master having gone up town to buy a clean collar, or something of that sort; thus we were obliged to carry over the gates, in order to avoid the falls. While making this carry we met two Boston canoeists, whom we will call Charley and Jack, and with whom we spent several pleasant days of cruising.

Our first night was spent in a small chowder-house on the river-bank; and although we had gotten so accustomed to sleeping with a coffee-pot for a pillow and a bag of nails to lie upon, we were completely broken up by the hardest floor we ever experienced.

The next day being Sunday, we consoled ourselves with the reflection that “better the day, better the deed,” and applied ourselves strictly to the paddles. Late in the afternoon a fine breeze sprang up, so Vera and Ilex lashed alongside the Ship, and were towed into Newburyport by her sail. It was a struggle to get out of the river, for the tide ran in like a mill-race, and it was only with difficulty that we could paddle against it. We camped at an island in the river. Around the camp-fire we told stories, and it being the evening of the Sabbath, such hymns as “Nearer, my God, to Thee,” “Month of May,” “Salisbury,” and “Sweet Bye and Bye,” were indulged in.

Morning found us up with the sun (?), and laying in some “feed,” we took up our route through Plum Island River.

Having stopped near Ipswich Light to eat our mid-day meal, at about two o’clock we started once more, and while in the middle of Annisquam Bay, we were struck by one of the most furious thunder-showers we had ever been exposed to. The Commodore and Purser, together with Charley and Jack, put for shore. It being perfectly calm before the rain, they were afraid of wind afterward. Careful sailors they.

“When the rain comes before the wind, Topsail sheets and halliards mind.”

Celvar and Ilex went on in the rain as far as Coffin’s Beach, where they hired a closed hotel for half a dollar.

The rain soon ceased, and Vera and Charley and Jack came along.

Our new companions had among their stores a pint each of whiskey and brandy. Now, these shore-birds were wet and cold, so Charley and Jack took some of the whiskey; but the Commodore and Purser thought that the brandy was weaker, and, “betwixt the twain,” they sucked the bottle clean. While drying out our wet duffel around the stove, several ghosts enjoyed a Spanish fandango in South Sea Island bathing-costumes. The Purser insisted upon sitting by the stove, the heat of which, together with the brandy, formed a combination which soon made him feel like throwing up the trip.

After a comfortable night at Coffin’s Beach we went up the Squam River, arriving at Gloucester after a hard paddle against wind and tide.

Just as we were entering Gloucester Harbor the Commodore missed his watch, and remembered that he had left it in the house at the beach. We ate a square meal at the city, and then the Commodore, accompanied by the Purser, drove over to Coffin’s Beach, and by good luck regained the lost time-piece.

After hauling the canoes up on a float-stage, and making it our rendezvous, we saw Gloucester.

In the afternoon we went out to the schooner “Mystery,” and made a bargain with her master to take the four canoes and eight fellows to Boston for the petty amount of two dollars. It being our intention to sleep on the vessel that night, we purchased a huge watermelon, and in the evening sang, and ate the melon.

Arising in the morning after a painful specimen of our special artist’s snoring capabilities, we lent a hand and soon had the boat ship-shape. Soon afterward we got the “Mystery” under weigh, and with light winds, interspersed with calms, by way of variety, forged slowly ahead. Finally it breezed up, and we arrived off the Brewsters early in the afternoon.

Here, with feelings of real regret and many adieux, we separated.

After three hundred miles of paddling, and