

This form is used as the fractions are much more easily remembered than if halves, quarters and eighths were used together.

DIMENSIONS OF SNEAKBOXES.

Length over all.....	12ft.	14ft.
Length waterline.....	12ft. 6in.	14ft. 1in.
Beam.....	9ft. 7in.	11ft. 2in.
Depth amidships.....	3ft.	4ft.
Sheer, bow.....	10in.	11 1/4in.
Sheer, stern.....	5 1/2in.	5in.
Draft.....	1in.	1 in.
Fore side of stem to—		
Mast.....	2ft. 8 1/4in.	3ft. 8in.
Trunk.....	3ft. 11in.	4ft. 7in.
Well, fore end.....	5ft. 2in.	11ft. 6in.
Well, after end.....	9ft. 10 1/4in.	9ft. 6in.
Well, width, extreme.....	1ft. 9in.	2ft. 1in.
Rowlocks.....	7ft. 9in.	9ft.
Thickness of plank.....	7-16in.	3/4in.
Thickness of deck.....	7-16in.	7-16in.
Timbers.....	1x 3/4in.	1x 9-16in.
Spacing of timbers.....	10in.	10in.

TABLES OF OFFSETS.

TWELVE FOOT SNEAKBOX.

Station	HEIGHTS.			HALF-BREADTHS.					
	Keel.	Deck.	Deck.	No. 1.	LWL	No. 3.	No. 4.	Keel.	Diag.
	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.
0	1 3/8	1 3/8						1 1/4	0
1	8 1/8	1 2	8					1 1/4	7 1/8
2	4 1/4	1 0 1/2	1 1 1/2	8 1/2	5 1/2			1 1/4	1 0 1/4
3	1 1/2	1 1 1/4	1 5 1/8	1 1 1/2	1 1 1/2	7 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/4	1 3 3/8
4	0 3/8	1 0 3/4	1 7 1/8	1 4 3/8	1 2	1 1	6 1/2	2 1/4	1 4 7/8
5	0	1 0 1/4	1 9	1 5 1/8	1 3 1/4	1 0 1/2	8 1/2	2 1/2	1 5 1/4
6	0	1 0	1 9 1/4	1 6 3/8	1 4	1 1 1/2	9 1/2	2 1/4	1 5 1/2
7	0	1 0	1 9 1/4	1 6 3/8	1 4	1 1 1/2	8 7/8	2 1/2	1 5 1/4
8	0 3/8	1 0	1 8 1/2	1 5 1/2	1 3 3/8	1 0 3/8	7 1/2	2 1/2	1 5 1/2
9	1 1/2	1 0 1/4	1 7 1/8	1 4 3/8	1 1 1/2	1 0 3/8	3 7/8	2 1/2	1 4 1/4
10	2 1/2	1 0 1/2	1 6 1/4	1 2 3/8	1 0 1/2	5 1/2		2 1/2	1 3
11	4 1/4	1 0 1/4	1 4 1/2	1 0 1/2	3 7/8			2 1/2	1 1 1/2
12	6 1/2	1 1	1 2 1/2	0 1/2				2 1/2	1 0 1/2

FOURTEEN FOOT SNEAKBOX.

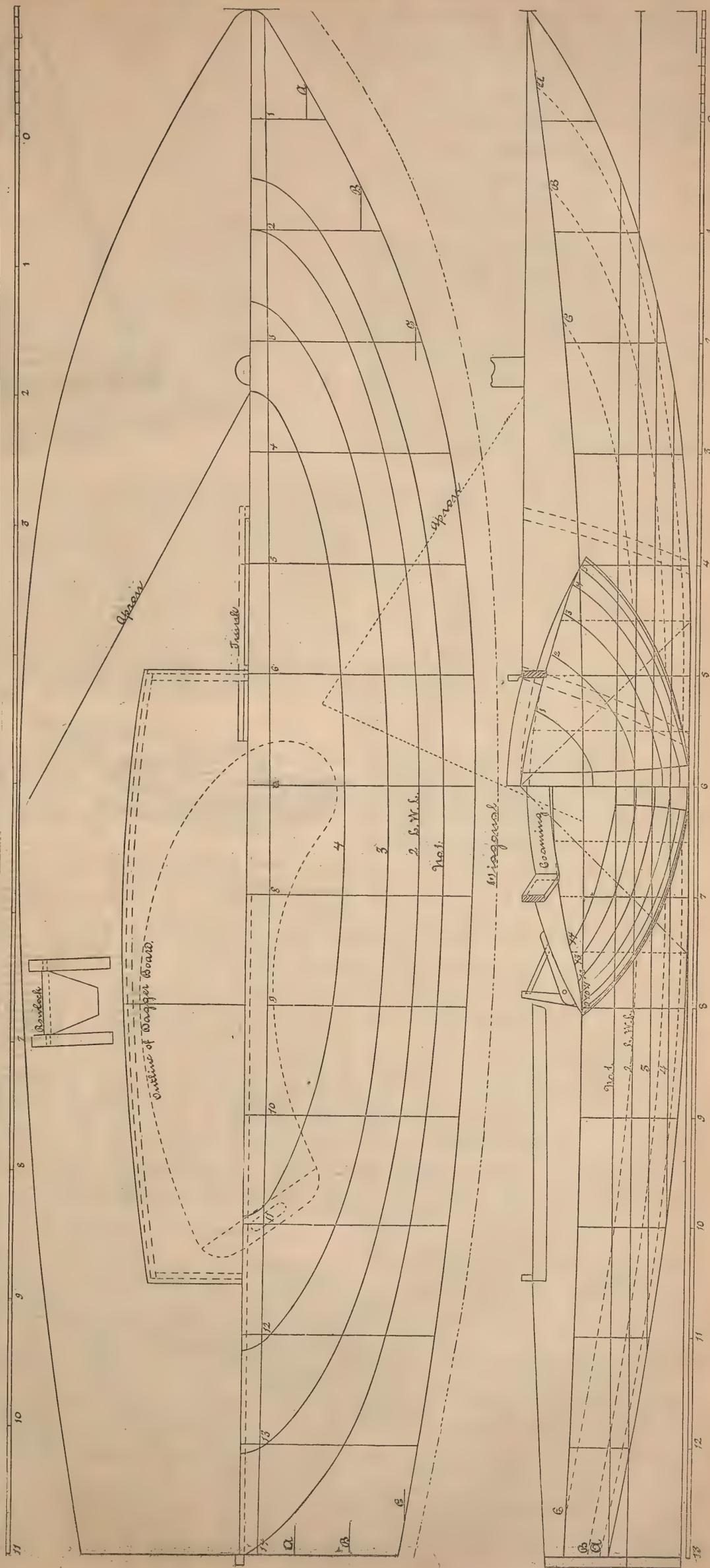
0	1 6	1 6 1/4	0					1 1/4	0
1	10 1/8	1 4 7/8	8 1/2					1 1/4	7 1/8
2	6	1 3 3/8	1 2 3/8	7 1/4				1 1/4	1 1 1/4
3	2 1/2	1 2	1 6 7/8	1 1 1/4	10 1/2	5 1/4		1 1/4	1 4 1/4
4	1	1 1	1 10	1 5 1/4	1 2 3/4	1 1	5 1/2	2 1/4	1 6 1/2
5	0 1/2	1 0 3/8	1 11 1/8	1 7 1/8	1 5 1/4	1 1 1/2	8 1/2	2 1/2	1 8 1/2
6	0	1 1 1/8	2 0 1/8	1 9	1 6 3/8	1 2 1/2	10 1/4	2 1/2	1 8 1/2
7	0	1 1 1/4	2 1	1 9 1/4	1 6 3/8	1 3 1/4	10 1/2	2 1/4	1 8 1/2
8	0	1 1 1/4	2 0 1/8	1 9 1/4	1 6 3/8	1 3 1/4	10 1/4	2 1/4	1 8 1/2
9	0 1/2	1 1 1/4	2 0 1/2	1 9 1/4	1 6 3/8	1 2 1/2	9 1/2	2 1/4	1 8 1/4
10	0 1/2	1 1 1/4	1 11 1/8	1 8	1 5 1/4	1 1 3/8	7	2 1/2	1 7 1/2
11	2	1 1 1/8	1 10 1/4	1 6 3/8	1 2 1/2	10 1/4		2 1/2	1 6 1/2
12	3 1/2	1 0	1 9 1/2	1 3 7/8	1 1	8 1/2		2 1/2	1 5 1/4
13	5 1/2	1 0 1/4	1 7 1/2	1 1 3/8	2 1/2			2 1/2	1 3
14	8	1 1	1 5 1/4	0 1/2				2 1/2	1 0 1/4

Note.—The fractions in this table are all eighths of an inch. When the lines are laid down the stern piece or transom is marked off and three moulds are made—one at the midship section, No. 6 or 7, and the others between it and the ends. The keel is flat, usually 4 to 5 in. wide and 3/4 to 5/8 thick, the half breadths in the design being given in the ninth column of the tables. The stocks must be built up at each end to represent the curve or rocker of the keel, column second of the tables; being straight amidship but rising at the ends. The keel is screwed down on the stocks, being wet with hot water, if necessary, to aid in bending, and the transom is nailed to it at the after end. The centerboard and slot are left until the boat is planked. The three moulds are now fixed in place and firmly braced, after which three ribbands of some straight-grained wood, each about 1x 3/4 in., are bent around on each side and screwed to the moulds, transom and fore end of keel, which latter takes the place of a stem. The oak timbers are next steamed, bent into their places and held by nails through the ribbands. The method of planking will be described next week in connection with the "Barnegat Cruiser."

The builders at Barnegat usually timber their boats with sawn frames of cedar, each 1 1/4 in. square, spaced 1 foot apart; but we give the method with steamed timbers, as stronger and better. If sawn frames are used, each is laid off from the lines on the floor and two pieces are sawed—one for each side. These meet at the middle of the keel and are joined by a short floor. In the regular sneakbox the cockpit is narrow and rectangular, and may be completely closed by two hatches. The coaming has a small bead around the outside, at the top, and the sides of the hatches have similar beads around the inside, at the bottom. Each half-hatch is slipped on from the end, and the beads engage each other so that the hatches cannot be lifted off, but must be slid back. A padlock and hasp holds them together.

The centerboard is one of the most peculiar features of the craft. It is of the form termed "dagger board," somewhat like a scimeter, and is not pivoted but simply slides up and down in a narrow case, being lifted out entirely and laid on the floor when not in use. Its form is shown by the dotted lines in the drawing, it being there represented, for economy of space, as lying on the floor in the cockpit. This board is simple, and throws the center of effort aft instead of forward, as with the pivoted board, thus allowing the trunk to be well in the bow and out of the way. With the stem so much cut away and the board so far forward, the balance of the boat is badly distributed, and must be partly remedied by the sail plan if the boat is to handle fairly well, both with and without board. The consideration of sailing trim would place the board much further aft, but it would encroach too much on the space required for sleeping, etc., so a compromise, as shown, is necessary. The boat is sometimes sculled with one oar, and in sailing the oar is used for steering, but a rudder is usually preferred for the latter purpose. The usual form of rowlock is shown in the design. Two cleats of oak are screwed to the deck about 6 in. apart. Each has a 3/8 in. hole bored near the outer end in which an oak crosspiece turns. To this crosspiece a block is screwed in which is the socket for the rowlock. This block may be folded down on deck or swung up and held in position by a wooden brace.

Partly to compensate for the low freeboard and, partly as a convenient stowage place for oars, guns, decoys, etc., a washboard 4 or 5 in. high is built entirely around the gunwale and stern, as will be shown in the Barnegat Cruiser. This washboard is sometimes fixed and sometimes movable at will, and some boats it only incloses the stern and after half, from the rowlocks aft. The outline of the apron is shown in the drawing. It is of canvas, tacked to the deck, and may be propped up with a small stick. The usual rig of the gunning box is a small sprit sail, that on Mr. Bishop's boat being 7 ft. 8 in. on foot, 6 ft. 6 in. on luff, 4 ft. on head, and 9 ft. 2 in. on leach. Of late the balance lug has been used with success on sneakboxes, and we shall give plans in connection with the other boats, as this sail is a very convenient one. In 1879 a 16 ft. box was built by J. Kipatrik, of Barnegat, for sailing only. This boat, the Snark, and her successor, the Bojum, have been used on Long Island Sound ever since for



pleasure sailing. Other boats of the same type have been built and used in various parts of the country for the same purpose. The plain sneakbox, built by baymen at tide times, may sometimes be had as low as \$35, but a well built craft, if tried, will cost from \$85 to \$125. Among the leading builders are J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., who has made a specialty of finely finished sneakboxes, and J. D. Gifford, of Toms River, who is building for Mr. Bishop the improved form, which we shall illustrate next week.

BROOKLYN C. C.—The first annual dinner of the Brooklyn C. C. will be held on Jan. 13, at 8 P. M., at the Clarendon, Brooklyn.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

vii.

WHAT the feelings of the guiding masters in the pilot houses of the ferryboats were, as they peered through the morning mist and beheld the yellow-topped catboat still within hail, I cannot say. Probably they had no good will toward the little plague which had harassed them so much the previous day, with another dose in prospect. We soon shook company, for the tide was on the ebb and the wind from the west, much to the joy and relief of the solitary inhabitant of the Coot. The atmosphere was warm, the day bright and the waters smooth. A timely start, quickly carried us beyond the familiar scenes of the day before. A bold rush sent us through the bridge, and then a long and short leg lifted the yacht around Diamond Reef and Governor's Island into the open bay. Here the wind had enough southing to lay a straight course for the Kills, passing over the shoals inside of Robbin's Reef. Great vessels lay majestically ahead and on both sides, structures of Titan strength and towering above the sea like massive castles in comparison with the diminutive Coot, a mere fly to such elephants. While she rose and fell to a long swell and tossed about her boom in ceaseless toil with the skipper intent upon keeping a course, the fleet of merchant vessels wholly ignored the commotion there was in the bay, and stately, steadily floated oblivious to the turmoil the Coot was passing through. To the rail of an imposing square-rigger crowded the crew to watch the little cat drive by. A hail from the mate in deep bass tones, "Rather cold to be out for a sail," brought forth the reply: "Ay, ay; bound to Florida." Again from the square rigger: "In that thing? Well, by —!"

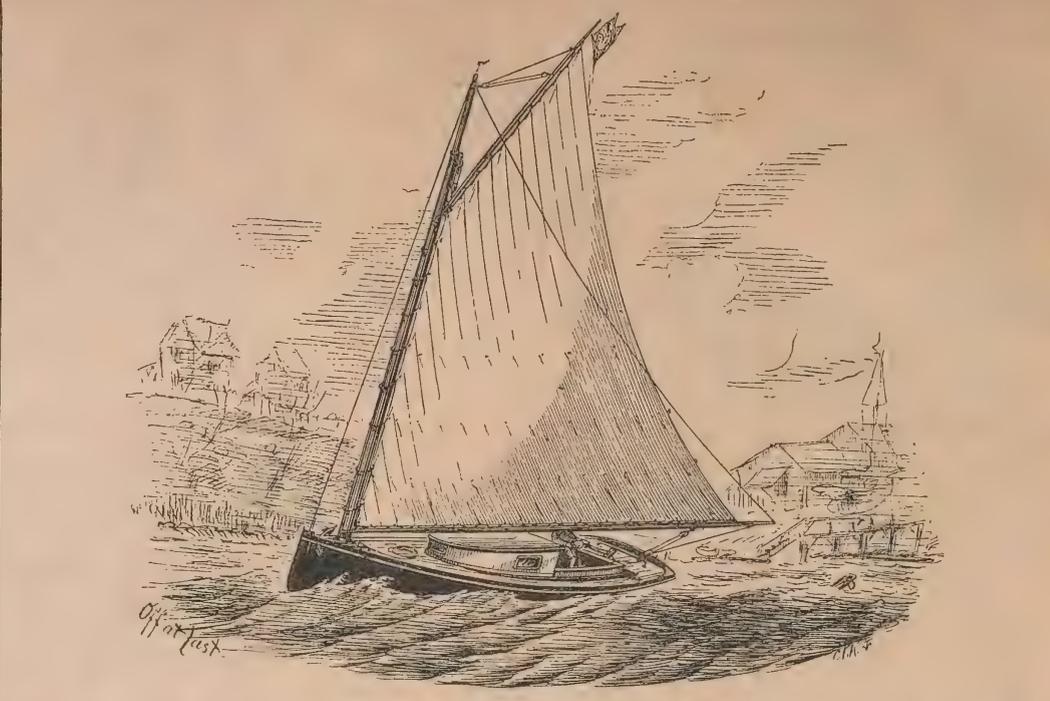
Those words, as if by magic, suddenly shifted the scene and perforce thrust before my mental gaze the reverse of the pleasing picture I carried up with the life and brightness of the new born day. Like a cold chill down the back, it brought on a shudder and the spiritual barometer took a sudden drop clear down into the bulb. "In that thing?" So the Coot, my cherished little ship, was to other eyes only a thing! And my venture to a professional the spleen of a crank! Was it possible that I had been dreaming rosy air castles until the mere persistence in those dreams had led me astray from stern reality to a realm of impracticable myth? Should I stop to recognize? Was I rushing on to ignominious failure, or to a glorious destruction? If the boat should not survive, would I? Would I care? Could I trust my senses in anything at all, if in this, my particular sphere, all experience, all induction was to fail, and I to find myself floating helplessly about upon the hazards of flighty fancy? Had the cruise proposed been built upon the sands of reckless chance, and not as I had flattered myself, upon the firm rock of life-long experience and close observation sacredly attained by any one else? The roseate haze had diamonds and sombre thoughts now crowded to the fore. The voyage was a long, long one, true, but mere length constitutes no danger. It was to be in unknown waters, with all the risks of strange navigation. But then I had charts, a compass, binoculars, the remnant of a lead line and oh! a centerboard to furnish all the desired information on the spot as to the whereabouts of rocks and shoals, mudflats and gravelly bars. Surely there was no more trouble to expect in hitting a good, hard obstacle one thousand miles from home than in hitting it right before your eyes in the harbor. A bit, the perplexity now begins. What sort of boat had I under my feet? Through the rivers she might serve well enough, but how about the broad reaches of the lower Delaware, and worse than that, what was I to meet in the wide sea-like waters of the great Chesapeake? An ocean in itself, for any small boat and a sea 225 miles long, which "easily bothers the biggest of ships," as a condoling friend had vociferated before my departure. A vast stretch of salty expanse, which if "blown" by courtesy, could display its wrath in a way that would nevertheless, against whose rude assault with tons upon tons of momentum, the little Coot would collapse like flimsy paper, to be swallowed at a gulp without a vestige left to tell the tale of destruction ashore. It was enough to keep her right-side-up-with-care with Boreas in mood benign, but if that ruthless fellow should open the bellows to full blast and back the Coot on a lee shore, what then was I to do alone in a little trap, for which you can cut and run under the lee of a chop and bounce away to the lee with her model and rig wholly unadapted to cope with adverse gales and wave upon wave crashing over the bow? To this the answer came slow and not over assuring. Slink alongshore in short spurts with a harbor within reach. Take no desperate chances in the wish to make long runs for display. Study the charts well beforehand and scheme out a plan of operations with the wind from each of the four quarters. Leave a loophole open for which you can cut and run under the lee of the mainsail should it come to the worst, and for the rest trust to luck, for bad as such advice may be, something had to be left to the little cherub up aloft in the cruise of the Coot singlehanded. Once we make Norfolk in good shape, the most serious portion of the work will have been overcome, for though Pamlico below is broad open water, in places three times the width of Long Island Sound, its length is only half that of the Chesapeake and much of it is too shoal to nurse vessels of any size. Beyond that I cared not to look. Regions further south were so far away that they rose not upon my horizon till a later stage in the cruise.

That I could live, eat, sleep, work and be merry on board the little Coot was settled the first day to my satisfaction. If plain, her quarters were at least cozy and fully supplied with all I could want for pastime or study. Life would be more than bare existence. It would be enjoyable and profitable to body and mind to the extent I cared to contribute to those ends.

One cause of care and tribulation of dire discomfiture which near wound up the Coot and her sailor at the start. I had not and scarcely could have foreseen. It never entered into my reckoning. Yet so far it has proven the most dangerous foe I have had to grapple. The Coot bears the scars of the terrible war waged upon her sleek sides by cutting, rasping, grinding, crunching, punching ice. Ice solid, ice in floes, ice in chunks, ice in silvers, ice stacked four feet deep, ice swept up and down each tide, ice driven by the wind, ice grounded hard and fast, ice that drove the Coot to sea, salt water ice and fresh-water ice, ice in the river and ice in the canal, ice which threatened our destruction and caused my heart to sink in despair; ice which froze me out and nearly starved me out too, ice which I cordially detest and hate as an arch enemy to me and my boat, cunning, coarse, hard of heart, brutal and cowardly withal. Ugh! Now that I am below the belt of permanent cold, villainous ice! out upon you, let me kick you a farewell in contempt! Filled in your dastardly attempt, we are beyond your devilish embraces, near to enter the limits of your chilling domain again, till warm Sol pours down his stinging ray next spring, before which you will quail and dissolve, unhonored, unused.

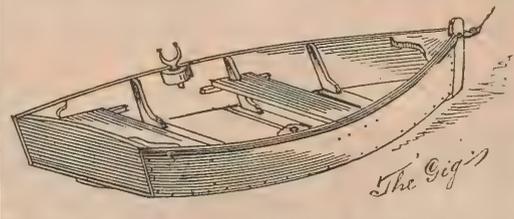
The difficulties of the cruise, I knew, would be aggravated by my being alone. There would be no such thing as relief at the stick, no warm lurches seat up from below, and often no lurches at all. There would be no one to cast the boat in getting under way while I was grounded hard and fast, or to throw the anchor as they were wanted. No one to suggest or approve, nor extra eyes to ferret out marks along shore. No one to keep the boat under control while tying down a reef, nor help in hauling out earrings. All the work, all the wear, the management of affairs and every detail would devolve upon one pair of hands and one head instead of upon two or more. Risk and responsibility could not be lightened by being divided. I would have to face the music and dance the waltz of my might play. But this was of my own choice. I knew from other similar cruises that to thoroughly enjoy the sweets of victory wrung from the elements in open battle, the challenge must be fought in individual capacity, without division of honors at the end of the day.

Thus the Coot drove along, till the passing cloud of dismay gradually cleared and the proposed exploit once more assumed the garb of downright reality. Closing in upon Constable Hook, a sharp line of rips indicated the edge of the ebb flowing out of the Kills. No sooner had this been crossed than the wind fell flat and drew out ahead in fitful catpaws. Through these the Coot was tacked back and forth, and when, by working eddies close in along the petroleum docks, she managed to beat a clumsy lighter bound the same way, the first victory for the Coot under the new régime, spirits had risen again to their wonted top notch, and the mate aboard the square-rigger had been wropped and forgotten. Several boards weathered the Sailors' Bank Harbor and then a close haul slowly took the Coot along to her destined anchorage off Mr. W. P. Stephens's nautical headquarters



at West Brighton, on the Staten Island side of the river. Here we rounded to, stowed mainsail and awaited events. They were soon forthcoming in the shape of a yawlbout with Mr. S. at the oars, and in company we pulled for the shore for the rest of the day.

On the island I cast about for a small boat to take along. A voyage without a tender could not be thought of. Nothing fitting coming under notice, it was determined to have a skiff built without delay. Fortunately Messrs. McWhirter & Son, recently from Erith, near London, England, had established themselves in Stephens's shop, ready for anything that might come along. As builders of all sort of craft they had a varied and rich experience which stood me in good stead. Three days of calm weather set in so that nothing was lost by the delay. The way these two craftsmen set to work and the deft manner in which they handled their tools was a pleasure to behold. A few words of explanation as what was wanted and both have smartly ahead at the job contrary to prevailing notions that English mechanics are slow to comprehend and execute. In two days the skiff was completed and painted, a light, slightly and serviceable tender in every respect. Having put her to severe trial I can indorse the model and construction as superior to the usual run of skiffs attached to small vessels. She was light as a feather, rode the heaviest seas like a bird, was a stiff and buoyant carrier, and above all the easiest boat to tow I have ever seen. She would scarcely tauten the painter, and did



not yaw wildly about or rush up to butt her nose against the counter in a following sea. She was the most satisfactory article in the Coot's inventory. Without any skag aft she pulled straight and true. Even strangers mastered her in a few minutes. She has been the pack mule of the expedition and many a load of provisions has she ferried alongside in good shape. I do not hesitate to put off in her in any weather, small as she is. Her length over all is 7ft. 8in., beam across top 3ft., and 2ft. 6in. across the floor, giving 3in. flare to each side. The bottom has a slight camber forward and but little aft, the sternboard being immersed when pulling. This, with round lines forward, preserves large area of floor and accounts for some of her good points. At the stem she is 13 1/2 in. deep, amidships 11 1/2, and the sternboard is 12in., with slight rake. The siding was run through the mill to 3/8-in. scant, and the bottom boards to 1/4-in. scant. Total cost, with 6ft. spruce oars and rowlocks, was \$15. She was fastened with brass screws. As soon as the Coot looks into that eagerly sought "warm weather," diagrams to scale will be forwarded to FOREST AND STREAM. Wherever we went the skiff was an object of interest and many a sly jest. To the juvenile world she was a perfect delight, and more than one red-checked shaver thought the height of his ambition in life would be reached should he be able some day to possess her counterpart. Under way the skiff was always in tow. In harbor she was hauled across the counter, ready to slip overboard as wanted. A stop was rove through a hole in the thwart each side, by which the oars were hitched to prevent getting adrift. This little precaution was taken after losing one pair during a gale. Rowlocks were secured by short lanyards. The portability of the skiff was a strong recommendation. Upon landing in Philadelphia she was carried up street half a block and turned bottom upward within the welcome portals of a coal yard, where she rested in safety from the contaminating touch of outside barbarians likely to overlook her delicate constitution and waive strict proprietary rights. I consider her preferable to collapsible boats of any kind. She excels them in stability, durability and capacity for service and is ready in an emergency. With her astern I felt as independent as a lord, for I could come ashore as I pleased in any rig, and enjoy with a generous flourish to less fortunate acquaintances found knocking about without such useful appendage. C. P. K.

THE CRUISE OF THE PILGRIM.—II.

BY DR. W. H. WINSLOW.

IT is only twenty-five miles from Cape Ann to Portsmouth Light, and a small yacht can run it in four or five hours; but there are great possibilities of wind and storm in five hours, and it is not comfortable to reflect that there is not a harbor of refuge to leeward after leaving Andrew's Point that a stranger can run into safely in an easterly gale without a pilot, and only one or two who are not to be found there. I should run to Portsmouth or Rockport, even though I had to beat to windward, and not trust myself anywhere near the shifting, treacherous sands of the coast from Halibut Point to Whale's Back. And here a cutter would save her crew while a shallow skimmer would go ashore; and, because one is liable to be caught in just such a pinch some time, it is, in my opinion, necessary that all small cruisers should be very strong, narrow, keeled boats, all small craft being what a scrape we got into and got out of safely. We had a fine run across the bight, made the Isles of Shoals and Little Boar's Head, and kept closer inshore to avoid the sea and the heavy buoys which came off every few minutes and buried our lee rail several inches. We passed the yacht Echo, going south, and hoisted our club signal and the yacht ensign; but the two sleepy fellows aboard evidently did not understand sea etiquette and did not change their lounging attitudes. It was well we carried on during the squalls, their lounging attitude died out toward sunset and we barely got inside Portsmouth Light at 6 P. M.

The mouth of the Piscataqua is wide and roomy, and it is easy to enter after dark because of the two excellent lights and the simple courses to run. One should have a good wind on full ebb tide, as this is augmented by the river current and is very strong.

Where to anchor was the question after we passed Portsmouth Light—we supposed Portsmouth, and sailed on against an ebb tide, the wind having freshened somewhat. Buoys were passed upon either hand and we felt quite confident. We went around Pull and

eddy, the rudder and sails ceased to act and the Pilgrim turned completely around upon her heel and was almost swept upon the rocks. Frank, my yachtsman assistant, tried to steer and became pale and demoralized. We headed toward the other bank and then reached by the profane point and made way slowly through a turmoil of waves and mimic maelstroms in trembling apprehension of another whirligig; but arrived near a beacon, and, as there were no vessels in the river in front of the city, we kept to starboard and anchored close up to the Navy Yard, where we knew there was shelter from the river current below an island. The yard had two bulks and a tugboat at the docks; the houses below it were windowless and deserted; there was only a gruff shipkeeper ashore who forbade our landing and said we would probably get our anchor caught in the large ship's moorings around us. The river raged between us and the city we wished to visit, where a few vessels were seen tied up to the wharves, and we saw that we must trust only to an anchor in the broad expanse of rushing waters, and that the anchorage for the city was really down river.

I must confess that I felt homesick when I looked around upon desolation and danger, and the prospect of spending Sunday near the vacant piers and the great noise of the city, and this was not lessened by the conclusion that we would be obliged to do without fresh milk and bread, and the pleasant run ashore. So when Frank said, "Let's go down river again while we can," I concluded to have the danger of going down river over before we slept, that we might have restful slumber, and to seek a more hospitable and peaceful anchorage. The anchor was raised by willing hands and the dangerous point was passed safely by following the example and the shouts of a boatman, and we reached a broad, shallow cove in the right bank, a little distance above Cud Rock and in front of New Castle village, and anchored by lead in three fathoms, about 8 P. M.

Two boys started immediately upon a foraging expedition, and returned in an hour with milk, bread and pies; the delicious Java, fried fitch and hot beans were ready, and we had such a supper upon deck at 9 P. M. as makes my mouth water even now. Then we elders smoked and talked, while the boys grew sleepy. Frank said, "I would not have stayed up in that hole over Sunday for a hundred dollars. It is the meanest place I was ever in, and I wish never to see it again." I agreed somewhat with him, and we all turned in, happy that the wind was low, the water quiet, and the little Pilgrim sheltered by jutting points from the wild currents.

Sunday our first aboard was a beautiful day, and we exposed all the clothes and bed clothes upon the deck to the breeze and sun for hours, and gave the cabin a good cleaning and airing. I took three boys and went up the river on the flood tide about ten o'clock, inspected the Kittery navy yard from the boat, had a little walk in Kittery Foreside and in Portsmouth, and returned upon the ebb tide to the yacht at 4 o'clock. Then we had lunch and Frank and Bert took the boat and visited the shore and the ruins of Fort Constitution, and brought back several hermit crabs, mussels, wheels and curious pebbles and stones.

I always supposed the Kittery navy yard to be at Kittery, but the little village behind the yard is called Kittery Foreside, while Kittery proper is near the mouth of the river fronting on Pepperell's Cove. The banks of the river and its estuary are rocky, and the land rolls back in grassy hills, fringed and broken by lines and groves of trees. There are many pretty houses scattered over the landscape, and an immense summer hotel looms up across the cornfields to the south, located upon a little arm of the sea called Little Harbor. Kittery has several summer hotels and a very picturesque appearance and location, and New Castle, near the old fort opposite, is a primitive little settlement, having a fine outlook seaward. There is quite an area of water from the bridge above Portsmouth to the outer buoys of the river, and the shores furnish sufficient fine scenery and points of interest to make it a pleasant cruising ground for a special boat one season. It would not take long to learn to take advantage of the currents and tides. One should always remember in going against the tide either way to give the profane point a wide berth.

I was up at 5 o'clock the next morning to take advantage of the tail end of the ebb tide, and shouted down the gangway, "All hands make sail!" then while the sleepy fellows were rubbing their eyes and getting into their clothes, I hoisted the mainsail, fished, got up the light anchor and cathead, and trimmed sheets to the light land breeze to the right bank of the river. The tide helped us by the fort and inner light, when the breeze freshened and we began to beat out in company with the cutter Iris, of Boston, which started out from Pepperell's Cove. She had her sails all set except the jibtop sail, yet we gave her a square race and beat her badly out to the outer buoy, where we turned north and she turned south. This gave us a good appetite for breakfast and when we went to bowling the sea, what a lively manner! It fell calm toward noon and we had barely crept up to Wells, when the wind came out northeast and threatening, and we headed for Kennebunkport, not being able to get up to the harbor near Cape Porpoise.

We steered in shore toward the hotels until it became a flat calm then we took the boat ahead and towed the little cutter to prevent her drifting toward Fishing Rocks, which are very dangerous. After passing a rocky promontory (Kennebunk Point) we could see the great Government piers, which are granite walls 40ft. high and 200ft. long, one upon each bank of the opening, to confine the river to a fixed channel and keep it deep enough for light draft navigation. When we were heading for the entrance between the piers, a very heavy squall came upon us off the land. The sea had flooded us almost in line with the western pier, but the squall filled our sails upon the pier, when a boat with two men came alongside and one of them, a pilot, shouted, "Port your helm, quick! Give her sheet! You are almost ashore on the sand bar." The wind blew and the rain poured in torrents, but we sped from the danger and found good anchorage between the eastern pier and the point to wait for high tide. We were within ten feet of going ashore on a long, lazy sea, when the pilot spoke, and would have grounded between the piers had we attempted to run in then. The squall subsided into a drizzling rain, we rolled about outside two hours, and then the pilot took us in safely and tied us up to a wharf upon the left bank. It is safest to hug the right side and eastern pier till abreast of the outer head of the western pier, then run up the middle of the passage, and, after passing the piers, keep well over to the left bank (right hand) and tie up to the wharf.

It is impossible to lay at anchor in the channel; the tide rises and falls with great rapidity; the current has absolute control except at slack water; boats can not pull and vessels cannot sail against it, and one must tie up with all the rest or run up the river. It is a crooked, shallow river. The town is three-quarters of a mile up on the left bank, and pretty villas line the bank all along to the half dozen