

CHAPTER XX.

"End things must, end howsoe'er they may."
BROWNING.

FRIDAY, August 31.

BEAUTIFUL weather. Left Cape Newaggen at 9 A.M., and went out to a fishing-ground for cod. The ladies appeared fresh and bright at breakfast, and Mr. Otis enlivened the party by making the astounding discovery that we have on board the world-renowned, graceless trio, Tom, Dick and Harry, associating intimately with an "L.L.D."

11 A.M.

Morton has just caught a forty-five pound cod, and is in a gloriously exultant state. He suggests that we unite in singing, as a morning hymn, the exquisite lines of Watts,—

"Up from the deep
Ye codlins, creep,
And wag your tails about."

Passed Manhegan at 12 M. Whitehead at 2.05 P.M., and anchored at Owl's Head Harbour at 3.30 P.M., having had fine weather and a most agreeable sail. Off Manhegan an animated discussion was held. Mr. Philip Ogden—who, as he might have been on the Idlewild, and is not, is supposed to be labouring under a temporary aberration of mind, wandering about among the benighted peasantry of that island—was the subject of the debate. The question was finally voted

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