”

He pointed out a “marrage” off the Bahia coast, mountain ranges above a mirror stratum.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6TH.—While I turned in and slept ten hours, the yacht “turned to” and made a hundred and ten miles. All the morning she bowed to it faithfully. At noon we found we had made the noble run of two hundred and thirty-five miles.

The mate and his watch have been busy with the varnish pots. The hardwood finishings glitter and the dingy, fresh and white, has been swung back to its davits. After dinner there sprung out of the north to leeward a bark by-the-wind on the other tack. She, now, is doing the beating. Aloft with the glass, the topsail shut me from the northwest quarter as I tried to follow her, but I got there a memorable sweep of the tropic-mellowed sky and feathered sea.

At once on clambering down, "Steamer on the lee bow!" was called. Bound southwest, her black smoke clouds were seen and, barely, the mastheads, but no funnel.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7TH.—An English steamer, sails set, five miles to windward, bound south.

"She has raised a flag, captain," I reported.

"Eh! Get up those signals, Pete!"

We flew our United States Yacht Ensign on the main gaff and hoisted up the code signals to the main topmast in place of our vane. She ran up her pennant in addition to the ensign.

That was no satisfaction. It might mean either that she recognized our signal, or was responding that she couldn't make us out. I am in hopes that it was the former, so that we may be reported. Captain showed little gumption. I thought everybody seemed disgusted, but I ought to say the distance was great and we were running by rapidly.

Wonderfully cool. No discomfort in the bright sun. We are two or more degrees from land. The evening was perfect. Great golden clouds and a thin blue veil across the moon; the yacht skimming lightly as a bird.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8TH.—A marked locality—abreast of Cape St. Roque, one hundred and fifty miles west—and three degrees south from the "line;" the one as visible as the other. Here we turn as it were the third corner in our trapezium; the final cross-dot will be home.

At last we had a southeaster, but lagging for a "trade." We sailed free after a long, long beat. The main topmast staysail was set. It was slow and sultry. Land greeted us. At six the mate reported the Fernando Noronhas, prison islands of Brazil. I went aloft with the glass. A piercing gloom-gray cathedral spire, rearing to six hundred feet, its pile and clustered masses outlined, fifty miles away. A gray evening quickly shut them out.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10TH.—Moderate, sultry; squaresail added to main topmast staysail; the big boom still swung out

free. At noon, rain impending. After mess down it came. I stripped to shirt and cotton pants, and, both arms piled with long-worn clothes, plunged above for ship's wash. It was a torrent. No need to plug the scupper holes. The ways were flooded. Soon they were white with suds. But there was wind, and the men had to stand by the head sails before they could spread the awnings and fill the tanks. Bucket and scoop brigades were formed. I peeled at the last my shirt, punched it into my tub and hustled below to get dry.

Squalls continued, followed all the evening by hot winds.

I witnessed a display of phosphorus and jellyfish altogether phenomenal. Our wake was a glowing road of snapping points and rolling, half-quenched balls of smoke. A breaking crest, in the later darkness, looked like a reef of coral or the hull of a phosphorus-covered stranded wreck.

EQUATOR, SUNDAY, JANUARY 10TH.—The captain has put it "by the 15th we should be 5° North." Since the beginning of our noble runs, I have set to-day for the equator. We barely did it; 46' S. at noon; then slow and a large westerly till midnight, "nautical noon" of Monday.

Again we have beaten the hydrographic average, thirty-five days from Cape Horn. Our record is thirty-two.

Wash-day in itself as great a festival as New Year's—Sunday, the Equator, all in one! The decks were a grand drying-yard. The pickle couldn't steep longer. I hung out clothes with my heathen Chinese partner, Charley.

It was too hot to do much else than watch things flap. At six I spent half an hour below to meet any of the men who want a little informal Sunday talk.

MONDAY, JANUARY 11TH.—I awoke rejoicing. I had slept grandly. The noise and motion of the ship, the light from above, evidenced good headway across the "line."

"No calms," I murmured; "and a fair, free start homeward bound."

But Neptune, scant of a victim this time, had been kicking up. There was a long rolling sea that caught us in pitfalls

and tried to hinder. During the night we had left away to the westward the St. Paul Rocks lying just north of the line.

Andrew flew into a crazy, discreditable passion with the cook to-night. Oaths and high words were being bandied when captain and he had gone forward into the messroom. I stayed outside as long as possible, but the quarrel showed no signs of abating and I was forced finally to go in. I found it was the old question of the cook's calling on Andrew's watch to empty his slop buckets. It is a part of their work, but he had called on them when Andrew had been busy about something else. Cook, it seems, finally tossed a paper containing some red pepper into Andrew's eyes, hence the falling out.

Andrew had lost all self-control, and was reiterating that he "Allowed nobody to enterfare mid his business." And that "He had never had shoostice from dis department."

Cook was comparatively quiet as he went about his work, and captain entirely so. But finally captain said:

"They is such a thing, Mr. Berthold, as being a little mite thin-skinned!"

It silenced the mate for the moment, but not for long.

"Vell, dis isn't one ob dose times!"

He quieted again; but I didn't like the look in his eye.

A fine school of porpoises was playing close around us. We gathered forward and Jack crawled out on the boom, waiting with harpoon ready, for them to come across our bow. We ran at length into the midst of them. Jack plunged with magnificent aim. There was a scurry. The iron was hauled back, twisted like a corkscrew from the shaft down. Mr. Porpoise had lost a goodly chunk of flesh.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 12TH.—At, say, three to eight degrees north, the charts indicate calms, doldrums or violent storms. We made up our mind to weak southeasters, but we seemed to have entered at once the northeast trades. They are generally taken only when one is well worn out from this stratum. The squalls last week were sharp, but lost us little. Captain tells me he has often had all hands standing by the sails night and day for five days to catch the slightest puff.

As we look now off the port quarter, fancy carries us to the mighty Amazon's giant flow from Pacific-swept Peru.

All is with us, wind, current, even leeway on this starboard tack. But there is a "chunk of a sea."

The moon struggled in a dappled sky.

A squall leaped from the blackness to windward. We lowered mainsail for the night.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13TH.—Glorious! Two and one-fourth degrees of latitude. Two and three-fourth degrees longitude; three degrees, twenty miles on our course. This was the gain with one bare pole half the night—then storm trysail. It is no longer the result of squalls going before us, but a roystering trade. Whole flocks of flying fish glittered in their ephemeral dazzling flight. The very brilliancy they sun in plunges them back to gloom. The sea rose to a wild, white race. Darkness came early. The sun dipped at six. Captain and I, sitting placidly in the moon, were drenched from cap to sole by a souser over the weather taffrail.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14TH.—Strong and accomplishing, but the sea still on its roly-poly; the trysail aft was all we wanted. The mainsail was bellied out to fill the whole port section of the quarter-deck. The men got inside with palms and needles—a vast snow-cave, such as uncle's babies would howl over for a playroom. The mate took it as an out-of-the-way nook where he might unload upon me his grievances and enlist my support. He is still cherishing that miserable business with the cook. He is sore because the captain went against him, and talks, once in port, of giving up his position. I evacuated, wanting no entanglement in this smallness.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 15TH.—It's a pleasure to wake and be thrown on your head when that means *speeding home*. A great swath to windward was tossed with tide rips; but we set the mainsail and swung along. By degrees the chop lessened.

"Ef it h'ud stay smooth like this," snorted the captain, "we'd get somewhere. That d—d sea's 'nough to yank the masts out o' her, without any sail."

With luck, why shouldn't we make port by the 28th, an even fifteen weeks?

We are out of the belt consigned to the hapless spirits of sulks and doldrums. It is cool and dry. The sea to-night, under the puff of wind clouds, was black satin slashed with white. The moon threw across it a ribbon of gray.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16TH.—Good-by, South America! North of its northernmost point! Past the mouth of the Orinoco; and the sea is no less salt. Still the "keel-compelling gale." From ten to eleven we made a square twelve knots. All possible sail. This steadfastness is on the order of steam. "Portuguese men-o'-war" sail tossing past us, as large as the round of a coffee-mug. Many are almost on their beam ends, but they shimmer in a brave opalescence of purple, green and carmine.

Captain calls me "Witch hazel" because I "draw the seas."

"All right," he says, after being several times drenched, "I'll go below if you're coming up."

So we smooth the way. But it isn't smooth. His seven devils break out daily. It takes the help of saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs, to withstand them.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 17TH.—How foolish to check off their days! From sun-up till moon-down, above, under the open sea-charged air of Heaven. Compare the rain-sodden city, slushy February and spring thaws. God bless the sea, bless and temper its final fierceness.

MONDAY, JANUARY 18TH.—"West Indian weather." Saturday we came abreast of Barbadoes, and what are known as the Windward Islands; to-day we are eight or ten degrees east of the Leeward, or North Caribbees. The passing squalls of yesterday developed into a settled rain. The wind drew dead astern. There was "no sun" at noon. I sopped some socks and flannels in the lee scuppers. Berthold said he wished we were alongside the dock. He complained that he had a hundred-pound weight of lead fast to his heart, and no let-up to

his burdens. Later squalls killed the wind. Baffling. Lowered main and foresail, and stood under squaresail alone.

"Some Grand Interference," grunted the captain.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 19TH.—Above at four bells. The "square-rigged breeze," had veered; it was "fore-and-aft," and, for the first time in weeks, the port tack. Roused again at eight bells by driving rain. Day broke bright and dripping. Complications thickened. Cook was sick or drunk, asleep all the morning on the spare sails at the foot of the saloon companionway. Ulcerated tooth, he called it.

Berthold told me that he had announced to "the old judge" his purpose to throw up his berth. I disliked to be involved in the falling out, but I think it wise to emphasize to Andrew this. He has a good friend in Captain James, and such friends are not to be lightly thrown away. Such friends, too, know one pretty well. Things are never altogether pleasant.

The captain's criticism of Berthold, as of all men with more education than himself is:

"He Dutches it!"

He would say the same of the professor of astronomy. By this he means that "he knows too much," and improves on *his* reckonings. Now, in spite of Andrew's hot-headedness and amusing complacency, I know how careful he is to submit his judgments to the old man. But the work of keeping the daily runs is plainly his. Taking altitudes there is liability to personal variation. The captain in this particular should at least offer to strike an average. And it would have been better to have saved Andrew's pride in the matter about the cook. Doubtless Andrew has even more to complain of, day and night with the old man, than I know anything about.

It came to me to tell the captain the story of Jones, who captured a moose and put him on exhibition and sent out complimentary family tickets, and when Perkins put in an early appearance with one ticket and more than a score of retainers, after a moment of dumfoundedness, he rallied and swept them all in, with:

"Well, well, Perkins, step right in, step right in. It's just

exactly as much of a show for my moose to see your family as for your family to see my moose!"

Some way to hit him. He isn't altogether without consciousness of his shortcomings; he has even sometimes put the laugh on himself, as when he told of Superintendent Trask's saying at Snug Harbor, talking of one of the old seadogs there:

"He's a good fellow, a first-rate fellow," said Trask, "but so durned contrary; throw him overboard, an' he'd drift agin the tide!"

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20TH.—Great areas of Gulf seaweed begin to be seen. It is the junction of the Gulf Stream with the sweep of the Amazon current.

There were signs to-day of a better understanding between the captain and mate. The captain fears his "head." He has been overbearing. He now yields.

In the little messroom the lantern over our table was lighted for supper, and we pick out, in the early watches, the "Dipper" of the old Northern clime and the North Star.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21ST.—I turned in midway through the long evening and slept heavily. To-day the yacht was leaping like a panther. The sea was like pyramids, pinnacles spiralled onto our decks. Clewed-up topsails, two on the jib-boom, foresail, after the storm trysail. Here, where, before the trades leave us, we should be making all headway, it is a cursed sea.

Sixteen hundred miles ahead, the last the worst. The wind began to draw to the east and moderated. The atmosphere is considerably cleared on deck, and in the messroom. Captain is conciliatory. At noon:

"Well, we'll call it thirty-six!" yielding his sight in deference to the mate's.

Later he flattered the mate by saying of the topsails: "I haven't seen them so well clewed up since you used to clew them!"

Andrew sits through at mess. It is high time. There is quarreling enough among the crew. When officers talk of poi-

soning, throat cutting, witnesses, a passenger feels like "matter out of place." I had begun to sleep with a six-shooter under my head.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22D.—Wind astern and weak. Our last day, our last night within the tropics. They were typical. Our rig was singular. Forward the foresail and great bonneted squaresail swung out wing-a-wing. Above, the topsail and the balancing "Raphy." Aft, in lieu of the mainsail, the pointed trysail, still bent on, drew another line to this pinnacle of white, and so we flapped along.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23D.—Early up. The captain did no worse than to propound that "ignorant men are always trustworthy, the educated knaves and liars."

It was handsome and more tropical than the tropics, but slow. A young whale played under our keel, rolling over, the glow of his white belly showing his course. We levelled two rifles and a revolver at him when he rose.

Great rafts of the Gulf weed. I have caught much with a boat hook, and am pressing and varnishing it.

We are taking now at noon our longitude by equal altitudes.

Sultry and sluggish. A salt bath. Found captain above, sitting glum.

"It don't look promisin'," was his verdict. "Too much like a nor'wester, which 'ud be dead ahead."

I got in some work with the constellations, using a Goldthwaite's Planisphere charter for observations from forty degrees north.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 24TH.—"I'll make it a ten-pound box of that fine tobacco, captain, if you'll get us in next Sunday!"

"What! Bribe a man on the Sabbath day—a man in your profession? My *price*, sir, is fifty thousand dollars. Twenty years ago it was five hundred thousand dollars. Twenty years more, if I live so long, I guess it will be about fifty dollars!"

MONDAY, JANUARY 25TH.—We had it this morning dead

from the northwest. There was nothing but to tack southwesterly. One great sullenness was on us all, but we pulled together.

“Well, we’ll go down to Indian River and pick oranges.”

It hauled to the westward and for a season came up strong. We reset the mainsail. But there was no staying force. Captain and I came to one higher issue.

“Naval officers, their pensions, poor unpensioned farmers who go ‘over the hill to the poorhouse.’ ” I let it all go at dinner, but he forced me into it again on deck; wanted to “talk man to man.” I did. I let out from the shoulder. I told off on my fingers these institutions: The Church, the government, army and navy, education, hospitals, charitable institutions. These classes of men: Lawyers, doctors, ministers, writers, business men. “All are bad; all you pull down. Now, when that’s the case, doesn’t it look a little bit as though some of the wrong is on your part?”

He kicked and squirmed.

“He was an inspector, a detective to hunt out the evils of mankind. It isn’t necessary to look for the good. One is born knowing that.”

I refused to quarrel with him. But his immense censorious vanity sometimes needs pricking.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 26TH.—It was calm. We hadn’t steerage way. What we must expect above twenty-seven degrees, the limit of the northeast trades, is a belt of doldrums.

I have finished making a list of the books aboard, which dutifully I’ve refrained from reading. I’ve also gotten from the captain some figures of our equipment, etc. The stock, by the way, is wearing down. Potatoes are out; pear pie greets us as a toothsome innovation, and there is a cheerful dish of French stewed tomatoes and canned peas at breakfast, dinner and supper.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27TH.—It was a sou’wester—the ugliest sky I ever saw. A thundering great corrugated spur was driving westward. All the rest was a pulp of knotted,

tangled, intertwined cotton-waste. Under it sped thin smoky scuds and piled northeasterly, a smudge of yellow. We were right in the trough of what Berry would call a "Marine Hell."

"Catching it early," said the captain.

A new fore staysail, with double reefed foresail and main trysail. Five hundred miles north this wind will cut. A gauntlet of rain storms.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28TH.—In the teeth of a nor'wester, straining, quivering, buffeted, hardly moving. An awful sea; its body, under black clouds, the color of a rotting plum. The waves, so steep they fell over backward. The wind scattered their crests like fine-blown snow. It fell everywhere, streaking like a frosting. Long boots and blue flannels again.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 29TH.—A healthier sky and the sea somewhat moderating. It was a staver of a night—cold. Again it was three three-cornered sails, as off Cape Horn. We are thankful to have kept headway.

"Ships *have* got to New York afore," says the captain.

Bless him! Positive optimism. I will throw out breakfast. He broke into vileness and hate. I sparred blow after blow, staggerers, full "Marquis of Queensbury rules," and knocked him clean out. On deck the tide was sweet again. We had many a jolly laugh.

Quite a moderation. In fact, we prepared to set the foresail. But "secondaries" rouse and frown. There'll be a change of some sort, nobody knows what.

Pieter came aft with the binnacle lights at five before we went below to mess.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30TH.

"If Bermuda lets you pass,
Then, look out for Cape Hatter-ass."

I got it from Johnson in the dog watch. It antedates Keats'

"Truth is beauty, beauty truth,"

But perhaps the poet never cruised along these latitudes.

Luck was ours, however. The sea had gone down. Little by little the head wind was hauling off to the north and east. It was light, but enabled us to point northwest by west. The foresail swung out once more; it never looked so big. Soon we had the mainsail married to it, and all the working set was added.

We picked up a bark on the weather bow. A three-mast lumber schooner headed down and passed so near we could read her name, D. G. Safter. Men in the rigging, the only human beings beyond our fifteen souls.

November-nipping. But the Gulf-spurts warming, and the wind gathering vigor.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 31ST.—We came into the Gulf Stream—its outer fringe. It has been called the "Ocean River." We enter it at its most colossal part. As we struck into the warm current, our pitch into the hollows was marked by hot puffs. An angry, lashing, flashing sea, ugly with the dazzling beauty of a Spanish hater. The sun was shadowed over us, but shone into the north upon a mass of snowy windrows, huge white powder-puffs, twisted rolls. Black above summer blue and white; Prussian richnesses, and the regal depth of the waves.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1ST.—A Gulf day. The wind continued fluke. Gust follows gust; squall, squall. Three points round the compass at a stride. Every few hours a draw bucket was dipped and we tried the water. 74.05° was the highest found at ten A.M. In five hours it fell off to 71° .

The water is gray again; a vaporous sky. Gulf-weed has melted. "Sail ho," almost hourly, on every quarter, and we drop them all astern.

It was Hatteras night. After it the captain was his old-time devil. But at noon we got $35^{\circ} 41'$. Past Hatteras a hundred miles in the rage of the West! We are $73^{\circ} 58'$. Seventy-four degrees west is *home longitude*.

An east wind abeam. On to the next thing. The glass is dropping constantly. At eight P.M. the temperature of the sea has dropped to 48° .

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY, 2D.—Air, 53°. Water, 45°. North-east storm. 37° 46' N. 74° 20' W. Wind E.N.E. True, N., one-half W. N. Distance, one hundred and twenty-seven miles. It was winter—the cold, the blast, the rain. We had no sights and were getting rapidly in shore, bearing under an east wind a point west of north. We took soundings every four hours. It shoaled constantly, and the sand, sticking to the soap, was green with specks of black. At eight A.M. it was fifty fathoms; at noon, forty-five; at four P.M., twenty-six. We hauled to the north to get water that was deeper. We got as above by dead reckoning, putting us twenty miles off the Virginia coast, abreast of Chincoteague.

At three P.M. the sun broke out. The water was a magnificent green. A sail was called on either bow. Jumping with our glasses on the companionways, then on to the lashed boom, we made out to leeward rising through the vapor of rain the masts of an oil-tank steamer, and in a moment the whole black, lumbering hull. On the weather bow was a three-masted schooner, double reefed boom sails, jib staysails. Both were laboring heavily. It was a memorable sight. We, pigmy though we were, finely constituted but buoyant, seemed to skim the great seas, while they, in all their strength, wallowed like sows.

When I went above at eight bells, all hands were at the lead line. They stretched way forward from the man with the reel, by the taffrail, to Gus at the forward rigging holding the lead.

“Heave!”

A struggle in the dark, some confusion. The mate called: “The line is caught.” It was found still stretching above the bulwark rail.

“It hasn’t been heaved, sir!”

Again.

“Have you got your wheel hard down?”

“Hard down, sir,” called Barney.

This time the line with its sinking lead was carried aft in a jiffy.

“She’s running like a race horse!” Andrew cried.

Captain put his head above.

“How much?”

“Twenty-six, sir.”

“How’s she head?”

“North ’alf east, sir.”

“God! What’ll she do on the other tack?”

“We’ll make some s’uth’ard—but I tink it’s best!”

“Let her off there; we’ve got to wear ship!”

One who knows this operation can picture—in the intense darkness and fury of the gale—the next half hour.

It was imperative for our safety to change our course. The wind was working to the north, every instant heightening, and we were driving between it and the land. Such a blast we dare not face, but above all we must get out. To wear ship, the reverse of tacking, is to bear away from the wind, bear and bear constantly until half the compass has swung, and the gale beats astern, then by judicious steering to let her gybe, the sails fill on the other side, and, easily as possible, to bring her up on the other course. It’s the long way about, the safe way about, the way about in a storm.

Captain took the wheel, all the crew vanished forward to take in the trysail, and I hung behind the wheel post waiting the word and watching over the old man’s shoulder the compass card.

The wind beat and blinded us. The signal came aft. Hard up he jammed her. Some order had to be given to the mate. He asked me to go forward and summon him, and sliding, crawling and hauling myself forward through the maze of gear, assaulting an indistinguishable mass of men, a human swaying pyramid about the trysail tackle, bellowing, I finally drew him out. I made my way back and once again I watched those points go by. There was a fearful fascination in it. The sweep we described in the darkness of that blast—what was in its path, who knew the dangers of it?

“West northwest, west, southwest”—there came the stay-sail’s swing; luckily it went by undemolished. “South”—back on our tracks as we bowed before the blow; then the effort to bring her up to a gaining course. Through south by east, south southeast, southeast—to east one-half south.

He held her.

“That’s as high as I can bring her,” was his admission.

We kept our main trysail for steadiness and to give her steerage—that was all. Again we were making for the Gulf Stream and God alone knows what or where.

When all was accomplished and there was nothing for it but to trust to fate, I followed below into the old man’s cabin. He had released the wheel. I found him in a daze. His hands were on his knees, his eyes on the floor. Exactly what it was I couldn’t tell. Whether what we had averted or what was apt to come. I had to work to rouse him, thinking it just as well to make him talk. He braced a bit, but relaxed and his eyes would drop to the floor, uneasy, despondent, unmanned! Finally he rose and blundered to the filter—turned himself a great tumbler of water until the precious fluid cascaded over the sides. He gulped it, and

“We’d ’a’ been on the beach if that had kept up,” was his bursting out.

Again the locker and his old position.

“Well, well, this is what we have had to expect!” It was a semi-philosophical tone, but so distressingly cast down, so at a loss, so restless for I knew not what he seemed, that I almost thought he was thinking of God. On my mind, certainly, it rested to thank the Father of all mercies and ask His continued care. I hesitated. I was a coward. Yet I couldn’t cast my pearls to be trampled. I determined to wait. After sitting some time longer, though it was well nigh useless, I suggested that the best thing we could do was to turn in now and get what sleep we could. All night the old man in his blue flannel drawers was wandering back and forth from his cabin to his mid-ship bunk. Right over our heads it was as though railroad irons were being driven into the deck and were ripping it up. I stopped shuddering at last and went to sleep.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2D.—Drifting on the face of the deep. The tempest was a howler, the waves mountain-high. Fore trysail, a wretched three-cornered scrap, the only rag on her. Headed east, but drifting much to the south. The log

line lay at right angles till we hauled it in. Headway is leeway. Wind cuts like a knife. The wheelman braces his back to the windward, his tongue hangs from his mouth; he struggles to breathe. He but holds the wheel—hard down to keep her lying to. Nobody can tell in the least how long it is going to last.

We were tossed and tumbled. Aside from the squalls of snow, acres of foam, white as drifts, spread the tops and slopes of the waves. It was forty-five degrees. One was glad after a few moments to get under cover from the wind.

Below was a black snowstorm. Smoke from the choked galley fills the ship. In it much of the day captain and I staggered. Exercise could be gotten just from a padded room. Andrew at breakfast was "glad we didn't try to go onto the other tack at four A.M."

I braced this morning and went into the old man's cabin and said:

"I am going to have a prayer for those in a storm at sea. Would you like to hear it?"

"First rate!" he said.

We came forward. He sat on one saloon sofa, I across the way. Suddenly we exchanged places. A big roll unseated us both.

"Try again!"

But again we plunged.

"We'll fool this; we've got to get where we can stay put. Here! we'll get up to this table and wedge our knees in the sail."

We each took a corner. I squared my book on it and began. I read a Psalm—then the prayer for those in a storm, slowly, and I am quite sure I felt it. The old man missed not a word, but listened with bowed head. When it was finished he fairly slapped his knee.

"That's good. I never heard it before."

"There are a lot of good ones," said I.

He was actually helped. He soon turned in and went to sleep.

Afterward, at night, we drew up by the saloon *open fire*—

no fire in it and hasn't been this trip, but it has a brass chimney-piece that glimmered.

"Draw up to the fire," said the old man. "Draw up!" And until late we stuck there with the rage of the tempest overhead.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH.—Roused at light I felt at once that it was less of a roll—more of them perhaps; the shaking sharp, incessant, but no such overwhelming power.

Captain, passing, sung out:

"How do you feel this morning?" and the sound was hopeful as a rising glass.

One look above showed things vastly bettered. No longer I

"Ope'd my casements on the foam of perilous seas."

We were still hove to, but wind and sea had moderated. Behind the gray waves was no storm. In the eastern sky even a spot of blue, and, tumbling below, I ventured we should get a sun. Andrew was soon out and trying for it, snapping at every glimpse, but he had no luck. I caught a look at the oil-bags, empty, hanging from the bows. Then we went to "Chow," tempered well for rice, Johnny-bread and peas.

Wind was N. N. E.

Above, Andrew caught an instant's sun. As soon as he had entered it:

"Loose the staysail!"

Hear that joyous ring! The whole crew came sliding down the skimmy deck against the wheel-box like a pack of school-boys on a strip of ice. We freed the clewed-up trysails and set the jib along with the staysail. Not only that, but soon we were hauling at the halyards of the foresail—think of it, a great, glorious, rectangular boom sail, and three others after our one wretched rag!

"A home pull!" cried one of the boys, and I in time with

"Homeward now we swiftly roll!"

We heaved out on the peak-jig, and on she swept, full on her course, northwest by west.

"Steamer on the lee bow!" We lost her. Nipping, glorious cold. Drifting planks and timbers. We sighted uncer-

tainly. Captain's sight (he turned early below) gave him $37^{\circ} 19'$. Before I was called away, I had my altitude almost corresponding. It was doubtless premature. Berthold stayed above longer and got an observation close to noon. On his slip, as he handed it to me later, I found he had made out $38^{\circ} 9'$ (longitude, $73^{\circ} 16'$). And so the two observations go down on the books with a difference of almost sixty miles as to our position.

Yesterday was without reckonings, living or dead.

Tuesday, by dead reckoning, we were $37^{\circ} 46' N.$, $74^{\circ} 20' W.$ In the blow of the last two nights and the day, we have been driven back more than a hundred miles. Andrew chalks our distance made good to-day as six miles.

We began a better record at noon; starting with six knots. There was light snow. Charley, who had his teeth knocked out in the forecastle last Sunday, was once more at the wheel, his face in a muffler. I patched, as much as possible, his broken chops—not pleasant weather for such mishaps. I say the blow was given in the forecastle. I recall now that I haven't seen him since he one night had the temerity to come aft bringing the old forecastle light, with a request for a new one. He was sent below to the old man. Harry came Sunday for bandages. He, too, was decorated—with a black eye. Whether the captain reverted to the order of old days I don't know, and don't want to. Still I put it down.

Poor Jap Charley, fussing over my bunk, crawling around on the blankets like a black-headed doll, tried with a pathetic effort in Japanese to say that he was "berry sorry, sir Mister," about something—what I couldn't for the life of me make out, which was most fortunate. Even Charley is a "Montague or Capulet." Chef thunders at him and Andrew has been taking him up. A new deal, maybe, to try my partisanship. I was glad I could tell him I guessed it would be all right, but that I couldn't possibly understand. Still he persisted that he was "berry sorry, berry sorry, sir Mister," poor little pup.

The sea was once more noble green, then slate-gray. We drew astern that majestic tower of the sea, a full-rigged ship. She had everything on up to top-gallants; yesterday she perhaps had lower topsails and staysails.

There was a low, warm sunset. Heaved lead at seven. Twenty-three fathoms (but no Titian beach-wrecking winds). The wheelman got her aback and we tacked to the eastward, needing to get out a little. A new moon thrust its horn dead astern, and I would have it that it was Fenwick Lightship; but not quite yet!

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5TH.—Poor night. Quiet breakfast. Cold, gray, but good eight-knot breeze, east by north. Heading N. N. E.

The red-painted lightship, Fenwick Winter Quarters, the first sign of the American coast. What a life for the souls aboard! Anchor down, a single steadying sail. Better hide-and-peek with a northeast gale.

Windward a steamer, English, the Aurundale, running, our "Merchant" told us, from Newcastle to Cuba and New York.

Soon a four-masted schooner, clean under her bows with a big patch of yellow planks. She has met ice.

At eleven we tacked east by south; in an hour N. N. E.

The sextants frosted to our fingers. $38^{\circ} 19'$, $74^{\circ} 58'$. At 2:30 we passed two miles east of Fenwick Shoals, another lightship—this one tied down a hundred and twenty miles from New York.

The men have been making onshore plans. One brings me his bankbook and wants to know how to get his money from a 'Frisco bank. He thinks he will go next to the Transvaal and Matabelaland. Another heads for Livingstone County, North Dakota. God grant they will get there. May the "Boa'din'-house sharks" be kept from this trip's pay. I was going to each man in turn all day, finding a chance to ask, "John, are you going to make a fool of yourself this time?" Of course they promised:

"No, this time I will keep away."

One or two told me they never drank, and of them I had no hope. All, however, shook hands.

When the port watch was tramp, tramping on the weather side, I hailed, Jack, old Neptune. "Come here, Jack, you

haven't had your sermon," and drew him to port of the boom. I put the same question.

"A fool of yourself this time, Jack?"

He crimsoned and was broken up. He didn't know whether to cry or to hit me, but he didn't do the latter, and poured finally some words as sweet as any I shall ever hear. The usual story. Once a telegraph operator in Australia, again a bank-clerk in the Northwest (and I remembered the penmanship on the Neptune's razor).

Of course I didn't hear it all.

"Drink and the devil had done the rest."

It ended with the sea.

"It's powerful hard to get work ashore again. There is so many. And until this last time in 'Frisco I had kept straight two years."

After mess, still the gray and the sting. Says captain:

"We might have a good deal worse wind."

I ventured to repack my trunk, which was dumped and scattered in the Virginia blow. They say I brought the storm by packing it. I say they brought it by cleaning ship and rattling down.

At dusk there was a splendid speed. The smell of roasting coffee came from the kitchen. Jack was pacing and singing in his well-darned reefer; and Gus, at the wheel, as I stepped near, whispered:

"I've fetched her up, sir, another point."

Late, before mess, we were flashed on by a great light.

Cape Henlopen!

Soon Cape May; and at seven the Five Fathom Shoals. We tacked southeast to go outside the latter. In fifteen minutes we had run to windward.

"All good lights, captain, all good lights!" I couldn't help suggesting, remembering his oft quoted:

"Men with false lights on the shore."

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6TH.—At the first streak of light, there was the captain watching with his pipe, I straining my eyes to a haze bank in the east.

We had made a hundred miles in the twelve dark hours. Slowly the dusk lightened. Dark spots rose like sage bushes from a desert mist. Irregularities of line, sage clumps growing into the bristle of woods. The murk we saw there was the Jersey coast.

When we ate our breakfast—whether we ate it, I hardly know—I was thinking of the message home.

“Oh, give thanks unto the God of Gods. To Him who stretched out the earth above the waters, for His mercy endureth forever.”

Day cleared wintry, gray; on the slopes, scarred dredgings of snow; close off our bows, an antique Norway bark, homely, battered, drab-worn, bustling in. She straddled along like a ruffled Plymouth Rock hen, we pointing lightly to the lee.

Bell-buoys, like bobbing caissons sprung from the waves; a stray halyard streamed from the gaff and flaunted at them in malicious flings. Finnish boy John was at the wheel and captain stood by him with an—

“Off more from that one! More off! Bring her up now!”

Shores grew bolder. Oblong boxes stood out.

“What do you call ’em, captain?”

“Houses,” said he.

“People live in ’em?”

“Go into ’em sometimes,” responded he.

It was Seabright, next station this side the Golden Gate.

Sandy Hook flung round off our port. The refuse of a great city put a layer on the yellow tide. The top masts and striped funnels of a sunken princely steam yacht slanted above. Land strewn with blackened snow was now ahead and on our right. Far Rockaway, the Casinos of Coney Island. To the west, the Navesink Lights.

It was a dun and smoke-soiled city. We hardly saw it at all. Tears were in our eye; not in mine alone. But our lady, the little yacht, how she flew! Gray sailed, dipping, fleet, in the sleet and the scum, mettlesome, accomplishing. Her blue blood was up. Still ahead scratched the Norway hen, shutting her tail feathers, with a pugdog tug chasing her.

We passed Staten Island, flew by Fort Hamilton; and the

Crescent and New York Yacht Club signals were quivering at our peak. The noble Umbria loomed up and glided down, and we ran under her crowded rails.

Why we deigned recognition to a tug is a question. John, the Finnish wind-god, would have taken her up Broadway. I went below for a coat, and up again, one of the things was hitching us on to herself. Three deckhands in clean jumpers were passing cables over our sides with proprietary insolence. An engineer had his head out of his cubby window and I asked him who had been elected president.

“McKinley,” he yelled.

They told us that a part of the White Squadron was out in the big storm and hard hit. That the Indiana had put into Hampton Roads with the loss of a turret or two. But our lady leaned on her trainers.

“Don’t begin to break her up just yet,” captain used to say when green-walled combers luffed over her stern.

And they never even began.

The rain came down in earnest. The big towns were shut out. There was a great city wetness, but we didn’t think of that. Everybody was busy, red-eyed and crazed with joy and want of sleep.

We came off Bay Ridge, the yacht’s summer cruising quarters, scene of Andrew’s big times. Gowanus Bay was ahead, and our basin in South Brooklyn, Tebo’s, at the foot of Twenty-third street. Things dragged interminably. It got to be ten o’clock. We came to the coal-wharf district. Finally to one we were wrenched. A line was thrown to a man isolated on a spike-crowned beam beyond a scow. To the line was fastened a hawser. We were slowly snubbed along.

I was being seized with an insane desire to eat Sunday dinner at home, and went below to pack in earnest, and to try and get groomed. Good-bys were said all around. Andrew handed me his last reckoning slip, with

“A. Berthold, 46 Catherine Street,”

on the back.

He will look up his sister in Brooklyn, and go for a visit in Russia, "after fitting out the yacht."

Captain and I had a good chat over last things, about the big saloon table. He gets the tobacco. We are not to forget each other. Men don't rub elbows four months for nothing. He has not been a bad host and his best self is coming out yet. 'Spite of the country he so hates, before night he will be in Philadelphia with his wife and the despised "gals."

The basin was crowded with all sorts of craft, three deep to the dock and butted with ice. We waited unendingly an opening. At length I heard a hearty ring: "Where's Spalding?" shouted down the companion stairs. I dashed out to meet it, and it turned out to be Captain Arthur James. He gave me a hearty grip and was wanting to know everything and I trying to tell a part of it. We had been reported by telephone from Fort Hamilton, and he hurried down and crawled through coal yards, eager as a boy over his toy sloop. Dr. Adriance, who went on the yacht to Japan, followed him. We were soon with the old man in the messroom over four 'bowls of soup. It was good to sit down with new souls.

But I couldn't rest till I had news from home, and Captain James had received none lately. With a suit case and an umbrella I embarked in the quarter boat, and John pulled me through tugs and a flotilla of housed craft to the long mid-pier of the T. Soon I put both feet on land. An eighth of a mile on slushy planks brought me to pavements, and to cars that know neither squall nor calm, and I gained the Brooklyn streets.

After lunch and a rest at the Towers, and news that all are well, I drove back through lower Brooklyn to the dock. It was dark. I found the yacht with difficulty in her later berth, and hallooed a good while in the gloom. At last, sliding over several others, I found her sound asleep. I thundered on the sash lights and brought up cook, Pieter, and Charley Jap. The others were gone, and what a cozy place a ship's galley is when once you're ashore. Pieter and Pad shouldered my trunk and satchel, and we made the dock and filed back to the carriage. There were Jack and Gus, sliding and loosing their

feet most landlubberly on every corner of ice, but sober, thank God! Again I promised not to forget "a poor devil of a sailor." A squad of reporters waylaid me with my hand on the carriage door. They wanted to know if we had seen the Flying Dutchman or met any pirates. It was raining, and my yarn was not for them.

Good-by, out there, old Coronet, bless thy gaminess. Good-by, Pieter and Jack and Pad!

My driver was a garrulous cockney, much concerned for my comfort and an extra tip. I smiled complacently when, taking a last sea whiff on the Hamilton Ferry, he came and urged me back to the carriage away from the night river air. We drove the length of Broadway through a million lighthouses. Whata city!

Checking my luggage I started to call and tell something of my thanks to Mr. James and Captain Arthur. Jack-like, unused to the contingencies of land, off the Murray Hill a sudden gale from the northwest corner carried away a topsail in the shape of my stiffened derby-hat, and I never found it again. In borrowed "rig" I finally reached the beautiful homes in Park Avenue. There I had the good fortune to find not only Mr. D. Willis James, but Mrs. James and also young Mrs. James, the charming wife of Captain Arthur. Mr. Arthur James took me to his father's home. The pleasure of sitting there and telling these noble people something of all the richness and profit that I had enjoyed is something that I shall never forget. They gave me the noblest trip with which a young fellow was ever blessed—a time, I may put it, out of a man's life. Once more, good-by old sea,

"Thou mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests."

Good-by, Andrew and old Johnson, captain and cook.

And to our Lady a three—times—three! everybody getting into it! She accomplished it all; and with praise—in spite of obstacles.

In three months and three weeks, twenty thousand ocean miles—

"A tiny inch worm, measuring its length;
Rising and falling on a boundless tide."

PART VIII.

WEST COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND AND RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

AUGUST, 1897. It was Saturday, the 31st of July, that our party gathered on board the good ship Coronet, for our long-planned cruise northward to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Just a word about our yacht, for she well deserves mention. The Coronet is probably the most famous of American sailing yachts. Built in 1885 for the special purpose of racing the English yacht Dauntless across the Atlantic, she is particularly well adapted to deep-sea cruising, and since that time she has been owned by men who are fond of this kind of sport. She has crossed the Atlantic several times, has once been around the world, and last year made the trip to Japan, sailing twice around Cape Horn, and logging forty-five thousand miles from her departure from New York until her return. This, in addition to numerous trips to the West Indies and cruises along our own coast.

So you see it is no small distinction to make a trip in this famous boat. As you may assume, she is most comfortably arranged for long cruises, and can easily accommodate from six to ten people.

She is manned by a sailing master and a crew of sixteen men.

Now for our party, which consisted of our hosts, Captain and Mrs. James, Miss Armstrong, Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., a recent graduate of Yale, and Mr. Howard Wilson, familiarly known to his friends as "Tug," and the humble narrator.

With a fair wind we hoisted anchor and set sail about three o'clock from the Atlantic Basin, and steered our course straight out to sea by the Sandy Hook Lightship, and then bore away to the eastward, with the low-lying Long Island shore off our port quarter in the distance.

After getting our things stowed away in our staterooms and our sea clothes on, we began to realize that we had at last left behind business and ordinary cares and occupations, at least for a time, and were really off on our vacation, where letters and telegrams and the insinuating newspaper could not reach us. Stocks might go up or they might go down, we could not help it. Business might go to smash, somebody else must attend to it for a time at least. So, with considerable trepidation, at least on the part of the writer, we left the important affairs of state and nation, for the time being, in other if less able hands, and turned our eyes happily seaward with no thought except to get from the present all the enjoyment we could.

By Sunday morning we had begun to be somewhat acquainted with the other members of our party, some of whom had met before, and some not, and gradually as we realized that we were actually at sea and formed for the time being our own little world, we underwent a subtle change and laid aside with our shore clothes our shore selves, and unconsciously settled down to the conviction that the sooner we proceeded to be what we seemed to be, rather than to keep up any pretense of seeming to be what we are not, the sooner we should find our various levels and adjust ourselves properly to them. On a trip of this kind where the association is so constant, one may take for granted that sooner or later he will show for what he is, and it is a great saving of time and trouble to accept this situation at once and act promptly upon it. You cannot fool all the people on a yacht all the time, and you may as well not try.

Our first proposed stopping-place was Sidney, on the northeastern coast of Cape Breton Island, but it so happened that on our northward course, the second day out, we ran into fog and it stayed with us until Wednesday. When it finally lifted we found we had made fairly good progress, and were near the Gut of Canso, the straits separating Cape Breton Island on its southern side from the mainland. As our purpose in going to Sidney was merely to get our mail and to pick up our old pilot of two years ago, Captain Jeremiah Philpot, after a council of

war we concluded that this could be done equally well by running into Port Hawksbury, in the Gut of Canso.

After these days of fog and disagreeable weather, it was a delight to have the sun break through the clouds and sight the land, and we were all of us more than willing to change our plan with an early prospect of running into harbor and getting ashore for a little time.

We dropped anchor at Hawksbury in the afternoon of Thursday, and on inquiring found that Captain Jerry was already aware of our approach, having sighted us from his hillside farm, where he was getting in his summer's crop of hay while awaiting the coming of the Coronet.

There is nothing of special interest to chronicle about Port Hawksbury. It is a little old-time fishing port which has lost much of its importance with the decline of the fishing industry in the provinces.

The same thing is true of many other seacoast towns all through this section of the British provinces.

In former days, before our own Gloucester fleet of fishing vessels was kept out of Canadian waters, a great volume of business passed through these straits, but now it has fallen sadly into decay.

The fishing itself is poor, and the famous old fishing schooners have almost disappeared from these waters. A few steamers do the coasting trade that a vast fleet of sailing ships formerly did.

In the old days the Cod Banks were dotted all summer long with a fleet of Canadian and American schooners that came north for their annual catch, and it was not far from here, in the famous gale of 1873, that a fleet of one hundred and fifty sail from Gloucester was driven on a lee shore, and hundreds of sailors lost their lives. The dead bodies and wreckage were piled on the shore for miles, and it is still a vivid memory in the home of many a fisherman here, where in some instances as many as four sons out of a single family were lost.

Having sent off our telegrams and taken on Captain Jerry, we set sail once more on the second stage of our journey, for the Bay of Islands on the west coast of Newfoundland.

This is about midway on the western coast and some three hundred miles from Hawksbury. We ran out through the strait into the Gulf, and set our course northward, sighting Prince Edward Isle to the west, and soon sinking it below the horizon.

Then we caught sight, far to the west and north, of the Magdalen Islands, a group of low-lying islands inhabited by a few French Canadian fishermen, wretchedly poor and almost cut off from the outside world, except for the advent of an occasional fishing boat and a little steamer which visits them once in two weeks.

After running through another day of fog, finally on Sunday morning the weather began to clear with a strong wind blowing from the southward.

We were running north before it at a clipping rate, and fortunately while there was a high sea running we felt it but little as it was directly astern, and driving us along at twelve to fourteen knots an hour. It was this morning that we got our first sight of Newfoundland, and it was most magnificent.

The sea was wild and turbulent, the coast of the island ten miles off to starboard was grand and imposing to the last degree. The mountains which seem to rise from the ocean to a great height were crowned on their summits and along their sides with dark and angry-looking clouds, which now lifted clear to the tops and again shut down to the water's edge, completely hiding the view. At eleven o'clock we all adjourned below decks for our customary Sunday morning service at sea, which, by the way, is most delightful.

All the sailors who are not on watch come down and the service is read usually by Captain James from the Episcopal prayer book, and a number of hymns are sung which the sailors especially enjoy.

After lunch we lost no time in getting on deck again to watch the wonderful panorama of cloud-capped mountain scenery in combination with the wild and stormy sea.

Miss Armstrong was determined to carry some of it away by means of photographs, with what success later "developments" will show.

About the middle of the afternoon we turned our course inshore for the entrance to the Bay of Islands, our wonder constantly growing that this beautiful land is almost an unknown country. By means of the glasses we could occasionally make out a little fisherman's hut nestled in a tiny valley where some mountain stream made its way to the sea, but aside from this there was no sign of life anywhere to be seen. Rounding in between the high land and St. Peter's Island, we trained our glasses to discern if possible some sign of a harbor or village.

The wind was blowing hard, we had plenty of deep water under us, and we had our charts, but aside from this it was an unknown country to every one on board. Even Captain Philpot had never been there before.

Finally after rounding the headland we discovered, three or four miles distant, at the head of a little cove, a miniature village and three or four fishing boats. In an attempt to attract attention we fired our gun, hoping that we could find a mud pilot to show us a good anchorage. At length we could discern a small rowboat putting off, and to help things along Jake went off to meet it in our dingy, and brought back with him a young fisherman who said he knew the harbor better than he knew his letters. He seemed bright and intelligent, but he smelled to heaven of fish.

We took him aboard, and filled away from the cove, which, by the way, has the exceedingly pretty name of Lark Harbor. We found that many of these little places had most euphonious names, the harbor at the head of the bay where we finally anchored being named Birchy Cove. It must be an unconscious tribute to nature on the part of the natives. As we sailed farther inland through a deep and winding channel with beautiful little coves and bays making up on either hand, we gradually lost our breeze until finally we were well-nigh becalmed in mid-channel with Birchy Cove still five miles away.

On our right and towering above all the nearer mountains, was old Blow-Me-Down, the highest mountain on the coast, and high up on its rocky sides we could discern a patch of pure white snow and a tumbling waterfall.

As we lay in midstream, our sails flapping, and wondering

if we would reach our harbor before sunset, a diversion occurred.

We discovered on the bank, half a mile away, three or four little houses perched on the hillside and surrounded by a patch of garden and cleared land, and as we idly turned our glasses that way the most interesting and conspicuous sight that met our gaze on this quiet and peaceful Sunday afternoon was a young man in his shirt sleeves standing on the slope and looking intently at the unaccustomed sight of a trim white yacht.

His attention was not entirely absorbed by us, however, for by his side stood a young woman, and we presently discovered much to our delight that his arm was around her waist, and as we looked, oh! joy, she laid her head confidently on his shoulder, and he, evidently not to be outdone, stooped and kissed her. As you may imagine, all was at once excitement on board the Coronet. Our hands shook with the intentness of our gaze, as we focussed our glasses to see if he would do it again. Hurrah! he did, and we gave him a wild cheer of encouragement.

The rest of the story I tell with entire frankness, believing that the judgment of impartial readers will in the end exonerate me. I simply wish to state the facts as they occurred.

At this stage of proceedings some imp suggested that I should bring the megaphone into play. Accordingly I rushed below and brought it on deck with the laudable intention, as it seemed to me, of making a few appropriate remarks on a special and somewhat unusual occasion. My good intentions were well-nigh frustrated, however, by the determined opposition of the ladies of the party, and especially Miss Armstrong, who claimed that I had no right to disturb this pretty pastoral scene by introducing a serpent into their Eden.

After considerable difficulty I managed to escape and raising the megaphone to my lips I asked the people in a very polite tone of voice to "break away."

You may imagine my horror at the effect of these words.

The man instantly disentangled himself and started on a run down to the shore, where a small boat was lying. In his passage he mustered reinforcements in the shape of another stout and brawny fisherman.

As we had no wind and no prospect of any it began to look serious, and I saw visions of being boarded by Newfoundland pirates. It would of course be necessary for me to confess that I was the guilty person, to save the rest of the party, and my knees shook and I turned pale.

You may imagine also that I received little sympathy from the others of the party, they seeming to think it eminently proper that I should be thrust forward to receive these uninvited guests. By a tremendous effort I regained some degree of outward calm and stepped to the rail, where I assumed amid subdued jeers what seemed to me an easy and graceful attitude, and froze my face into a pleasant smile.

The boat was already halfway out, coming along at an excellent rate, and with the two brawny Newfoundlanders pulling at the oars. I prayed for wind, but there was no answer.

I had by this time given up all hope of avoiding the encounter, although it occurred to me at times that we should be justified in training the ship's gun on them and blowing them out of the water with blank cartridges, which was all we had, or at least in frightening them to death. But on second thought I remembered that we were in British waters, and I was loathe to entangle the *Coronet* in an international imbroglio.

To my surprise and relief when the boat was about fifty feet away the men stopped rowing, and the man to whom I had addressed my remarks on shore, who sat in the stern, gazed intently at us and said nothing. The continued silence became somewhat embarrassing, and as they seemed to expect something, I summoned up courage and said: "How are you? Nice day."

It is unnecessary to detail the further negotiations. Suffice it to say that the subject of our previous one-sided conversation was carefully avoided, and as it turned out we soon became fast friends and ended by engaging the injured man and apparently all his male relatives to accompany us next day up the Humber River on our fishing and hunting trip.

The alacrity with which he responded to my remark is explained by the curious fact that his name was Brake, and he evidently thought I was in need of his assistance, and for this reason had hailed him.

Shortly after completing arrangements for the men to meet us the following morning we reached our anchorage in Birchy Cove, where we found alongside the British man-of-war, the *Cordelia*, stationed on this coast in charge of the fisheries.

Hardly had we dropped anchor when the man-of-war's boat came alongside with a young lieutenant to go through the usual red tape in order to assure himself that we were all right.

After performing his duty he came back and spent the evening at Mrs. James' invitation, and in the course of the call worked off all the ultra-English phrases and big stories he could.

We had a most amusing time with him.

His first remark as he stepped on board was to ask "if we had not had a bit of a dusting outside." Not knowing in the least what he meant, we replied in chorus that we had. By preserving a discreet silence we found out later that he wished to inquire if we had not experienced some rather rough weather. The fascination of Mrs. James and Miss Armstrong proved so strong that we experienced the utmost difficulty in conveying to his somewhat slow comprehension that it was time to leave, as we were planning an early start in the morning. The fact that the *Cordelia* was ordered out at five A. M. did not seem to affect his staying powers in the least.

Finally, about midnight, when he had reduced us all to a comatose condition, he politely withdrew.

The next chapter of this record will be the most interesting of any, provided I can do justice to it.

"Tug," the mighty fisherman of the expedition, and I, the alleged hunter of big game, were now convinced that we were on the borders of the promised land. Visions of salmon that would stagger an able-bodied man to carry, and caribou waiting to be shot, had haunted our fevered brains for weeks. As we assembled at breakfast on Monday morning we were a sight for gods and men. Jake was dressed in a pair of knickerbockers of most appropriate dull mud color, with a leather coat borrowed for the occasion from Captain Crosby; Tug had on rubber boots and flannel trousers, and shirt of indescribable hue and all surmounted by a dirty greenish yellow rough cloth cap

of a size to fit a six-year-old boy and of remote antiquity. In it were stuck trout and salmon flies of various kinds. Mr. Stokes was most neatly dressed in a golf suit past the zenith of its glory, and in an outing shirt finished off, if you please, with a collar immaculate in its whiteness.

For the ladies, for they were to accompany us up the river, Mrs. James was most appropriately fitted out in a corduroy suit with short skirt and high boots; Miss Armstrong was also in roughing suit with a short skirt and a most bewildering and fascinating red felt hat.

Your humble servant was arrayed in shoes of ancient date, a pair of canvas leggings that had seen better days, blue navy trousers borrowed from the sailors' stock and constructed on a different plan from any similar article he had ever worn before, best described as "double-breasted," and an old gray coat whose main virtue lay in the fact that it was literally covered with pockets inside and out. Of the hat we can only say that it was better looking than "Tug's."

Our plan was to go up the Humber River, which forms the head of the Bay of Islands, and do our fishing as opportunity offered and spend two or three days in the woods.

The two ladies were to go with us the first day, and then return in one of our boats with Captain Philpot, leaving the rest of us to our fate.

After an early breakfast we succeeded in getting started about eight o'clock. We had two boats of rather clumsy build and when the wind was astern in the bay, and later in the lake they were rigged with sails which helped along wonderfully, small as they were.

Otherwise we got along entirely by rowing, and later on in the rapids of the river it was wonderful to watch the skill with which the men handled such unwieldy craft. The weather unfortunately was threatening and cloudy, but nothing of this sort could deter us. We rowed the two or three miles through the narrowing part of the bay to the mouth of the river proper, without any special incident except the sight of one or two seals with just the tips of their noses out of the water swimming quietly down with the tide. This gave us an opportunity



ON THE HUMBER RIVER, NEWFOUNDLAND.

to try our hand at rifle practice, but we did not succeed in hitting them, as a seal's head is an exceedingly small mark.

We had not proceeded far when we began to get into swift running water, and as the mountains closed in on either hand we came to the first rapids of the river. Ascending the rapids requires an intimate knowledge of the stream and much skill in handling the boat.

Advantage is taken of every twist and turn in the current. Every back current or "Heddy," as our natives called it, is employed to carry the boat now to this side and now to that, gaining a few feet here and losing half of it in crossing the next swift rush of water.

Where it is impossible to make headway with the oars long poles are used by the men standing in the boats, and even these fail at times to prove effective. When this occurs a long line is passed to a man on shore, and the boat is dragged by this means through some unusually swift stretch of water. This mode of progress is necessarily slow, but there is plenty of excitement and a sufficient spice of danger to keep one's interest constantly on the alert.

At intervals we came to quiet stretches of water called by our men "studies," meaning steadies, where we stopped once or twice to try our luck at fishing.

"Tug" by noon time had succeeded in landing a few small trout, and having proceeded by this time about three miles up the river, we came to the conclusion that lunch was in order; consequently we landed on a little island point and proceeded in the language of the Newfoundlander to "hile the kettle," and "mug up," in short, to lunch and to make ourselves as comfortable as our primitive arrangements would permit. Delmonico could not have had a more appreciative dinner party, even though a passing shower sent several drops of rain running down our backs and in our tea cups. We had now passed through what was perhaps the most beautiful portion of the river. The channel is narrow, and the current is swift, running down between high mountains on either hand.

In places a sharp turn in the river leaves one in doubt as he looks downstream if the river has not run into the face of the

towering mountain ahead and entirely disappeared, when, as he approaches the end, it suddenly opens out again to the right or left, and another stretch of swift running water lies before him.

After lunch we started on, making good progress through the "Big Study," which extends for six miles.

It now came on to rain hard, and the prospect for pleasant weather seemed very dubious. In spite of our discomfort and rather doubtful prospect, and somewhat to the surprise of the writer, the two ladies had become so enamored of the delights of a roughing trip in a wild country, that at this stage of proceedings they suggested that they should stay with us on our camping trip instead of returning to the yacht. After consulting with our guides we learned that we could probably find an abandoned log cabin not far up the river, which could be made passably comfortable for the night, and so it was settled to the satisfaction of all concerned that the party should stick together in true woodman's fashion.

About five in the afternoon we found the camp back from the river bank about a hundred yards in a clump of trees.

It consisted of a rough log cabin about twelve feet square, with a fairly tight roof and containing a much dilapidated iron stove. We proceeded to make it habitable by lighting a roaring fire both inside and out, and making a soft and fragrant bed of hemlock boughs.

"Tug" stuck to his fishing with good success, and the writer taking his gun and a man in one of the boats started upstream, thinking that he might possibly add something to our larder. We had heard of a favorite crossing for caribou at Stag Island, about a mile up the river, and the chance of a sunset shot was attractive.

On the way I succeeded in bringing down a couple of snipe and two or three young ducks, which proved most excellent eating. By the time we returned to camp the weather had cleared and every one was drying out and feeling happy. We had a sumptuous meal of trout and ducks eaten from birch bark plates with our fingers. Our only camp equipment consisted of a small frying pan and three tin cups for six people, and a

few knives and forks, but the ease with which we dispensed with the accessories of ordinary life only goes to prove that man needs but little here below. The disposition of the rather meager supply of blankets and rubber coats and oilskins which we had brought furnished some amusement when it came time to turn in.

Our log house was just big enough to take us all in, allowing a foot and a half to each person. Our pillows were improvised from bags of flour and various other articles, such as cartridge belts, which were absolutely useless as coverings. However, the night was clear and not cold, and while a yellow oil-skin coat abbreviated at both ends is not a covering that reminds one of home and mother at three o'clock of a somewhat damp and chilly morning, we all managed to get through the night with no ill effects and some sleep. The writer maintains that he was the least fortunate of the party as he discovered to his disgust on getting up that in the small hours of the night some noxious insect had taken advantage of his helpless condition to bite him just over the left eye. The result was that when he presented himself to the rest of the party, he was received with shouts of laughter, as the eye was badly swollen and well-nigh closed.

It might be well to remark that I was bitten by more kinds of bugs during my short sojourn in Newfoundland than I ever dreamed existed.

This was a source of special gratification to "Tug," as these miserable insects uniformly avoided him, for some reason which I have not as yet been able to satisfactorily explain. Knowing him as I do, however, I could not blame them. After an early breakfast we were off again, intending to complete the ascent of the river and cross the length of Deer Lake, which is drained by the lower Humber, and pass the second night at the farmhouse of old man Nicholas, who lives at the upper end in the heart of the wilderness, thirty-five miles from everywhere. The morning passed without incident until we reached the foot of the last series of rapids just before getting to the lake. The ascent of these was more difficult and consequently more exciting than any we had attempted before. In one place they are

so swift that we were all obliged to get out while the boats were dragged over by ropes. After passing the last our way was clear through the lake for eighteen miles.

The lake is long and narrow, and the country reminds one strongly of the Adirondacks, except that it is somewhat more wild and desolate looking, with pine-clad ranges of hills rising from the lake shores on every side, and stretching away into the blue distance.

At noontime we lunched on a rocky point of land with more trout as a result of "Tug's" indefatigable efforts with the rod. In the afternoon we had a fair wind, so we rested on our oars, and spread our tiny sails to catch the breeze. An hour before sundown we had reached the upper end of the lake, where we came suddenly in sight of old Nicholas' white house and clearing in the wilderness. This little farm represented the work of a lifetime. As the old man said he had come up there twenty-six years before on a lumbering trip, and had just stayed ever since. He had a family of eight or ten children, some of whom were married and settled about him. Almost everything they had was of course homemade, even to the farming implements.

The old man took great delight in showing us his crops, which were certainly a great credit to him.

He was a most picturesque-looking character, with his long beard and tangled hair surmounted by a dirty Tam-o'-Shanter.

His coat and trousers were the most curious composite of patches, and would have reflected great credit on the costume of a tramp in a variety show. To set it all off, his feet, instead of being incased in shoes, were done up in what looked to be endless lengths of woolen cloth until they were of huge size. It was a subject of regret that we had not brought the camera.

After an early supper we turned in, Mr. Stokes and myself planning to get up with the sun and make an expedition into the woods about three miles back from the lake in the hope of getting a shot at a caribou, and meeting the rest of the party later in the day on their return down the lake.

At 3:30 in the morning we were up, and by four were rowing across the lake to the head of the trail leading into the marsh, or "mash," as they call it.

We were unfortunately balked in our efforts, as there had been the previous year a severe storm, or "blow down," on the southern side of the lake which made the trail absolutely impassable. We could not have made the trip under two days, so we reluctantly gave it up.

What finally led us to abandon our efforts to find the trail was a laughable mishap that befell old Ned Brake, one of our guides. As he was laboriously climbing over a windfall of huge trees and had reached a height of eight or ten feet from the ground, his foot suddenly slipped on a mossgrown trunk, and he fell with a resounding crash into the underbrush.

In his involuntary flight his old muzzle-loading rifle flew out of his hands and he came down on one of his fingers.

To add to his chagrin, just at this moment, from almost beneath him as he landed, there jumped one of the big gray hares of the country, which hopped leisurely away into the bushes. As this was the only thing in the way of game we had seen all the morning, you may imagine with what feelings of bottled-up rage old Ned gathered himself together. And bottled-up it was, for the old man told me afterward that he never swore, but he thought he never came so near it as on this occasion.

Shortly after noon we came up with the rest of the party at our resting place of the day before halfway down the lake. Here we separated again, "Tug" and Jake going ahead to fish the river on the way down, and the others following leisurely after. The descent of the rapids was as interesting and as exciting as our upward trip of the day before.

The ten miles which it had taken us nearly two days to toil up we passed in less than four hours on our downward journey.

We stopped once to eat our supper, and to give us the opportunity of shooting down the last half of the stream by moonlight.

For weird and beautiful effect this last stage of our inland trip surpassed anything I had ever seen.

We shot into black shadows under overhanging mountain sides, and out again into bright moonlight with surprising swiftness. We raced around sharp turns and over smooth

“studies,” into roaring “heddies,” until we glided out into the bay and headed for Birchy Cove with a rattling breeze astern. About eleven o’clock we boarded the Coronet again, and a more disreputable-looking crew of pirates never stepped on board a respectable boat.

It was unanimously agreed, however, that our inland trip was an unqualified success. At four o’clock the next morning we were under way, and when I came on deck somewhat later than usual, Newfoundland and the Bay of Islands were far astern, and the prow of the Coronet was headed for Quebec and the upper St. Lawrence. Our course was upward of five hundred miles, and we were making good time with a fair wind.

The next day was the writer’s birthday, and as this fact had been discovered, numerous hints were thrown out that official notice would be taken of it on board.

Whether the fact that it came on Friday and the 13th of the month had anything to do with what followed, I leave for the superstitiously inclined to determine, but the fact remains that as we were proceeding quietly on our way with a fair wind from the southeastward at about eleven in the forenoon the wind suddenly shifted to the northwest, and we ran into a gale which lasted for several hours. This was not the worst of it, for the heavy weather quickly reduced the chief actor in the birthday celebration to a condition of seasickness most unpleasant to record.

Several times during the afternoon I was obliged to retire to the lee rail precipitately. The result was that the birthday was postponed until the 14th, an experience that occurred two years before very near the same place and induced by similar causes.

Having two birthdays in one year makes one grow old uncomfortably fast.

When the gale struck us there was lively work on board taking in sail, until we were hove to with nothing out but storm trysails, and pitching in an ugly sea at a rate I have not before seen on the Coronet. By next morning we were making good headway again, with Anticosti off our starboard quarter.



SQUALL ON THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

Anticosti is an island lying near the middle of the Gulf about the size of Long Island, and belonging to Menier, the French chocolate maker, who keeps it as a hunting and fishing preserve.

By Sunday afternoon we had reached the narrow part of the Gulf, and picked up a French Canadian pilot for use in the upper waters.

Monday was thick and foggy, and we were forced to come to anchor in the river near the southern shore, and wait for the clearing weather before running into Tadusac at the mouth of the Saguinay.

Impatient to open communication with the outside world from which we had been cut off for a long time, as it seemed to us, "Tug" and Jake got out the launch and started off in the fog for Tadusac, about seventeen or eighteen miles distant. Not until the next day did the fog lift so that we could cross over and anchor off the town.

Tadusac is one of the oldest villages in Canada, its chief point of interest being the little Jesuit church founded in 1647, which disputes with St. Augustine and Santa Fé the distinction of being the oldest church on the continent.

Our expedition from Tadusac up the Saguinay although somewhat too commonplace to suit the purposes of this record, perhaps deserves passing mention.

We took the steamer late in the afternoon for the trip up the river about seventy miles, spent the night on board, and came down in the early morning, reaching Tadusac about noon. It was of course the morning trip to which we looked forward, as our departure was too late to permit of any sight seeing on the up river journey.

The Saguinay is indeed a wonderful river, with a depth in places of one hundred and fifty fathoms, and with the towering cliffs of Trinity and Eternity rising straight up from the river bank to a height, as the guide book tells us, of sixteen hundred and eighteen hundred feet. Halfway up the Trinity on a projecting knoll stands a gigantic figure of the Virgin silhouetted against the sky.

The main part of the river bears a strong resemblance to the Highlands of the Hudson, and except for the striking grandeur

of the cliffs mentioned above, does not compare, I think, with the beauty of the Newfoundland coast.

We discovered two most picturesque characters aboard the steamer. one an old man with flowing white beard, and hair dressed in Tam-o'-Shanta, long coat, and curious high leather mocassins laced with deer hide in front, and into which his trousers were thrust; the other a priest in clerical garb buttoned to his chin, and over all a long flowing robe of black cloth reaching to his heels. The picturesqueness of his appearance was sadly marred, however, by the fact that he wore a full red beard and on his head a rusty derby hat, and he was engaged in smoking a short black pipe.

As these two characters sat together on deck Miss Armstrong succeeded in training the camera on them, apparently without arousing suspicion on their part.

We were much amused to find that every other camera fiend on board, and there were several, was engaged in a similar occupation.

At Tadusac our party changed somewhat, Mr. Stokes being obliged to leave us for a promised visit to Murray Bay, and the party being joined by Mrs. James' sister and her husband and little girl, who had come up from Boston to meet us.

After leaving Tadusac, it was our plan to stop at Charlottetown on Prince Edward Island to stock up the boat for her final run down the coast to New York.

The main incident of interest on our run down to Charlottetown was a repetition of rough weather off the Bay of Gaspé, which rendered several members of the party *hors de combat*, and among them the writer. At Charlottetown, where we dropped anchor on Sunday, we found ourselves alongside of H. M. S. Pallas, the officers of which exchanged courtesies with us, and the next day invited us all on board to afternoon tea.

We found them most hospitable, and later on they came over to Coronet for the evening, where they proved themselves most entertaining guests.

At Charlottetown the stern realities of life forced on the writer the conviction that for him at least the cruise must end,



HABITANTS, SAGUENAY RIVER.



and that the shortest route to New York was none too short to take him back to work.

Nothing short of a New England conscience, sometimes, I am inclined to think, slightly overtrained for comfort, could have induced me to exchange the good ship *Coronet* for the uncertain mercies of the *Prince Edward Island R. R.* With many regretful farewells, however, I boarded the train at six A.M. for *Summerside*. The forty-mile ride gave me quite a different impression of the island from that gained by skirting the coast on the seaward side.

It is by all odds the queen among the eastern provinces, so far as richness of soil and fine farming land is concerned. Indeed, its Indian name, signifying "Pearl of the Sea," is a more fitting title than its English substitute. As you leave the coast and journey inland the country is gently rolling and dotted on every hand with cozy white farmhouses, surrounded by prosperous looking farms, carefully cultivated, and just at this season in the full glory of their ripening harvests.

One of the striking features of the landscape to the American accustomed on the one hand to the stone walls of New England, and on the other to the zigzag rail fences of Virginia, is the sight of the neat hedgerows that divide hillsides and valleys into squares strangely regular, until as he looks out through half-shut eyes the country side begins to look curiously like a mammoth checkerboard. The people one sees at the little stations are in keeping with the farms, neat, contented and prosperous-looking.

At *Summerside* we were quickly transferred to the steamer crossing the Straits of Northumberland to *Point du Chene* on the New Brunswick side, and from here a half-day's ride on the *Intercolonial R. R.* landed us once more in the States.

So ended, for me, the cruise of the *Coronet*, and if any one can make a better trip in a better ship, or with a better company, the writer is at his wit's end to know how or where.

With acknowledgments to Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., for numerous valuable suggestions contained in his account of the "Inland Trip" in Newfoundland.

PART IX.

NEWFOUNDLAND REVISITED.

WITH what joy and anticipation did our party meet at the Thirty-ninth Street Ferry House, that stifling hot summer's afternoon of July 29, 1898, ready for a long cruise on the *Coronet*. Business, with its cares, summer resorts, with their endless conventionalities, were to be put aside for a long vacation. A sailing vessel was to be our domicile for a month at least, taking us over the sea to a cooler climate and new regions.

On the Brooklyn side, the launch, which was to do us good service on many occasions, took us out to the yacht—which looked as trim and white as a seabird.

Awnings were taken down, the sails hoisted, and by 4:30 our anchor was up and we were gradually making our way out through the Narrows. Arthur had appeared in his sailing togs, radiant at the thought of being once again master of his ship.

When off Fort Wadsworth we drifted down on a mine, one intended for the Spanish Armada, and not for pleasure craft. It gave everybody an uncertain feeling as to the outcome, but it only bumped along the vessel's side, doing no damage, except to give us a little scare. As the sun had gone down, and with it the wind, while the searchlight was playing antics about us, a tug was hailed, which carried us out beyond the Scotland Light. After dinner we sat on deck, while above our heads shone the moon, lighting the dancing waves and the yacht sped along, as anxious as we to leave New York behind.

JULY 30TH.—Breakfast did not prove a strong attraction the next morning. Like everything else on shipboard, it takes seasoning to really enjoy eating, and as this process is a variable ratio, it takes some longer than others. Besides, it is so

comfortable to be quiet for a day or two—lazily lying on deck, dozing or thinking, occasionally asking how the wind is. Imagine we must need this rest after unceasing activity on shore. Of course, had it been rough these first few days out, somebody would have been seasick. As it was all we needed was rest. In case of real need a doctor was at hand to administer such attentions as might be demanded.

Just after the noon observation was taken a faint haze was noticed coming up from the south. This gradually grew thicker until nothing but the yacht and a little water about her was visible. Everything became damp and disagreeable. The fog horn was put into action and for three solid days this siren sounded sweet music in our ears. We had escaped sunken mines, searchlights and big guns, and now the horn must be blasted to keep away any hostile vessels, for as a matter of fact any ship can be classed as an enemy in a fog.

Still our mantle of mist thinned out somewhat at times, making us think we could almost see a breath of wind coming to touch the slatting sails and blow away the fog altogether. The faint outline of the sun could be distinguished, but our first night out had favored us with the last glimpse of the full moon. There were a few unromantic ones on board to whom this last seemed to be no great loss. Despite the light wind it was astern, so that some progress was made. What a beautiful sight to see a spinnaker, or a big staysail break out in the gentle breeze, till aloft seemed one mass of snowy white! If there had been the slightest breath those great wings would have caught it. However, he is a poor yachtsman who must always have a good blow. To reach one's destination must not be the only pleasure, and time must be of no object.

The days passed quietly by with games on deck, casting flies astern, practicing for the Newfoundland fishing—various forms of exercises in order to get into shape for the five or six daily meals to which we were compelled to do justice. When the captain saw these calisthenics begin he looked anxiously for other symptoms of insanity, but all cannot run aloft or pull on the various ropes for exercise, and yet we were all given muscles which must be used in some way.

Afternoon tea, whether you take the beverage strong or not, is a pleasant break in the day. Games are stopped, "twoing" is interrupted, and naps are broken into for this occasion. It is one of the best incidents of the day. After tea often some book that is sure to provoke discussion is read aloud, viz.: Lillian Bell's "From a Girl's Point of View" was very popular. Poor Lillian herself had to bear many an anathema. Still with Miss Sullivan to uphold her views she was never without an advocate. Yet with four men, none of whom have reached that much-to-be-desired age of thirty-five, the points are likely to be well threshed out, and our youthful opinion to be maintained strenuously.

Sunshine and calm greets us on the fourth day out, and to see the inverted cup of heaven above us with a well-defined horizon in every direction seems to allow us more breathing space—even our pipes draw better. A school of porpoises gamboled about the ship as if to laugh at her slow progress. In a moment rifles are brought into action, and one big fellow stains the water with his purple blood and drifts astern. The dingy is hastily lowered, but our game quickly sank from view and the men had a two mile pull in their effort to capture him. Next a bat is shot, and flutters down on the canvas. Now we are eager to kill anything in sight, and only by the persuasion of the captain are the Carey chickens spared from the same sad fate. To cool our ardor, some of us go swimming off the side of the yacht, wondering each minute whether a shark may not consider us delicate enough morsels for a repast.

The following morning we hear the grim whistle of an ocean steamer near us, and soon the fog lifts enough to see the great vessel steaming along to the south of us. Shortly after the yacht is hove to long enough to let a dory from a fishing smack come alongside. The crew are "out of grub," and in exchange for some halibut they get a quantity of fresh provisions and tobacco. One cannot but admire these hardy fishermen, who spend their lives in such a risky occupation.

We are bowling along at a good rate and the next morning sight Owl's Head, a point twenty miles north of Halifax. The Coronet shows what she can do as she goes flying through the

water, passing one light after another along the coast of Nova Scotia. We are all up at four in the morning to see the approach toward Cape Canso. At this early hour we meet the little fishing schooners, with their tan sails fitting like boards, on their way out to sea. The captain steers the yacht through a narrow channel, near the Herald Cable Village, and then into a wide bay some thirty miles in length. The wind is rising all the time, and presently we are in the Gut of Canso. This waterway is not quite as wide as the Hudson. Here we see the Transatlantic Dock and Hotel—the American terminus for a steamship line which up to this time has no prospect of any business. It is a cold, barren place. Shortly after breakfast we anchor off Port Hawkesbury, or Ship Harbor as it was once called.

The Coronet is well known in this port, and as our sailing master is a native of this haven, we are immediately surrounded by a number of small boats. The water is extremely clear here, and would be fine for swimming, except for the myriads of jelly fish of large size which swell out like cup-shaped vases of translucent glass. We went ashore to get our mail, and found the War practically over.

The first few days at sea one feels the lack of newspapers, but after that the thread of daily affairs is so broken that absence of news is no great deprivation. After walking about a little and making a few purchases and talking with the telegraph operator, whose praises had been sung by one of the members of the party, we returned to the yacht.

In the afternoon in company with the village attorney, we crossed over in our sailboat to the Nova Scotia shore, for some trout fishing. After a rough walk of five miles in the hot sun, we reached a little lake and its stream. It is surprising how one feels hard exercise after a few days of inactivity on ship-board. The fish were very small fry, and could only be caught with bait according to our barrister, which we found to be the case.

However, it was a pleasant outing, and our companion gave us an account of the region, the people, their amusements and occupations. He asked us the latest quotations on mackerel in

New York, and manifested some surprise when the information could not be given him. Another trip this oversight will be remedied.

At dusk we turn our steps yachtward, down the hillside where we could get an occasional glimpse of the bay beyond.

It suggested the Acadia of old, with its pasture lands and brooks and little bridges, the distant tinkle of cattle bells, now and then a lone farmer walking by the roadside, wondering, no doubt, who these visitors might be, or a silent priest on a journey to some distant parishioner. The evening air was fresh and cool, causing us to hasten our steps to the wharf, where we were met by the launch, and soon rested before a beautiful dinner.

In the early afternoon of the day following anchor was raised and out we went, close hauled to a stiff breeze. The Nova Scotia shore is formed of high wooded bluffs, open fields and level stretches beyond, with little clusters of houses here and there.

There was a strong scupper breeze abeam as we entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Cape Breton Island on our right presented some picturesque scenery. A rolling doone country like the Devonshire coast, some islands with rugged brownstone sides, the shore dotted with occasional churches and lobster factories, which in the distance are not easy to tell apart. Only the eye of the sailing master could perceive the difference. During the afternoon we had a grand shuffleboard tournament for the championship of the Gulf. All took a hand in winning.

At dinner the sunset was so fine we took dessert on deck. The historian is neither a painter nor a poet, so the beauty of this sunset will not be described. In these northern latitudes we did not have the last of twilight till nine o'clock. Soon after the last crimson glow in the west the waning moon showed herself through the low-lying clouds, deep red, with the gray shoreline below it. The wind was constantly freshening. We had some difficulty in stowing the launch on deck, as the yacht was rolling more than at any time on the trip. Altogether this was an evening to be looked back upon with real delight.

The lonely island of St. Paul was slowly sinking astern early

on Sunday morning. The sky was somber and the banks of scudding clouds were filled with moisture, so that at times the deck was speckled with their drops. The steady breeze of yesterday had kept along with us through the night, and even now the great sails were drawing to their utmost, but when the spinnaker ballooned out, the yacht seemed to spring ahead with increased speed. Often the bowsprit would be buried in the seas. Service was held in the saloon. Up to lunch hour the Coronet had carried us two hundred and fifty miles—a splendid day's run. In the course of a few hours the indistinct blue coastline of Newfoundland was made out, hardly distinguishable from the low-lying clouds.

Presently the rugged shore looms up more clearly, precipitous cliffs rise out of the water, at whose feet the waves have hollowed out grim caverns, which must roar and moan in the wintry northwest gales. At a higher level are mountain gorges, cascades and waterfalls, which tumble into the depths below, mingling their icy torrents with the sea. Still higher the primeval forests, stunted and twisted by storms, while on the very heights rolls a vast treeless expanse—the barren lands, where during the summer months roam herds of caribou, as yet almost untouched by the fatal advance of civilization.

During the afternoon dark clouds shut in the majestic view. We saw the rain in a flood chasing along the hillsides and advancing out over the water. The mainsail was hastily taken in, and the ship made ready for the storm. However, the wind did not materialize. The clouds had passed on and left us with a light head wind. Night was approaching and we were in a region where lighthouses do not show the way—only one little lantern at the head of St. George's Bay, fully twenty miles distant. By diligent search this was finally discovered, and by patient beating and using the launch as a guide, safe anchorage was found at eleven P. M. inside some kind of harbor close to the light.

The next morning (August 8th) we saw we were in a quiet harbor of considerable extent. Near us a small fishing village on a flat sandy point; to the east and north great ranges of rolling hills, bordered below with the barren land seen in the

distance, here and there a cluster of fishermen's houses close to the shore.

Just astern lay H. M. S. Cordelia, her rigging and spars alive with men going through their drills at the order of the clear-voiced commander on the bridge. It was a remarkable sight to see the middies race aloft and in a twinkling loosen the yards and let them hang along the masts, hoist the bowsprit and clear the ship for action. What a contrast, this life and activity on this English floating fortress, to the peacefulness and grandeur of the bay and hills.

The ship's papers were examined by the big raw-boned master of the port, who told us this was the first yacht to enter the Bay of St. George in five years. Two individuals, said to be guides, came on board after breakfast. They were poor products of a poor town, and talking cannot be the chief means of communication in this region, judging from these silent wise men. The only guide in Sandy Point who had ever penetrated twelve miles inland was at present off with Captain Brooke, of the Cordelia, on a salmon trip.

On going ashore a little later, we found a village that presented a most forlorn appearance. It possessed no streets, houses were built anywhere and constructed on piles. On the water's edge was a row of fishing lofts, dilapidated, barn-like structures, and wooden frames for drying mackerel. There was no grass, not even a garden. This rigorous climate affords only the barest means of existence.

We men next started in the launch across the five-mile stretch of bay to a little French settlement in search of a guide. The tide was running in the river so fast that we could not make a landing, and except for the quick judgment of Arthur, the mighty trestle of the Newfoundland Railroad would have been destroyed, the launch sunk, and ourselves probably drowned. As it was, we got out of a very tight place—only to get a thorough wetting from the rough sea on our way back to the yacht.

At tea in the afternoon we received a visit from two of the officers on the warship. They were very entertaining and kindly invited us over on their vessel. There we found them

in the dining room, dressed in evening clothes or uniforms, having apparently as jolly a time as if they were in a London chop-house, and yet these men were just finishing up their term of three years in the North Atlantic squadron.

Toward evening some of us rowed over to the bluffs opposite, where there was a glorious prospect of the bay and sunset. Before we got back we had all the rowing we wanted. Truly this is a country of magnificent distances.

The doctor had a call to visit a sick sailor on a little French lobster schooner. The captain regaled him afterward with *chartreuse* served in a mug, and a bottle of wine. To think of such luxuries in a Labrador coaster! A Frenchman is the same the world over. We have looked diligently for guides, but this is not the United States, and thus far in the development of Newfoundland guides have not been in demand. We will try again to-morrow.

We were up at five next morning, looking for men, two of the party crossing over to the French village, while the others tried their fortune in another part of the bay, where we are told there lived a man, White by name, who professed to be a specialist on one of the salmon streams. As this is a day of specialism, possibly here was the very man. His cottage was pointed out lying well up on the slope of a distant hill. This was reached after a stimulating walk in the fresh morning air. We found our would-be pilot standing like an image on the open patch in front of his cabin, gazing silently out over the bay stretched at his feet. I wonder if he appreciated the beauty of this early morning scene as much as we did.

Mr. White was an old man, tall and thin. He carried on the back of his neck an enormous lump. His voice was squeaky, his movements were slow. It did not seem that this poor individual could pilot our party up a stream in this country. But the others had succeeded much better, and by ten o'clock we were off for Harry's Brook. Here we found six French Canadians, with three dories, ready for us. The trestle was passed in safety this time. To the few families who saw our party off from the landing it seemed quite a sight, and probably not one of these hard-working housewives had ever seen a lady before.

Some of us walked around the flats to meet the boats further up the stream. Here there were quantities of snipe, which would have given great sport had we had a few decoys with us. In one place along our trail in the forest was noticed a rude inclosure, containing a few mounds of earth, with some interwoven twigs in the form of a cross at the head of each. This was the final resting-place of the French settlers.

We passed by a cabin, in the doorway of which sat a remarkable-looking man, something like Thersites of Homeric fame. His head was bald and shining, except for two tufts of hair over each ear, with peculiar brush-like whiskers to match below. From under his bushy eyebrows his inquisitive little eyes peered at us, who presented probably to him a no less extraordinary appearance.

After joining the rest of the party at the beginning of the brook, we were rowed in the lumbering dories for a mile or two. Soon the river became shallower and the current faster. The guides then sprang into the stream and began to push the boats. They were wet to the waists, and splashing like Newfoundland dogs. This, they said, was the customary way of going up the river. To think of following an occupation like this! But the inhabitants of Frenchtown are not able to choose their professions. It seemed unfair that we were seated comfortably in a boat. However, we could not congratulate ourselves long, for we men were shortly told to walk, on account of the shallow water. We tried the shoreline for a time, but soon we had to cross to the opposite bank. For a moment we hesitated. We had on heavy shoes and rough clothes, but this seemed too novel a method of travel. However, our courage came at last—it was necessary, and then began a soaking which continued until our return to the yacht.

At lunch time, or “mug up,” as the guides called it, a drizzling rain set in to add to our already sorry condition. But after a hearty, though not daintily served, meal, and pipes lighted, the world did not seem so bad.

Now began the hardest five-mile walk ever experienced by some of us. The water's edge was heaped with small bowlders, a foot in diameter; the stream was lined with them.

Rocks everywhere, except an occasional mud-pit to show us stones, were the proper pavement for this region. One was forcibly reminded of a Brooklyn street.

So we made our way slowly along. The current was now swift and shallow, and the boats were drawn along with difficulty. Meanwhile we jumped from rock to rock, balancing for a moment on our wobbly pedestal to find the next safe landing, or carelessly waded into the moving water like some amphibian.

At a bend in the river we met Captain Brooke and party of the *Cordelia*, swashing along in midstream, dragging a canoe behind them. He was a man of middle age, clear cut face, blue eyes, gleaming white teeth, and brown as a berry. For all his wet clothes and face daubed with flypaper, he was every inch an Englishman. Our parties exchanged greetings there in the water while the rain came down. Maillard's candy was offered him, whereupon he made some pretty allusion about the American girl and her sweetmeats.

By late afternoon the lower pool was reached, in whose quiet waters we hoped to kill a splendid salmon at once. They were not to be enticed this first day, though, in spite of the efforts of an experienced salmon killer in the party. Most of us were tired and wet, and so camp was pitched on a point a little further upstream. The new tents were exactly the thing for this kind of trip.

Will any of us forget how good Alfred's dinner tasted that night? During the evening we sat in front of a glowing fire, congratulating ourselves on this real wilderness comfort, and singing familiar songs, to the intense enjoyment of the guides, who had never before heard anything like them. Their songs were without real time, sounding very like Japanese music, with its monotonous cadence. We could hear them by their campfire trying to imitate our music. While we were comfortably stowed away in our tents, the guides were stretched out under leantos, made of their dories and bark from some neighboring birch trees, sleeping on the ground in their wet clothes.

Next day we divided up in different parties, Oliver, the head guide, taking Arthur to the upper pool, where there was a cer-

tain chance of killing a salmon, while some of us, including our expert fisherwomen, set out for a brook about a mile upstream, where is the home of the speckled trout.

Here began the real fun. We went slowly along trying the various quiet little pools, in whose depths we thought our game must be lurking, but without much success, till the boats were drawn up on a sand-pit, and we began to cast from the shore to the opposite side under the shadow of overhanging branches—and among the floating logs. Evidently these fish had not breakfasted, and in a moment Harriet had one pulling hard on her line, and in her excitement forgot her scientific methods and dragged a big fellow up on shore, where landing nets were not needed. As soon as another cast was made, another beauty was won, and soon captured in true sportsmanlike fashion. Now it was Miss Sullivan's turn. Her silver doctor seemed particularly attractive, with an occasional red ibis for an *entrée*. It was not long before this young lady could be classed as a veteran at trout fishing. She stood on the bank, almost lost under the shade of a big sombrero, too intent to notice whether she were standing in the water or that the sunshine had been replaced by a summer shower, casting, casting, until her wrist felt as if she had no wrist at all. This sport kept up till three o'clock, the only refreshment being candy.

It now seemed as if the last of this particular trout family had been caught. Just at this point Arthur came splashing upstream, looking wet and happy, for he had killed five salmon—very good for one's first day at this kind of sport. We "mugged up" over a little fire, only being interrupted at the sight of some ducks, which, however, did not come within range. Two of us, with the old guide Alexandre, then went considerably further up the brook. We followed in the trail of a caribou, whose great wide foot-tracks we could see spreading out on the sandy spots, or follow them indistinctly imprinted on the rocks. How the sight of such an animal would add to this natural scene, where all was so quiet and solemn, except for the noise of the water over the pebbles! On both sides the dense tangle of a primeval forest, growing dark with the lengthening shadows of the sinking sun,

Our walk back to camp was long, and we were damp, to say the least, from constantly wading pools and fording streams. No one had the inclination to linger over the fire late that night. Our bough-beds were too alluring, and like the tired Ulysses, we stretched out our weary limbs and gave ourselves up to Morpheus.

Some of us asked the guides to call us at daybreak, for we wanted an early start to see if a few more salmon did not linger in the upper pool. It seemed as if we had just become settled in a deep, dreamless, though not altogether quiet sleep (for some slumber to their own sweet music), when we awoke and found a rude Frenchman shaking the shoulders of the one nearest the campfire. Already a faint gleam of the dawning day could be distinguished. It was so dark and chilly outside—our rough cots were so attractive. Still we could hear the ever restless stream tumbling over the rocks outside our tents. We did not come this great distance to sleep, but to fish. It does not take long to dress here, only to put on your shoes, still wet from the previous day—but with a good coat of lard outside and inside—to make them slip on the more easily—a hasty wash in the river, and you are attired for the day.

After fumbling around for the only watch in camp, we find that it is only two o'clock! We want to be prompt, but an hour and a half later will do as well.

Alfred cooks our hard-boiled eggs, gives us a pot of coffee, and taking our caribou-footed Alexandre, we begin our rough walk. Arthur has already told us that it is the hardest pounding over stones in all Newfoundland. We agree with him before our return. However, we enjoyed the scene. The high banks opposite are half-obsured in the early morning mist, the dead trees stand out like specters, and Alexandre relates to us in a mysterious way, how an old man called Crazy Jack was found dead one spring, clinging to a branch at the foot of the steep shore across the stream. Soon the sun breaks over the hills, and we revel in its warmth. In an hour the fishing ground is reached and truly this pool, situated in a wild region, is an ideal spot. One often wonders how the salmon ever have patience to continue their journey away up to a river's source.

If they had to walk on the rocks just once as we did, they would never repeat it. Lewis caught his salmon on a trout rod—all the more exciting for the danger of losing him. The "Medicine Man's" salmon proved to be a big trout, but his enjoyment seemed quite as keen in spite of the error in diagnosis. We gathered some wild strawberries on our way back. These berries must ripen in Iceland about September 1st.

On arrival at camp about noon we found the tents were down, and everything but the eating necessities packed up. Peter showed up just after lunch. He had been hunting, and from his appearance looked as though he had been lost in the marshes and jungles. The game must have been too difficult to get at, for he had none.

Just as we were ready to start down the river a flock of goslings tried to make their way upstream by the camp. It seemed to us a slight on our ability to kill, but evidently they were not geese yet. Three rifles and a shotgun opened a canonade upon them. The vibration of the air reached them—but no bullets.

There was no more stumbling over rocks or wading streams on our return. Everybody was in boats, seated on luggage or anywhere that space could be found. The trip down, dodging rocks and running little rapids, now and then bumping over a sunken ledge, was great fun. It takes good judgment and a quick eye to guide a boat safely through, but the men in our boat showed that this was not their first attempt at this sort of work. Some of the others did not fare so well. By the middle of the afternoon the trestle was reached. As the launch was not here to meet us, our goods were transferred to a heavy sailboat, and by judicious management on the part of Oliver, we passed safely beyond the swift, incoming tide. We had a stormy head wind and short sea, so that our lumbering craft did not make any headway till we all took turns at the oars. Progress was very slow for these seven miles. Signals of distress were fired to call attention to those on the Coronet, but not a sound would they hear till we were alongside. It was interesting to notice with what awe our two guides stepped on board. The sunset gun terrified Oliver for a moment, and

the sound of the piano in the saloon was new music to their ears. Thus ended these three day of our splendid fishing trip.

Getting under way about dark we bade good-by to Sandy Point and not another vessel was left in the harbor. The little lantern of the lighthouse soon disappeared from view. No beds were ever more comfortable than ours were that night, a balm to our weary muscles, and feet bruised with many a cobblestone.

The morning of the 12th found us slowly drifting around the north point of the Bay of St. George in a dishearteningly light breeze, so that we did not log over fifteen knots for the entire day's run. However, the day passed pleasantly with games on deck, reading and other mild amusements, which was restful after the activities of the past few days. Two of us took a row toward sunset over an absolutely calm sea, with the water about us of a deep wine color. The sun sank beneath the horizon like a great glowing disk.

To-day, the 13th of August, is Peter's birthday, and we are told this is always an uncertain day for the Coronet. Instead, however, of pounding into the seas in a gale, as she usually does, old Neptune had taken the winds of Æolus and bottled them up in one of the rocky caves we could see in the distance. The captain is on deck, but no one dares ask him meteorological conditions. By some unseen force, the yacht has crept by the Bay of Port Cape during the night.

In spite of all this, no grander prospect could have been presented to our eyes than the early morning scene opened to us; a placid iridescent sea about us, while toward the east a magnificent range of mountains, called the Remarkables, blue and distinct below, their tops blanketed by the thin morning mists; the valley of the Serpentine River lit up by the golden light, and displaying in the distant background the faint outline of a mountain peak.

We drifted along during the day, but life on shipboard ought always to be enjoyed, whether in wind or calm, and I think our little party exemplified this rule.

Two of us set out for a row toward the mouth of the Bay of Islands, which now seemed but a short distance off. We rowed

for an hour and a half, without apparently getting any nearer. A light breeze sprung up, so that the Coronet gradually drew up on us and with some difficulty we got on deck.

Leaning over the rails, or stationed out on the bowsprit, we watched the varying pictures of the great crested ranges presented to our view, from the indistinct outlines to the ever growing cliffs, jagged and dark, with rugged sides sparsely covered with coarse sedge or pines dwarfed by many a wintry blast.

In the bay, turtle-backed islands of rough black rock, seven hundred feet in height, towered above like grim fortresses, armed to contend against wind and storm.

As we rounded the projecting point, Lark Harbor was seen nestled among these wild crags. It seemed more an abode for the wind than a home for a few hardy fishing families.

Toward evening we were quietly drifting in this deep arm of the sea. Here it seemed to one member of the party that a chapter on fiords and fiordal harbors might suit the occasion, as on all sides could be seen the results of geological action, but the reader was rapidly silenced, it being considered by most that no explanation for the grandeur of the scenery about us was necessary. The magnificent works of nature can hardly be interpreted by words. It is best to take them in through the senses and allow the imagination to reconstruct them according to the particular spirit of the observer. Truly the science of geology was not required here.

The night drew on dark and threatening, and a safe anchorage had to be found. Such harbors as these are deep up to the very shore, so they are not the safest. The launch was brought out to make the necessary soundings, and just as a violent squall struck us, bottom was found, so that we were comparatively safe for the night.

Sunday opened fair, and at an early hour we were under way to the real harbor at the head of the bay. We saw in the distance the stunning Blow-Me-Down Range, completely bare, and of a reddish sandstone. High up in a crevice was seen a long white band of ice or snow; picturesque little hamlets dotted the southern shore. The yacht was sighted by Corne-

lius Brake, the guide of a former season, better known by some of the party as "Break-away." He was soon on board and assured us that all would be ready for a trip up the Humber River in the morning. By noon anchor was let go off the dock of Birchy Cove. Soon there were visits from the officers of the port, and the minister of the village. The latter was a very quaint, though well informed man upon things botanical as well as theological. During his career of thirty odd years as missionary on this part of the island he had also been a collector of fungi and mosses.

This would be an excellent region for an enterprising young doctor to hang his shingle upon some tree, for the entire community only boasts of one medical man, and he a veterinary. As there are few horses in Newfoundland, he has to do some work among human kind, to keep in practice, though this one seems hardly popular with the inhabitants. As a result, the surgeons on the men-of-war are in demand. Evidently the Coronet looked like a trim war-craft to the people, for almost at once requests were made that the doctor should see some unfortunates on shore.

During lunch a "hurry call" was received to visit a sick man on the opposite side of the river. Two of us started out, and after a tempestuous row we finally reached the shore. Then, after a hard climb up the steep hillside, we found our invalid—a hunchback, with paralysis, and, like most cripples of that kind, little could be done for him. Several more patients were seen or visited. Not a few suffering from tuberculosis, due more to ignorance and carelessness than to the climatic conditions. One very sweet old couple brought out some dainties for us in their neat little cottage. Arthur met us in the sailboat. We all attended service in a little white chapel situated on the slope of a hill. Everything simple in the extreme—decorations, service, music and people. But the very simplicity was attractive. The entire congregation from the rough, bronzed fishermen to the little future fishermen at their sides, joined in the singing. The music may have been crude and harsh, but it was hearty and responsive.

Before we sat down to an early breakfast, in our

rough outing costumes, we heard the sounds of our faithful guides alongside. There were six of them—five brothers and an uncle, all of the genus "Brake." There must be a close family sympathy in this island colony, for the other guides were also related. These were a hardy, wiry set of men, eager to give us the best kind of a time in their power. All our outfit was put into two heavy skiffs, Alfred careful to see that nothing was lacking in his department, which all agreed to be the most important. Then we stowed ourselves in the remaining available space, Lewis taking a pair of oars in the little sharpie with "Brake" brother No. 4. A morning mist hung over the water, but this soon cleared. At the real entrance of the Humber River we stopped at "Uncle's" house to take on his paraphernalia. His numerous, ill-clad, disheveled youngsters stood on the front of their cottage and had a camera snapped on them. A thirty-eight-pronged pair of caribou antlers was hanging on a post and made us wonder if there were many more like it.

Soon we struck the current of the river, but by keeping close to the shore, its strength was avoided. The stream wound between a rugged range of hills, or low mountains, steep cliffs coming down to the water's edge in some places. In others, sand spits running out into the river, making eddies and currents which made our progress slow, till our sails were hoisted and a stern breeze helped us along. At each turn of the river a new panorama would be revealed to our eyes, more glorious than the preceding. We stopped to "bile the kettle" on a gently sloping shore. For a considerable distance the forests have been recently burned over, and it is a sad sight to see all the timber dead and fallen, even though it is of no use in the present condition of the Bay of Islands. When the "Little" rapids were reached there was lots of work getting the boats beyond. Here the use of a long pole is absolutely necessary, and these men use this instrument with remarkable dexterity. Once a pole broke, and at once the craft twisted and turned and floated downstream. At this point Lewis and Peter remained with "Uncle" and a nephew to try some salmon fishing in the pool. The men said a Humber River salmon could not be

caught with a rod and fly, but that they had a method by which they were sure of a return for their efforts. The rest of us went on to get a camp in order for the night.

At the "Upper" pond we passengers had to disembark, as the stream was too rapid to make way against it with all our weight. By the use of a line for a tow, and a man in the bow to keep away from shore, this obstacle was surmounted. It was an interesting sight, in this wild place—the water boiling and roaring—and these men working and yelling like demons.

From this point on the trip was easy, and presently the river broadened out into Deer Lake. This is one of the smaller lakes, and yet ahead of us no shore was in sight, so that it resembled the open sea. Low hills skirt the shore and roll away in the distance. At various points we could see trees that had been shorn of their branches. These were lookout posts, where sentinels would watch for caribou crossing the lake in the fall of the year on their way southward. Often when a herd was sighted swimming the boats would be manned and the entire number annihilated. They use the primitive single-barrel muzzle loader, loaded with buckshot. These old guns could tell stories of which our Winchesters could only dream. This seems like willful slaughter to us, but we must remember that in this way only can the inhabitants obtain their winter's meat. It is said, too, that there is no diminution of the game, but rather an increase in the past few years. Deeply hollowed out paths lead down to the shore, and over the steep mountain sides, showing the quantities of these animals there are. Certainly this lake deserves its name.

We landed at a projecting point where in a former year some of the same party had been, and found there the flat stones they had used for plates. A most attractive spot, but not enough space to pitch the two tents. However, a space beyond was chosen, just in the edge of the dense wood, back of some big bowlders that fringed the shore. One tent had to be at some distance on account of the rocky ground. But night was drawing on, so we were compelled to hasten. In a short time the camp seemed very homelike. A big fire was started

and soon Alfred had begun to cook dinner in his place among the stones. Arthur and the doctor then clambered over the rocks to get a shot at the seals, which are usually found on smooth rocks in the vicinity, basking in the sunshine. None were seen, however, on this occasion.

Certainly nothing ever went more to the spot than the last of our beefsteak that night. Soon after our meal we heard the voices of the rest of our party, who had lingered behind for the fishing. Two splendid salmon were shown us, glistening in the firelight. No trip is too far, or work too arduous, to be rewarded by such game. But Uncle's eyes twinkled when he said you could not catch them with a hook. After our comrades had enjoyed their dinner as much as we did, we sat around the fire, drying shoes and wet clothes, and then some of us wended our way over the rocks or in boats to our tent.

As soon as morning broke, and our breakfast over, "Camp Failure" was deserted, and we took ourselves and belongings back to the upper rapids.

On the shore of this roaring stream was found the remains of a camp recently occupied by a well-known New York surgeon and his newly-wedded wife. This was an ideal spot for our purpose, and declared by all the best camp of our trip, and was called "Camp Fluffie." Occasionally a great salmon would rise from the water, or we would hear its splash, and at once it would sink to its bed at the bottom of the stream, afraid of seals, possibly, for never could they be persuaded to take the fly. Still the trout were caught in abundance, and we had the satisfaction of eating salmon cooked in all styles, caught on the previous night. Here we had jolly times, in spite of the absence of real game. We even looked off over the mountains and contemplated a trial at the deer, but our time was too limited.

Next morning we rather regretfully broke camp and soon were dancing in the rapids, and shooting these paid in a measure for what our rifles did not bring us. Occasionally a seal would stick his head, manlike, out of the water, and give us a momentary shot; or a loon would utter its weird cry and seemingly mock us till we held up our guns, and with a wild laugh



HUMBER RIVER 35-LB. SALMON.

this solitary creature would disappear. We made our way rapidly, with lowering clouds shutting us in, and on coming out into the bay we were buffeted by the waves, and never had we experienced more difficult and laborious work than on our way back to the yacht, which we reached about one o'clock.

In the afternoon occurred one of the saddest events of the trip. Two of our "dudes" had packed up their traps and put on their New York clothes. Then we accompanied them over to the railroad track—there was no station. Soon the magnificent Newfoundland vestibule train came puffing up the narrow gauge incline, stopped a moment and took on our two passengers and luggage. Our little party, now reduced to four, sorrowfully made its way back to the launch. Tea was served as usual, but it seemed hardly the same, with two of our members absent. A few more cripples were examined by our "healer," our last provisions put on board, and the ship made ready for an early start in the morning. With a light head breeze we began our voyage. Before reaching the outer harbor we began to feel a suggestion of what was going on in the open sea, and nearly lost the launch overboard from a sudden puff. Slowly beating our way between the headland and Guernsey Island, we struck the heaviest sea of the trip thus far. The breakers could be seen dashing against the rocks on our lee, and gradually we drew away from our treacherous position.

At dinner that night Captain James sat down in solitary, silent majesty, and appetites were not the only things the rest of us had lost that day.

A great improvement in the general condition of everything the following morning. The sea was much more peaceably inclined—a glorious sunset and display of northern lights. But little progress was made on account of the head wind.

Another day of the doldrums, and we are just passing Cape Anguille, but toward noon our spirits are raised by a gradually increasing breeze astern, and with all sail set, find the change is most agreeable. The bold coastline sank in the east, and only the blue shadowy outline of Cape Ray could be distinguished—our last glimpse of Newfoundland, that great lonesome isle

of the North Atlantic—in summer often enveloped in the thick mists of the sea; soon now to sleep out its long winter, pressed upon by the icefloes of the north. Truly it needs a hardy and courageous people to win out in the mighty strife for a livelihood there.

Some time this afternoon spent in the gig, reading “Amiel’s Journal” aloud; one can almost feel the fog banks creeping in upon you after reading much of him. Toward evening we passed between the north shore of Cape Breton and the rocky island of St. Paul. On this uninviting islet are a few rude cabins and a lighthouse; no trees, no fields, no gardens. The inhabitants resemble the sea gulls who frequent this storm-beaten spot. Have they never heard of the fertile lands to the south of them? Has life any purpose, any beauty or attractiveness in it for them? In winter these waters are entirely shut in by the ice—then the lighthouses give out no yellow gleams in the darkness of the long nights. The S. S. Bruce, plying between Newfoundland and Cape Breton Island, is so constructed that she can crush her way through fourteen inches of solid ice, yet her last trip is made during the holidays.

The crescent of the new moon was perceived at twilight tonight, hanging low in the west. The dark outline of the Cape Breton coast can just be made out, while our white vessel is merrily cutting the waves, which boil and foam about her sides, rendered the whiter by the myriads of little phosphorescent bodies cast up by the receding billows.

We were on deck this morning before daylight. Soon a faint rosy tint appeared in the east; the mists of night began to grow thin, when suddenly a bright light flashed up seemingly from the depths of the sea, and another day was welcomed in. The chill of night let go its hold, the dripping moisture in the rigging rapidly vanished, and new cheer and life seemed to come to those on deck. Old Sol is indeed a jolly good fellow!

We beat our way up to North Sydney harbor. Just outside was an iron steamer stranded on the sands, now helpless and deserted, each year adding her substance to the dissolving sea. On the other a projective point, bleak and windy. Great chimneys and heaps of coal attest the mineral wealth of this region.

We dropped anchor off North Sydney among a number of weatherbeaten coasting schooners and one little English war vessel, especially designed for work in these waters. Her peculiar-shaped bow projecting below as a great ram made her resemble a huge deep-sea fish.

North Sydney is the most northern city in Canada, and though architecture here has not yet reached a fine art, it looks like a prosperous little town, with a good-sized station, banks and electric lights.

We attended service in the English church. The minister was not brilliant, and the singing was atrocious, yet the young women were prettily dressed in their white summer frocks.

That afternoon we took a walk along the high sea road, where the bay stretched out below us, dotted with small fishing smacks riding easily at anchor, while above us fertile and grassy fields and neat farmers' houses. In the distance across the bay can be seen the city of Sydney. Along this walk on Sundays the village youths and maidens are wont to stroll, and possibly we enjoyed it as much as they; though for some reason this was the last long walk of the trip, no two people being able to agree on a proper time or direction for this kind of simple sport. Probably one dude is not enough to choose from.

The next morning spent in stocking the ship with provisions, to last the rest of the voyage, visiting the customs office and searching for news of our war. During luncheon we were taken in tow by a tug which was to pilot us through the Bras d'Or Lakes. Being pulled along as we were, gave one an idea of what it would be to cruise in a steam yacht. Of course you are more certain of reaching your destination at the appointed time, but the owner of such a craft misses the greatest pleasures of ocean travel. The vessel has not the same buoyancy, there is no bellying out of the sails aloft, no creaking of spars, no captain pacing back and forth during his watch, scanning the horizon for the faintest change in the wind. Summer winds are fickle, it is often too calm, or there is a fog, or the wind or tide is ahead, or a sudden squall. When these various conditions do not have to be considered, yachting loses many of its

interests. However, we admit that a small auxiliary engine would often be of the greatest possible assistance.

We made good progress against the wind to the tune of the puff-puff of our tug, though occasionally being enveloped in black smoke.

The coastline of soft sandstone is worn away for many miles, so much so that often islands are formed where once there was a jutting point. The entrance to the Bras d'Or is a sudden change from the sea to a quiet river, on one side densely wooded hills, on the other gently rolling farming country, pretty hedgerows and stacks of hay, and farmers at work. Often we would cause the hayseed to drop from their eyes by calling to them through the megaphone.

A Mr. Livingston who, five years ago, helped the Coronet off a sand-bar opposite his place, sighted in the distance the vessel's tall topmasts, and came running down the hill to meet us. But the sand-spit did not have the same attraction this time, and we passed rapidly by as the shadows of evening were already upon us.

This was a great disappointment to a man who, no doubt, each year looked for a return of the yacht. It was dark when we reached Baddeck. A visit at once to the postoffice, where a number of letters were awaiting the arrival of the yacht. Some one must receive letters in this quiet little village, for the postmistress had already begun to sort it out, and the process seemed to continue for several hours.

Long-bearded old men, quaint countrymen, scraggly boys, girls in all their summer freshness, came flocking in till the place could hold no more. No one seemed in a hurry except ourselves. At last the little sliding door was opened, and the mail was ready for general distribution.

Unfortunate news. Our two anticipated traveling companions could not join us. We wondered if they had read Charles Dudley Warner's "Baddeck and Other Tales," and felt apprehensive about reaching this out-of-the-way corner of the earth.

The morning sunshine revealed to us the peaceful beauty of the region, the glassy waters of the Bras d'Or, on the hillside near us the village of Baddeck, with its stone post-office, re-

mains of the old jail and the famed Telegraph House, across the bay the stately and symmetrical point where Mr. Bell, of the Bell telephone, has chosen his summer home. Truly it is worth many a long search to find such a glorious spot as this.

The day was spent in boating, sailing and entertaining guests. We had the cutter prepared for a race, but the wind did not amount to anything, so the event was postponed till such a time as these slow-going people might select. However, the place is not entirely dead, for we were invited to a most "spirited" tea at the "Annex." Hay-fever subjects and several other from our Western cities, pass the summer here, and have engrafted their habits on a few of the residents, and a special edition of "Town Topics" might bring to notice several nice scandals.

The morning of our departure opened most inauspiciously. A thick fog shut out our view, and soon the rain came pouring down. But we must make a start, even though much of the beauty of this part of the trip will be lost. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marquand came on board to accompany us as far as Bar Harbor. A basket of flowers was received by certain ones from our friends of the previous two days—either the "architect" or his brother, the "doctor."

We knew we were passing through a most picturesque combination of inland sea and mountains. We had been told so, but our imagination often had to come to our aid to really feel that we were taking the delightful trip of the "Golden Lakes," inclosing gem-like islets reflecting all the varying hue and color of sky and hills along its shore. The drawbridge was safely passed and soon we came out in the great Bras d'Or. It might have been the Atlantic Ocean for aught we could tell, with this fog as thick as night about us.

Only at the end of the lake did the sun fight its way through the mist, and open to view a faint suggestion of what we had missed. By careful maneuvering our tug assisted the yacht through the narrow St. Peter's canal. The banks were lined by an interested throng of men and boys, to whom this spectacle was quite an event.

St. Peter is an impoverished fishing village, much the worse

for wear and the want of paint. The old postoffice master said he visited New York in '49, but presumed there had not been many changes there—measuring that city's growth by St. Peter's, no doubt. He was too old to make change for postage stamps. Out of the canal, sail was hoisted before a favoring breeze, the tug that had done such good service was cast off, and soon we began to feel the ocean swell.

Thursday and Friday, August 25th and 26th, can well be omitted from our journal. Suffice it to say we had a steady breeze dead ahead, and all the clouds of heaven had settled over the surface of the deep. The captain was pacing the deck, and anxiously trying to peer through the veil of mist, and occasionally a Gloucester fishing smack would loom out of the fog, like a specter of the night.

The next day was clear, but too cold to remain on deck without constant exercise, but a clear day makes every one cheerful. We were rounding Cape Sable just at sunset when Old Sol was treating us to one of his finest displays. As we were caught in an ebb tide from the Bay of Fundy we continued to round this elusive point all night, like the weary Dutchman around the Cape of Good Hope.

Sunday was enjoyed on the deep. As a rule, this has been the day of our arrival at every place thus far, but Mt. Desert light was only sighted late at night.

Monday greeted us by a splendid sunrise, which began to light up the distant rocky coast. The fine approach to Bar Harbor would have been more appreciated had we not recently visited other grander coasts, and as the Coronet is brought up into the breeze, and anchor dropped among a small fleet of pleasure craft, we realize that the finest part of the trip is over.

Still one great pleasure awaits us on our arrival. Dr. Van Adriance came out to meet us in a small boat. Everybody welcomed the man who has looked out for a Coronet party on the Pacific and in the East.

In the afternoon several of us sailed over to Sorrento in our cutter before a splendid breeze, and the boat did her work beautifully. That night a dinner on board and at once one feels that the Coronet is equally at home in port or on the deep sea.



MAIN SALOON.

During the evening we sat on deck and watched the full moon. The wind bléw through the rigging and made one shiver as if it were November, and yet some seemed to enjoy even this in their great affection for the moon. A second anchor was put out later as the wind increased almost to a gale.

It must be that a sunken iceberg or the Arctic current sets into this harbor, for one plunge off the side of the boat next morning was enough, as the temperature of the water is below 50°. We varied the next day with tennis, driving, and croquet at the Macy's, and the evening was superb.

On Wednesday, August 31st, a pilot was taken on board, for the intention was to go through the "Reach," but the wind being light ahead, the vessel stood out to sea, following in the wake of the Saxon. And now began a pretty race. This yacht was soon passed, and by three o'clock we left her far astern. We had our pilot with us still, though he was of no use now, merely a little extra cargo to be put off at Newport.

A very light wind greeted us next day, several vessels sighted, and among them the Saxon, hull down to leeward. Evidently by taking a tack in shore during the night she found a more favorable breeze.

The following morning we were running close in along the shore of Cape Cod. At first there was a perfect calm, and we heard the break of the gentle waves on the sandy beach. The sunlight gleamed down on this cemetery of the sea, which has seen the wrecks of so many vessels in this particular region. The very steamer that sunk the *Alva* a few years ago on this spot passed close to us. We looked for our old friend, the Saxon, and found her about a mile astern. Another yacht, thought to be the *Iroquois*, was discovered. During the morning a good breeze sprang up, which permitted fine beating over the Nantucket Shoals, though a faint haze shut us in somewhat. The *Iroquois* came abreast of us in the afternoon, but the Saxon was lost astern.

While passing Martha's Vineyard about six o'clock, we were sailing among a whole fleet of coasting schooners on their way north. A little later the clouds gathered and the *Iroquois* was compelled to reef; while the *Coronet* went bowling by, and reached Newport at four A. M. Saturday.

We were awakened by the sound of music from the fort opposite, where some of the regiments that had seen service in the late war were stationed. Near us were anchored the Intrepid, Hildagard and Nourmahal.

Some of the party made calls and went driving, while the two M.D.s, more plebeian, took a bicycle ride out over the Ocean Drive, visiting the bathing pavilion, and taking in the golf tournament. There are few places that have finer roads than Newport, and bicycling there is perfect. Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Hyde came on board to cruise on to New York with us.

The afternoon brought calls to the yacht by the Bishop of Ohio, and relatives and friends. We had a good view of a race between the half-raters, as their start was just off our bow.

Sunday most of the party went to church, though one member went sailing over toward Narragansett instead. A start was made at 5:30. Against a flood tide and strong southwest wind Brenton's Reef Lightship was reached in one hour.

Judith never disappoints, and soon the good yacht was dancing over the seas. To add to this, a thick fog had come up, making those in charge more than usually attentive to sounds of vessels that might be near. We were all on deck, and arranged as comfortably as possible, as our position in the path of the Sound steamers made every one feel a more than usual interest.

At 10:45 the lights of a vessel were seen approaching our bow. Her foghorn had not been heard, and she was advancing so rapidly that a collision was inevitable—the only point being as to how much damage would be done. Instantly we were all on our feet, wondering, no doubt, where in a moment we might be. A breathless silence ensued, broken at last by the clear sharp command of the sailing-master, "Put your helm hard down," but too late! The green lights of the two vessels came together. At once there was a violent shock. The Coronet trembled from stem to stern. There was a wrenching and ripping on the other vessel, and then she sheered off into the fog with lifeboat, davits and stanchions on her starboard side gone. Suddenly a cry of man overboard! He was seen ten

yards astern. Said he could swim, but to make haste. Our headway was so great that he was lost to view immediately. Evidently he did not reach the life preserver thrown to him. The dingy was quickly lowered, two sailors jumped in as the little boat rose on a wave, and in a moment disappeared in the dense fog. We felt the man was doomed. Meantime, the schooner had gone, we knew not where.

Presently the boat returned, having on board the wet and shivering man. He was lifted out and taken to the port state-room, where he was rapidly undressed and examined by the two ex-ambulance surgeons we had with us. Found his only injury to be a contusion of the thigh, besides his fright and exhaustion. He was rubbed down and stimulated, and then wrapped in warm blankets. When he recovered somewhat, he told us that he was the mate of the schooner, on her way from Hartford to St. John's. He said he had been in the bow working the horn, but running aft for some purpose, he felt a shock, and was then thrown violently into the sea; that it seemed to him as if he would never come up, and when he did, he imagined his head kept bumping against the bottom of our boat.

In the meantime the *Coronet* was hove to, and was burning signals to attract the other vessel. At last they were seen. We approached near enough to inform them that their man was on our ship. So our newly-made passenger was hastily dressed, the dingy again lowered, and after some difficulty, on account of the rough weather, he was put on board his own vessel.

On examining the injuries of the *Coronet*, a piece of timber was found tightly jammed in the rigging of the bowsprit; the martingale was carried away, and a few planks started on the forward rail; a miracle that no greater damage had been done.

All this time our "bearings" had been lost sight of. The yacht was close hauled, and gradually she drew off from shore. After all this excitement, no one was sleepy, and the deck seemed more attractive than the saloon. However, the fog thinned out and after some persuasion everybody, except Captain James, went below. During the night the mainsail was reefed in order to make less headway till our actual position was known. The ship rolled a good deal, making sleep almost

impossible. The next morning was spent mending the rigging, hove to in a nasty sea, which was decidedly unpleasant. During the afternoon we found from a fishing boat our position to be ten miles south of Block Island. Our one fog scare during the day was a big steamer that suddenly loomed up to windward. She had a whistle that sounded like a hunted beast. Toward night we drew in toward Montauk Point, where we anchored in nine fathoms of water. The sea had gone down, and the stars were shining brightly. In the distance the lights of Camp Wickoff could be discerned.

We were under way at six the next morning, and passed through the "Race" in a strong head tide. When off the lighthouse we all went into New London on the launch to send some messages. We read the account of the Coronet disaster in the *Times*. That night somebody had a birthday cake containing a ring, a thimble and a coin. These prizes suited all but one winner. During the evening a strong breeze sprang up, and the Coronet went prancing along at a thirteen-knot gait. We sat late on deck, to enjoy what we supposed to be our last night on board, talking and squaring up such differences as had occurred on our long trip. At midnight the yacht was made ready for a thunderstorm seen in the northwest, which, however, only succeeded in taking our breeze away.

The next morning, when opposite Oyster Bay, Arthur and Van Adriance were taken ashore by the rest of us in the launch. On our way back to the yacht, when about a mile from shore, the engine in the stern began to smoke most mysteriously, and the machinery to grind and hesitate. It would be unfortunate to have been saved from our recent catastrophe only to be blown up by naphtha! However, the thing soon refused to work altogether. We now lay helplessly in the trough of the sea, and were nearly run down by an old schooner, with only a solitary man on deck, who did not see us from his position behind the wheel. After a good deal of effort with a pair of oars, we just escaped a second collision. Finally, with the help of the dingy, we reached the yacht. Only a few naturally sweet dispositions had been injured by this mishap.

Just before reaching Whitestone, where we expected to meet Arthur and have a tug take the responsibility for the rest of the voyage, a violent thunderstorm arose. First one anchor and then another is let go. Sails come down with a whoop and soon we are riding in the teeth of a gale. Presently sunshine appears in the west, the chaos of ropes is untangled, sails are set and anchor hauled up, and twenty minutes after we are off the wharf at Whitestone, where we met Arthur. Hell Gate and the Bridge seem our only Waterloo now. Early on Wednesday, the 8th of September, these two points are safely passed, only to bump over a flat near Tebo's Basin, which, however, did not rip the copper plating off the bottom of the yacht. At ten o'clock we reach our moorings.

And so our six weeks' delightful cruise is over. The Coronet, trusty vessel that she is, has carried us in safety many hundreds of miles over the sea, to unfrequented and primitive lands.

Many and varied have been her experiences, whether racing porpoises across the Atlantic, rounding that bleak and dreary promontory, Cape Horn, or dipping colors to our Asiatic Squadron in the harbor of Yokohama.

But none of them could have been more enjoyed than this, her last voyage, under the command of Captain James, to the land of Arcadia.

H. P. H.

CAMPING FROM A GIRL'S POINT OF VIEW.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1898.—Good-bye to Port Hawkesbury, and we are off in a spanking breeze, bound for St. George's Bay, Newfoundland, where good sport and an initiation to real camp life are in prospect. Again it is Sunday, and one of the sweetest memories, often recalled, is the service, held on Sunday morning, in the saloon. Arthur reads the service with great dignity, and the presence of crew and guests, gathered together, to return thanks and sing the praise of Him who watches on sea and land brings a blessing to those assembled and a reminder that it is God's day. In the afternoon we sail leisurely up the bay, reaching our anchorage off Sandy Point after dark, and having as a near neighbor H. M. S. Cordelia.

"Peter" and L. Brown Gawtry, energetic sportsmen, went ashore at five o'clock, Monday morning, bent upon finding guides for our camping trip, but returned before breakfast, with a discouraging report. Two guides came aboard about nine, but after a parley were voted useless and not engaged. Later we went ashore to see the sights and found a few hovels, built on piles, having the appearance of bath houses; some fish laid out on boughs to dry, a couple of stores, and the consul's house, made up the settlement called "Sandy Point." The policeman was the most attractive feature—a strapping big man, who came aboard, was well treated, and told us of the game laws; also that there were no snakes in Newfoundland. This last assurance was most comforting to the feminine members of the party, for, surely, no women have ever had their courage put to a greater test. We were bidden to be prepared to see a bear enter our tent, to find snakes coiled under us on awakening, to expect to be cold and wet during the entire trip, and to be troubled by "crawling things innumerable."



CAMP FLUFFIE.

That policeman laid a foundation of confidence which no future tale could shake.

Of course our men expected to kill caribou, and as one hundred dollars is demanded for the privilege, Arthur decided, after consultation, to buy a license, in order that the honesty of our party need not be tested.

Again in the afternoon the "dudes" went off in the launch in search of one Oliver Bonwell, but came back unsuccessful, finding him away from home. On their return and just as we were having tea on deck, two officers from the *Cordelia*—Lieutenants Allgood and Lockyer—came aboard. Their description of a winter spent in Florida waters amused us immensely, and "Thanks, I never go sweets," was long remembered as a refusal to indulge in candy. Asking us to be their guests at luncheon on the morrow, should we not get off on our trip, they departed, leaving a most agreeable impression with us.

Much disappointed that we had been forced to lose one day of our precious time, we retired early, the men purposing to start off at dawn on another search for Oliver. This time they were successful, and rushing into the saloon, Harriet and I were bidden to get ready at once. Well, we did not pack "Saratogas," but a "kit" requires much thought and no little sifting, until the articles absolutely needed and the size of the "kit" can be made to harmonize. At last we were ready! The kodak can best describe our appearance. Suffice it to say, our friends would have disowned us, had recognition been possible. The launch was well laden with good things, Alfred accompanying us to produce them; and in half an hour we reached the point where our guides and dories were to meet us. A railway bridge was in process of construction, and we found the descent of a diver a most interesting sight, as we waited for the guides to "boil the kettle."

They should be described: six of them. "Olivier" was the head, and a very competent one—a species of French "habitant," jovial, rough, honest, and tireless in his efforts to make us comfortable and to find good sport. The others ranged in age from seventeen to sixty. The severity of those Northern climes, where poverty and poor health live side by side, was

easily discerned in their clothes and physique. Three dories were soon skillfully packed, and off we started, three of our men walking to a point three miles off, where they rejoined us, the dories having been rowed against the stream. Our march up "Harry's Brook" was worthy of Stanley. Oh! the terrible hardships, when the "Little Medicine Man" stood for ten minutes, wondering if he could fly, instead of being forced to wade that cruel brook to the depth of his knees. He takes courage, crosses and remains to the close of the day an object of pity; and at night he wonders "If mother knows where he is!" It is certainly not the finest kind of walking—this jumping from one smooth, round stone to another for a distance of six miles; but we are in quest of sport. At one o'clock we find a clearing, and covered with rubbers and shielded by umbrellas, eat luncheon to our great gratification. As we start off again, all are pedestrians, with the exception of Harriet, who commands the flotilla of dories. Each boat has two men—one to pull, the other to push through the rushing water, which is shallow and barely covers the stone-bedded stream. It is hard work and requires the men to use judgment and to be constantly up to their waists in the water, which is none too warm.

Such a pleasant interruption was welcomed about four o'clock. Commodore Burke, of the English squadron, was hailed, as he came down the brook with two canvas boats, he and his lieutenant not above hauling one themselves. We had been told he was due to return to the *Cordelia* that night, so we were better prepared to see him than he to meet us.

L. Brown Gawtry, being in the lead, had a little talk with him, during which the secrets of salmon pools were revealed, and "silver doctor" flies were praised and presented. We, of the rear guard, appeared, and the commodore was duly presented—a strikingly handsome man, despite fly grease, no collar and wet clothing. Harriet approached in her dory, a very Cleopatra, her head swathed in white netting (fly protection) and upon offering the commodore a "sweet" from a box of Maillard, he succumbed at once and voted the American woman a "wonder," and threatening to write "her up in the *London Times*."

A convenient spot to camp was found about six, and with many willing hands the tents were soon placed, a good fire started, and a most acceptable supper enjoyed. L. Brown Gawtry, having lingered behind, soon appeared with a salmon, which was an encouraging catch, and which we found to be excellent food at breakfast. The evening was spent about the huge campfire drying our clothing and singing.

Surely "Coronet Glees" never had a more appreciative audience than the interested guides close at hand. At last sleep was suggested, and off we went to our respective tents, the guides in an improvised "lean-to," and Alfred close to our tent, under a dory, bottom side up. Did any one suggest sleep? We had all "settled ourselves for a long winter's nap," when out on the lawn there arose such a clatter. Jake sprang from his bed to see what was the matter. Shrieks and groans, but investigation proved it to be Alfred having a nightmare, which took the form of a bear, thrusting his cold nose into his face. Quiet once more, but no! the bear is truly real, asleep close by, heaving great snores of contentment, which, alas! are not appreciated by neighbors. It soon becomes music to our ears, as sleep finally falls, to give us a well-earned rest.

We are awakened early, so dreadfully early, not only by the patter of rain, but by the departure of Jake and the guides, bound for the upper pool, and of L. Brown Gawtry off again to try the lower pool.

At ten, Harriet, Peter, the "Little Medicine Man," and the "Little One," with three guides, start off for a trout stream. Such fun for us! Isaac Walton is rightly enthusiastic, for the joy of enticing the wily trout is keen. Others are more adept at describing the manner in which these were caught, but this description is superfluous, and a long day of constant casting was rewarded by a string of twenty-four beauties. Jake and L. Brown Gawtry, with five splendid salmon, joined us later, and together we thoroughly appreciated a luncheon sent us from "Camp James." No bear could keep us awake that night, and we slept peacefully until dawn, when L. Brown Gawtry and the "Little Medicine Man" went in search of salmon, and returned at noon with two fine specimens and two large trout. "Peter,"

our hunter, walked weary miles through underbrush and swamp to find not a trace of life, save the tracks of a caribou; but his guide regaled him with wonderful tales of what had been shot along this brook *some three months later in the season.*

It had been decided to break camp at noon, so being domestic women, we stayed at home to attend to the destruction of "Camp James," and the safe stowing away of the outfit, not the least of the attention being bestowed on our choice mess of fish.

The trip down to the mouth of the stream was great fun, the rushing waters bearing us along rapidly and excitement being added by the care required to escape an upset on the bowlders. Some ducks were seen and great pains were taken not to frighten them off; but being "hell divers," the care was unnecessary.

The Coronet was anchored some four miles distant. It was impossible to signal her, but Olivier was, as usual, equal to the occasion, and we were soon stowed away in a large and unwieldy fishing smack.

The wind was dead against us; oars were brought out to assist, but it was a weary pull. Guns were fired and red flags of distress waved, but no one responded; and we found, as we finally drew alongside, that the launch, having been freshly varnished, it was impossible to use her. The guides, Olivier and another, came on board, and between the firing of the cannon, to recall the stewards from Sandy Point, the luxury of our quarters, a tune on the piano (an instrument never seen before), generous pay, refreshments, and medicine for their respective families, the two men were in danger of a stroke, and will probably recount these wonders for years to come. We said good-by with regret, for a closer acquaintance had revealed many sterling qualities in these natives of this northern isle. They proved their honesty by a hard pull back to the yacht, to return a rifle overlooked in unloading.

How tired we were after our three days' outing, but what fun it had been, and what merriment to recall in after days! As "Peter" and L. Brown Gawtry were to be of the party for a

limited time, and it had been decided to try another camping trip up the Humber River, we weighed anchor at once and said good-by to Sandy Point.

AUGUST 11TH.—The run from the Bay of St. George to the Bay of Islands was tantalizingly slow, for the wind was elusive and we sauntered along in summer seas and balmy breezes two days behind schedule time, rewarded somewhat by the rugged beauty of the coast, a stone wall constantly changing the picturesqueness of its outline.

All hail to Peter's birthday, on the 13th! We are told the day is unlucky in date, because in past years rough seas have necessitated a postponement of festivities. Not so this year. We "dress up" in honor of the occasion, and at dinner a wonderful cake with one candle and a miniature flag is brought in to the accompaniment of the blasts of the fog-horn and a harmonium purchased by the crew at Port Hawkesbury. Now "Peter" is a modest man, and when a lady of the party, with the consent of the hostess, was given this same "Peter" for his exclusive amusement during the evening, he was positively frightened. He kept her busy, however, at the piano and laid down the law on several occasions, when other "dudes" sought to interfere with the gift bestowed upon him. How glad he was to be finally released from the dreadful responsibility!

We all felt that a gift had also been given us in the privilege of seeing the wonderful scenery of the Bay of Islands. As we sailed in at the close of the day, the marvelous hues of sunset, bathing the scene in glorious tints, the fiords of Norway were recalled, and we received an impression never to be forgotten. The islands, at the entrance, suggested huge rocks thrown into the bay by giants, for they rose from the water like blocks of stone, without vegetation, eight hundred feet high. The surrounding cliffs were of like formation, and "Blow-Me-Down" stood sentinel over all. One member of the party failed to appreciate the wondrous beauty about us, and persisting in his efforts to educate us as to the geological formation, was much disgruntled to find his audience dwindling,

and he left alone to study the effects of the glacial period. Yet he only said "Pshaw!" and refused to succumb to the charms of nature. Darkness came upon us before an anchorage had been found, and Arthur resorted again to the trusty launch and dreamed of the new auxiliary. Early the next morning a familiar voice was heard on deck, and the uninitiated were told it was that of Cornelius Brake, a guide of last year, whose romance was so suddenly interrupted. He was welcomed, and arrangements were made with him for an early start on the morrow. At noon we cast anchor off Birchy Cove, and were soon visited by the clergyman, Mr. —, whose curé covers thirty miles. In the afternoon the services of the "Little Medicine Man" were besought, and he sailed to the opposite shore to help the poor, afflicted natives.

Indeed, the dear Coronet was a dispensary for the sick during our stay. We attended a simple but earnest service in the church at six, and retired early in order to be ready for our second camping trip.

Again the voice of the faithful Cornelius broke upon our slumbers, and we hastened to be off. This time large boats were used and soon we were packed in and rowed to the mouth of the Humber River. Here more "Brakes" were taken aboard, and we started up the river watching for seal, often seen at the entrance; but our only reward was the beauty of the river itself. In places it is a rushing torrent, running between sheer walls of rock, then again a turn opens a vista of mountains ahead, with grass-grown banks. At one such spot we "mugged up" and amused ourselves by shooting at marks across the river. About four o'clock we said "*au revoir*" to "Peter," L. Brown Gawtry and two guides, bent on tempting salmon. It proved to be but an aggravation for the fishermen, as we are told the salmon will not rise to a fly in this river.

Then came hard work for the "Brakes" (a family of brothers, cousins and an "Uncle Ned") for the boats must be piloted through the rapids. All but frail women and one guide disembark; a rope is attached to the bow and with all the men pulling at the rope and guided by a pole, we are safely launched into smooth waters, the comforting intelligence being vouch-

safed that, had we upset, there would be small hope for us, as last year a man was drowned in the rush of the turbulent stream. Again we repeat the experience at the second rapid, and after heavy rowing for some six miles emerge into Deer Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, eighteen miles in length. A site is chosen, with careful adherence to the instructions of our "dudes" that their quarters be, this time, well removed from the main tent. Surely, one dude is responsible for this mandate, and then, forsooth, he complained on account of the distance when breakfast was announced.

Did a supper ever taste better? We sat about our fire waiting for the return of the fishermen, and soon a call, far down the lake, announced their arrival. They had been unsuccessful, but presently "Uncle Ned" appeared with two huge salmon. He alone must tell the secret of this wonderful catch. The morning light revealed the fact that our site was not well chosen, and the fishermen having started down the river at dawn, we broke camp, writing "Camp Failure" to its credit. Such an attractive spot was selected for our present resting place, and evidently others had found it advantageous before us. The "Little One" was proud that "Camp Fluffie" should be chosen for its name. Soon we were catching trout faster than we could manage them, but many, proving to be small, were thrown back. It was excellent sport, and a day long to be remembered by novices, at least. What a quiet, yet somewhat sad, evening was spent about our fire, as we realized that it was our last evening as a sextet together, and tomorrow meant "good-by" to two of our congenial party.

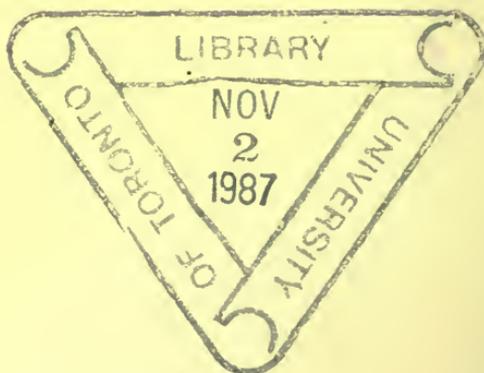
Once more we packed up, two guides having been sent off earlier to the yacht to order the launch to come to our assistance, a head wind necessitating slow progress and hard pulling in the bay. The labor of coming up the river was turned into keen pleasure, as we shot the rapids coming down. A few seals were seen, but at too great a distance to shoot. At last, the open bay was reached and it was in truth a hard pull, and the launch was welcomed none too soon. With regret, we parted with the "Brakes," an interesting and competent family.

And now we go ashore to wish our two "dudes" godspeed. As we sit by the railroad track (for there is no station) and wait for the halting and unreliable train to appear, we are rather silent, for L. Brown Gawtry and "Peter," "dudes," will be missed from our merry circle and we must say good-bye to two right good comrades, who have added so much to the pleasure of our two camping trips; but like those left behind, they will carry away with them the happiest memories of the good times enjoyed together, and an affectionate regard for the dear host and hostess who have made these pleasures possible.

ALOHA CORONET.

FOR Coronet we have naught but praise. A stanch and worthy ship, she seems almost human to us. It is no wonder that when about to make our last visit, the mate said, "Seems like old Coronet would speak to us next." Eyes undimmed by a tear would have been but poor response; yet "Kind hearts are more than Coronets," and while forced to bid farewell, we do so with the hope that the hearts which have throbbed on board may, while cherishing her memory, beat again on Aloha in happy days to come.

THE END.



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