the cruisers are ready for the quick water below. The rapids are run, and Haverhill is passed with its humming shoe factories; and after a long run Newburyport heaves in sight. It is reached soon after, and after provisioning is left, to go through Plum Island River. With wind and tide Grape Island is quickly reached, and for half a dollar a small cottage is hired for the night.

Grape Island is a sort of third-rate summer resort, and there being strangers in town, some of the more youthful of the men celebrated the event by more than looking upon the wine that is red. They rolled the chariot along in song, and also in reality, by rolling large boulders across the piazza. It does not take much of a shock to shake a 20 x 20 cottage, and sleep inside was in consequence somewhat broken. Not being in an amiable mood after a broken rest, the canoeists started early, and glad to be rid of such an element, it did not take a great while to leave Grape Island far astern. "Yes," says a fisherman upon being asked where Ipswich is, "it's about two miles from that house over there." On dip the paddles, and the canoes shoot forward in answer,—but that house still looms up in the cold, cold distance. Ipswich may be two miles from that house, but it is ten to the house. The next man says, "O, it's just around that bend there." A dozen are rounded, yet no town; and the opinion that all men are liars is beginning to take strong hold, when the old town suddenly permits its dazzling beauty to be gazed upon by strange eyes. Here a carry of perhaps two hundred yards is made, and tintypes of the crowd taken by a much-dyed old fossil.

A few miles up the Ipswich Miles River enters it; so, following the map, the boats are nosed into Miles River. Oh, that name! Imagine, if you can, a Boston gutter in a heavy rainstorm, and you have Miles River vividly portrayed. Still up it the cruisers go, tugging, hauling, and carrying, until, according to map, the third bridge is reached.

Scene on Miles River.—"The major" standing in his canoe, "the Blink" up to his knees in water and mud; a fence across the brook before him, an axe in his hand. "Gentlemen, this is a fence across Miles River,—an obstruction to a navigable stream. Gents, it is a four-rail fence (whack!). Strange metamorphosis, it has but three rails (whack! cut! crash!). All a dream; there is no fence. Old Jo Horton and his team come into requisition for a three-mile carry to Chebaco Lake, where camp is soon made, and a day spent in washing the clothes, and so forth.

It rains for the first time in ten days, and yet, on, on, for there is an end to all things, and vacations do not last forever. Down the lake run the canoes, and into another brook leading to the Essex River. Ah! here is a bridge across the stream; what a pretty bridge it is, and so light, too, murmurs the skipper. So saying, he lifts a small rustic bridge across onto one side of the stream, allowing the canoes to proceed. Strangely enough he forgets to replace the bridge, too.

At last navigation is entirely blocked; there is no water to float the canoes; so in a driving rain the boats are shouldered, and a half-mile carry is made to the Essex River, where they are again launched. Passing the shipyard where so many fishing vessels are built, the course is shaped for the mouth of the river.

While passing Canova Point three shots ring out as a salute, dousing the hindermost canoes with shot. As the canoeists' hats are lifted in recognition, a hearty voice sings out, "Come in! we're just going to take something." Wet and cold, it is not long before they are responding in the most approved manner to the hospitalities offered by Messrs. G—g and T—y, the inhabitants of "Coot Cottage"; and a jolly cottage it is, with an exceptionally finely stocked buffet. Such a welcome makes a bright spot in our remembrance of the trip.

With the rain falling gently the course is regained for Annisquam, and in a short while Squam River is passed, letting Gloucester