

THE CRUISE OF THE NYMPH

by Henry Doring

Manuscript from David Sweet, Picton, believed to have been typed from a handwritten log or diary in the 1930s by his great uncle Henry Doring. Transcribed by Paul A., Naval Marine Archive, Picton, April 11 to 14, 2001.

It is my intention to enter in this diary or log all the little incidents that may occur. These little details are the first to slip the mind and for that reason I wish to preserve them here. It may seem that they are insignificant but, in fact, they are the mirrors that reflect character and individuality in a narrative, without which it would be flat and insipid.

I do not know when the idea of our going on this cruise first entered our minds but I do know that, when the plans of the *Nymph* were laid down seven or eight months ago, the plan was fully matured and that many of the details had been agreed upon.

It was agreed that the cruise was to be of one month's duration and that the route we were to go was as follows: from Erie straight to Port Colborne, and through the canal, then to Hamilton from where we were to follow the north shore of Lake Ontario until we reached the Bay of Quinte, which we were to take as far as Kingston; and from there through the Thousand Islands to Clayton. After enjoying the scenery of the islands we intended to start on our return along the south shore of the lake and back through the canal.

On this circuit of Lake Ontario we were to stop at the principal cities and stay as long as our schedule would allow; and at Belleville, where several of the crew had relatives, we were to stay several days. Arriving again in Lake Erie we were to sail for Buffalo and there take in the exposition for one week, then along the north shore for Erie taking in a tow of the ports on the way.

The crew we at last decided on were six in number. They are George Larter, George Conrader, George Harvey, Tom Gannon, Fred Curtis and myself (Henry Doring)¹.

We realized that six for a crew would make it inconvenient for the *Nymph* is a yacht of only thirty-two feet length and about four feet head-room in the cabin, in which not more than four could sleep, but we thought that in sailing at night, at least two would have to be on deck and when we were lying in harbour, a canvas could easily be fastened over the cock-pit and two could sleep there. However we forgot to consider rainy weather, which we soon found out.

The day set for our start was July the fourteenth and the thirteenth was to see all the luggage stowed aboard. This eventful day at last arrived. The crew met at the yacht mooring in the afternoon, and waited there for the wagon that was sent around to the different homes to collect each member's belongings and bring them down to the yacht together with the provisions Curtis had bought. We waited until late in the afternoon; in fact, it was five o'clock when we at

1 The participants: Henry Doring – the author; George Larter; George Conrader; George Harvey; Tom Gannon; Fred Curtis of Belleville – "Yank" – steward for the cruise – worked on the railways.

last spied the wagon coming down the hill. It was loaded to the roof and the driver had scarcely enough room to sit in his seat.

When it was all piled around the yacht, we were surprised at the amount and wondered where we could put it all. However, we managed to stow it though there was no room to spare. When this work had been done, we arranged about the time each man was to be aboard, and then separated to get our suppers. Several of the crew still had caps, shoes and overalls to get, and others had friends to see, so that it was close on twelve o'clock when the last man arrived.

We were shaking hands with friends who had come to see us off, when the town clock struck twelve and a few minutes later the dingy was gotten out and a line taken aboard to tow the yacht out of the slip, for there was no wind of any kind. As we glided slowly away, the friends we were leaving began to sing, and the sweet strains of "Farewell – Farewell" came to us, soft and low, over the water. In front of the public dock we tied up to hoist sails and wait for a breeze.

It was within a few minutes of one when a slight air from the south began to stir the leaves of the trees, and we finally started away. The farther we got from shore the fresher the wind became, until we were going along at the rate of six or seven miles in hour. We were overjoyed and felt sure of making Dunkirk at least before daybreak.

Curtis had brought aboard a number of distress signals that are used on the railroad. They looked like sticks about eighteen inches long and an inch thick with a spike in one end. As we were passing the Life Saving Station, Curtis stuck one of these into a soap box, lighted it, and set it adrift. It made a beautiful large red light that could be seen a great distance. Curtis told us that each one would burn eight minutes, and that water had no affect on them. No match was needed to light them, this being done by simply drawing off a cap.

We passed the light-house and out into the open lake. Soon the wind began to fall more and more, and at last left us, without a breath, rolling and pounding in the dead seas. All eyes had looked as if there was to be no sleep that night, but after this turn of affairs, they became smaller, and one by one, the owners of them crept into the cabin – an example I quickly followed; and despite the rolling and pitching, was soon sound asleep.

When I awoke about four o'clock I found Curtis snoring beside me. He was jammed in between my bunk and the centre-box – an exceedingly small space for so large a man. This, however, did not seem to bother him in the least. There he lay contentedly drawing in breath through his wide open mouth with a rattle and discharging it with a whistle.

On deck I found Larter at the tiller while the boat still lay becalmed. In the distance perhaps ten miles glimmered the lights of Erie. I took the tiller and Larter went below to sleep. The gray of dawn was turning to light and the far away lights of Erie closed their watchful eyes.

I made myself comfortable and waited for a breeze, the while enjoying the novelty of the beauties of the breaking day, out there so far from shore. It made me feel the sense of solitude that was extremely pleasant. As the sun began to peep over the distant horizon the sails filled out

with a very light air from the south and slowly we began to move through the water. For about an hour the wind held, driving us perhaps four miles and then it suddenly shifted into the north-east, dead against us, forcing us to point her across the lake.

As the sun climbed higher and made it warmer, the crew one by one came crawling out of the cabin. The oil stove was gotten out and some coffee started to boil, and a good breakfast was enjoyed, which consisted of bread, cheese and bacon. The wind all this time was very light and slow time was made.

At eight o'clock some one sighted land on Long Point and we plainly made out tall trees and the long white light-house. Very slowly it grew in size and it was not until eleven when at last we came about off the point. We beat around it and then stood in towards Peacock Point, which was a distance of eighteen miles. With the day the wind dwindled away, and we were left there motionless and disgusted to swelter in the scorching sun.

A swim was proposed, and those who had enough ambition left went in. Then we straightened out our money matters, each one putting ten dollars into the fund that was to pay for our food. Curtis being steward, it was placed in his hands.

With a puff of wind now and then, we at last made the Canadian shore about four miles west of Peacock Point. It was then six o'clock, so another meal of cheese, crackers, bacon, bread and coffee was made. We expected to get an off-land breeze after sundown, but again we were disappointed. A very light north-easter hung on that promised nothing. Curtis and I took our watch from eight to twelve, the rest turning in. In these four hours we managed by persistently keeping her drifting, and even towing her a short distance, more to work off some of the disgust, to make Peacock Point. Then Larter was called and we went to bed.

July 15.

At four o'clock Curtis and I were roused out of a sound sleep to again stand our watch. Having dragged ourselves on deck, still half asleep, and looking astern, we saw Peacock Point not more than five miles away. What air there was still hung in the northeast; but we had not been long in charge when it shifted into the southeast – a fair wind for Maitland, which continually freshened and sent us along at a fair speed. When the rest of the crew turned out, Peacock Point was only a hazy line far behind on the horizon.

None of the crew was troubled with a want of appetite, unless it was the dog, our mascot, of whom I have forgotten to write until now; but this morning they one and all confessed to a rebellious growling at the pit of the stomach, for we had had no meal, what one might call square, since we had left Erie. An immense mess of tomato sauce and fried ham was cooked up, and when it had all disappeared, there was no more growling by mouth or stomach.

The morning was grand and our spirits had risen away up again. I felt that I should like to ramble through some of the beautiful bits of woodland that we glided past, but this being impossible, I did next best thing, which was to get the dingy out and row alongside for a couple of miles, the yacht running just fast enough to make rowing good exercise. I enjoyed it

immensely.

We had been aware of the existence of a reef about five miles west of Maitland, but were careless in watching for it, and the first we thought of it was when Larter noticed how shallow the water had suddenly become. Then we saw that we were right over the reef. We were now running very slowly, and there was no sea on at all; so that, if we should have struck, no harm could have resulted. She never touched though she could have barely passed over some places. Huge boulders lay about, some of which came nearly to the surface, and if a heavy sea had been running, we would have smashed in our bottom like an egg-shell.

After passing over the reef, the wind left us altogether and without any prospect of it coming up again for some time, not caring to lay out there in the boiling sun, for the day was terribly warm, we decided to go ashore and wait for a breeze in the shade of the trees.

Not far away we could see the white tents of a party of campers peaking [sic] out from among the trees, and that is where we made for. We threw out our anchor a short distance from shore and rowed in on the beach.

The campers we found were a party of women without a single man amongst them. They had many tents and rough lumber cottages conveniently arranged and furnished. We were received very kindly by the ladies and stopped to chat with them. They informed us that we could get ice, an article we were badly in need of, farther down the beach, from some fishermen.

In the two days that we had been out, Jack, the poor dog, had eaten nothing, and we inquired our way to the nearest farm-house to get some milk for him. We had to go quite a way into the interior before we came to one. We were very dry and begged the woman for a drink of water. She was surprised that we could drink "that filthy lake water at all", she told us, and conducted us to a deep hole in the ground, into which we were surprised to see that the gutters from the roof to the house emptied. We were very thirsty, so we drank, but such rank tasting water it has never before or since, been my misfortune to run up against. It was rain water pure and simple, and lay in our stomach like a cobble-stone.

Before leaving the rest of the party, we told Yank (otherwise known as Curtis) to take the dingy and get some ice, but when we returned, we saw Harvey and Conrader just getting back with the ice, and Curtis sitting among a half a dozen women talking as if he had known them all his life.

On the whole grounds we could not find a shady spot suitable for us, so we went back on board the boat and stretched the awning over cock-pit and cabin, and there passed the day. We also took a swim in the cold, clear water, Gannon getting his arms badly sun-burned.

About four o'clock a fair wind began to blow and we again started on our way; but it fell again to almost nothing and it took us about two hours to drift as far as the Mohawk light-house, which is situated on a small island about two miles from Maitland. We held a one-sided megaphone conversation with some one at the light-house, the megaphone being on our side; consequently, we could not hear the replies to our questions to the depth of the water below

the island. However, we soon found out, for it was not long before we again found ourselves on a reef. The sky in the south-east became dark with heavy black clouds and we looked forward to a squally night. Our getting on to the reef made matters worse. We were just about moving when we felt the keel scraps and then stop, and just then the breeze left us completely.

The calm was such an usually precedes a squall and we felt exceedingly blue just then. The dingy was gotten out and a line taken aboard, and the crew were placed outboard on the boom, and bow-sprit, in order to raise her stern, where her deepest draft was. In this way we got her off and out into deeper water, where we had a chance to fight a squall.

Presently, puffs of wind coming from no particular direction struck us now and then, leaving us again becalmed. We prepared for a squall and waited, and waited, but it did not come, and soon the dark clouds began to scatter and then a fair wind arose that sent us at a fair speed towards Port Colborne. At twelve o'clock I turned in, with the expectation of being called at four.

July 16.

When I was called at four o'clock, the lights of Port Colborne were but a short distance away, though the wind was very light. In the end we were forced to tow the yacht into the harbour. At the entrance to the harbour a half dozen drilling scows were at work, making the night hideous with the most unearthly noise imaginable.

It was not much after daylight when we tied up at the mouth of the canal, where we stayed just long enough to get the necessary papers to go through. This did not take long, for they have a man on duty for this purpose day and night. We were scarcely started into the canal when it began to rain. Oil-skins were donned and those not needed outside crawled into the cabin. Slowly we glided along between high stone walls, while the rain came down in torrents. The bridges swung open for us as if we were the most important ship on the lakes. With the town the stone walls were left behind and the banks were nothing but high mounds on the face of which an uneven tow-path led.

The rain had come down too hard to last long and soon it was over, and the clouds opened a window for the sun to look through, which quickly dried away the remains of the recent rain. The wind freshened and we made good time. Farmers driving to town on the tow-path and all the people we passed had a pleasant word for us. When we saw a bridge come before us, we would give the keeper a couple of blows from our megaphone and it would quickly swing open for us.

At the town of Welland, which the canal cuts through the centre, we stopped for about an hour to buy provisions and inspect the town. Then we again got under way, and about twelve o'clock arrived at first lock No. 25. In this lock another heavy shower accompanied by an electric storm overtook us. Some of us took refuge in the keeper's shanty while the rest stuck to the boat. It was here that a man was struck by lightning just a short distance awny though we did not know it until our return through the canal.

After it had stopped raining we were let down and out of the lock. Then we went ashore and cooked our dinner, the first time we had potatoes since leaving Erie. Here, in the middle of prepering the meal, we had an old fellow snap the camera on us, the picture of which we now have in our collection.

When the dishes were washed and stowed, we again set off down to the canal. It now became necessary to lower the sails and tow the yacht, because the locks were close together and in each lock a snobbing [sic] line had to be out fore and aft to prevent her from being drawn about with the rushing water. For this purpose the crew was divided, one half staying aboard and the other half handling the lines ashore. At the town of Thorold, at lock twenty-four, a grand sight can be had of the canal winding its way down the hillside towards the distant church spires, which mark the location of St. Catherines, and beyond that to the hazy lake, the locks, which are here very close together, resembling a giant stairway.

For the rest of the day we worked our way slowly from lock to lock, trudging through the soft mud the recent rain had left, until at dark we arrived at the drawbridge at St. Catharines, and there tied us [sic] for the night. Though we were all tired and it was quite late when we got through with our supper, some of us dressed up and went into town to look it over, and it was after midnight when we returned.

July 17.

At daylight next morning we again started and finished the rest of the locks, which were only eight in number, in good time, getting into Port Dalhousie at an early hour. Here, at the light-house, we unloaded everything, airing out the bedding, and giving the inside of the boat a thorough scrubbing. In the afternoon Larter, Conrader, Harvey and I took a walk uptown and there met a friend whom we had met at St. Catherines the night before and the first thing we know we were aboard the steamer going to St. Kitts with him, and from there we took the street-car back, arriving at the yacht about eight o'clock.

We found Curtis and Gannon mad for our having been the cause of missing a fair breeze for Hamilton. However, we started immediately for Toronto, straight across the lake, having decided to cut Hamilton out. It was my first watch out of Dalhousie. The night was dark and a north-east wind was blowing, making it a close haul for Toronto, a distance of thirty-five miles. The reflection of the electric lights of Toronto could be plainly seen iin the sky, and for this I steered until twelve o'clock, when we changed watch, and I turned in.

July 18.

At four o'clock I was again awakened and took my turn at the tiller. The wind still hung in the same quarter; but a dense bank of fog lay ahead of us so that we were unable to see the north shore which could not be very far away. About six o'clock we occasionally heard queer rumbling sounds which seemed to be quite close; and a little later a sail emerged out of the fog which proved to be a row-boat carrying a sail -- a man and women being its occupants. They dropped anchor and began to fish. Then a spectral of the mist, but of the city behind it nothing

could be seen.

Suddenly it seemed right from behind the veil of fog, a great number of whistles began to blow. There were hoarse whistles, shrill whistles, loud and weak whistles – whistles of all descriptions, all trying with might and main to raise as horrible a din as lay in their power. We looked at the time, it was seven o'clock. All at once the curtain lifted and showed us the beautiful city of Toronto laid out close before us. It required some beating about to make the inlet to the harbour, but we made it without difficulty, and passed into the Bay of Toronto.

We found this beautiful harbour a great deal like our own at Erie, only that it had an opening at each end. The bustle and excitement we found here, even at this early hour, was surprising. Sailing yachts were darting here and there; ferry boats running back and forth; rakish schooners hoisting and lowering sails, and stately passenger steamers gliding out to sea.

We did not know where to steer for every place before the city seemed to be occupied or in use by some craft, so we turned towards the island and landed at a pier before a hotel. Here we cooked breakfast and got a supply of ice. After everything had been put to rights again we started for the city and landed at a dock inside of which was anchored a fleet of yachts. We rightfully surmised this to be a yacht club basin. While we were looking around, a young fellow came and asked if we were looking for a mooring. To our answer in the affirmative, he pointed to a buoy among the fleet which he said we might use, he being a club member with the authority to grant this privilege. We thankfully accepted his offer and took him aboard. He assisted us in making fast, taking canvas, stowing it and making himself useful, the while giving us valuable advice as to the customs of the city and the interesting sights to be seen about the city. At parting he invited us to use the club house in the evening, when he would make us acquainted with some of its members. The city we found was not a bit less lively and full of bustle than the harbour. The streets were full of hurrying crowds, each one intent on some business of his own. We visited many interesting places which took up the day until after supper-time when we returned to the boat. At the club house only a few of its members had arrived as it was still early. However, they received us in the friendliest manner possible. They pointed out and explained to us the capabilities of the different yachts.

We kept about two miles from shore, from which distance we could plainly see the beautiful scenery the shore afforded. We passed the towns of Frenchmen's Bay, Whitby, Oshawa, Darlington and Bond Head or Newcastle. Each one of these places had a light-house staring out into the lake like a white clad sentinel standing guard over the village behind it, which nestles in a little hollow or stands out boldly on the high bank, each with its church spires, its large roots and the large shade-trees in the streets showing conspicuously.

In the latter part of the afternoon the wind dropped considerably and at six o'clock were left becalmed off Point Granby. Here we put in to cook supper. Curtis and I rowed ashore in the dingy, leaving the yacht to drift in. We found a dilapidated dock running out into the lake, but no sign of habitation. However, in a little hollow behind some trees we found three or four farm-houses, one of which bore the sign "Post Office". We mailed some letters and bought potatoes,

eggs and milk from the farmers at a very low price, and we were soon sitting down to a most enjoyable meal.

Supper over, we started away again though there was no wind, but we were in hopes of getting an off-shore breeze later on. In this we were disappointed and we drifted around all night without making any headway to speak of.

July 20.

Next morning the wind freshened enough to drive us to Port Hope, arriving there about nine o'clock. We immediately started a fire for the purpose of cooking a meal, and Curtis went uptown to get something to cook. However, he stayed such a long time that we became tired of keeping the fire going. Across the slip from where we tied up lay an abandoned two-masted schooner hard on bottom and a hold full of water. Her hull and rigging seemed to be in good condition, and we wondered why she had been condemned to the bone-yard, as Yank expressed it.

I rowed over to her in the dingy and climbed aboard. Everything on deck was in good condition. No signs of rotting timber or other marks of dilapidation could be found though it were plain she had been abandoned for some time. Most of the rope had been taken down and piled into an open locker up for'd, where it was rotting away. An open hatch showed me the inky water in her hold. which stunk from long confinement. Anchors, chains and a valuable steering-gear, all in good working order, were there, falling into decay and rust. I wondered how long she would lay like that in Erie harbour, not two months, I am sure, before she would be as bare as a deserted church. I climbed over the side and left her in her mystery.

I had seen the mast of some yacht over the top of some buildings, and there my curiosity lead me. She was a large white sloop of great beam and very full bow and stern. I looked closer at the ungraceful natural wood finished transom to ascertain the name, and what was my surprise to read the name "Genesee", the fastest yacht on the lakes, for she was the yacht that defeated the Beaver, and thereby brought the Canada's cup² to our side. I looked her over with a new interest and then rowed back to the yacht. A short time afterwards we saw the crew of the 'Genesee' go aboard with some ladies, then made sail and left port. Though there was very little wind, she sailed along the shore towards Cobourg with remarkable speed. Soon after this, Yank arrived with his provisions, and we had breakfast and dinner in one meal.

Then we followed the "Genesee" though she was in port hours before we passed Cobourg, in fact, she was just coming out again, as we were passing. I managed to take a snapshot of her. I also took one of Peter Rock light-house, which is situated about two miles out from Cobourg on a lonely island.

Just beyond the light-house an accident occurred to the boat. The centre-board got away

2 In 1899, the *Genesee* (44'8" LOA, 27'8" on the waterline, beam of 11'8" and carrying 1458 square feet of canvas, owned by a consortium from the Rochester Yacht Club, led by Charles Van Voorhis) in the hands of Charles G. Davis of the Chicago Y.C. beat the *Beaver* (designed by A.E. Payne of Southampton, England), Aemilius Jarvis of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club (RCYC) 3 to 0 in a series of three races.

from Harvey and it broke the cable, so we could not raise it again. Different means were tried, but we could not raise it, for it is a heavy boiler plate weighing nearly five hundred pounds. Finally a rope was passed under the bow and drawn aft, and in this way we succeeded in raising it part way, so that she could be run into shallow water, where we took off our clothes, got into the ice-cold water, and raised the board with a pry.

After the cable had been spliced, we were again ready to go on, but there was no wind. A schooner that had left Cobourg a short time before lay almost motionless abeam of us. Curtis suggested that we row over to her, so I got into the dingy with him, he confiding to me on the way over that he might know some one aboard of her, which turned out to be the case.

She was the *Katie Eccles* of Kingston³, and one of her crew was an old acquaintance of Yank's from Belleville, his native town. We rowed slowly at her side, keeping up with her easily while Yank inquired about old friends and laughed over old tricks. The captain told us, when asked what the prospects was for a breeze, that we'd get plenty of it after a while.

When we returned to the *Nymph*, the anchor was thrown out and supper prepared. While we were eating, cat's paws appeared on the water, and soon a good breeze was blowing from the west. The anchor was quickly pulled up and presently we were sailing before it and dropping the light-house fast behind. The falling darkness hid the schooner from sight, though we made out her light from some distance. I was tired out and shortly before nine turned in, leaving Larter at the tiller.

July 21

At four o'clock I was called and took my turn with Yank for the next four hours. The night was very dark, and the wind had increased considerably. Off on our port I could just make out the black shore-line on which a light occasionally appeared. For several hours we held her to the compass, not trusting the shore which we could scarcely see, and still the wind blew stronger. Suddenly we saw a red light straight ahead of us, and a little later made out a black line of land that extended across our bow and far around onto our starboard. We did not know what to make of this. I had neglected to look at the chart for some time but now got it out, and found that we were in Shoal Bay.

This was not a very pleasant place to be at, especially in such a dark squally one. Just as we had made this discovery and pointed her into the open lake, a furious puff of wind struck us that heeled her into the cabin. This puff was accompanied by a spell of darkness to which the darkness of before was not to be compared. The mainsail was hurriedly taken off and we found we had all that was needed in jib and gigger. One of the crew afterwards told me, he having just woke up in the cabin that, just before the mainsail was taken in, he thought we had turned over and that it was all up with us.

Luckily the darkness did not last long and we were soon able to pick up the shore again and avoid it. It had begun to rain heavily and we were clad in stiff and uncomfortable oil-skins.

3 SS *Katie Eccles* of Kingston

Presently we made out lights ahead that led us safely around the point of Shoal Bay and away from the dangerous islands that cluster around it. The point rounded, we laid her for Presqu'ile Point light which lumbered up large and distinct four miles away. Day was just breaking as we were off the light. The wind having moderated, we set the main-sail again and stood into Presqu'ile Bay. In the mouth of the bay was an island with a passage on each side. Not knowing which one was navigable and which was not, we were left to guess it, and found, when we heard her keel scrape the bottom, that we had chosen the wrong passage. But it was no trouble to get over into safe water, and we were soon racing towards the range light house, back in the bay.

One of the lights we saw was red. This explained the mystery of the red light we had seen in Shoal Bay, which was not marked on the chart. The neck of land forming the bay was very low, and it was this light that we had seen over it. From Presqu'ile Bay we entered the Murray Canal which is about seven miles long and has no lock and only three bridges upon it. From the canal we came into the Bay of Quinte. The bay is here about two miles wide, each bank presenting beautiful woodland scenery, broken here and there by cultivated farms.

Up the bay we sailed as far as Rednersville, four miles below Belleville. It was seven o'clock when we tied up at the pier. Breakfast was eaten and then all hands began to prepare for Belleville. Razors were hunted up and an open air barber shop was started and each put on his best clothes, his cleanest shirts and collars and gayest ties.

Arriving at Belleville, we laid up at an old acquaintance of Curtis' named Billy Carter, who runs a boat livery⁴. Leaving the yacht under his charge, we immediately walked uptown in search of some liquid refreshments for the weather was very hot. Very slow progress was made on the way uptown for Curtis met so many acquaintances with whom he had to stop and shake hands and talk that we grew impatient. But one of them steered us into a back door, where we found what we were looking for.

Belleville we found was very slow indeed but it being Sunday and the inhabitants being very religious, we could not expect it otherwise. At noon, dinner was eaten at a hotel which, however, was not as satisfying in quantity, though more fancy, as the meals aboard the yacht.

Across the slip from Carter's landing was the town park, laid out on a broad pier that extended out into the bay. Here the whole town, so it seemed, congregated in the evening after church, strolling back and forth, arm in arm, girls in white, four abreast, chattering incessantly; lovers with slow step and bowed heads; and staid couples of mature age with their children racing about on the grass. The few seats were at a premium for which the well-kept lawn suffered. This sudden coming to life after a day of lethargy was contagious, and we could not resist joining the merry throng. It was quite late when we returned to the yacht and went to bed, but the crowds showed little signs of diminishing.

July 22.

Next morning Larter left us to hunt up some relatives and we did not see him again until

4 Billy Carter, who runs a boat livery in Bellville (Carter's Landing?)

next morning. We found the town more lively on Monday and the time passed agreeably enough. Through Curtis we became acquainted with a red-haired and freckle-faced reporter, who in turn introduced us to a number of his friends. They insisted upon our visiting the armory, they being members of the home guards, which gave them free access to the building.

Some of our conductors proved to be ex-soldiers late from the South African War, and one in particular whom I put down as the biggest braggard it has ever been my good luck to meet, informed us without the slightest embarrassment and with many theatrical attitudes in which he would stick his chest with his clenched hand, that he was a hero, having been wounded on the field and having been the sole means of saving the Battle of Majuba Hill from utter defeat.

From the armory we were taken to the jail. A creepy sensation came over me as we were shown the heavily barred cells and the horrible dungeons. The latter seemed to me worse than hell itself. They were foul-smelling holes built of stone walls which were a foot and a half thick. Opposite the door in the farthest wall hung a great iron ring. The door itself was of heavy iron plate having a small opening about six inches square about the height of a man's face. Even the opening was barred leaving holes an inch square. I was glad when we were in the open air again.

Next we were taken to one of two fire engine houses, our guides, on the way lauding the efficiency of their department to the sky. With apparent pride they explained the works of the old steamer, which was certainly a relic of antiquity, and the black sheet iron boiler bore a brass plate with the date of its manufactory which was '1857'. After much whispering on the side, first by one and then by another of our guides the driver was at last prevailed upon to give an exhibition of quick hitching. Taking a whip, he entered the stall where we could hear him lash the poor beast, which was heard dancing about frantically. Then he came out, closed the door, and tapped the gong. The horse came clattering out and stood under the suspended harness, which the driver with much fumbling dropped and clasped. Our conductors, evidently thinking it wonderfully rapid, looked at us with pride. We expressed our admiration, wondering the while which was the oldest, the steamer or the horse. As luck would have it, a fire broke out the following night and some of the crew, who had spread their beds in a boat-house and, consequently, were near the street, were awakened by the excitement. They told us next morning that the fire department was even slower than Erie's old mule street-cars, they being the slowest thing their imagination could picture.

July 23.

Larter returned next morning, he having stayed with his relatives over night. He was determined to stay in Belleville another night, but the rest of the crew had had enough of it, and were just as determined to leave. Finally a compromise was agreed to. To were to leave with the yacht for Deseronto and he was to follow us on a steamer next day. It was about ten o'clock when we left the pier at Belleville. A fine wind was blowing right behind us, and we made the four miles to Massassaga Point in short time. There at the pier we landed and had our dinner. Big Bay now lay before us and far away on the other side, nine miles distant, could be seen a small white speck. This was Telegraph light-house and the point we must sail for.

A strong wind was blowing on Big Bay, which Yank told us was always the case. The white speck grew before our eyes very fast, and soon it was behind us growing small again. Down the bay like a river we sped, passing small islands, ferry boats and farm-houses on the banks. Presently Deseronto with its waterfront, piled high with newly-sawed lumber, arose before us, and between some of these lumber piles we slipped for a mooring.

Deseronto in a good-sized lumber town, operated and owned practically by one man, and he in from the States by name Rathbone. He is the owner of a gigantic mill which employs nearly all the men of the town. The extent of the plant may be imagined when I say that three locomotives are owned by this company and used to transfer lumber about in the yard. A line of ships is also owned by them. A fleet of sailing craft were busily loaded, with waste lumber, which they take to all parts of the lake, the owner who is generally captain, making good money out of this scrap, which he sells for firewood. These vessels were a curious lot. Some had square bows as well as sterns; others were flat bottoms, and the most of them were slooped rigged. Several, the smallest of the lot, carried the full schooner rig which looked more like the rigging of a yacht than that of a trader.

Whenever a passenger steamer arrived next morning, some of the crew were waiting at the landing for Larter, but up till noon no Larter had arrived. Out on the bay, but a short distance from Deseronto is situated a small island upon which a pleasure resort is located, and here an Indian picnic was taking place, which we decided to visit. We found the red-skins well represented from the full-blooded copper-coloured type they ranged in all shades and proportions of breed to that of a full Caucasian. They enjoyed themselves like a lot of innocent children. Their peculiar dancing was watched with much amusement.

We returned to the city in time to meet the afternoon steamer on which we felt sure Larter would arrive but we were again disappointed. Very much disheartened, we returned to the yacht and ate our supper in silence. We brooded over this needless delay and finally agreed to go on down the Reach and catch Larter next day at Thompson's Point and to leave word with the ticket agent to notify Larter of our change of plan, if he attempted to get off at Deseronto. We had just settled this plan when we noticed three men in yachting uniforms standing on the dock regarding us. We learned that they had just arrived in a small twenty-four foot racing yacht, hailing from Toronto and bound for the Thousand Islands. In the conversation which ensued, they told us that they were unacquainted with the lay of the bay, not possessing a chart as we did. As their course was the same as ours, we invited them to accompany us, which they readily consented to do, saying as they left to prepare for the start, they would follow when they saw our sail or light.

A brisk wind was blowing right down the Reach and we expected to make the nine miles in an hour and a half and having a good night's sleep afterwards. We started out under jib and gigger so as to allow the other yacht, the *Caterpillar*, to overtake us. As it was already dark we hung a light in our after-rigging as a beacon to them. Soon we saw a light following us far astern but gaining on us very rapidly, and it was not long before they were right behind us, and then off our beam. We set our mainsail and forged ahead but the little fellow held his own a short

distance behind us. In Hay Bay we temporarily lost our bearing but soon found the correct course again and rounded the point and came to anchor where we supposed Thompson's Point to be. Here we lay in a quiet nook side by side and enjoyed a good night's sleep.

July 25.

Early next morning, before the sun had climbed over the hill-tops in the east, I arose and got out on deck, receiving angry growls from Yank and Gannon, who were sleeping in the cockpit, for disturbing their slumbers I stretched myself in the cool morning air and drew in deep exhilarating breaths of the dewy air. Our neighbour's boat had no cabin. They had simply drawn a canvas over the cook-pit peaked in the middle like a roof. As I watched, the canvas was disturbed from within and then a head was stuck out from under it. The head looked shorewards, at the weather, over at me, nodded and was drawn in again, like a turtle.

After both crews had breakfasted, we sailed over to Glanora or Stone Mills as it was known in Yank's day. There we climbed the side of a mountain and on its summit saw a most wonderful freak of nature. There, two hundred and eighty-eight feet above the level of the Bay of Quinte was a small lake about a mile in diameter. The mystery was, from what source this lake was fed, for no streams emptied into it. The centre is said to be so deep that no bottom has ever been found and scientific men from many countries have tried to marvel the mystery but without success.

At noon a steamer from Belleville arrived with a picnic party consisting of the Salvation Army from that place. Again we were disappointed in the expected arrival of Larter, but while we were discussing the matter, a young lady who had overheard part of our conversation inquired if we were speaking of George Larter. On receiving a reply in the affirmative, she informed us that he had left the steamer at Deseronto. By inquiry we learned that another steamer was due at Thompson's Point at five o'clock, so we sailed back to this place accompanied by the *Caterpillar*.

During the day we had had abundant opportunities of studying our Canadian friends more closely. The oldest one of the party was a small gray-haired and bearded gentleman by the name of Ellis, the Commodore of the National Yacht and Skiff Club of Toronto, and also father of one of the other young fellows. The Commodore was a natty looking figure in his yachting uniform, precise and considerate in appearance and speech. His son was a tall, thin young fellow as was also the other, who had an unmistakable English accent in his speech. They proved to be very good company and we were soon the best of friends.

The steamer arrived as we were preparing supper and Larter was the only passenger to alight. We turned in early so as to get a daybreak start in the morning. Curtis and several others made their beds in an old maid's barn which was near at hand.

July 26.

A strong head wind was blowing the next morning and we seriously doubted the *Caterpillar's* ability of fighting against it, but, nevertheless, she did it nobly under reduced

canvas. A heavy sea was running even in this narrow bay and we were more or less drenched for our pains. At Adolphustown we stopped and had breakfast and then got under way again. While the breeze and high sea lasted, the *Caterpillar* dropped far astern. but as the wind dropped in the afternoon and the sea went down, she shook out her reefs and quickly caught up with us, and then left us astern, and when the light-house of Kingston came into sight about six o'clock her sail was little more than a speck in the distance. Lower and lower the wind dropped and it was eleven o'clock when we at last drifted along side of the dock at Kingston.

We had eaten nothing since breakfast at Adolphustown and consequently were nearly famished. Therefore, the first thing that was done after tying up was to hunt a restaurant and order up six substantial meals. At another table, partaking of a light repast were two gayly uniformed soldiers, high officers judging by the amount of Cold lace that bound down their important bodies. One of the two was immensely fat and round as a pool ball, it requiring the full length of his arms to reach his plate. His fat neckless head was adorned, not covered, by the tiniest of round caps, that was stuck on the side of his head in a rakish manner and held in position by a rubber band passing under the chin. He was chatting banteringly with the waitress, thereby detaining her in preparing our meals, for which we waited impatiently. When she at last brought them, Harvey, who was the ladies' man of the crew, addressed her by the way of starting a conversation and received, in return a playful pat on the head, for which indulgence he paid handsomely, he being charged thirty cents for his meal while the rest paid but fifteen.

July 27.

Next morning Yank and I went in search of the *Caterpillar*, which we expected to find at Port Smith, two miles out where the asylum and the penitentiary are located. Sure enough, at a snug little inlet near the asylum we found her, but of her crew nothing could be seen. Before returning to the yacht, we followed Yank's suggestion to visit the asylum. A very pretty young lady conducted us through the ladies' department and explained their system of treatment. Through the men's apartment we were shown by a little fat attendant who, when told we were part of the crew of the *Nymph*, informed us that the *Caterpillar's* crew were out searching for us and that he had been at the pier the night before, where he and the *Caterpillar's* crew had nearly blown their heads off through a fish-horn in a vain endeavour to attract our attention as we sailed past. When we returned to the yacht, they told us that the Commodore had been there and that he had appointed a time that afternoon when he would see us again.

It being still quite early in the forenoon and having nothing else to do, we took a walk around town to see the sights. Kingston is an old historic city noted for the extensive stone-quarries in its vicinity, the product of which forming the material to construct a greater part of the buildings of the city.

Many of the old defensive works, now obsolete and useless, still exist, though falling into decay, relics from a cruder and more troublous [sic] time. The old fort is still there, a relic that one shot from a modern cannon would wipe from the face of the earth and the old round towers, rising like mushrooms out of the sea, with their mounted cannon, all remind one that this city

was not always as peaceful as now.

From posters hanging about, we learned that certain steamers made daily trips to Clayton, the farthest point on our schedule, through the Thousand Islands as far as Alexandria Bay and return, for the small sum of thirty-five cents. By taking one of these steamers and cutting Clayton out of our schedule, we would save at least three days' time and see more of the grand scenery than otherwise, so we agreed to go that afternoon. To make it more agreeable, Commodore Ellis and his crew came prepared for this very plan.

Leaving Larter behind to watch the yacht, he not caring to go, we all boarded the steamer.

We steamed up the river, passing on the way many islands of picturesque scenery and arrived at length at Clayton which is twelve miles from Kingston. Here we found the piers and inlet just crowded with the trimmest and most beautiful yachts and launches one could find anywhere. So many and different in type were they that one did not know which way to look. I had brought my camera and just ached to get some of pictures of these yachts, but the weather being gloomy, made it impossible to take a good snapshot.

But if we thought the scenery passed before beautiful, we were now shown what made the other commonplace in the extreme, nature in its sublimest garb lay about in profusion. As we continued our course, the islands grew smaller and nearer together. Some were there, a mere mass of rocks and overhanging cliffs, bare and desolate, and on their highest and loneliest projection, as if in fear of falling, clung a dainty modern cottage or an imitation of a Swiss mountain home, and from the little platform or boat landing, at the water's edge led a series of narrow stairs and platforms tortuously up the rugged cliffs to the door of the dwelling, all producing a charm that was indescribable. Others were there of larger bases, rising abruptly out of the sea and exposing an indestructible front like a crumbling fortress, long cracks branching as network over the face of the many coloured rocks were lovingly sewed together by the velvet moss; a dwarfed pine, having wrestled a foothold from the perpendicular rock, jutted out and bent its head heavenward. All these in their wild beauty were surmounted by a velvet green carpet and a forest of gigantic pines, underneath whose spreading branches reigned a deep dark sweet-smelling shade, and from this shade through an opening in the trees peeked forth a cottage. The costliest mansions were strewed about with a lavish hand, one of the islands even containing, besides a modern palatial mansion, the imitation of the ruins of an ancient abbey crumbling and falling into decay, no other value could this possess except that of scenic effect. Truly millionaires were here as common as the day laborer in a crowded city.

After Alexandria Bay was crossed the steamer started its return by way of the Canadian shore. Here the scenery was just as grand and just as plentiful, but it was all in its wild state, uncultivated and not built up by human hands.

A most tortuous course had to be taken among these islands; sometimes we passed between two islands almost touching on each side and others over a broad bay where the bottom could be plainly seen on both sides of the steamer through the shallow water. We were still

among these islands when it grew dark and then the searchlight was lighted and with its long finger was felt the way among the dangerous reefs.

Soon the light-house of Kingston came into view and then the many glimmering lights of the city itself, and next everybody was crowding for the gangplank to get ashore. The town clock showed that it was psst ten, so we did not linger long, but went aboard the yacht and quickly turned in.

July 28.

I was aroused next morning by a commotion and a growling noise in the cock-pit and found Curtis and Gannon sitting upon their beds, looking about them very dejectedly. The canvas which covered the cook-pit hung low as from the weight of some heavy object. Outside was the rustling sound of a rainstorm, which explained the drooping canvas. Gannon touched their low canopy with his finger and a little stream of water ran down, At which he laughed a dry mirthless laugh that expressed a feeling far past cursing. Curtis remarked, "That's nothing, I just got up out of a pond of it here." However, it was not as bad as it might have been for we had plenty of old clothes aboard for a change.

We were anxious to be on our way for Cape Vincent, having seen enough of Kingston. As soon as the rain had stopped we got under way towards Port Smith, where we intended to pick up the *Caterpillar* but we had scarcely finished tying up at the pier when another heavy rain storm drove us to shelter in an open boat-house nearby, where the Commodore and crew were also retired to, and here we stayed for the rest of the day for it rained almost intermittently throughout the day.

Many visitors came to see us during the day, mostly from the asylum, which was right behind us. We never suspected that some of them might be patients but that some attendants informed us, was a fact. They were just as sociable and spoke just as sensibly as a perfectly sane person could, several of them even showing themselves uncommonly well-informed. One, a former minister of the gospel, proved to be a highly educated person and very fluent in his speech. The Commodore who liked nothing better than to get into an argument in some deep subject, soon had the reverend gentlemen in a corner, where they were quickly over their heads in religion. Then would the little Commodore's gentle eyes twinkle, when explaining his view in a knotty point, always presenting it deliberately and with precision with the greatest respect towards his opponent.

The attendants also were very sociable and goodnatured, and the day passed exceedingly pleasant. When night came on the two crews spread beds in the boat-house and slept as sound as logs, despite the fact that hundreds of demented beings were so near to us.

July 29

Next morning the rain had stopped and a fair wind was still blowing. A hasty breakfast was made and then we started away for Cape Vincent, the course taking us straight across the bay and through a narrow channel between several pretty islands. A number of long points, that

extended far out into the sea, and generally with reefs, that extended still farther, had to be rounded and in the number of these, we became confused, nearly passing the port altogether, but the light-house was seen just in time and the course was changed for a long beat to windward. We were still three miles from port when a perfect cloudburst overtook us. An object could not be seen seventy-five yards away, so heavy was the downfall of rain. However, it did not last long but the wind left with it and we had barely enough to take us into port.

The *Caterpillar*, which showed a remarkable speed, had led us all the way and was there to bid us welcome. It being still early in the day, we had planned on getting away after eating our dinner and buying some provisions but it soon began to rain again and kept at it off and on, the rest of the day.

In buying our provisions, we were forceably reminded that we were no longer in Canada, for the prices asked were very much higher than those we had been paying on the other side. Also in the nature of the people generally, we noticed a change. It seemed they were not so accommodating as ready to go out of their way to do an unsolicited favor, a trait we had met with everywhere while in Canada

For sleeping quarters that night we were given the use of the floor of a flour mill close by our mooring. Here the whole of us, including the crew of the *Caterpillar*, spread out our bedding side by side and slept soundly and comfortably while the rain poured outside.

July 30.

A strong west wind was blowing next morning which had raised quite a sea, but, not curing to stay at Cape Vincent another day, we started out on a beat of sixty miles to Oswego. We plunged and tumbled about for hours, gaining but little headway through which the *Caterpillar* made good weather for so light a boat, she hanging close behind us. Towards the latter part of the day, the wind and the sea went down and the *Caterpillar* began to lead. At six o'clock we were left without a breath within one hundred yards of shore.

Here Yank and Harvey went ashore in the dingy to look for a farm-house to inquire where we were. The *Caterpillar* had kept on drifting down the shore and as we watched her, she suddenly took a course straight for the beach and into an inlet, where she disappeared behind some trees. A little breeze had sprung up and we too drifted down that way, arriving at the inlet which we knew by a lantern the *Caterpillar* had hung out after dark.

I rowed in with the dingy to investigate and found a very narrow channel which in the dark seemed too risky for me, but a stranger, who came out in a rowboat, said it was perfectly safe and promised to lead us in. However, we were scarcely started before our keel scraped bottom and then struck hard. Poles, boards and oars were seized and everybody shoved with might and main, while I took a line into the dingy; from one side to the other, we worked her and at last got her free and safely into the inlet where we pulled up alongside of the *Caterpillar*. Yank and Harvey we found here, they having walked down the beach. The inlet we were told was the mouth of Little Sandy Creek situated thirty miles from Oswego.

The Commodore had a large pot of coffee boiling when we landed and the rest of the meal was soon prepared, which was enjoyed as only hungry sailors can enjoy a feed. Being tired and the hour already late, we turned in after the dishes had been cleared away. We had not lain long, however, before we became aware of some very undesirable neighbors in great quantities.

They would sing solos and sometimes duets in our ears and, before leaving, would kiss us good-by on some exposed portion of our bodies. Soon the whole crew were scratching, pitching about and cursing. They were the most persevering neighbors I ever met; to cover up from head to toe was no protection from them, for they would manage to find some avenue, through which to wriggle and give vent to their affections, or they could find some thinner, more worn, part of the blankets and bore through with telling effects. I endured it as long as I could, until the itching nearly drove me wild; then I sprang up in a frenzy and rushed outside.

On the beach I found the Commodore's son in underclothes in the act of starting a fire. "I couldn't stand it aboard," he explained, "I'm going to see how they like smoke." We rushed about the beach dragging logs of drift-wood to the fire. Our actions were accelerated by those goading neighbors. Soon from the flickering blaze arose a dense smoke, which the wind swept low along the shore. Each procured a board, which was used as a bed and on it crowded as close to the fire as immunity from singeing would permit. In this attempt at dissuasion we failed utterly though we were choked within an inch of our lives. If we turned our heads nearest the fire, our feet remained at their mercy and, if our faces were towards the smoke, they would load an attack on our rear. Even the wind seemed in collusion with our tormentors, for it would suddenly swerve and blow the smoke directly from us; then they would rush upon us in solid platoon formation, inflict their vindictive affections and scud away again. At last we gave up these ineffective tactics in disgust and returned to our respective yachts.

I went below, brought out the largest and thickest quilt I could find and rolled myself in it as tightly as I could, leaving nothing but one nostril exposed, and there on deck with a sheathing of armor too thick for their instruments to penetrate, I at last fell into a sound sleep.

July 31.

The following morning we arose early and got through with breakfast as soon as possible because we wanted to get out through the channel before a wind and a sea arose, which would very likely keep us bottled up there all day. When we were ready to start, the Commodore and crew were still breakfasting; therefore, our start was made alone, they promising to follow in a short time. The wind was already quite fresh and the waves high and for a time it was uncertain whether we could make it or be thrown back upon the beach. But we managed to get well out when a sail was hoisted and we sheared off out of danger. The wind was increasing rapidly and we saw that, if the *Caterpillar* did not make haste, she would have to stay there.

The wind hung about N. W., allowing us to run close hauled along the shore at a fair speed. The appearance of the *Caterpillar* was watched for as far as the inlet could be seen, but she failed to show up, and we felt that we had seen the last of her, which proved true. It was not

long before the breeze shifted around again into the west and increased in violence, forcing us to put in a tuck and soon the waves were running mountain high, which threw us about like a cockle-shell. But slowly though surely we kept eating into it and at two o'clock Oswego was sighted. When about two miles from the harbors [sic], the wind which had abated a little in violence suddenly dropped, leaving us to pitch and roll frightfully in the dead swellers. For an hour this continued, when it suddenly arose again but from a direction about three points farther to the south. This formed an ugly cross sea that made the *Nymph* pound as she never did before, and I feared she would open some seams in the bow from those terrible jars. The changing of the wind cut us off by about two miles and it seemed a long time before we at last reached the entrance to the harbor. Up the river as far as the bridge we sailed and there tied up at an island.

After supper was eaten and cleared away, we all took a stroll uptown and looked the city over. The streets were generally not adverse to a little harmless flirtation Harvey soon found out, for we found him, presently in the midst of a bevy of charmers, chatting as familiarly as he would to his mother-in-law.

August 1.

We agreed to lay over next day and wait for the *Caterpillar*, whom we did not like to lose. The morning was passed in a lazy fashion and in the afternoon Curtis and I went to hunt up some of his old acquaintances, fellow railroaders of his, for he at one time ran out of Oswego. In the yard he was greeted on every hand by hand-shaking and the very suggestive nickname "Texas", and when at last we broke away from a particular crony of his, it was high time that we went to supper.

A circus was in town on this day and after supper we went out to the grounds and mingled with the crowd, mostly girls. In fact, we noticed that girls were vastly in the majority in this town and later were told that the last census showed that there were seven females to every male inhabitant. After becoming tired of loafing around, we returned to the yacht and found that no yacht had arrived during our absence which answered the description of the *Caterpillar*.

August 2.

Next morning we started out very early with the intention of keeping on until Rochester was reached, or rather Charlotte, which is the seaport, Rochester being seven miles inland. The wind was again in the west, but we made fair progress. At two o'clock the wind suddenly left us but came up shortly after from the east though very light. Towards dark black clouds began to gather in the east and, when Curtis and I turned in at eight, it was beginning to rain.

August 3.

When we were called to take our watch at twelve, it was still raining though it soon stopped. A fair south wind was blowing and we were going along nicely. Lights one by one appeared out of the night and sauntered past us, to again lose themselves in the gloom behind. At two o'clock we sighted the red light of Charlotte very dim but it grew larger fast. However, when within a few miles of port the light stopped growing. The wind had left us completely and there

we lay motionless until the end of our watch at four o'clock.

It seemed I had just dropped off to sleep when I was again aroused by an unnecessarily loud voice, to take in canvas. It seemed but a moment since I had gone below, but a magical change had taken place since then. A strong wind was blowing, before which we were listing considerably and scudding along at a rapid pace. Before us were the open piers of Charlotte with the red light that had been three miles away but a moment ago. The harbor, if such it may be called, consisted simply of two piers which enclosed the mouth of the Genesee River, a narrow sluggish stream, that for so large a traffic centre was altogether inadequate. On one of the piers was a handsome Yacht Club and the snowy hulled yachts with their beautifully modeled lines lay moored along the piers on each side of the river. Among these we spied our old acquaintance from across the lake, the *Genesee*, which we had met at Port Hope. Just above the yacht club a huge iron railroad bridge spanned from pier to pier, which was continually swinging back and forth to allow vessels to pass and with one of these, we slipped through. and tied up at a dilapidated old dock just above it. Here we breakfasted and then started an open air barber shop, each taking his turn making faces at the glass.

Having heard a great deal about Rochester and being so near it, I was anxious to pay it a visit, though no one would go with me, so I finally went alone. The main streets were crowded with people, who paid no more attention to each other than if each were the only being for miles around. They one and all seemed to have a train to catch. I did not know where to go, but remembering the maxim, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do", I also affected to be in a hurry and hustled along with the rest of them.

My wanderings brought me to a bridge that crossed a very deep gully, at the bottom of which far below a small stream no bigger than a ditch wound its way. I wondered if this were the Genesee river in its infancy. On the other side I suddenly found myself in a borough of breweries, which rose on every hand, each announcing its name in large gilt letters above its respective door. Until twelve o'clock I drifted aimlessly about when I took the car to return to Charlotte, arriving at the yacht just in time for dinner.

Ontario Beach, a famous summer resort, is located at Charlotte. This place we visited in the afternoon and there fore [sic] the surprisingly small sum of ten cents, listened to the old masterpieces of the old masters of harmony rendered most exquisitely by the celebrated Duso band. In the evening we returned to the beach but to another part where an open air concert by a famous band was the main attraction and its harmony was augmented by the piano accompaniment from nearly free shows and from the monotonous strains of a merry-go-round or two. The free shows depending upon the sale of bad beer and not upon their bad actors for remunerative returns. It was near midnight when we left and returned to the yacht which we at first failed to find, Larter having returned earlier and moved her to another anchorage. It had been our intention to get out of Charlotte in the evening and sail all night but an unfavourable wind was blowing so we remained till morning.

August 4.

Shortly after daylight next morning Curtis shouted down into the cabin to hurry up and get out that a daisy off land breeze was blowing. This was the wind we had been wishing for ever since we left Kingston and the welcome news quickly brought us out. It was not a strong wind but still it came from the south. We did not wait for breakfast but hoisted canvas and immediately got under way, making our breakfast afterwards of sardine sandwiches and coffee.

The wind, however, did not remain long in the south. It dribbled away to nothing and came up again from the west, making for us another day of beating. As it was the custom of the crew with the exception of the man at the stick, which was generally Larter or I, were soon fast asleep again, some on cabin top, the rest on the cock-pit floor or in the cabin. There they usually lay all morning until hunger brought life back into their lazy carcasses. After dinner they would be full of life and devilment, especially Conrader and Harvey. Many a time there was a wrestling match in the cabin or cockpit, or a foot race around the deck as a result of their pranks. One day their tricks were directed against Yank, who took after them, they fleeing into the cabin closed the doors so that he could not follow them, but they had bargained without their host as they quickly found. Taking one of his fusees, which are made of a sulphurous compound and produce a stifling smoke, Yank lit it and held it through a small opening in the cabin. Soon they were heard to cough and sneeze inside though they would not beg for mercy. When Yank thought he had given them enough, he opened the now unfastened doors and they came forth with very red faces and swimming eyes, gasping of breath, all the tricks smoked out of them for the time being.

All day long we fought the wind and sea, which in the afternoon increased in violence so that we were forced to shorten canvas. This persistent head wind engendered a resentment in us against our luck and we were beginning to denounce as a fraud the sea captain who had told us at Oswego that an eastward wind was coming, because he had found a lot of cobwebs in his rigging. (He was captain of a schooner). Especially did we deplore our hard luck when two yachts passed us bound for Charlotte evidently returning from Buffalo races. They carried all canvas including spinikers and were leaping along like race horses.

At one time the weather grew very nasty, the waves frequently coming over the cabin top but it did not last long and at six o'clock when we entered the piers at Oak Orchard, which is thirty miles from Charlotte, we were barely drifting. Here we found a black Toronto yacht waiting for a favorable breeze for home. Oak Orchard is a quiet summer resort with a large hotel and a row of dainty cottages facing the sea, but we found very accommodating people here, and our short stay was made very agreeable.

August 5.

Next morning we were again awakened by Curtis with his off land breeze cry, but this time we took no stock in it. When we did get out, not a breath of air was stirring and we leisurely ate our breakfast. About eight o'clock the leaves of the trees began to tremble – a breeze was beginning to rise – and from the north east. Gradually it freshened and we hurriedly got under way. We were overjoyed at last. We had got a favorable wind and that old captain's

reputation was saved. To be sure, we did not make over four miles an hour but we were at least going on a straight course and not covering two miles to every one we gained. The day was fair, the sea smooth and we basked in the sun on the cabin top. At eleven fifty we passed Thirty Mile Point, which is eighteen miles from Oak Orchard and at two fifteen we were at Olcott, thirty-two miles from Oak Orchard. The wind which now began to freshen had turned at square behind us and we were running wing and wing at a faster clip. At four thirty-five Curtis pointed out a tall dark shaft standing erect on a distant hill, which proved to be Brock's Monument on Queenston Heights beside the Niagara river and just a little to the east of this shaft was what appeared to be a clump of low-hanging steam but Curtis claimed it was the mist rising from Niagara Falls.

We were now rushing along at a seven mile clip and the changing shore-line slipped past us fast and presently the mouth of the Niagara river hove into view. It presented a beautiful sight with its framing fortresses on each side staring defiantly at each other, each flaunting its chip in the other's face in the form of the Stars and Stripes on one side and the Canadian colors on the other. Each had under its protective wing a cluster of houses that lined the river bank. This too slid quietly away and dissolved in the distance.

Port Dalhousie was twelve miles from Niagara-on-the-Lake as the town at the mouth of the river is called and for Port Dalhousie we layed our course, keeping about six miles from shore for we feared reefs. When we were, as we judged, about half way to our destination, some one spied what looked like two light-houses but we would not believe that they were, for the chart showed no port between Niagara and Dalhousie, so we were about to run past when three vessels, a steamer and two tows, came out.

This left no room for doubt but that the port was Dalhousie, the vessels having come through the canal, but we could scarcely believe we had made twelve miles in that short time. We laid her for the light-houses and she fairly flew through the water towards them. Soon we were able to make out familiar objects which convinced [sic] our still doubtful minds. Into the harbour we winged our flight just as the 'Garden City', a passenger steamer of former acquaintance, entered behind us with a crowd of passengers who cheered us and waved their handkerchiefs. Dropping one of the crew in the dingy at the town to procure the necessary canal papers, we ran up to the last lock, our first, and entered it as soon as a downward bound barge had left it, and we were raised into the basin above, when we tied up for the night. A hearty supper was eaten and then we turned in for an interrupted night's rest secured by installments for large vessels were continually passing close to us and tooting their whistles as they entered and left the locks.

August 6.

We intended to get away bright and early next morning but one thing and another delayed us, so that we did not cast off until about nine o'clock. Fair progress was made until we began to meet downward bound vessels for some of which we had to wait. It was curious to see the masts of large vessels on the hill-top among the trees moving slowly without any visible water. Two heavily-laden three-masted schooners passed us and we were informed that the steamer which

usually tows them being overloaded had run aground in lock twenty-five and there had to wait for high water. Two steam yachts and a couple of sailing yachts returning from the races at Buffalo also passed down.

Everything went along fairly well barring the aggravating delays until about six o'clock when it began to rain. Having but a few more locks to make, we were anxious to finish them before tying up for the night especially as we knew a shanty to be near there which we counted on for sleeping quarters. For those who towed the yacht, it was a miserable tramp along the path through the fast softening mud which stuck to their feet in huge clods and when we at last came to the steamer which was still fast, they were as discouraged a set of fellows as one could find. Somehow we had also missed the shanty, it being very dark, but, having Yank with us, we were in no difficulty. Soon returning from a scouting expedition, he led us to a barn nearby that was owned by one of the lock-keepers, who turned his horse out into the rain to accommodate us. Two of the crew slept in the boat while the rest of us occupied the barn, Harvey and I crawling into the hay-mow where we got an excellent night's sleep.

August 7.

Next morning at six the keeper pounded on the door and told us that we would have to get up for he wanted to feed his horse. Reluctantly we got up. It was still raining and it was a most dreary scene that we looked out upon, mud and water puddles everywhere. Across the canal was a keeper's shanty to which we kicked for shelter. Here we stayed for several hours, listening to the fish stories of a one-legged keeper who must have been a wonderful fisherman, judging from his experiences.

About eight o'clock the clouds began to break and the rain eased up a little and finally stopped altogether. Then the sun took short peaks through the rifts in the clouds and presently thrust aside the curtain and sailed down on us with his broad bright face, which quickly chased away the gloom and the recent tears.

A light but favorable wind was blowing and we were not long in getting under way, the weather taking on a pleasanter and brighter aspect as we proceeded. Breakfast had not been eaten because we were short of provisions and we calculated on getting a supply and breakfast the same time at a town six miles up the canal. However, when we got to the town we found it such a small affair that it did not even support a butcher shop and a grocery store. It was decided to keep on to Welland and get a hotel dinner, but we had not gone far when the wind began to get contrary and at last settled down to a dead head-wind, so we were forced to get out and tow.

Just as we were getting into Welland an oil tug passed us bound for Colborne. The captain we were told at the lock was a good-hearted old fellow and would refuse a tow to no one but we were divided amongst ourselves whether to stop for dinner or to take a tow. However, the stomach prevailed and we stopped.

It was past two o'clock and our order, six big dinners for six hungry sailors, was taken reluctantly but, nevertheless, it proved an excellent meal and we did full justice to it. Then the

yacht was loaded with a big supply of provisions and we again cast off.

In our absence the wind had freshened to a gale and no one or two of the crew could pull her into the face of it. So it was at length arranged that four were to pull at the line and two do the piloting, two hours on and one off. In this way we wearily dragged her over the remaining eight miles to Colborne, arriving there about six, just in time for supper.

Night in Colborne was very dark. Scarcely a light except those coming from places of business and from windows of dwellings relieved the gloom. In the course of the evening two yachts came into port. They might have passed unnoticed but for the audible orders given aboard, and the debating of the question where best to tie up.

One's attention being thus attracted, the ghostly sails could just be made out slowly going ahead. Suddenly Yank's voice was heard at the landing advising them as to the best place to land and he soon had them moored.

August 8.

Next morning the question was started whether to go to Buffalo or not. Three of the crew did not care to go and the other three did. So it was decided that Yank, Gannon and I were to go by train and the yacht with the rest was to stay in Colborne or, if a favorable wind arose, they were to take her home. The rest of us finding her gone on our return were to follow on the *Pennsylvania*⁵ which would stop at Colborne on that evening.

August 9 and 10.

This plan was carried out and for two days we enjoyed the Pan-American and Buffalo, returning to Colborne on the evening of the 10th where we found the *Nymph* gone. She left about eleven o'clock that morning in company with the other two yachts we were informed. So Yank and I, Gannon having become lost in Buffalo, waited for the steamer. On the run homeward we watched for the lights that might be those of the *Nymph* but none were seen. We were in plain sight of Erie and I was standing on the upper forward deck when a fierce wind suddenly struck us from the west. It was not steady but came in puffs and was increasing in violence. Yank and I discussed the probability of the *Nymph* having made port before it arose for we knew that she would experience a bad night if she had not. Immediately after leaving the steamer we looked at the *Nymph's* mooring but she was not there. We felt very anxious about her but could do nothing so we went home and to bed, the wind as it howled and shook the house causing anything but pleasant thoughts to run through my mind.

August 11.

Next morning when I arose about ten a.m., the wind had abated considerably and I went down to the lake where I met Yank who informed me she was not in yet. Together we haunted the docks for a long time and then procured a sail-boat intending to go to the Life Saving Station. We had just come out of the slip, where, lo and behold, before our eyes was the *Nymph*,

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disheveled and grim, to be sure, but a sight for sore eyes. It did not take us long to get alongside and greet the crew with joyous exclamations. Gannon was amongst them and they were a sight to see, wet, dirty and haggard, having just been towed in by a fish tug. They were thoroughly tired out, having been on constant duty for twenty-four hours. So Yank and I got the yacht around to her mooring.

This is an account of the yacht's experience given by the crew:

On the morning of the tenth a light north-east wind was blowing and the latter increased in strength. At eleven a.m. the other two yachts left port and the *Nymph* shortly after followed them. The wind was square behind them, driving them along at a good fast speed. The other two yachts were overhauled, passed and left behind and for the rest of the day she sped on towards Erie unchecked. Towards evening the wind moderated, driving them at a slower speed. At eight o'clock the lights of Erie were sighted and at eleven o'clock when the Pennsylvania loomed into sight and nearly swept her searchlight on them, they were about two miles off the flashlight. It was here that the wind suddenly changed into the west and blew a gale. Canvas was quickly reduced and they prepared to fight it out with their hungry and howling antagonist. They attempted to beat into port, but their stay sail was blown away in the attempt, and they brought up off Four Mile Creek. Canvas doused and the hooks thrown out but they failed to hold, and the yacht was blown along the shore to Twelve Mile Creek, where the hooks caught on something and held fast.

This something, which saved them from the cliffs, proved to be a trap net. Here they lay until the attention of a fish tug was attracted which took them in tow and brought them into port where we found them.

Next day being Sunday we all met at the yacht and disgorged her of her load, each taking his belongings away with him, but before we separated a photograph was taken of the crew. Then we dispersed to our walks of life and the cruise of the *Nymph* was a thing of the past, but ne'er to be forgotten.