



Captain Macnicol.

England. A concert was given on board one night, at which recitations and humorous songs by some popular gentlemen were prominent items. Mr. Ziller's "Shakespeare at Dead Hoss Creek," was masterly. It established his fame among the women passengers as securely as his versatile addresses in the smoking-room had attracted the men. An interesting man at any time is Mr. Richmond Smith, whose description of the siege of Port Arthur, for *The Toronto News*, was so graphic; but especially interesting to us, for he

gave at this evening's entertainment a description of scenes in that frightful carnage, together with phases of the Russo-Japanese war, and features of the country in which it was waged, that live in the memories of those who heard him. There was a dance, too, for Capt. Macnicol had caused a ball-room to be made on deck by an enclosure of canvas, decorated with flags. To good music the young folks danced almost to their heart's content; aye, and many of the older folks, too, for when is a woman too old to enjoy a dance, provided she finds a partner to her mind? At the Sunday morning service, held while the steamer was still in the Gulf, President George read the Church of England Service, Hon. Mr. Davis, the lesson, and Mr. D. E. Thomson, K.C., expounded to us a passage of Scripture.

After the more sprightly activities of the day were over, there was always the quiet chat, or leisurely stroll by moonlight. One did not need to strain the imagination to discover in sheltered nooks Petrarch and Laura, or Paul and Virginia; or the more modern, if not commonplace, Huldah and Zekle, exchanging soft nothings as they watched the expansive sky, or the phosphorescence of the sea. And, as Whittier has it:

At nightfall, from a neighboring tent,
A flute-voiced woman sweetly sang,