

CHIPS
FROM
THE RIPPLE'S LOG

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THE RIPPLE OFF SPORT ISLAND, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

CHIPS FROM OUR LOG,
—OR,—
GLIMPSES
—OF—
LIFE ABOARD THE YACHT
“RIPPLE,”

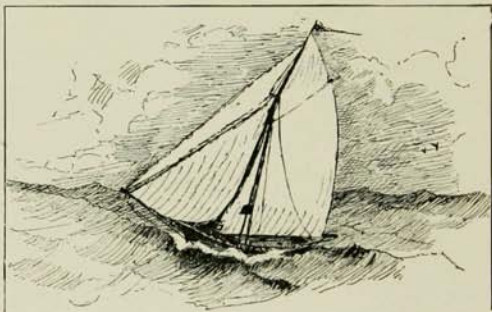
—BY—
GEORGE H. NEWELL,
111



ROCHESTER, N. Y.

—R. H. DENNIS.—

1887.



*Farewell the anxious throng with hurrying feet
The City's murky air and dusty street;
Farewell the fading shore, with straining sail,
Our little bark flies on before the gale.*

*Swift from our bow we dash the scattered spray,
While in our wake the circling eddies play;
With joy we leave life's busy cares behind,
And loose the fetters from the weary mind.*

*And now once more we hail with joyful glee,
Our old companions of the rolling sea,
And join with eager heart and ready hand,
Old sportive Neptune and his restless band.*

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INTRODUCTION.

IN the spring of 1872 my health began to show unmistakable signs of giving way, under the pressure of earnest and long-continued application to business, and the depressing effects of that unwelcome Messenger whose pathway is over blighted hopes and broken hearts. My physician advised me to relinquish business, and occupy my time with something agreeable. But, sleepless nights, and anxious days, had driven, even hope from my mind, and had cast a gloom over every object. In such a state of mind, it was not an easy task, to find any recreation that commended itself to my desires.

One day, during the summer, my attention was attracted to a number of small yachts at Charlotte, just returned from a short cruise, and I had the curiosity to go on board of them, and was soon quite interested in the details of their experiences, as related by the yachtmen. It required but a few, short trips on the bright waters, to revive my old love for the ocean, and in a few days, I had purchased the yacht, Rambler, and insisted that the former owners should still con-

sider themselves in possession, and make themselves at home on board as usual. We soon came to an understanding that was mutually pleasant, and rendering each other such little services as we were able, we enjoyed many happy hours together.

I found the yacht a good sea-boat, staunch and weatherly, and made such alterations and improvements in her as I thought would fit her for my use which was, to run over long courses, to different parts of the lake, and of course, to take such weather as should fall to our lot. And most nobly did she answer this purpose, During the five years of service, in sunshine and storm ; through calms and tempests, she carried us in safety.

In the fall of 1882, we determined to take our last trip in the little craft, and fitting her up for new waters we transported her by rail, over the mountains, to the Ohio river, at Pittsburg. The yacht was launched in the rapid current, and with three of our old shipmates, we navigated the circuitous stream, down through the "Father of Waters," and finally terminated her voyage, where that noble river, bearing the waters of half a continent, mingles with the sea.

Sometime before parting with the Rambler, I had purchased the Ripple, a larger boat, and much better adapted for a cruiser, as she afforded sufficient accommodations for sleeping and cooking, and soon proved herself to be quite as weatherly as the Rambler.

INTRODUCTION.

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In the following CHIPS FROM OUR LOG, I have given but a faint description of the pleasant cruises I have made, and the many amusing incidents that occurred. The main object of my yachting experience has been fully realized, and returning health and renewed vigor, have amply compensated me for time and expense.

I have been greatly surprised that our noble lake should be so little appreciated, with its broad expanse of pure, deep waters, receiving the impetuous, crystal flood of the Niagara, whose constant current knows neither drought nor freshet. Gliding with quiet flow along the pebbly shores, past frowning bluffs and cultivated fields, by pleasant villages and populous cities; turning aside to enter the peaceful bays that stretch far into the land; to loiter like some fond lover whose hour of departure has come, but whose foot-steps hesitate and linger on the threshold; entering its unrivaled archipelago, where, with its countless arms it folds to its bosom the thousand rocky gems, that gather to give a last farewell to the noble stream; then, rushing with foaming eddies, over its rocky barriers, to its ocean-home.

Rarely indeed, do such favorable conditions combine to render the recreation of yachting safe, inviting and healthful. To leave the hot pavements of the dusty city, and drink in the cooling breeze, as it flows over the sparkling waters, while our white-

winged messenger sweeps over the waves, like a thing of life, is a delight that needs only experience for its appreciation. But, if one wishes to enjoy the full measure of this invigorating sport, he must seek the deep, blue water, and, leaving the shores behind, strike out with compass and chart, and enter into close companionship with the stirring breezes and the rolling waves. True, gentle winds and quiet waters do not always prevail, and storms will sometimes raise their foaming barriers across our pathway, but courage and prudence will bring us through in safety, and will give added pleasure to the true yachtman, who with skill to control his vessel, holds her keel steady to her course, among the tumbling waves and forces the unruly elements to obey his commands. But to acquire such skill, demands patient, study, thoughtful experience, and a love and devotion for Neptune in his changing moods. The winds and waters, these elder children of creation, guard with jealous care, the boundaries of their wide domain, and meet with frowning visage the intrusion of the thoughtless and ignorant; while they welcome the earnest student to their choicest delights, and invite him to join in their wild and mystic sports. They offer the freedom of their watery plain, where he may roam untrammelled by the hedge-rows and landmarks that wealth and power interpose to bar his pathway on the shore. The soft music of the rippling waters

greet his ear ; the higher notes of the rushing wind, and the breaker's deeper tones swell the great anthem ; while the blue vault above, like some majestic dial-plate, with its glowing indexes, records the changes of time and seasons, and plants its unerring mile-stones along whatever pathway his restless keel may glide. His eye takes in the, broad encircling view, bounded by the blue above, mingling with the blue below. The mind, tired of the narrow ruts in which the eager throng pursue their selfish desires, sends its swift-winged messengers to the far-off worlds that gem the sky ; or seeks the dim-lighted caverns, where the treasures of the deep are stored, and return laden with the wisdom that nature imparts to those who seek her council. Dull indeed must be the mind that cannot find enjoyment and improvement in such pursuits, and there are few, I think, who would not find their sentiments and emotions enlarged and refined by such intimate and direct contacts with some of the noblest of Nature's activities. If an artistic landscape on canvas can educate the mind and refine the taste, how much more potent must the influence be when we stand face to face with Nature's realities, fresh with the glow of throbbing life ! How glorious the sun rises from his watery couch and girds on his armor for his western flight ; how softly the moon spreads her silvery mantle over the sleeping waters ; how impressive the dark shadows of the gathering storm as

it stretches its vapory folds across the sky, while lightnings flash their jagged pathway over its dark bosom, and pealing thunder shakes the air, and the white-crested billows chase each other in swift succession over the watery waste; how valley and hill, meadow and woodland smile with increased beauty contrasted with the changing tints of the sparkling waters.

Perhaps, I ought, before closing this rambling preface, to introduce to such of my readers as have had the patience to follow me thus far, the "Blue Jackets" who have contributed so largely to my safety, comfort and happiness afloat.

The Rev. J. E. Baker, our worthy chaplain, is one of the dignified and imposing craft of the long ago, with stately "hull" and sombre "upperworks" that denote more of strength and stability than mere grace and beauty, with whom time has dealt so gently that though it has whitened his locks; carved its deepening furrows on his brow, and given a slight inclination to his erect form, has scarcely impaired his youthful vigor or weakened the fiber of his firm-knit muscle, and few of our young tars would take the laurels in a hand-over-hand trip with him up the topmast stay; always ready at duty's call—particularly if the call be for hammocks or the mess-table—patient under whatever annoyances stand in our way, he is at once a pleasant and instructive companion. But, though he possesses the angelic qualities in a great degree, his

wings are not developed to that extent that would cause grave apprehension of his taking his flight to the Celestial World, by other than the ordinary way appointed for the children of men. There can be but little doubt that he is a lineal descendant of the fishermen who left their nets on the shores of Galilee to gather richer treasures in the service of their Master. Often, before the awakening sun had parted the drapery of his couch, our chaplain, with line and rod, would silently steal from his hammock, and with an industry and perseverance that would secure success to a forlorn hope, would set himself to the task of tempting the scaley dwellers of the deep to his relentless hook. The enthusiastic fisherman has always been a mystery to me. What fascination there can be in playing fast-and-loose with the little fish, a few inches long! What pride one could take in capturing so insignificant a prize. What can induce a man to sit hour after hour without the encouragement of a nibble, and by what miracle the little fish, a hand would cover, after capture is converted by a mental effort to the dimensions of a whale! These are all mysteries that my "lead-line" was never long enough to fathom. Nor, can I quite understand how a kind and gentle nature can take pleasure in transfixing his unoffending companions with his caustic wit, and witness their unhappy struggles, with cool indifference—but I cheerfully forgive these minor discrepancies and only remember the

higher and better qualities of our friend and shipmate. We have enjoyed many a pleasant voyage together, and shall always keep a corner for his fishing tackle, and a hook for his hammock in our little cabin.

Our friend Ed. Walbridge, is one of Neptune's devoted subjects. Built on the plan of the "deep cutter," with scanty "beam," and, though he looks a trifle unsteady when ashore, propped up on his "narrow keel," you need only to greese the "ways" and knock out the shores and braces, and he will slide into his choosen element as easily and gracefully as a duck, settling deep to his curving "water-line"—as if to declare his love for the deep—and lifting aloft his long and tapering spars, with sheets and halliards all in shape, and shrouds and stays all taut and trim ready to make "good weather" of anything in the way of wind and water; with courage and energy that never falters and with sentiments of honor and purity that exercise their influence as faithfully in cabin and camp as in the more formal circles of social life, he has done much to bring yatching into favorable notice.

Walter Bruce, of Bonnie Scotland, is as steady and firm as the heather-covered hills of his native land, and like them, would be out of place, without at least, one foot in the sea; a good sailor, and satisfied with any course, so that the canvas is full and the lee-scuppers under.

Joseph Cromer, our artist-sailor, closes the record.

It is not surprising that he should be charmed with our yachting life with his natural appreciation of form and color. Many an hour, when our companions were enjoying their watch below, have we spent together, watching the gold and purple as it faded in the western sky, and noting the stars as they cautiously took their stations; and when the last straggler of the sun's fiery host had fled; flashed their bright torches in the sky; watched them as they mounted to the meridian, and journeyed down the western slopes; caught the first blush that streaked the eastern horizon, and the kindling fires that announced the approach of day, and welcomed the sun as he lifted his glowing disk above the waves. But, though my companion enjoyed the pencil and brush, he could handle with equal facility the marlinspike or the tiller. Whatever may await him by way of fame as an artist, his success as a yachtsman is already assured.

Without assuming the part of an instructor, it may be excusable for me to offer a few suggestions for those who, without experience in yachting, may wish to enjoy some of its pleasures.

To all, who wish to own a yacht, I would recommend, by all means, to commence with a small one, as the comfort, pleasure and safety is in no wise proportionate to the size, and, one who can handle a small yacht need have no fears of his ability to take charge of a larger one; besides, the cost of maintenance is

largely increased with the size. Make yourself familiar with the construction of your little barkie, so that no weak point may escape your observation.

Insist on a prompt and orderly execution of the duties on board, as no comfort can be had where negligence and disorder is permitted.

Be careful in the selection of companions for a cruise; there are few more trying situations for a landsman, than the narrow limits of a yacht's cabin, and it requires a good deal of manhood, to maintain even a mental equilibrium where all things seem to have lost the ability to keep upright.

Decorate your cabin with such ornaments as your good taste dictates, and let a few wild flowers add their fragrance. Learn to depend on your own judgment, and you will, no doubt, acquire a taste for that healthful pleasure that leaves no sting of regret in its foaming wake.





THE YACHT RIPPLE.

I

CHARLOTTE, }
July 30, 1878. }

Officers :

GEO. H. NEWELL, Captain;
FRANK G. NEWELL, Mate;
JAMES FOSTER, Sailing Master;
GEO. W. WACKERMAN, Steward.

Invited Guests :

CHAS. W. GRAY;
JOHN H. JEFFRES;
WM. SAGE;
FRANK COLLIER;
BYRON J. MOSS.

At ten o'clock our friends came aboard, with luggage, fishing tackle and general equipments, for camp life, and in a short time every thing was stored away snugly. At 11:30 A. M., we spread our canvas and hoisted anchor, and soon were dashing the waves of old Ontario, bound for a cruise along the shores of the lake, and among the Thousand Islands.

For a few hours all went along merrily, but soon the restless water began to tell on the stomachs of our guests, and one by one they yielded themselves to their fate. The wind being light we made but little progress during the afternoon and night. At 8:10 A. M., Wednesday, July 31, we were off Sodus Bay. A fine breeze now from the westward, gave us a good headway, and we made the harbor of Oswego, at 12:30 P. M.

No sooner had we made fast to the dock, than our pale-faced friends hastened to enjoy the comforts of "solid earth," and quiet their disturbed stomachs, with a "square meal," at the hotel. But our friend Gray could find no relief, and no amount of argument could induce him to attempt the restive waters again. As soon as this was known, each one of the party volunteered to sacrifice his desire to continue the cruise for the sake of seeing his comrade safely home. And for a time, it looked as though our voyage must be continued without the company of our amiable friends. However, after some debate, it was decided that, Mr. Wm. Sage, was entitled by age, to the honor of being escort to the stricken one. He promising to remain in Oswego until the next day, and if our invalid should be better, to meet us by rail, at Sackett's Harbor, we concluded to depart. And now for one more night upon the water. After taking a supply of ice and such other stores as our steward required, we made sail, and stood out of the harbor, and laid our course for Sackett's Harbor, at 6:30 P. M. Wind south, which after a little time hauled to the west. For hours we sped along with the sparkling waters below, and the bright moon

above, too lovely for sleep. We sat long into the night, enjoying the soft moonlight, the refreshing breeze and the peaceful waves; the Polar star directly over our bow, with its brilliant constellation, keeping time to the march of the glittering throng that studded the sky.

About midnight, we reached Stony Point light, and at 7 A. M., Thursday, August 1st, we arrived at Sackett's Harbor, and spent a few hours in looking over the barracks and such other things as promised to interest us. We kept watch of the trains, expecting to meet our friends, who we hoped would find their health and spirits restored by a night of sleep and quiet, but much to our regret, we received instead, a dispatch, not from Oswego, but from Charlotte, and learned that the faint ones had not waited on the order of going, but as soon as our sails were seen in the offing, had taken their departure at once. Nothing now remained but to proceed without them, and we began to put the yacht in trim for the next start, and at 11 A. M., we made sail for Cape Vincent.

When getting under way, we observed a yacht near by, making preparation for a start, having on board several yachtmen, and a company of ladies. It soon became clear, that they intended to have a little fun, by outsailing us. And, heavily loaded as we were, with only our heavy-weather canvas, it looked quite likely that we would unwillingly contribute to their enjoyment. However, we determined to show our good intentions, and we at once put our yacht in the best racing trim possible. Sending every thing from our deck; placing our crew in the weather scuppers and trimming our sails as flat as possible, we soon

found that it was not certain which party would have the fun. For hours we sailed close-hauled on both tacks—sometimes so close to each other, that a biscuit could be tossed between—but yet, the little advantage was ours. This lasted until about 2 P. M., when the sea getting higher, our little yacht made her sea qualities apparent, by leaving her pursuer far astern.

At 4 P. M., we made Cape Vincent, and the wind being fair, we continued down the river, arriving at Cumming's Point Grindstone Island, where we dropped our anchor in the little cove, at our old camping ground, at 7 P. M. Here we pitched our tent and sent a foraging party to make a raid on the peaceful dwellers of the Island, who soon returned with abundant supplies of milk, butter, chickens, eggs, hot bread and many other additions to our larder.

We spent the few hours here very pleasantly, listening to the stories of some of the old settlers—who seemed to belong to an age of long ago.

On the morning of the 2d, we broke up our camp and stood on down the river, arriving at Alexandria Bay at 12 M. Here, we made fast to the buoy, at the Crossman House, and experienced a squall of wind and rain, that nearly sent us ashore. At 5 P. M., the weather having cleared, we once more spread our sails, and at 6 P. M., dropped our anchor in the little cove, at Summerland Island. Here, we unexpectedly met many of our Rochester friends, and the whole party of Islanders seemed intent on making our visit agreeable and happy. We remained at anchor here, enjoying the charms of this most lovely spot in this grand river, and at 5 P. M., on Thursday, August 4,

we left Summerland, in tow of the steamer E. R. Bryant, on our return trip, having on board a large party of Summerlanders, who made the river echo with their salutes and music.

At 9 P. M., we cast loose from our tow, at the dock at Clayton, and having transferred our friends to the steamer, we bade adieu to those who had made our visit so pleasant. We spent the night at Clayton, and at 4:30 A. M., on the 5th, we left for Kingston. We put in, at Port Medcalf, for milk and eggs. We took a stroll ashore, and continued our course to Kingston; arriving at 2 P. M., we made fast to the Grand Trunk Dock.

We visited the forts, Military School, and met the yacht Titania, of Charlotte, on a cruise. Started from Kingston at 12 A. M., on the 6th, in company with the Titania—she having no chart, and not knowing the course—wished to keep in our company.

Wind being light, made but little progress, until 7 P. M. At that time got a wind from the west, and made Duck's light, at 9 P. M. The Titania being a dull sailor, fell astern, and by midnight was completely out of sight.

The sea continuing to increase, the wind freshening, and, our deck being frequently swept by the waves, we concluded to bear away to the eastward, and make some port on the south shore. At noon we made Sodus Bay Harbor, with everything on board completely soaked. We spent the afternoon in "drying up" our wet baggage. We took dinner at the hotel, pitched our tent on Sand Point—made a night of it, and got an early start for home in the morning of the 8th, wind south.

We made Pultneyville at 8:10, and Bear Creek at 9 A. M. The wind now hauled to the west vard, and compelled us to beat our way, and at 4 P. M. when on our starboard tack, off Nine Mile point, the wind increased so much that further efforts to reach Charlotte before night, seemed useless, and we put about, and made for Bear Creek. In the act of wearing, we discovered a small yacht near by—under bare poles—apparently attempting to do as we had done. Some of our party declared it was the *Titania*—which after a while, it proved to be—to our great astonishment and relief, as we had had no tidings of her since we lost sight of her on the other side of the lake, and feared the heavy weather had caused her trouble.

At 5 P. M., we entered the little harbor of Bear Creek, and in a few minuets our lost companions arrived—all very glad to find a snug anchorage, sheltered from the storm.

We soon had our tent up, under the lee of a hill, and made ourselves as snug as possible—but the rain came down in torrents, and lightning and thunder gave us but little chance for sleep. The morning of the 9th, found us with no prospect of fair weather, and, our friends getting impatient took the train, and bade us farewell, leaving the crew to return with the yacht.

The 11th, found us still weather-bound, until 9 P. M., when, the weather clearing a little, and the barometer rising, we concluded to make the attempt to get home. The *Ripple*, and the *Titania*, both got under way, with the wind W. S. W., and sea high. We stood on, close hauled, on the port tack, until the lights at Charlotte bore S. by W., and then

THE YACHT RIPPLE.

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tacked for the piers, arriving at 3 A. M., Sunday, August 12. We all felt renewed confidence in the ability and sea-worthiness of our little yacht, after our late experience, crossing the lake, in a gale, with the sea running high. In a short time after our arrival the Titania made her appearance, and we exchanged farewells with our companions of the voyage and started for home and business, with pleasant recollections of our trip.





THE TOURIST AND THE RIPPLE.

II

CHARLOTTE, {
July 4, 1881. }

Officers of The Tourist:

CHAS. LEE, Captain;
J. A. VAN INGEN;
WM. VAN INGEN;
REV. JAS. DENNIS;
WM. HORTON;
FRED. NEWCOMB.

Officers of The Ripple:

GEO. H. NEWELL, Captain;
FRANK G. NEWELL;
ED. WALBRIDGE;
WM. BEMISH;
WALTER BRUCE.

At 2 P. M., we took a tow down the river, from Brewer's dock and found the Tourist moored to the pier at Charlotte waiting for some of her party, and a breeze.

The former put in their appearance, in good season, but the wind made no sign until about midnight, when a slight breeze from the south offered us an opportunity of departure. We made sail, cast off our lines, and, quietly moved by the light-house into the lake. We steered our course, N. N. E., intending to make South Bay point, if the weather should continue promising.

The breeze continued from the south, but so light, that the surface of the water was scarcely disturbed. At sunrise, the breeze increased a little, and gave us a more cheerful speed. At 9 A. M., we sighted land, which proved to be the hills, back of Sandy Bay. Finding our progress so slow, the Tourist hoisted the signal, agreed upon, for us to come up, and a consultation was held on board of her, as to the prospect of our being able to make the proposed trip to the Bay of Quinte, in the time allotted.

It was finally decided that a visit to Presque Isle Bay would be advisable, and we consequently hauled our sheets, and turned our bows to the west—being now off Salmon point.

At 7 P. M., we made Nichol's Island, and got a squall of wind and rain from the west, which caused us to put out into the lake, for sea-room and reduce our canvas to a close-reef. When all was snug, we returned to our course, and made for Presque Isle. But not being acquainted with the harbor, and the Tourist having disappeared from sight, we approached it with caution, using the lead frequently, and found ourselves very nearly ashore several times—as the darkness made it very difficult to keep the channel.

About 10 A. M., we rounded Salt point, and came

to anchor, and found the Tourist within a few yards of us. We soon made everything snug aboard, and "turned in" for a night's sleep. Nor did we leave our cozy "nests," until late in the morning. Then, fishing, strolling along the shore, and making the acquaintance of the light-keeper, kept us busy for the first part of the day. After dinner, we all took a walk to the village of Brighton, some two miles inland, and, no doubt convinced the good people of the old town, that we had escaped from some lunatic asylum.

We spent a few hours in the village; bought such stores as we stood in need of; fell into line, and with a military display that excited mirth—if not the admiration of the natives—we marched back to our anchorage. Our fishing was so far successful, that our table was abundantly supplied, and, with fresh milk and eggs, from our friend of the light-house, we made ourselves substantially comfortable. Another night of sleep—that only a life on the wave can give—and morning, found us ready for the call of pleasure.

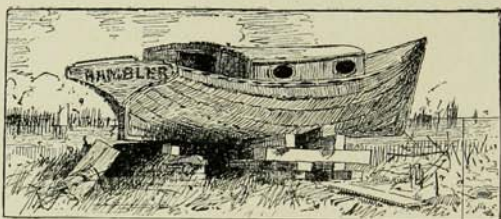
We spent the day in exploring the bay, rowing and sailing. We visited the large light, on the lake coast, and registered our names on the interior walls. In the afternoon, some of the Tourist's party made a flying visit to some friends, a short distance by rail, and the Tourist ran up to the head of the bay, to take them aboard on their return.

The officers of the Ripple, well satisfied with the results of their experiments, made one more effort for a night's repose, but it proved this time a failure, for, about midnight, when all were in blissful oblivion, the cry came over the water, faint at first, but louder and louder still:

"Ripple ahoy! Ripple ahoy!" And with little delay, all hands turned on deck to learn the cause of this midnight hail, and found, much to our disgust, that the Tourist had picked up its absent crew, and determined to take advantage of the fair wind, and make a stretch for home. Nothing was left us but to shake off our sleepy inclinations and get the yacht under way at once. After some awkward moves, in which our personal identity was somewhat uncertain we had our anchor apeak and sheets and halliards home. When out of the channel we laid our course S. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., for the Genesee.

When a few miles out the breeze concluded to rest a while, and we watched the Tourist's light, as she sometimes sailed, sometimes drifted, and, not unfrequently poled her way along to gain an offing.

Our way was very slow until 9 A. M., when a breeze from the west gave us a little more encouragement, and at 12 M., we discovered the outline of the south shore. After running on our course for a considerable time, we found that we were about twelve miles to the west of our port, and bore off to the eastward. At 6 P. M., the wind died away and left us about one mile from the piers, when we had the pleasure of drifting for a couple of hours. After some considerable "box-hauling," we finally got inside, and made fast to the dock, at 8 P. M., Friday, July 8, with all on board well satisfied with the pleasure of the trip.



THE YACHT RIPPLE.

III

CHARLOTTE, }
July 3, 1882. }

Officers:

GEO. H. NEWELL, Captain;
REV. J. E. BAKER;
WM. H. BEMISH;
MARTIN GALUSHA.

At 4 P. M., we left Charlotte for Oak Orchard, in company with the yachts Rambler and Iona. The wind being light and to the westward, we made but little way and came to anchor at 9 P. M., off Rhoades' point, in a calm. The Rambler and Iona arrived in a short time, and we spent a few hours in fishing, and sent three boys, from the Rambler, ashore for milk. After waiting a long time for them, and the wind springing up, we weighed anchor, and stood in shore. We made signals, for the boys to return; finally, after some delay, we picked them up and signalled the other yachts to get under sail.

We ran under easy sail, in order that the Rambler might come up and take her three boys off—when—without notice, a fog settled down on us, and completely shut us out from sight of the yachts. In a short time, the fog lifted so as to allow us to catch a view of the Rambler, running on our course, under our stern. The wind now freshened from the eastward, and with shortened sail, we "jogged" along, expecting every moment to hear the hail of the Rambler, but when the fog gave us a chance to take a view, we discovered the Rambler, two miles off our port quarter, and, very near the beach, her sails down, and evidently prepared for a storm. We lowered away sails and made the signal of two flags—one over the other—as agreed, for the Rambler to come up to us. We soon saw her under canvas, standing on our wake.

The fog again shut down, and the wind soon freshened from the north-east—our position, off Sandy Creek—time, about 5 A. M. Having lost sight of the yachts, and the wind being fair, we concluded to run for Oak Orchard, and as we were too near the shore to lay our course in safety, we placed a hand at the weather-rigging and sailed by soundings—the fog being too dense to allow a sight of the shore. After a smart run of about two hours—being in doubt as to our whereabouts—all eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of the land, when an opening in the fog, revealed the light-house, and the piers of Oak Orchard, about two miles over our bow.

The wind had now increased to half a gale, from the north-east, and the sea running high, we concluded to gybe, rather than come to the wind. In making the piers we watched for a chance, and our crew

handled her in fine style, and we ran into the harbor in nice shape, and over to the west side of the creek, and made fast—time, 9 A. M.

We now began to give our thoughts to our consort, and used our glass, in vain attempt to catch a glimpse of her. About noon we discovered a sail to the eastward, that appeared to be the Rambler—but on a nearer view—it proved to be the Iona. From her we learned, that the crew of the Rambler had become discouraged and resolved to turn back.

We took dinner at the hotel, by invitation; our professor exercised his skill in fishing; the remainder of the crew hauled our yacht out into the stream and dropped anchor, and soon had her in good trim for supper and our sleeping arrangements complete for the night. The fact of having three of the Rambler's crew in addition to our own, made our cabin have somewhat the appearance of a box of sardines.

July 4th, weather rather cloudy and cold, made a few trips out on the lake, and explored the creek for quite a distance. The afternoon was cold and rainy; we dressed our cabin, with water lilies, and, after a cozy chat, and a good supper, we swung our hammocks for a snooze.

July 5th, made sail at 11 A. M., for Charlotte, wind light, from the north. The Iona had started about one hour before. Four miles east of the harbor, the wind left us, and we spent the time drifting, until 5 P. M. The wind then came from the south, and we laid our course homeward. We overhauled the Iona, after passing The Devil's Nose, and picked up the red light of Charlotte, at about 9 P. M., amidst a heavy rain and a black and threatening sky. We made the

piers at 10-30 P. M., and enjoyed a good sleep.

July 6th—made inquires about the Rambler, and could hear nothing of her; she had not been seen since we started. We held a council, and concluded, that if no satisfactory news be had on further investigation, we would return over the course of our late cruise, and make search for her. While debating the question, a small sail appeared at the end of the piers, and the truant Rambler was in port, to our relief. We transferred her lost shipmates to her own decks; asked and answered the thousand questions, concerning our trip; packed up our traps, and, with mutual congratulations, ended our cruise.





THE YACHT RIPPLE.

IV

CHARLOTTE, }
August 14, 1883. }

Officers:

GEO. H. NEWELL, Captain;
FRANK G. NEWELL;
REV. J. E. BAKER;
WM. BEMISH;
MARTIN GALUSHA.

Cleared from Charlotte, at 8:30 P. M., wind, south and light. We lay in a calm from 10 to 12, when we struck a light breeze from the south-west, which freshened in a short time, and we soon made the Sodus light, and reached the piers at 4:30 A. M.

We ran up the south shore of the bay, and anchored near the coal-schute, along side of a yacht from Toronto. We "turned in," for a little sleep, and after breakfast—having received a supply of milk, and other stores from shore—we pulled up anchor, Aug. 15, at 9 A. M., and made sail for Oswego, wind north-west.

We had a pleasant run, until within about two miles

of Oswego, when the wind shifted, and compelled us to beat our way in, arriving at 6 P. M. We ran into the new harbor and cast anchor near the Club House, in company with the yacht Cricket and several other yachts. We found the anchorage very safe and desirable. We spent a comfortable night, and after taking breakfast and adding some few things to our stores, made a visit to the yacht Cricket. We received a call from Mr. Lee, whom we had met sometime since, at our camp, at Grindstone Island. Caught a good supply of fish, and at 6:30 A. M., we made sail for Cape Vincent—wind south, and enabling us to make about eight miles an hour.

At 10 A. M., we sighted Galoo Island, wind more quiet and variable. Came up to Galoo Island at 2 P. M. Soon after, the wind shifted to westward, and we made a fine run to Tibbett's point, arriving at 5 P. M.—weather cloudy, with light rains. We made the cove, at Cape Vincent, above the steam-boat dock, at 5:30; anchored and passed the night in the old spot where the Rambler spent the first night on the St. Lawrence, some years since. Frank took some views, and, after adding to our stores, we took our departure at 9:30 A. M., on the 17th, for Summerland. Weather cloudy and threatening—wind westerly and strong.

We took the Ship Channel, on the north of Carlton Island; made Clayton, at 12:15, and Round Island, at 12:45, when a change of wind took us aback, gybed our mainsail, and made things lively for a few moments. Passed Rock Island light, by ship's channel at 1:15, and while off Wells Island, at 2 P. M., we were struck by a squall that compelled us to take in our sails and

lay to, under the peak of our mainsail. As soon as the wind steadied a little, we stood on under reefed sails, and, after getting at the foot of Well's Island, we found the wind so squally that we ran into a little cove, at the foot of the Island and dropped anchor.

After dinner, we made things snug, and once more started for our port—wind now about north, and blowing hard. Made several tacks, and when off Pioneer Island—while attempting to tack—we missed stays—and, having no sea-room between us and the lee shore, there was nothing to do but drop our canvas, and drift to the rocks. Fortunately the shore was bold, and we landed at the side of a perpendicular wall; we got a line ashore, and in a few moments had the yacht safe and easy. We waited a short time, and, getting things in shape, we made a flying start from the rocks, and at 7 P. M., we dropped our anchor in the cove at Summerland Island, all safe and happy.

After a stay of five days at our Island, we started on Tuesday, the 22d, at 7 P. M., on our return, the steamer Summerland taking us in tow as far as the Thousand Island Park, arriving at 9 o'clock.

In a few moments after leaving us, we heard the whistle of the Summerland, and, thinking she was in trouble, we manned the yawl, and went to her assistance. We found her struck on the rocks, off the WeslsleyHouse dock, near the buoy. Her passengers, greatly alarmed, were being landed by the small boats that had come out to their aid. After a good deal of trouble, we got her pulled off by the steamer Van Horn, and our captain returned to the Island, with the steamer Summerland.

The Ripple remained in the harbor, at the Park all

night, and the captain returning in the morning, on the Mayward, we took breakfast and got under way, at 9 A. M., Wednesday, the 23d. Strong wind from the west. We made Clayton, and remained for a while, repairing our rudder, mailing letters and receiving supplies, and, at 3:15, made sail for Port Medcalf, Long Island, where we arrived at 4:40, and cast anchor under the shelter of the cribs—weather rainy. Passed a comfortable night, and Thursday morning, the 24th, the weather clearing at 9 o'clock, we started for Kingston—wind south-west. Overhauled the yacht *Escape*, of Toronto, and made a splendid run, arriving at Kingston at 12 M.

We made fast to the Grand Trunk dock, and took a look at the old town, Spent a refreshing night, and departed for home, at 9:40, Friday, the 25th—weather cloudy, wind from the south-west, light and variable.

At 12:30 P. M., Simcoe light bore N. E. by E., two miles. Here, we lay in a calm, until 7 P. M., when a breeze from the east restored our spirits; our sails once more expanded; the spray flew from our bow, and the little yacht dashed through the waves as if in sympathy with our eager hearts.

We laid our course, S. W., for Duck's light; we put everything in shape for a night's cruise on the lake, and picked up the light, which we made at 9 P. M., bearing N. W. Altered our course to W. by S. $\frac{3}{4}$ S., and at 1:30 A. M., Saturday, Peter Point light, bore north, one mile.

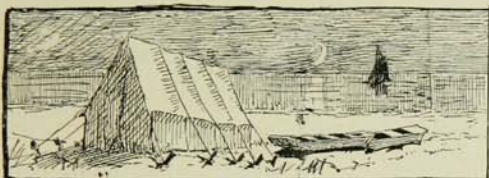
We then bore up to S. W $\frac{1}{2}$ W., our course for Charlotte. The freshening breeze and a close-haul, made us shorten our canvas, and we swept over the tumb-

ing waters, with a speed, that left our wake white with foam.

Our worthy chaplain, whose slumbers had been disturbed by the changing of our course, soon appeared at the companion-way to learn the cause of the commotion, and, after taking a look at the weather and the surroundings, he concluded that all was well, and started to return to his hammock. At that moment, the yacht gave a lurch, and we caught a glimpse of the professor, as he took a horizontal position, and slid up to the forward part of the cabin.

It continued stormy, and at 7 A. M., we could obtain no sight of land. About 8 A. M., we made out the hills back of Irondequoit Bay, and at 9 A. M. Saturday, the 26th, we made the piers at Charlotte, and closed one of the most successful and happy of the Ripple cruises—on which, fair winds, fine weather and cheerful hearts, had all contributed to our mutual happiness, having been absent thirteen days.





THE YACHT RIPPLE.

V

CHARLOTTE, }
August 23, 1884. }

Officers:

GEO. H. NEWELL, Captain;
REV. J. E. BAKER;
ED. WALBRIDGE;
WALTER BRUCE;
JOSEPH CROMER;
ELON HOOKER, Cabin Boy.

Made sail at 8 P. M., for Sodus Point—wind W. by N.—barometer 39:90. Laid our course, E. by N., in order to give a good berth to Nine Mile point.

Made Sodus light at 11:30, and the harbor at 1:30 A. M., the 24th. Ran up to the elevator and let go the anchor and made all secure for the night.

We found the yachts, Tourist and Fascination, at anchor, at Hopkin's dock, and the Greyhound, near our anchorage. We visited the Military Camp, then in progress; added a few items to our stores, and,

after disposing of our dinner, we took our departure for Oswego, at 2 P. M.—wind fresh, from the W. N. W., the sea was quite high, but we made good weather of it, with two reefs in mainsail and jib—running about ten miles an hour. We soon shook out one reef, and bowled along at a splended rate, reaching the harbor of Oswego, at 5:45 P. M., making the run from Sodus, in three hours and forty-five minutes. The yacht Cricket ran out to meet us, and escorted us into the yacht-harbor, giving us a bouy, off the Club House. We stowed all snug for the night, and Commodore Mott made us a short call, and invited our boys on board the Cricket. We also made a brief visit to the yacht Katie Gray; we spent a pleasant evening on board, and “turned in” early, for a good night’s sleep.

On the morning of the 25th, we sent Messrs Baker and Walbridge ashore for milk, ice, eggs etc. After a long stay they returned, and we proceeded to dispose of a very large and tempting breakfast.

The weather being fine, with a favorable breeze, we concluded to make a start for Cape Vincent. At 10 A. M., the 25th, we made sail; we cleared the piers at 10:05—wind, S. W., and moderate sea. We laid our course N., for Galloo Island. We had the Galloo light abeam at 2:45—wind, some stronger, and sea getting quite high. Tibbett’s light was abeam at 4:53 P. M. Came to anchor, at Cape Vincent, in cove, above the docks, at 5:15. We took a short stroll ashore; sent our dispatches to friends, and detailed Mr. Baker to try his luck with the fish, and “turned in,” for the night. The wind continued to blow fresh and hauled to the southward about midnight. Finding

our yacht tossing considerably, we turned out to take an observation, and discovered that we had dragged our anchor and were some distance out in the river and considerably below our anchorage. We got our spare anchor out, and putting two of the crew in the yawl, we carried it up stream as far as the chain would allow, and when it took the ground we payed out both chains to a full scope. Then, we took our sounding-line and dropped the lead. After finding bottom, we gave it a few feet of slack-line, and finding that the slack was not taken up, we knew that our anchors were holding. After a while, finding that we were in the main channel, and in the way of passing vessels, we bent all our spare lines together, and sent the yawl to the dock and made fast; took up anchors and warped her to the dock. In the morning, we found the wind hauling to the northward, and the sea too rough to admit of our longer stay in our present position. We dropped her down to the projection in the dock, and got her into more quiet water. But the wind continued to haul to the north, and drove us out again. This we stopped, by tying the yacht to a tree at the upper end of the dock, where we lay in quiet for the remainder of our stay. After dinner we took our departure for the Bay, at 1:15 P. M., the 26th, ran over to Carlton Island, and gave a salute to a party camping in the cove; continued our way down the south channel, passing Clayton at 4:30. We had a short race with the catamaran, *Primo*, which came out to give us a "brush," but, just as she was on the point of passing us, a slight squall struck us, and, heeling us well over, soon placed the *Primo* astern much to our surprise, and their mortification.

At 9 A. M., the wind having quieted down, we ran to the dock, at Point Vivian, where we met quite a pleasant party. Remained there until morning, and at 7 A. M., the 27th, we got under way; gave Vivian Pointers a salute, and arrived at Summerland, at 8:30 A. M. Found all our friends well, and happy.

We ran into the cove, and along side of the steamer. Took Mr. Baker up to the dinning hall, and with Ada, Julia, baby and our invited guests, made quite a merry party.

August 28. Edward Walbridge left us on the Belle, for home. Towed the Ripple round the Island, and anchored off Cove Cottage. Took a party of ladies out for a sail; had a very pleasant time, and came to our anchorage, and remained there Sunday.

September 3d. Frank and Wm. Bemish came down on the Norseman. In the evening, the wind blowing hard, we found our anchor dragging. We put out the kedge anchor, and kept anchor watch, all night.

Monday, Frank returned by rail, after taking a sail to the Bay, with the Ruby's and other friends. Ada and baby took the Rothesay, in company with Mr. McFarlin and family, for Clayton. Tuesday, Julia, Mrs. Baker and son, the Misses Post and Bemish, took the Bell^e, for the Cape, and after seeing them off we all turned to packing up tents, bedding etc., and getting things in readiness for departure.

Wednesday, September 3d. Our camp materials being all disposed of, we started from our anchorage at 12:50 P. M., in tow of the Summerland, for the Bay and up the river. Reached the Bay at 1:30, and the Thousand Island Park at 2:50; ran through the Rift, into Eel bay, and made the Narrow's light at 3:45. We

cast off tow and gave a parting salute to our friends and sailed for Gananoque, with the wind directly ahead, and blowing fresh. The creek, at Gananoque was made at 5:30. We found the place very dull, and the harbor without any accommodations—though naturally one of the most secure, and best protected from wind and sea, we have met with.

Thursday evening, September 7th. The steamer Summerland joined us, having Mr. Walbridge on board, and remained over night. Mr. Baker took the steamer Puritan, for Clayton, on his way home, and we started for Kingston, in tow of the steamer, at 7:15 A. M.

Friday, September 8th. Arrived at Kingston at 10:20 A. M.. We put the steamer on the dry-dock, for repairs, and lay at the dock, near by.

Sunday, 10 A. M., the Summerland steamed up and started for the Islands. The wind being favorable, from the N. W., we concluded to leave for home, and at 7 A. M., cast off moorings, and laid our course for Duck's light. We found the sea very heavy, and ran up along Amherst Island, for smooth water. Made the light at 12 M., and observed a large number of vessels, anchored under South Bay point, for shelter.

It looked somewhat hazardous for us to attempt to cross the lake, in the teeth of such a wild sea, but our little yacht was behaving so well, and our crew felt so confident that we would make a good run over, it was determined to keep on.

When Duck's light bore north, about a mile distant we put our patent log over the stern; stowed everything that was moveable on board, and laid our course for the Genesee river.

We soon realized that we had undertaken a larger task than we had calculated upon. It required two of the best of our crew to man the halliards, and our most skillful handling would not prevent heavy seas from boarding us, and sweeping our decks frequently; we held our course, until our log indicated that we were about twenty-five miles S. W. of the Ducks.

At this time, two of our crew became partially disabled by sea-sickness—something that we had never been troubled with before in all of our ramblings.

The yacht was pitching so heavily, that it was impossible to move aboard of her, without holding on to the life-lines. It was now about 4 P. M. The distance to Charlotte, was some forty miles. The wind had shifted so, that we were nearly close-hauled on our course. It would have required all night to reach Charlotte, if the weather continued as unfavorable.

After a short consultation, we concluded to try a course to Big Sodus Bay, and, if our yacht should make smoother work of it, on that course, to make a run for that port. Fortunately, our log gave us our exact position, and we had no difficulty in heading directly for Sodus. Soon after sundown, we sent Mr. Walbridge to the mast-head to look out for lights, but he could discover none, and the yacht was pitching so hard, and the position at mast-head was so difficult to keep, no long observations could be had. After several ascents had been made, the cheerful cry was heard:

"Light, off lee bow!"

This proved our calculations to be correct, and we swept over the foaming spray, with good spirits—

although the flying waves kept us thoroughly wet, and the cold was not a little uncomfortable.

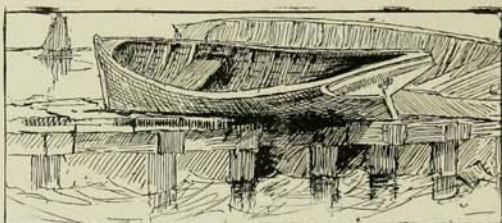
At 9:30 P. M., we made the piers at Sodus Point, and very gladly cast our anchor in the quiet waters of the bay.

After supper we "turned in," for a sleep, which we all felt the need of, and slept far into the next day.

Monday, September 11th. We shook out our wet clothes to the wind and sun, and put our yacht in trim again, and at 1:40 P. M. sailed for Charlotte—wind from the N. E., and light—lake smooth, with a motion that was scarcely perceptible, we moved along within a mile of shore—a very great change from our experience of the day before. At 10 P. M., on the 12th, we made the river, and moored at the Life Saving Station.

After a good night's sleep, we bade good-bye to our shipmates, and ended our vacation, with many pleasant memories in store of our life on the restless waves.





THE YACHT RIPPLE.

VI

CHARLOTTE, }
August 22, 1884. }

Officers:

GEO. H. NEWELL, Captain;
REV. J. E. BAKER;
MARTIN GALUSHA;
JOSEPH CROMER;
ED. WALBRIDGE.

We went on board of the yacht at the Charlotte Life Saving Station at 9 P. M., and expected to find the yacht Nokomis awaiting us, to join in a trip up the lake, to Troutburg. After spending some time looking for her, we learned that she had left, about 8 P. M., without waiting for us, as agreed upon.

As two of our crew had missed the train, we were obliged to wait for them until 11 P. M. In the mean time, we put things snug aboard. Upon the arrival of our crew, we got away from the dock, and made what way we could, with a light breeze from the south. After getting an offing we laid our course W. by N., and continued with a fair but light wind during the night. At daybreak, we discovered a sail ahead of us, and in a short time, overhauled it, and found her to be the Nokomis. The wind began to freshen, and we were soon running along in company, at a lively speed.

About 7 A. M., we discovered Troutburg, four miles off our port bow. The wind having now hauled to the westward, we had a dead-beat to windward. For the first few stretches the two yachts kept close together—the Ripple carrying her lee rail well under, and the Nokomis, luffing quite frequently. Finding the sea more lumpy near the land, we concluded to make a long stretch on our port tack, and soon saw that we were leaving the Nokomis astern. Having made sufficiently to the windward, we stood in for the shore, and made the dock at Troutburg, at about 9 A. M., the Nokomis arriving some two hours after.

We found the dock in a dilapidated condition, and the water quite shallow, with a rocky and dangerous shore. But, as the wind was off shore, we found our berth comfortable and smooth.

We took our yawl and went ashore—as the dock had no connection with the land—and found a large crowd collected to witness a Republican pole-raising; we were invited by the proprietor of the hotel to take dinner. We all gladly accepted, and enjoyed the very good meal, with appetites that would have made a much poorer one acceptable.

At 12 M., the steamer Charlotte came to the dock, with a large party of political "missionaries," and they took part in the speech-making, singing etc.

A yacht race had been announced, and we had expected to take part in it, but, only the Ripple and the Nokomis had put in an appearance. The other yachts—as we afterwards learned—finding the weather too heavy, had given up the attempt to reach the place. The wind was now blowing nearly a gale, and the crew of the Nokomis had become quite demoralized,

and had no desire to try another tussle with the tumbling waves, so we let the race drop.

The wind kept up all the afternoon, until nearly sundown, when it became more quiet, and it looked as if we might have a pleasant night. It was with no little anxiety, we watched the weather, as the day closed—knowing that a change of wind might make our berth uncomfortable—if not dangerous. Soon after sundown, we noticed a few puffs of wind from the northwest, and the swell that came in from the lake, denoted more wind behind it. But, we still hoped for a quiet night. Soon the wind came down in earnest, and the sea around us, was boiling. It was now too late to make any attempt to get away, as it would have been impossible to make an offing through the surf, and one touch of the rocky bottom, meant destruction to our yachts. Nothing was left us but to hold on as well as we could. We made the Ripple fast with all the lines we could secure, and carried the anchor to the dock, but the waves would toss her with such a force, that our lines were parting with every surge. We all got on the dock, and expected in a short time, to see our yacht broken to pieces on the sharp rocks that lined the shore. Soon she gave a plunge, and our chain parted, and all seemed lost. Only one line was left, and that was a small one. But, as she swung away from the dock, we gave her all the spare line we could—easing her off until a returning wave sent her back to us again. We made some more lines fast to her, and by easing her off, and checking her when she came up, we succeeded in keeping her from knocking herself to pieces. In this situation we remained—the sea breaking over us, on the old pier,

until 2 A. M., when the weather became a little calmer. Then securing our lines once more to the dock, we got on board, cold, wet and tired. We all stowed ourselves away in the cabin, and without much care what the end would be, gave ourselves up to sleep.

The sun was high over our heads, before we opened our eyes—to find ourselves safe, and at our moorings.

The Ripple, however, had suffered considerable damage in the struggle. Hardly a line but had been parted; our rail nearly torn off, and our bowsprit sprung.

We made such repairs as we could under the circumstances, and got ready to take our departure for home, at about noon. The Nokomis had also suffered considerably. She had parted most of her lines, and but for the one that the Ripple loaned her, she would have been wrecked. As it was, her rigging was sadly in need of repairs.

At 12 M., we started together, for Charlotte, and arrived about 11 P. M., Sunday, August 24.—having added to our experience—the terror of a lee-shore, on a stormy night.





THE YACHT RIPPLE.

VII

CHARLOTTE, }
August 15, 1885. }

Officers:

GEO. H. NEWELL, Captain;
REV. J. E. BAKER;
JOSEPH CROMER;
HOWARD BAKER.

We got under way and made a start for Sodus Point at 12 M. When two miles out, the wind fell to a dead calm, and we rolled in the swell until 7 P. M., when we got a land-breeze, and slowly made our way down.

When off Pultneyville, about midnight, the breeze freshened, and gave us a fine run. We arrived in the bay at 2:30 A. M., Sunday, the 14th. We ran down to the foot of Little Island and anchored, and then "turned in" for a little sleep.

Early in the morning, we were aroused by our friend, Walbridge, who had just discovered our yacht and came on board to welcome us. We took breakfast with him at the cottage, afterwards, we sailed for the head of the bay, where we met the yacht Cricket of Oswego, Commodore Mott, commanding, and the yacht Nokomis, of Rochester.

Our friend Walbridge invited the Cricket to give him a call, at the cottage. Had a pleasant sail back to the Island, and soon after, we were joined by the Cricket. The visiting officers extended an invitation to our party, to take a sail with them, and we cheerfully accepted. The party numbered twenty: consisting of the crew of the Ripple, Mr. Walbridge and ladies, and some lady friends from the Island. Commodore Mott kindly invited the Captain of the Ripple to take the wheel, and it was a great pleasure to handle the staunch, little yacht, which behaved so well, that a child could have governed her with ease. After some two hour's sailing, we returned, and enjoyed a reception, in the cabin of the Cricket, soon afterwards she sailed for her anchorage, at the Point.

We visited the cottages on Little Island; calling on Mrs. Dr. Fisk and daughter, at Mr. Kenyon's tent, and had a pleasant visit. In the evening, we received a call on the yacht, from Mr. Kenyon and ladies, and the party accepted our invitation to take a sail on the Ripple, Monday. We got our yacht in trim, for the night, and soon were in dream-land, enjoying the sleep we were in so much need of.

We were aroused early the next morning, by Mr. Walbridge, who had a friend wishing to catch the train, and wanted us to take him up to the Point.

We hurried out; made sail, and soon landed him at the station. We found the Nokomis at the Point, with the boys, all having a good time. We returned to the Island, and made our anchorage, south-east of Little Island, and found the place, a safe and pleasant one. After breakfast, we put the yacht in order to receive our company. We ran up to the landing, and

dropped our anchor, off Mr. Kenyon's tent. The ladies were waiting for us, and we were soon skimming over the water of the bay, with a fine breeze.

We ran over to the Bluff, and went ashore, taking a stroll to the top, meeting our old friend, Mr. Clark and family. We remained a little while enjoying the view from the spot, which is grand, and then returned to the yacht, where we had some refreshments served for the ladies, in a short time. We then returned to the Island, and landed the ladies safely, after a very enjoyable sail.

We dropped back to our anchorage, spending a few hours there, and then made sail around the head of the Island, and up to the Point. We came to anchor alongside of the Nokomis, and, after a little chatting with the boys, we had supper, and "turned in" for the night, intending to get an early start for home, Tuesday morning.

We parted with Lon. Hooker, who, preferring to remain longer, had joined the crew of the Nokomis. Reuben Bemish who was in a hurry to return, came on board and joined the Ripple's crew. We made sail Tuesday, at 7 A. M. Ran to the elevator for provisions, and left the harbor, at 8, with a fair wind, and a promising out-look for a short run home. But we soon found that such was not to be our good fortune, as the wind hauled ahead, and soon came down on us in a tempest with rain. We lay to for a while, shortening sail, and drifting back. When we got things snug, we made another start, but the wind now dropped out altogether, and we lay off Fairbank's point, two miles east of Pultneyville, in a dead-calm, for hours, where we were visited by a young man from

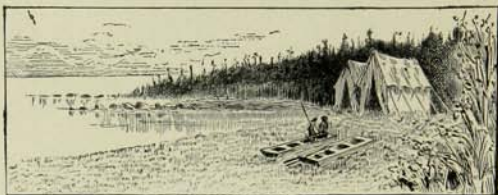
the harbor, in a row-boat, who informed us, that the yacht *Armeda*, from Charlotte, had just arrived, and was at the dock. We determined to get the *Ripple* into port, by towing; the young man consenting, we placed one of our crew in his boat, and two men in our yawl—giving them each a line—we were soon making good headway. After about an hour's pulling, we reached the piers, and came to anchor alongside of the *Armeda*.

The following were on board the *Armeda*: Mr. Leary and wife; Mr. Bennett and wife, and two lady friends. The yacht was on her way to the St. Lawrence, and had put into Pultneyville for the night.

The ladies came on board the *Ripple*, making a very pleasant call, and also remained to tea. Early the next morning, after a comfortable night, we found the yacht *Armada* making ready to leave for Sodus Point—the wind being fair—and at 7 A. M., we bade the party good-bye; the yacht making a splendid run, as far as we could see her.

The barometer having fallen considerably, and, the wind blowing fresh from the west, we remained in port—rather than fight our way home against a head-wind and sea.

Our artists, Messrs. Cromer and Bemish, spent the time in making sketches of several points in the locality, and some of the crew tempted the finny tribe, without success. We passed Tuesday night at Pultneyville, and left the next morning at 6, with fair wind, which left us, when about two miles out. After a long calm the breeze awoke, and we reached Nine Mile point at 2 P. M., and arrived at Charlotte, at 4 P. M., having had a pleasant trip home.



THE YACHT RIPPLE.

VIII

CHARLOTTE,
September 11, 1885. }

Officers:

GEO. H. NEWELL, Captain;
WALTER BRUCE;
FRED. MOSLEY;
GEO. W. WACKERMAN;
CHAS. ROSE;
ANTHONY RAHN.

We left the landing at 2 P. M., in tow of the steamer Wilcox, stopping at the Life Saving Station to put things in order, we dropped down to Ontario Beach, and held on for a breeze. The crew came down on the train and was soon stowed away for the night.

At 6:15 A. M., on the 12th, we set sail, with a south wind. Laid our course, N. $\frac{1}{4}$ W., for Presque Isle Bay. At 9 A. M., we hoisted the topseil, and at noon the wind fell to a calm. At 1 P. M., the breeze came up from the east and gave us a nice run, allowing us to carry all sail. At 5 P. M., the light at Presque Isle point was two points off our starboard bow. Entered the harbor at 5:30 and ran up to the dock, having had a perfect day, warm and pleasant, with a good sailing breeze, making our port without altering our course.

Our run across the lake had been greatly enjoyed by us all, with the exception of one unfortunate, who was obliged to pay the tribute to Neptune, that he exacts from those who seek to be introduced for the first time. We exhausted all the usual expedients, to drive away the distressing malady, in vain. We offered to give due notice to the friends, on our return, if a fatal termination should ensue; we proposed to take a careful inventory of his personal effects, and that everything should be delivered over, in good order and condition; we ransacked our store of provisions, to procure delicacies to tempt his wavering appetite, but found it utterly impossible to arouse any enthusiasm. The only thing that seemed to have any attraction for him, was the dim outline of the distant shore.

At 7 P. M., the wind hauled to the southward, and blew heavily during the night, making our yacht dance quite too much for our comfort—however, we passed a good night, all of us enjoying a refreshing sleep.

September 13th, Morning. The weather warm and barometer fallen .2 during the night. At 9 A. M., it began to rain. The boys declaring, that fish would bite best on rainy days, put on their oil-skins, and left on a fishing excursion. They returned at noon, with a good supply of bass, pickerel and pike, enabling our cook to furnish a dinner, that was voted to be matchless. After dinner we made sail, with a light wind from the south, for Weller's Bay. When about one and one-half miles from Salt point, the wind fell to a calm, and the weather commenced to look threatening and stormy, with dark clouds crossing the sky. We con-

cluded to return to Presque Isle, and making the harbor we ran up to a cove, about one mile from Salt point; found the anchorage was good, and made snug for the night. Soon the storm began, and the rain fell in torrents nearly all night. The wind was heavy, from the westward, but our anchor held us, without a start, and we rode it out smoothly, and slept undisturbed.

The next morning, the 14th, the weather was unsettled. After breakfast we got our canvas up, and made another attempt to reach Weller's Bay—wind south-west. We had a quick run down, and got the range of lights for entering the harbor, and then, the fog came down on us so thick, that it was impossible for us to see anything, a few rods distant. We felt our way along, and sounding the water, soon found ourselves close to the north shore, near the lights, and having cast anchor, we took our yawl, and went ashore for information. We learned that good shelter could be found by rounding the Railway dock; we made the dock about 10 A. M. and lay alongside.

The day was passed, in fishing in the Bay, and in strolling along the shore. The wind rising during the afternoon, we found the dock too much exposed to the sea, and dropped the yacht down to the shore-end, and laid her behind a floating pile-driver, where we had a quiet berth. After a trip into the country, of one and one-half miles—in search of supplies—we "turned in" for the night.

At 6 A. M., Thursday, the 15th, we towed the yacht up to the head of the dock, and made sail—wind south-west, giving us a head-wind for getting out of the harbor. As the breeze was light, it was slow progress but, after making two or three stretches, we gained

an offing, and had the light on the point, bearing west at 9 A. M., wind very light, and sharp up to our course.

We made but little way until 1 P. M., at which time the wind freshened. We took in the topsail, and the wind increasing, we put in one reef at a time, and continued to shorten sail until we had reduced our canvas to a four-reefed mainsail, with our jibs stowed.

The wind at this time—about 5 P. M.—was blowing nearly a gale, and the sea was very high and choppy. The wind soon hauled more to the south, and we could not point higher than S. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. At 7 P. M., we brought up the Charlotte light, bearing about two points off our starboard bow. We held on our course hoping to get under the shelter of the land—the wind and sea being from the south-west. At 9 P. M., a sudden change of wind came down, in a squall with heavy rain, from the west, accompanied by lightning and thunder. The gleam of the lightning reflecting from the masses of water in the air, gave the lake the appearance of a sea of fire, and the darkness that succeeded, was so dense, that our binnacle-light was the only object that we could discern, while, the roar of the wind and waves kept up such a din, that made it almost impossible to hear each other's voices.

Our victim of the *mal de mer*, got his work in again, and while attending strictly to business, with his head over the rail, a sea struck us, and deluged him completely, but he uttered no complaint—concluding no doubt, that the additional discomfort was of no account. He at least, had this advantage: that while the rest of the crew were anxiously looking for life-preservers, he was perfectly indifferent to the danger, and seemed to care as little, as the dead-eyes of our

lee-rigging. whether he was under the water, or above it.

We pointed sharply into the storm, and after a run of about an hour, we had the Charlotte light off our lee bow. Squalls, and rain in torrents, followed each other so rapidly that, the greatest care was necessary to manage the yacht. The Captain and Mate Bruce, kept the helm during the night.

At 2 A. M., we entered the piers, and made fast to the dock, off the Hotel Ontario—the weather growing worse, and blowing a gale before daybreak.

The crew took the 7:30 train for Rochester, the Captain and cabin boy remaining on board, awaiting the tug.





THE YACHT RIPPLE.

IX

CHARLOTTE, }
August 5, 1886. }

Officers:

GEO. H. NEWELL, Captain;
WALTER BRUCE;
MARTIN GALUSHA;
GEO. EMERSON.

We left the Upper Landing, at 9:30 A. M., in tow of the steamer City of Rochester, for Charlotte, expecting to meet the yacht Fanny F., Captain Ocumpaugh, in the harbor. When off the elevator, our tow-line parted; we got up our canvas, and made our way down the river. We looked carefully for our consort, but could discover no trace of her, along the dock—concluding that she had taken her departure without waiting our arrival—we stood out of the river.

Finding the wind dead ahead, we pointed up the lake, close-hauled, on the port tack—bound for Oak Orchard, where the yacht Fanny F., promised to wait for us. We cleared the Charlotte piers at 11:20 A. M., and made Braddock's point at about 5 P. M.—the wind having fallen to a calm, our progress was slow.

During the night a light breeze, from the south-west gave us a quiet "jog" until about sunrise, on the 6th, when we found ourselves off the Devil's Nose—wind light. We made Oak Orchard at 9 A. M., and came to anchor in the creek, and, much to our disappointment, could find nothing of the Fanny F. We got an answer from our message to Rochester by telephone—that the Fanny F. had probably started east, and that further particulars would be dispatched to us the next day.

After putting things in shape on the yacht, we took the yawl, and with the whole party, rowed up the creek. We were not a little surprised at the beauty of the little stream, winding among the steep, wooded hills, growing wider as we proceeded. As we were anxious to get an early start for a good sleep—having had none the night before—we reluctantly turned our bow for the lake, and reached the yacht at 6 P. M.

We met a large number of pleasure parties enjoying a row on the little river. A finer place for a boat-ride could hardly be found.

We raised our anchor, and warped the yacht up to a position at the inside-end of the east pier, where we could make an early start out; confident that nothing short or a tornado would disturb us, we "turned in" for a good night's rest.

At 6 A. M., on the 7th, our vigilant Mate aroused us, with the word, that the wind was fair, but light. Not wishing to lose the chance of making our way westward, we reluctantly tumbled out of our hammocks, and were soon clear of the Oak Orchard piers.

In about an hour, the breeze died out, and with all our light sails up, we could hardly make headway;

our reef-points began to clatter, and the boom to swing to and fro, uncertain which tack to take. We placed young Emerson on the boom, to keep it in place, but he grew weary of the task, and the Mate was ordered to put on a guy. While making the line fast on the outer end of the boom, a slight puff took the sail aback, and the boy letting go, the boom swung over, and our Mate was quickly brushed off the spar. He had the presence of mind to catch hold of the topping-lift, as he went over, which enabled him to make good weather of it, until we could get the main-sheet in, and land him on deck—which we succeeded in doing, without wetting his feet.

We got a breeze from the N. E., which brought it over our starboard quarter, and setting our spinnaker out forward, we got every thing to draw, with a steady breeze. The sea was just lively enough to be pleasant. We kept about one mile off shore, giving us a charming view of the country, dotted with thrifty orchards, and well-cultivated fields, with the strong contrasts, of deep-green woodlands, and the golden tints of the ripening grain.

At 11:30 A. M., we made Olcott, and dropped anchor, between the piers. We sent a dispatch to Rochester, and the answer was: the Fanny F., had become discouraged in the attempt to make to the westward, and had gone east, reaching Sodus Point, a few hours before we arrived at Oak Orchard. This broke up our plan of the trip, which was to cruise around the west shore of the lake, in company, calling at the different ports. There was nothing left for us now to do, but to make such alterations in our trip as would suit the change.

It being determined to take the yacht over the proposed course, we lost no time at Olcott, and hastily tripping our anchor, we stood out of the harbor, at 12:30 P. M., and laid our course for Niagara river. The breeze still held, and we spread all our canvas.

We passed Wilson, eight miles west of Olcott, a small harbor, without a light-house. We had a splendid run, arriving at the mouth of the river at 3:30 P. M.

We gybed, off the black buoy, and ran up to the steamboat dock, at Niagara, having enjoyed one of the happiest days of our yachting experience—fair winds, bright skies and blue waters.

The dock being too much exposed for a comfortable berth, we warped the yacht into the basin in the rear, where we came to anchor, out of the reach of winds and currents. Here we found the yachts Vera, Wave and Escape, all of Toronto, the first having left Charlotte, a few hours after the Ripple.

We went on board of the Escape, and also the schooner-yacht, Wave—owned by Mr. Manning—a gentleman of large wealth, of Toronto. We "turned in," at an early hour, and were soon enjoying a refreshing sleep.

August 8th. Wind N. W. The weather warm and pleasant. After breakfast we took a row up the river, and crossed over to Youngstown, a little place of no account; mailed some letters home, and after taking a stroll about the village, we returned to the yacht.

In the afternoon we rowed down the river, and visited the cutter, Whistlewing, of Hamilton—a very deep and narrow craft, doing most of her work on her beam-ends, and as sharp as a needle.

We crossed over to Fort Niagara, and walked over

most of the ground around it. After viewing the interior—which we found uninteresting—we took a look at the light-house—a fine, cut-stone structure the most imposing we have seen on the lakes. We returned to the Ripple about sundown, and after supper put everything in readiness for a start, and then swung in to our hammocks for the night.

At 5 A. M., on the morning of the 9th, our Mate called us, reporting the weather fine, with a fair wind for Toronto, and at 5:30 A. M., our canvas was up and our course laid N. W. by W., for Toronto—breeze good and over our quarter. At 8 A. M., the wind left us, and we drifted for about two hours, without headway enough to move our log. At 10 A. M., we got a breeze from the S. E., and with every sail set, had a fine run, making Gibraltar Point light, one point off our starboard bow. A few miles off the point, we met the steam-yacht, *Esperance*, of Toronto, with a party on board, out for a pleasure excursion. We exchanged salutes, and listened to the strains of their music as they came over the water, until lost to us in the distance. We passed Gibraltar Point, about 11 A. M., and followed the buoys up the channel, and rounding to, near the Yacht-Club House, made fast to the buoy of the *Signet*, in company with a large number of yachts anchored near us.

After getting our yacht in trim, we went ashore. We sent some dispatches to Rochester, and took a stroll about the city, and after securing such stores as were needed, we returned to the yacht for supper.

The regatta of the Toronto Yacht Club was to take place on the 10th, and we were surrounded by a large fleet of yachts, making ready for the race, on the mor-

row. Among them were: the *Atalanta*, of Brighton, and the *Whistlewing*, of Hamilton. Near us were the iron-sloop, *Rivet*, of Scotch build, the *Wave*; the *Escape*, and the *Cygnets*, all of Toronto. After supper, we passed the evening watching the multitude of boats of every description passing to and fro, filled with happy groups, enjoying the cool breeze and rippling waters, while the cloudless sky and bright moonlight gave an unusual charm to the scene.

The wind increased considerably, and as the falling barometer indicated a storm, we got both anchors down, and "turned in."

Tuesday, August 10th. Pleasant and warm, with but little wind. The yachts were all busy getting ready for the start, to be made at 10 A. M. Went on board the *Atalanta*, and met Captain Claus, and, at his request, we placed Martin Galusha on board, to assist in the race.

The gun was fired at 10 A. M., and the yachts all got off with but little excitement—as the breeze was very light. The course was outside, and we soon lost sight of the fleet.

At 11 A. M., we received a dispatch from Frank, stating that Edward Walbridge would arrive in Toronto, at 8:25 P. M., and join us in the cruise. At noon Mr. A. J. Masters, of Toronto, came on board, and gave us an invitation to take tea with him. We made an appointment with him, at 5 P. M.—visited his home, and passed a very pleasant evening.

We kept a lookout at the trains and steamers, expecting to meet our friend, Walbridge, but, receiving no tidings of him, we made snug for the night.

Wednesday, August 11th. We were out early, and

hoisted our colors to the peak; we attracted quite a little attention, with our display of the stars and stripes surrounded as we were by a score of the red crosses of Her Majesty.

The regatta of the Canadian Yacht Club, was appointed for the 11th, and the large yachts made ready for the race. The wind was lively, from the southwest, and the barometer falling. We went on board the Wave and enjoyed a pleasant visit with the Skipper. Looked around the city for a coast-pilot and chart. Both were found, but not without a long search.

The yachts started at 2 P. M., the Atalanta, Cygnet, Vera, and two other sharp, deep cutters, for the race outside. They got off finely, with a stiff breeze, at 4 P. M. The new schooner-yacht, New Oriole, took her trial-trip, following the yachts partly around the course. As she passed our anchorage, we dipped our colors, and she answered our salute—her first exchange of courtesies with the flag of the free.

At 6 P. M., the Atalanta made the home-buoy, the other yachts returning, from fifteen minutes, to two hours later.

We made one more search for Mr. Walbridge, but failed to obtain any trace of him, and concluding to abandon the hope of meeting him, we made preparations to start in the morning.

We turned out early on the 12th, to find no wind, and little prospect of a run to the eastward. A light breeze from the north, about 8 A. M., induced us to make an attempt to get an offing. All hands were at once busy, in getting the yacht under way. Mr. Masters and a friend, came to the dock to see us off, and, with a salute to our friends of Toronto, we hove

up our anchor, and were soon in the distance, making for the channel at the lower gap.

We picked up the buoys without trouble, but found the water so shoal, that our center-board was partly in the sand for a moment. But we drew up the board, and were clear of the bar, at 9:15 A. M.

We laid our course down the lake—the wind freshening and fair. At 1:10 P. M., we were off Frenchman's Bay, and at 2:45 P. M., we had Port Whitby about three miles off our port beam, at 3:50 P. M., Oshawa bore north, distant about two miles, and at 6 P. M., we made Port Darlington, a small harbor, at the mouth of a little creek, and near the village of Bowmansville. After having secured the yacht to the dock, at the east pier, we took a short row up the creek, and upon our return we made everything ready for an early start in the morning. We "turned in," and disputed possession of our cabin, with a cloud of mosquitos—but with doubtful results. We got under way the next morning, the 13th, at 6 A. M.—the breeze light, from the north-west. In about half an hour it fell to a calm. At 8, we got a breeze from the north-east which continuing to haul to the eastward, was soon dead ahead. At 8:30 we were off a small harbor, five miles east of Darlington, and at 4 P. M., were a few miles off Port Hope, and lost our breeze entirely. We drifted in a calm, for about two hours, when we picked up a land-breeze, and made the harbor of Port Hope, at 6 P. M.

After making the yacht secure, our first duty on shore was to replenish our stock of ice and milk, and to send our dispatches to Rochester. Taking one of the crew along, we set out, with our milk-can. As

we were unacquainted with the location of Port Hope dairies, we took the first opportunity to inquire. The gentleman of whom we sought the information kindly offered to guide us to the place where the lacteal fluid could be found, and we quietly fell into line, and followed on. Having approached the central part of the city as the objective point, we had some misgivings, but, not wishing to evince a want of faith in our pilot, we kept up with the procession. Finally, we came to a halt before a large, public house, and our friend seeing us hesitate, said :

"Step in, gentlemen, and I will have your can filled."

With a strong suspicion, that we would find breakers ahead, we concluded to await developments ; following through the long hall, we came to a door that yielded to the manipulations of a key, in the hands of our leader, and, lo ! the mystery was solved ! The room was closed—not only against human intrusion, but also as effectually against the entrance of the light of day. A few half-turned-on gas jets, threw a sickly glare around the apartment. Across one end of the room was stretched a high bar, and back, along the wall arose a gorgeous mirror, that reflected the array of colored glasses, filled with liquid fire, that flanked it on either hand. We took in the situation at a glance, and knew that there was a mistake. Our friend saw the point also, and, after a moment's silent astonishment, we all broke out in a peal of laughter. We soon assured our disappointed guide, that our thirst was not of that desperate character that required the use of such heroic remedies. After purchasing a few cigars for some of our companions who indulged in the weed, we shifted our tack, for another cruise for the

milk-maid. We learned afterwards, that the Prohibition law had been enforced so completely in that place, no liquor could be obtained, except by stealth, and that "milk" and "ice," were two of the potent watch-words that removed the obstructions. We soon had the pleasure of obtaining the genuine article and after sending our dispatches, we returned to the yacht, where we found a tempting supper awaiting us. We passed the evening on board enjoying the refreshing lake breeze, and "turned in" early, for a cruise in dream-land.

Within the realm of sleep, what visions bright,
 Thrill the unfettered dreamer with delight !
 Swift o'er the crested waves his vessel flies—
 Her pathway bounded by the bending skies.

The morning of the 14th, brought us no prospect of settled weather. The barometer was low, and the wind strong from the north-east. Mr. Brown, of the yacht Irene, with a friend, called on us, and invited our company to take a sail in his yacht, and after dinner, quite a party had assembled to enjoy the trip. We discovered after getting under way, that the party was composed mostly of the Grand Trunk Railway officials, and that we were expected to handle the yacht. We have always some misgivings in taking the helm of a strange yacht, especially in this instance as we had an off-shore wind, blowing nearly a gale, and very squally. But we were in for it, and turned our attention to business. Our friends soon made preparations for a game of whist, in the cabin and strongly urged us to take a hand, but we knew that our chances of promotion were much the best at the helm—although they all declared afterwards, that we really had done most of the shuffling ; the tables were spread ;

the pipes lighted, and the amusement about to begin, when a squall came down, without a particle of warning, and struck us so hard that the yacht heeled over until the deck stood nearly perpendicular, and the cabin was a confused mass of stools, tables, cards and players, all seeming determined to get into some impossible place. The little yacht, however, was staunch and firm, and soon began to gather way under the pressure, and dashed the spray about us in a lively manner, but our railway friends were badly demoralized, and frantic calls came from the cabin, for brakes, whistles and bell-cords. We made all the effort in our power to comfort them, but they all declared, that a Pullman car and a smooth rail, was good enough for them.

We made a few stretches, and soon returned to Port Hope, having had a pleasant, and our companions thought, a very lively time.

On the morning of the 13th, we found the breeze light, but fair for a run to Charlotte, and getting an early breakfast, we made ready for a start at 6 A. M. We got up all of our light sails, and made fair headway—although the wind was light. At 11 A. M., the wind fell to a calm. At noon we took an observation of the sun, that gave us our latitude: $43^{\circ} 36' 23''$ West. This agreed with our calculation by the log, which was 35 miles S. by E., from Port Hope.

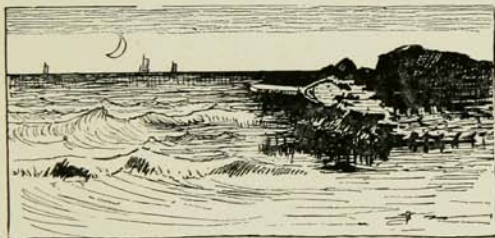
The wind soon freshened, but had hauled to the south-east, and forced us to the westward. At 4:30 P. M., we made the land a short distance above the Devil's Nose, and stood well in, hoping to get the land-breeze, to run down on, but we were disappointed, and passed the night, in beating against a head-wind.

We picked up the Charlotte light, at 9 A. M., but the breeze was so light, that the day broke, before we could get inside the piers.

We found a large number of yachts making ready for the regatta, that was to come off that day, but the watch on deck, the night before, made a "snooze" in the hammock, more desirable than a yacht race, and wishing that the best boat might win, we "turned in." In the afternoon we took a tow up the river, and came to our anchorage, and made our way home in the midst of a pouring rain—the first we had experienced since we started.

We were glad to meet our friends, but could not quite repress our regrets as we parted with the yacht on which we had spent so many pleasant hours, and with something of sadness, we left her swinging at her anchor in the quiet stream.

*So when with tattered sail and drooping mast,
 From Life's long cruise we near the shore at last;
 May we securely anchor in the tide,
 Where peaceful winds and quiet waters glide.*



*She rode the waves like a thing of life,
With her form of grace and snowy wing ;
She braved the storm in its wildest strife,
And back its foaming surge did fling.*

*Now scattered on the lonely shore,
Her torn and broken timbers lie ;
Her requiem the breakers roar,
The winds' low moan, the sea birds cry.*



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