

evening. Halifax, with its squat, smoky, irregular streets is well known, and its numerous public buildings, drill barracks, and well kept public gardens, all backed by the frowning citadel, probably need no description from me. After receiving the letters for which we came in, and sending the courteous United States Consul General, Mr. Frye, and his vice-consul, Mr. King, Colby '89, ashore with a series of college yells that rather startled the sleepy old town, we laid a course down the harbor, exchanged salutes with the steamship Caspian, and were soon ploughing along, before a fine south-west breeze for Cape Canso.

While our little vessel is driving ahead with wind well over the quarter, groaning, as it were, at the even greater confusion in the wardroom than when we left Rockland, owing to the additional supplies purchased at Halifax, it may be well to briefly describe her appearance, when fitted to carry seventeen Bowdoin men in her hold in place of the lime and coal to which she has been accustomed. Descending, then, the forward hatch, protected by a plain hatch house, the visitor turns around and facing aft, looks down the two sides of the immense centreboard box that occupies the centre of our wardroom from floor to deck. Fastened to it are the mess tables, nearly always lighted by some four or five great lamps, which serve to warm as well, as the pile of stuff around and beneath the after-hatch house cuts off most of the light that would otherwise come down there. On the port side of the table runs the whole length of the box; two wooden settles serve for dining chairs and leave about four feet clear space next the "deacon's seat" that runs along in front of the five double-tiered berths. These are canvas-bottomed, fitted with racks, shelves, and the upper ones with slats overhead, in which to stow our overflowing traps.

At the after end, on both sides of the wardroom, are large lockers coming nearly to the edge of the hatch, in which most of the provisions are stowed. At the forward end, next to the bulkhead that separates us from the galley, are, on the port