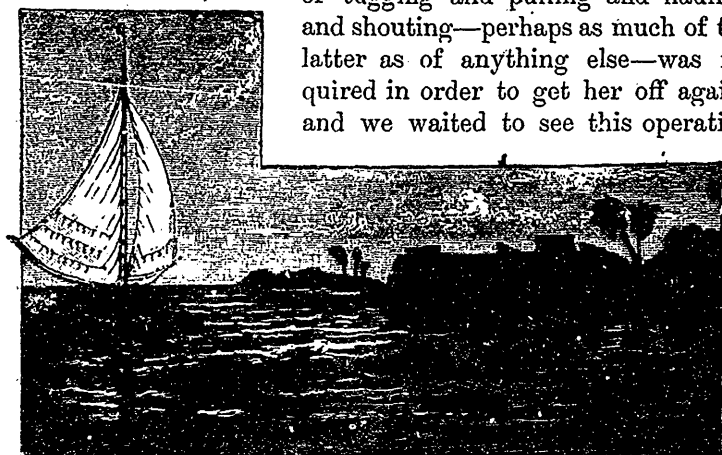


jauntily dressed in yachting costume, and evidently entertaining a very good opinion of himself. His crew, two bright-eyed brown mulatto boys, were ragged but looked capable.

The harbour-master had given us elaborate instructions for anchoring and mooring the *Sunbeam*, which directions were most faithfully carried out, so as to save us the trouble of moving from the unsuitable spot which our "wrecker" had selected for us, and at the same time to keep us off the ground. It was all of no avail, however, for when the tide turned, and the wind, which was pretty fresh, caught the yacht's bow, we felt a sudden bump, something like a miniature earthquake, and she went hard and fast aground. A tremendous amount of tugging and pulling and hauling and shouting—perhaps as much of the latter as of anything else—was required in order to get her off again; and we waited to see this operation



MONTAGUE FORT.

successfully completed before starting in our boat up the bay. We passed the bishop's smart little cutter-yacht, called the *Message of Peace*, lying at anchor, close to a pretty village, with a nice and very English-looking church spire peeping through the trees.

Not a single vessel rode out the late hurricane, except the *Sparrow Hawk* and *Richmond*, both belonging to the British Government: the reason of their escape being that they had previously made all their preparations for a possible hurricane, and had five anchors out, arranged in a sort of star fashion. On the other side of the narrow strait is Potter's Cay, a snug little spot, with many sponge-yards, where the process of cleaning and drying sponges is carried on. A little beyond this point