

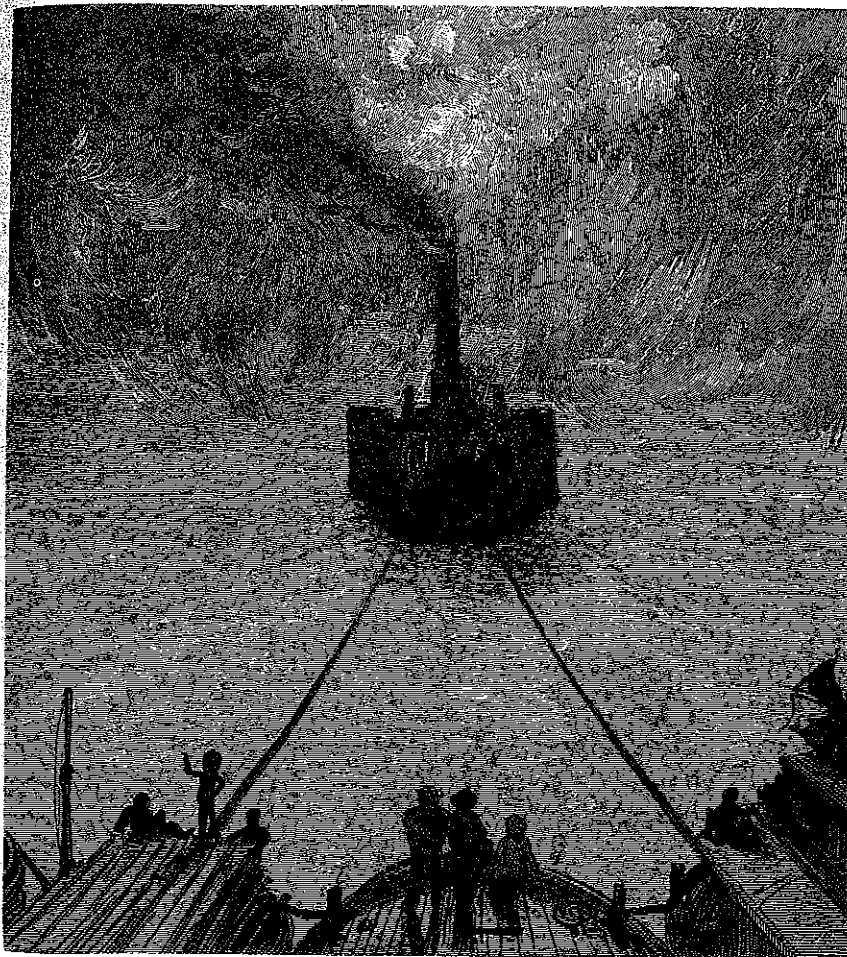
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

Vol. XIX.

MARCH, 1880.

No. 5.

THE TILE CLUB AFLOAT.



IN THE MIST OF THE EARLY MORNING.

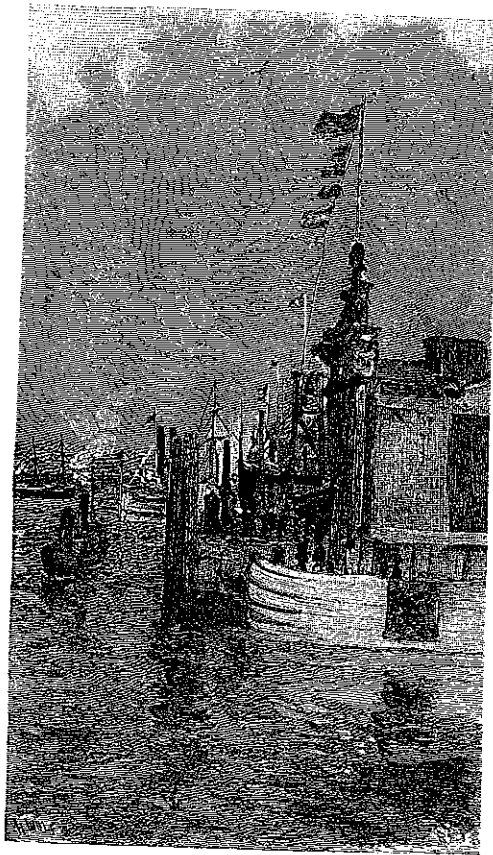
DURING the winter of 1878-9 the Tile Club prospered. The expedition of the preceding summer, duly chronicled in these pages (see SCRIBNER for January and February, 1879), had resulted in much artistic

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and other profit, and collectively and individually the Club was conscious of an agreeable progress. It had its bereavements in the departure of three of its members, the Grasshopper, the Gaul, and the Chestnut,

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but it took to itself in their places the Ter-rapin, the Scratch, and the Pie, able gentlemen, who afforded it much consolation. The Gaul retired to a lonely island in the British channel; the Grasshopper, to remote Bombay; while the Chestnut took a studio in London, in the thick of the Royal Academicians, whence he sounds occasional notes of artistic triumph, and decorates his letters to the Club with sketches indicative of his sentiments in exile. The Wednesday evenings of the season were as merry as they were frugal, and were marked by a surpris-



AT THE DOCK, FOOT OF WEST TENTH ST.

ing degree of industry. Few tiles were painted, chiefly because each member was already in possession of numerous assorted mantel-pieces. Plaques were therefore substituted, and many, varied and remarkable were the decorations.

As the winter passed there was evinced a deep concern as to what the Club should do in the way of a summer expedition; and various were the schemes proposed. The

previous success having been attained on land, water entered largely into all the projects that were advanced, with a marine reservation (except on the part of the Marine) in favor of the calmer variety. It was proposed to hire a schooner, and explore Long Island Sound, in search of literary artistic remains; but the undulating character of the Sound waters caused the project to be rejected. The Jersey coast was prospected on the score of insects, and lakes, on the ground of remoteness and unknown quantity of expense. A suggestion touching the navigable qualities of canals was feebly thrown out by the O'Donoghue, but was not received with much warmth; and several meetings went by with constantly increasing perplexity. Finally one evening the Owl sat down in his place with an expression on his countenance indicative of the agreeable possession of an idea; and, after spoiling a previously serving tile, he said:

"Boys, I know what we'll do next summer."

"You do!" said the Club; "out with it!"

"We'll hire a canal-boat, and go up the Erie Canal in her."

The O'Donoghue arose with a look of distinct injury and wrath combined.

"Which I wish you to understand," he said, with ill-assumed calmness, "that that idea is mine."

"Yours?" said the Owl, with haughty scorn.

"Yes, sir!" retorted the O'Donoghue hotly.

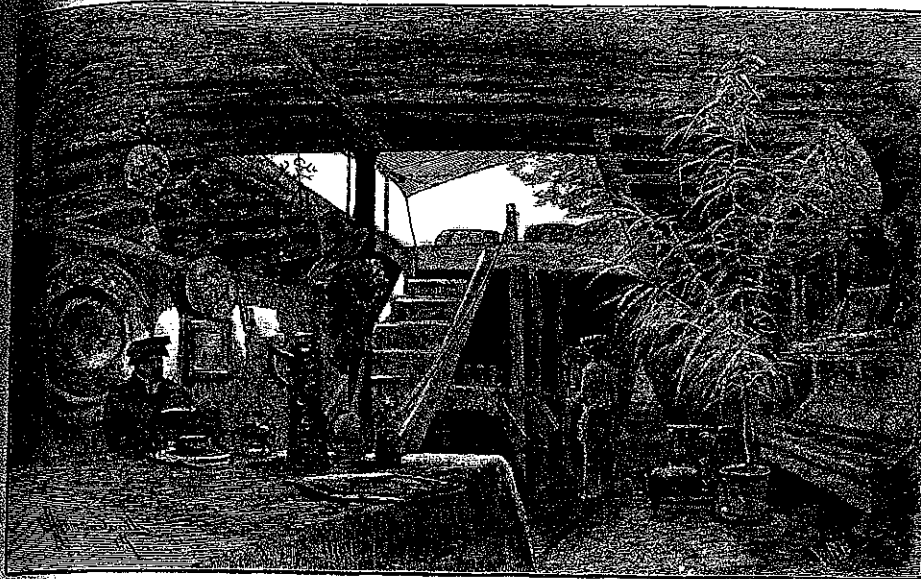
"Your idea?" and there was a perceptible curl in the noble bird's beak.

"I'll leave it to the Club!" said the O'Donoghue, excitedly.

"And I'll leave it to the Club," said the Owl, "if you were ever known to own an idea."

And the Club sympathetically agreed that the probability was too strongly in the Owl's favor; whereupon the O'Donoghue withdrew within himself.

The Owl proceeded to unfold his plan, and, after the first blush of insanity had faded away from it, the club became deeply impressed with its practicability and attractiveness. During April and May, little else was thought of than the canal-boat, and how the proceedings should be conducted. To say that no two members agreed as to precisely what should be done is feebly to indicate the prevailing chaos of purpose. Ultimately, by virtue of the common exhaustion that



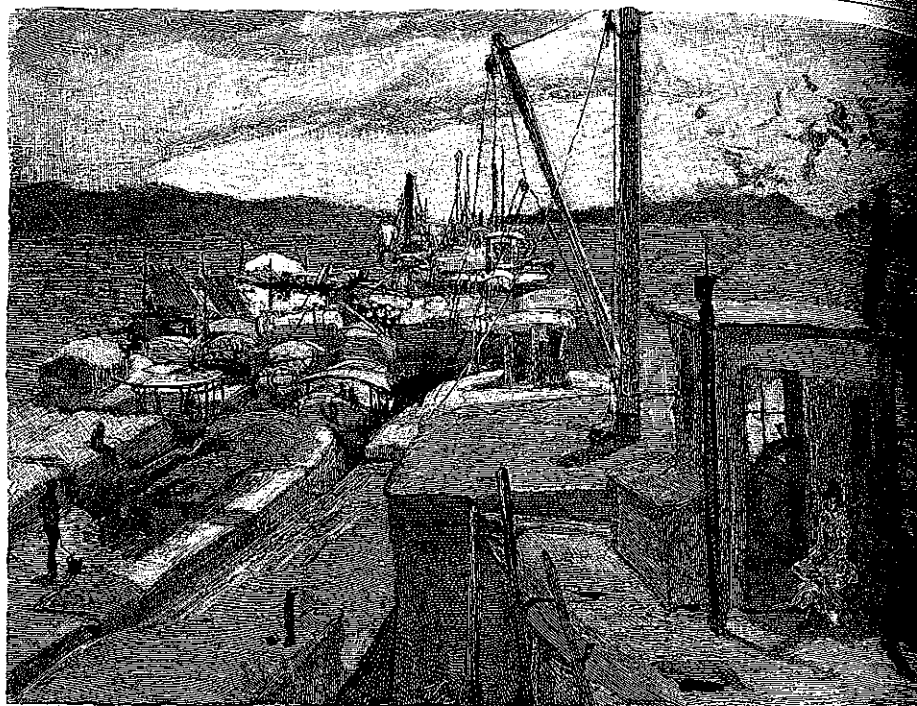
DECORATION OF THE SALON, 1879.

ensued; it was agreed to appoint a committee of two who should be held responsible for everything, and who could be bullied accordingly. They were.

The two upon whom this fate devolved were the Owl and Polyphemus, and the sufferings they underwent were harrowing. No other member showed the slightest confidence in their judgment. After passing whole days on the city front, or down at the foot of Whitehall street, exposed to the ridicule of scoffing and incredulous canal-boat captains and roustabouts, looked upon with detrimental suspicion by freight brokers, and pointed out to the police as proper subjects of scrutiny, they would be met with pointed satire and cold scorn of a Wednesday evening, when they attempted to report progress. They had probably inspected a hundred canal-boats that were too low in the ceiling, that had been carrying coal or fertilizers since the beginning of the century, that smelled of mules, that wouldn't go under bridges unless loaded, that had stables on board, or that otherwise wouldn't do. They had been ordered off as many more boats, by large women with washing-boards and other weapons, dogs had been set on them, men had exhorted them to speed and celerity of departure, and, at last, they had begun to despair, when fortune smiled upon them. They found in the dock at Whitehall street a new and neat-looking boat. There was no dog in sight, nothing more

formidable than a woman, who allowed them to come on board. A bluff, hearty, and well-favored navigator, fluently profane, and otherwise addicted to the conventional vices of his calling, came up at her summons from the cabin. The boat, he said, was new; she had made one trip with a cargo of grain, and was awaiting a charter. He didn't know about taking artists on a trip—didn't know what they were, or what they might be up to, and on the whole would prefer railroad iron or coal as a surer thing. He was amenable to reason, however, and he finally consented to charter the *John C. Earle* to the Tile Club, for a trip up the Northern Canal to Lake Champlain, for twenty days at seven dollars a day. Even then, when the fact was reported with some pardonable exultation to the Club, one ungracious member stood up and said he was not quite prepared to accept the committee's report; that he had had no evidence that the committee knew what a canal-boat was, and for his part he would like some proof that the committee hadn't hired a Cunarder. Black is the ingratitude, and blind the prejudice of the unworthy and the envious.

The next day all was bustle and activity among the Tilers. The *John C. Earle* was at the foot of East 10th street, in a fragrant dock. A new coat of paint was being put upon her deck, and Rossil, who carries all the freight of the studios, had his wagons going all day, collecting bric-à-brac, can-



THE COMMUNITY AFLOAT.

vases, easels, draperies, costumes, paint-boxes, portfolios, and all manner of effects, domestic and personal. The Owl had had anxious interviews with colored gentlemen of a culinary turn, and had chosen one of promise, named Daniel, who was promptly commissioned to buy a large stove, and all the necessary utensils of his craft, and was given an unlimited order on Park & Tilford and the Washington Market. He came down to the boat with five tons of ice, a big refrigerator, a small cooking range, about one hundred paper parcels, two hundred pounds of fresh beef and mutton, neatly sewed up in bags to go inside the ice-house, quantities of vegetables, and two coops full of tiley chickens.

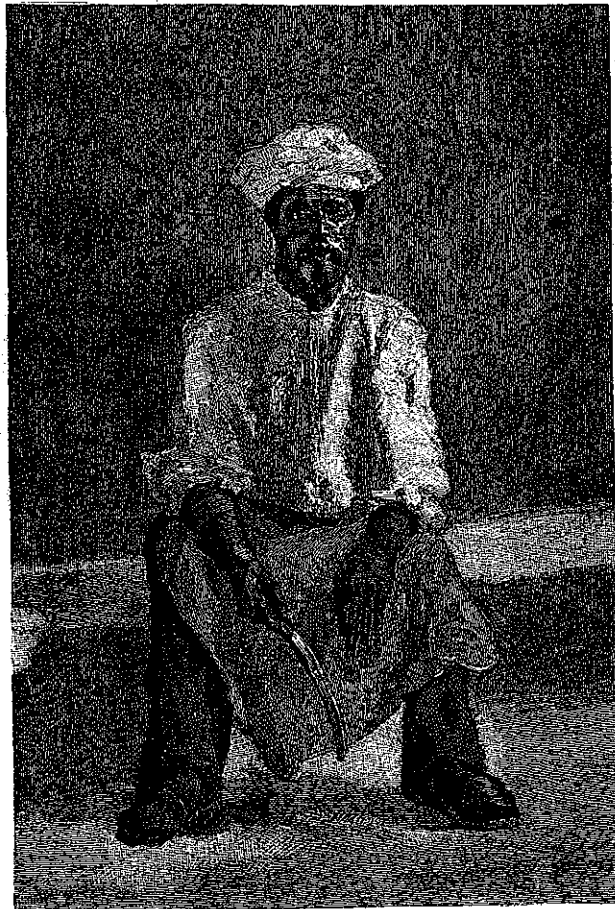
Daniel made a splendid impression. He was introduced to the Tilers, and saluted each one with an obeisance of true Oriental profundity and a smile that was a revelation of beneficence. He looked upon the wealth of color and rich trappings of the saloon without betraying the faintest trace of the plebeian emotion of surprise. It was even thought that his head was for a moment slightly deflected from the perpendicular and that one eye was partially closed.—actions which unfailingly imply the outward and visible physical phenomena of inward critical re-

flection. However, he gave no expression to his opinion, but betook him to arranging his kitchen and putting away his various stores. His kitchen inspired confidence, and his appearance, in a snowy linen cap and jacket and long white apron, was most re-assuring.

The Committee on Decoration and Home-Comforts covered itself with glory. With unlimited bric-à-brac and tapestry, and stuffs oriental and domestic, at its disposal, the interior of the *John C. Earle* underwent an amazing transformation. If it erred at all it was in the direction of positive luxury; but the artistic and decorative effect that was produced was excellent. To those who looked at it for the first time and from the point of view of having to dwell in it for the ensuing three weeks, it was particularly grateful. The divans, that were easily translated into beds; the cushions, that were but pretexts for the diurnal concealment of pillows; the piano, the violins, the big dining-table, the arm-chairs and hammocks, the neat pile of fresh table-cloths and napkins, the excellent glassware on the sideboard, the decency of the cutlery, the neat student-lamps and Chinese lanterns, and a certain grace in the profusion and a quality of ease in the general disposition, were extremely alluring.

day of the departure was June 23d. The last valise was on board; there was a general sense of nothing forgotten, there was a curious and unappeasable anxiety. It was evening when a small tug-boat came alongside the *Earle* and towed her to the comparative privacy of the outer river. Great apprehension had been felt that the cabin of the boat would be insufferably hot; but

community of boats that was to compose the tow of the Schuyler Line was being drilled into order and lashed together, and it was late when the *Earle* fell into its place. Then, with prodigious bustle and noise and confusion, the procession began to move northward at a snail's pace. The city crept slowly by, darkness descended on the waters, the lights on the shore came out one by one, and everybody went below.



DANIEL IN THE TILERS' DEN.

no sooner was she in motion on the river than a delicious draft of cool air entered at the forward hatch and swept through the room from end to end, producing a most agreeable temperature. Hot as the weather subsequently was, the cabin was always pleasant, and upon no evening during the trip was it desirable to sleep without more or less covering, or without partially closing the hatches. Down about the Battery, the

Seated on a box, solemnly and perfunctorily polishing a silver pitcher, was a colored gentleman of indefinite age. He was as black as original sin, and his countenance bore an impress of serious, half-resentful gravity. He polished away in stolid unconsciousness, and the Club stared at him in amazement. The Owl was on the point of throwing an idol at him, by way of a beginning, when Daniel pushed aside the crimson



damask curtain which mitigated the entrance to the kitchen, entered, and took in the situation at a glance. He explained that he had been obliged to employ him as an assistant; that his mother recommended him as a good, honest and industrious boy, and he hoped the gentlemen would be pleased with him. He was christened Deuteronomy on the spot, and he entered impassively on the eventful period of his servitude. He was the slowest, laziest, and most imperturbable of his kind. He never walked, he crawled; and when any one called him, he never thought of replying until the summons had been two or three times repeated. It was pathetic to hear, of mornings, the sonorous period of his name ring out from some waking Tiler, and to note the resounding impact of the swiftly projected boot as it sought the torpid knave. Deuteronomy never dodged these missiles—he blinked his eyes and was indifferent. He furnished both excitement and exercise, and the Club grew greatly attached to him.

It was after nine o'clock before the Club became aware that it was hungry, and Daniel appeared and made a deprecatory little speech about the *cuisine*, as he and

Deuteronomy laid the table. Things, he said, were not quite in working order yet, and the supper, he feared, would be rather plain. The Terrapin was sitting on the floor, slicing cucumbers, which he had found in the ice-house. He made a salad of great virtue in a huge yellow bowl, and the Club sat down with restraint and expectancy in its eye. Daniel brought on a most fragrant repast, which atoned amply for the forgotten dinner. There were porterhouse steaks, done to a turn, deviled kidneys, cold roast beef, roast potatoes, hot biscuits, tried chicken (after the fashion of Daniel's native city, Baltimore), tea, coffee, and the Club's regular beverage. The quantity seemed unlimited, but in the conversational pause that ensued, the consumption that took place was nothing short of marvelous. Even the salad, composed as it was of cucumbers, had no terrors for them. Daniel smiled the capacious smile of his race, as he saw and heard the compliments to his skill. As the faculty of speech began to be fully restored, it became apparent that the Club was already perfectly at home; the last doubt that might have existed was banished, and all were convinced that the conditions essential to comfort and practicability were present. The Owl, who had eaten more and faster than any one else, surveyed the denuded platters and expressed his conviction that the provisions



A DAUGHTER OF THE TOW.

wouldn't last half the voyage. Sirius said he didn't care: while farmers had hen-roosts, and the barn-yards contained small pigs, the Club should have the necessaries if not the luxuries of life. No one was alarmed; the sentiment of the occasion was of the *carpe diem* order and the members reclined in their arm-chairs, and sent long wreaths of smoke out of the hatches, while they surveyed with untiring eyes the handsome cabin of the *John C. Earle*.

Later, when there was music by the Catgut, the Horsehair, and the Marine, curious mariners came from all parts of the tow, till both hatchways were fringed with faces that denoted all sorts of emotions. They asked if it was a new-fangled circus or some sort of a traveling theater show, how much it cost to go in, and where was to be the first stand. On being invited they came down with all the eagerness imaginable, and looked at everything with childish amazement and curiosity. It was a very jolly evening, and perhaps the proudest man was the captain of the *John C. Earle*, who imparted his ideas of his cargo to numerous inquirers. He wasn't freighting; not much. First class passenger business was what he had turned his attention to, this time; and such passengers! He gave the Club an excellent character, and the interest excited was of the warmest.

It was after midnight when the pipes and lamps went out by common consent, and the Club retired in great comfort. Conversation dwindled in the darkness and passed by an easy transition into inarticulate but familiar utterance, and the Tile Club slept the sleep of the just and of them that incline not to dyspepsia—all save the O'Donoghue, who prowled wakeful about the deck, like some Hibernian Palinurus, and bayed plaintive measures at the rising moon. He was nothing if not decorative, and his ambition was bounded by the art of the potter and the possibilities of the vitrifying oven. "When I am dead," he said, "they shall fire these my remains." And in the pride of his knowledge and the consciousness of his devotion to art, he wrapped about him the mantle of his private superiority and withdrew into the agreeable seclusion of himself, where the merely human never trespassed.

The gray mist had stolen down between the hills during the night and hung low upon the river. Nothing was visible around but the still water melting into the soft cloud, and nothing was to be heard but the

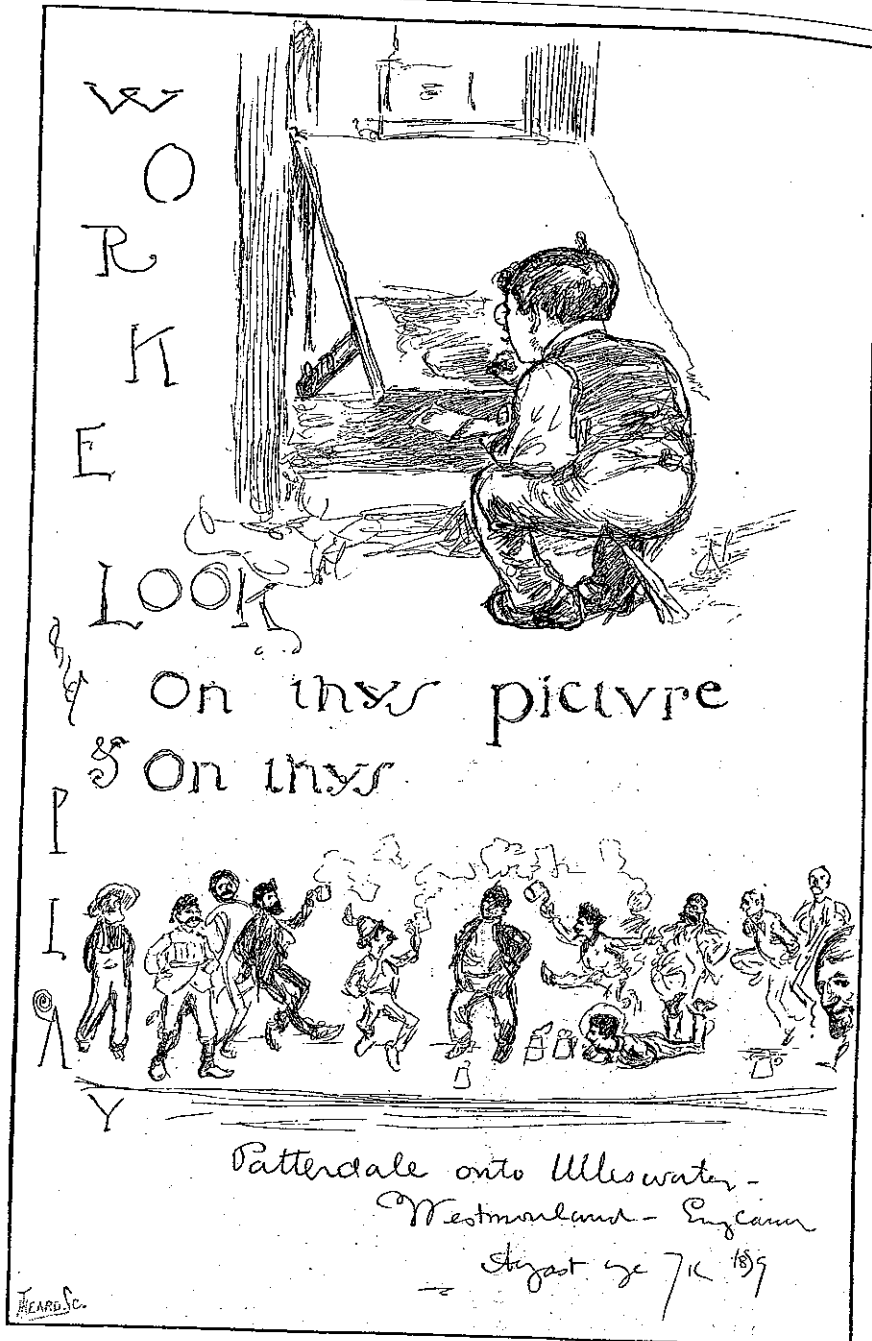
gentle ripple of the current eddying between the boats. The steamer ahead seemed to toil wearily to enter the mist where the struggling sunbeams made it brightest, and now and then her outline dimmed as the vague wraiths rose from the water's surface around her.

The community of the tow slept late when on the river, in order to make up for early rising on the tow-path. It was half-past five when the Owl, who had risen at dawn, sounded an original *réveille* with a mallet on a huge Japanese bronze bell that hung at the bow. There was no sleeping afterward, and the Tile men unwillingly abandoned their cool and pleasant couches.

A veil, or rather a canvas awning, must be drawn over the ablutions that ensued, performed as they were with vigor and reciprocal buckets, dipped from the Hudson with a rope. When the awning was replaced, the sun had dissipated the mist, the Tile men were dressed and clean; they sat on deck in the delightful breeze, sipped their coffee, and discussed the scenery of Haverstraw Bay, while waiting for breakfast. For this there was an excellent appetite. Daniel executed a wonderful omelette, the rolls were delicious, the rashers crisp and savory, and all the odds and ends in keeping.

Moving up the Hudson on such a perfect day in June, at a speed hardly appreciable, and under conditions so restful and conducive to physical and mental ease, the occasion easily lent itself to open-eyed dreaming. Two or three got up their easels and umbrellas, and wandered over the tow to make sketches, to the great edification of the community which crowded about with endless curiosity; but, for the most part, the day was spent in swinging in hammocks beneath the awning, smoking listlessly in the reclining camp chairs, and indolently admiring the beauty of the ever-changing scene. There were satirical discussions of the Hudson River School of Art and the work of its members, and of the good old mossy, geographical landscapes which used to crowd the holy precincts of the National Academy. The Pie delivered a little address on the alleged cause of art-critics, their superfluity and possible extirpation. But with the noonday heat discussion died out; the bold mountain-sides went by unheeded and the general drowse was with difficulty dispelled by the luncheon bell.

In the afternoon numerous bits of the tow and general aspects of it received attention, and later there ensued atmospheric effects of great beauty and sublimity. Even the



REFLECTIONS OF AN ABSENT TILER.

usual sportiveness of the Tiler gave way before the genuine enthusiasm of the artist.

"In wrestling with this Hudson river business," said the Griffin, "American art has been badly thrown. I think that nine-tenths of our backwardness has been due

to the overwhelming embarrassment of picturesque material that has all along been at our very door—material which, by reason of its grandeur and sublimity, in no sort of fashion would do to make pictures of. Simplicity alone has evaded us all along."

That evening, after a most excellent dinner, the Tilers compared sketches, and sat about the cabin and made music with a sense of having been out at least a week—thoroughly at home did each man feel. On the following afternoon there was a

made fast to a remote West Trojan wharf. Next morning, some supplies were purchased, additional ice was laid in, and, on consultation with Daniel, it was decided to hire a colored gentleman to wait upon the table, attend to the cabin generally, and, in



PRIAM, THE NUBIAN GANYMEDE.

thunder-storm; and in the cool and delightful evening that ensued, Albany came in sight, and a tug separated the Tilers' boat from the tow, and bore her off at a comparatively tremendous rate of speed, to Troy. It was nearly midnight when the captain

a measure, confer upon Deuteronomy the advantages of a sinecure. To all intents and purposes, the O'Donoghue had adopted that luckless wight exclusively as a body-servant. Daniel found a Scæan gate; and after an hour in Troy, returned with a pre-

possessing young man, dignified, sedate, and clean, and willing to enter the service of the Tilers, for a suitable consideration. He was engaged, and was thereafter known as Priam; and when, later, he learned what were the pangs of artists' models, in attitudes sustained, he showed qualities of mind and person that were not unworthy of the distinguished name he bore.

It was at West Troy, from amongst crowds of roustabouts in leather aprons, and small boys fringing the string-pieces of wharves with bare and muddy legs, that little Jessie Miller emerged, like sun from vapor. Invited to try the piano, she introduced her slender ankles through the hatchway, descended the tapestried stairs, and was quickly seated at the instrument, which, accustomed hitherto to Chopin and Beethoven, gave a few astonished discords, and then bleated obediently. The tourist who was etching, the tourist who was stringing a violin, the tourist who was reading Musset's "Rolla," looked up and liked it. Jessie had a host of little lovers, who swung their beaded toes from the opening of the hatch, when discouraged from coming further, and, when exasperated by her rigors, fought. Her eye glanced calmly at them, dangling around the square of the hatch above, as she pursued the thread of her melody. Soon a lad, to whom she had mercilessly recommended ablation, as she crushed him in descending, darted off like a stage bandit, seemingly to report Jessie's truancy at the maternal wash-tub; for a more loyal admirer shouted out: "Oh, Psychsy, here's a boy goin' to tell on Jessie Miller for fun!"

But she needed no champion; just interrupting her song sufficiently to exclaim:

"Go on, Runtty Pebbles; I know where you hid father's scullin' oar!"—she brought her defamer to a dismayed stop; and immediately, with unruffled greatness of soul, resumed her soft invitations to the company to meet her on a conjectural beautiful shore, at the maturity of those uncertain kalends known as the sweet by and by.

At Troy, the great Erie Canal parts from the Northern Canal, the latter pursuing a direct parallel of longitude, toward Lake Champlain. DeWitt Clinton's classical constructions elicited the artistic approval—the cyclopean lock-masonry, the weighing-stations of the American ultra-classic period, with pediment, Doric columns, abacus, and wreaths of laurel under the cornice. They had the *cachet*, it was admitted. The team of mules, being attached, soon quitted the

left bank, crossed two bridges, and proceeded up the east bank, bumping off the head of a statue or two by way of settling the floating studio in its new way. Incontinently, and while the leather-aproned lumber loaders are yet cheering the departure, a Cromwellian clock is laid over on its face. Bell boweth down, Nebo stoopeth, and a terra-cotta nymph of Clodion's is eternally divorced from the importunate Cupid who pursues her.

So far the journey had been delightful, but there had been something prosaic and commonplace about the motive power involved. It was therefore with a sense of positive exultation, on this afternoon, that the Club experienced the first impulse of the pair of sturdy mules, and felt a thrill of pleasure at realizing the true poetry of motion that the humble and misunderstood tow-path confers. Out of West Troy the *John C. Earle* glided with the stately bearing of a swan; out into the open country, among the beautiful lowlands, amidst scenery the most enchanting and simple, away from the smoke and the chimneys, the steamers and the tugs, the bustle and the industry of the busy river and the tireless railroads. The Club felt a new sensation; it was as if the expedition had had a new and better beginning—as if what had preceded had been a condition of probation, of which this was the reward, and that now only was the real enjoyment to commence. It abandoned itself to circumstances, threw all the cares and responsibilities of life upon Daniel and Deuteronomy, made Priam the custodian of its bric-à-brac, and plunged headlong into Arcadia.

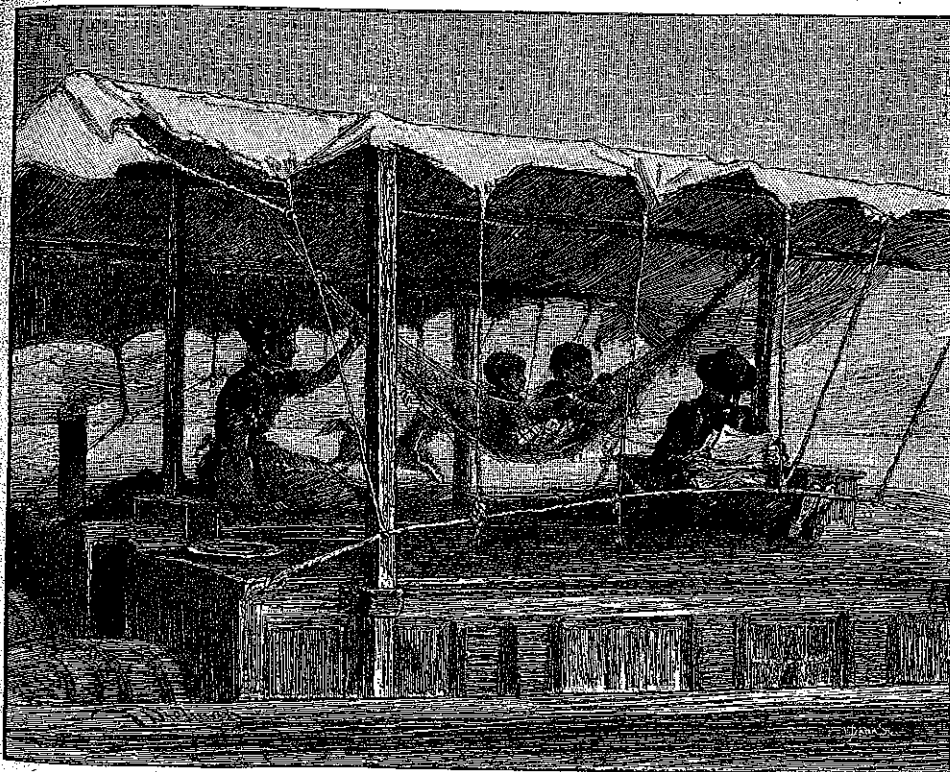
Some great willows at a bend in the canal seemed most inviting. There was a quiet farm-house among them, and at sunset the boat glided under their overhanging branches and found a temporary resting-place in Weaver's Basin. Here the boat was tied up, and before long the deep grass among the willows—which ought to have been mowed, but wasn't—broke out with easels; also with a wash-tub, introduced by the captain's wife, who executed some vigorous aquarelles. The willows themselves became decoratively ambitious, and every morning dropped a veil of shadow-lace upon the awning. The artists took the hint, and by simply tracing the shadows secured for their pavilion a system of ornament superior to anything designed by William Morris. The musical members of the party developed horribly; those who had before been simple *virtuosi* were seized with the itch of con-

posing, and all the agonies of experimental counterpoint groaned through the studio. It is but justice to the Barytone, however, to say that he did not yield to this uneasy mania. His thunder was modest and took the good old paths, confining itself to other men's compositions. Perhaps it was the contrast, but his morning ballads under the willow-patterned canopy seemed to his friends better than usual; even the composing lunatics dropped their dismal originality to lend him an accompaniment.

"I don't quite like your use of that diminished seventh," said Polyphemus from above, projecting his head over the combing of the hatchway as he reposed prone upon the deck.

"No?" said the Horsehair, with concern: "I thought I effected the gradation very nicely!" and he tried it again. "Isn't that right?" he asked in great perplexity.

"Well," said Polyphemus, disposing himself for sleep, "if you'll tell me what the dickens a diminished seventh is, I'll try and



THE HOME CIRCLE.

Down in the cabin, one day of peace, the estimable Horsehair was seated at the piano with a small table at his right, composing a little romanza of his own fancy. The Tilers were away in the fields, the Captain snored on the roof of the cabin, Daniel was at the silent industries of his kitchen, and in the willows that overarched the boat was the sleep-compelling drone of a myriad life. The worthy Horsehair was immersed in his theory and harmony, but after a while he put aside the fragmentary experimental, placed his paper before him, and played a pretty movement with a distinct idea in it.

let you know. Of such," he murmured, "is indeed art criticism!"

The utmost revenge taken by the well-bred Horsehair was to criticise the artist members in terms of his profession, in turn rallying the figure-painter, the sculptor, and the copyist from nature, on the shamelessness of their embroidering.

The days here were hot and laborious. The Owl painted the willows, Sirius reproduced the passing canal-teams, the Griffin, with a sliver of charcoal, harvested the rank meadow-grass, and Catgut, constituted major-domo, overlooked the chickens, which

had moped and assumed catalepsy when cooped on deck, but which, turned into clover, instantly cackled and took to fighting. The nights brought a balm of rest, a

velop itself as an etching does." This from the Owl, who has sketched the studio in charcoal.

"Have you seen the new graphite pen



POSING ON DECK.

forbiddance of cares. It was prime to insult the country by sitting up till one o'clock!

"We are innocent," said Polyphemus, "but we are not milksops."

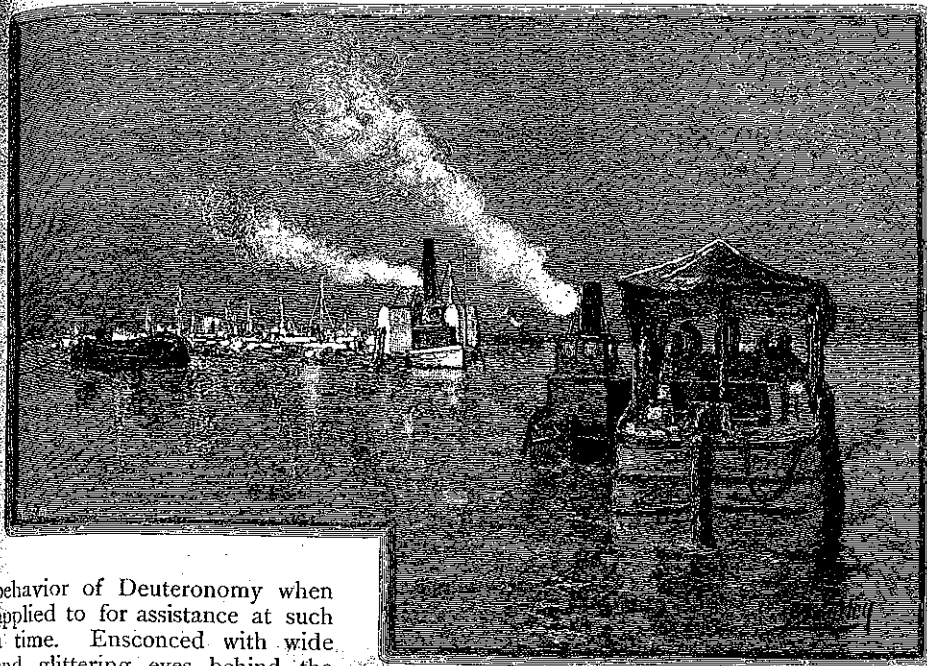
The mammoth Chinese lantern was lit at dusk, and hung from the ridge-pole of the canopy, as big as the nimbus around a saint in a Gothic window; systems and satellites of little Japanese paper lights surrounded it, and defined the outline of the deck, while the darkling trees grew and towered to immense heights above. In the studio beneath decks, there would be the rival groups—the group around the long table, with the perspective of student-lamps, and abundance of paint-boxes, paper-blocks, and the like; and the group around the piano-candles. At such times the conversation would be professional.

"The objection that has always been made to charcoal is, that though it is velvety, it is nothing but surface; you get all there is of it at once; you can't live with a charcoal opposite your bed—it doesn't de-

vil?" asks the Hawk, producing an object like a carpenter's marker. (Sensation, and grouping of heads around the prize.) "The prejudice that has stuck to point is, that it is a little mealy and thin. But here is a point that opens up infinity."

"Rubinstein always touched that note with his ring-finger," says a pianist, "but I can't get it so, I must play it with my nose, I believe. By the way, have you noticed the exquisite cry with which Phileas starts the canal-mules? It is D flat, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't. Try." And the piano, the 'cello, and many voices are exerted until the note is matched. Then the mule-cry becomes a dramatic gag among the company, and everybody is exercising the long diminuendo of its cadence. The slightest interruption, in such a company, is like the passage of a keeper through a menagerie, and evokes a chorus. Then the board of workers, settling back and bracing the table-edge with the points of its slippers, awakes to the fact that it needs refreshment. A never-failing joy was the



PARTING COMPANY WITH THE TOW AT WEST TROY.

behavior of Deuteronomy when applied to for assistance at such a time. Ensconced with wide and glittering eyes behind the water-cooler, so long as the talk was fragmentary and impersonal, this concentration of it upon himself had the narcotic power of plunging him into profound



JESSIE MILLER.

and dense slumber. Stung by the improvised assegais of the company, Deuteronomy would learn that the most distant member desired, say, a measure of—ink, administered in a Flemish mug. It was fine to see him advance imperturbably through the legs of the party, as they braced the table, never on any account going behind. He would not give the least sign of seeing those impediments, but, with his glazed eye fixed on the furthest member, would precipitate his inertia through the line of locks thus opened and closed for his passage. Accompanied, preceded, and followed up by an elevation and a crash of human legs, fortified by philosophy and faith against the imminence of sprawling, Deuteronomy slouched and plowed his way with severity, always reducing to grave dumbness the persecutors who witnessed this sublime and tranquil penetration of matter.

Meanwhile, the idlers on deck would watch the passing canal-teams, invisible on shore, but sharply defined in the reflections that walked patiently along upon their backs, trampling the mirrored stars.

In this region the tramp seems to have acquired his highest development. Not a morning but produced him in some new unimagined phase. There was one gloriously worthless fellow who wore the stump

of his left arm in a mathematical instrument case. He had been with Livingstone on



A TOW-GIRL.

the Zambesi, or the Ngami, or something or other. This erudite person adapted himself to his audience—he had doubtless adapted himself to many. Exerting his faculties in the hope and direction of a treat of whisky, of which he was ultimately disappointed, he began to slander a certain modern explorer.

“He never got within three hundred mile of that river,—I met his own men coming back, and they reported fifty mile of bog on each side of it, and he writes that it was a hilly country.”

Noticing the boat-captain joining the circle on the grass, this astute nomad passively remarked that he had been a canal-driver in early life.

“And a whaler, too, over yonder,” he added, with a circular gesture of the instrument case, vaguely indicating Willard’s Mountain, to the east. “I’ve thieved many a wounded whale from ships that was rotten and couldn’t defend their own. Oh, those pious New Bedford skippers! I could tell how some of ’em made their fortun’s.”

Upon this the New Bedford artist, furtively sketching

the visitor, was reviled by his companion—especially by the Virginia sculptor, looking up from modeling the tramp’s profile in beeswax.

“Good glory, they might as well have it as some of them dun-rotted Virginia slave drivers!” observed the tramp, lazily rolling over into some deeper grass, and the Virginian was quenched in his turn.

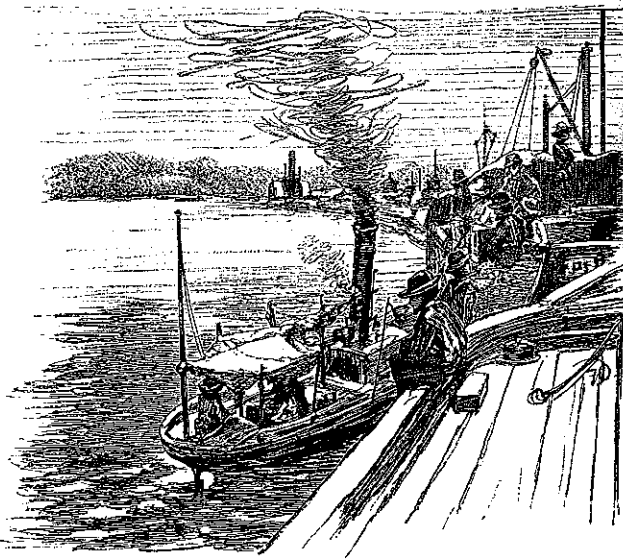
There was even—whether you believe it or not—a fleeting female virtuoso. Accompanied by her boy she wandered through the fields with a flute, creating Arcady beneath her feet as she tramped. They stopped where the Marine was busy studying the other side of the canal, with those quick up-and-downs of his head as he compared his touches with their originals. The lad, a bright rascal of twelve, was hauling a little wagon filled with what seemed to be household effects done up in particularly small bundles.

“A handy method of getting your marketing home,” said the kind Marine (a family man), referring to this equipage.

“Augh,” she retorted, “it’s very little I’ve to do with marketing or home either.”

And pausing, she went off into one of those peculiarly Irish brown studies which the reader knows.

“What, you have no home?” said the artist, melted by the importunate thought of his own. “Then you are what the cold world brands as a tramp?”



A VISIT FROM THE BUMBOAT, NEAR TROY.

In reply she cocked her eye raven-like, and crooned:

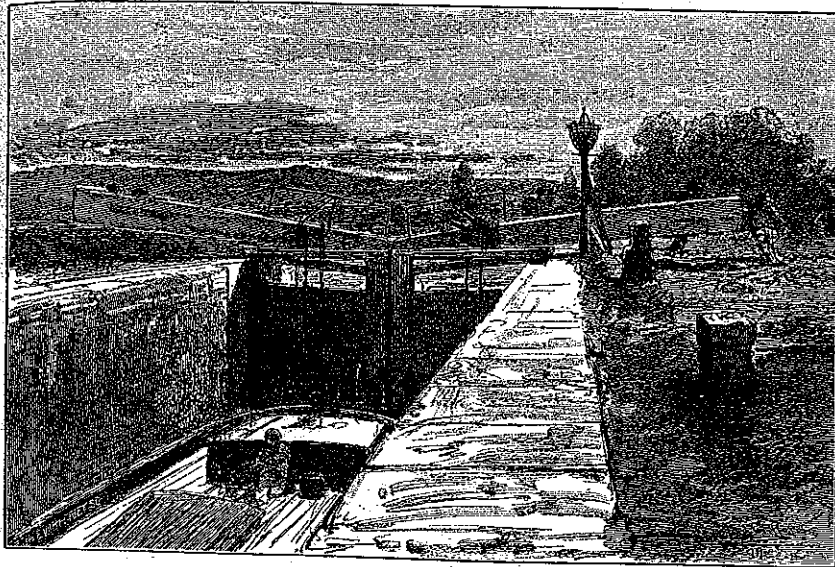
"But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?" with a hoarse approach to a tune.

"A philosopher and a scholar," mused

"Maybe; but what there is I make the best of!"

And she nonchalantly sat down on the bank to bathe her feet in the canal.

"It is a big foot-bath, you see. And



A LOCK NEAR TROY.

the Marine, regretting that he was not a figure painter.

"Enough of both to take things as they come," said this extraordinary mendicant, who picked up everything you said with a crow-like eye and an ever ready repartee.

"I'm hardly wise enough to like to do that myself," confessed the artist.

"It's little wisdom one wants that has no property."

"But you have not always been like this?" queried the man of family, stimulated to some pity by this jauntness that sought no pity.

"My father was land-steward at Arrah Castle, and my husband's gone away with a better-tempered woman," confessed the philosopher.

"But he abused you first?"

"He was a fine form of a man. You're much like him."

"You ought to be glad of the riddance."

"But I'm a woman!"

Her quickness with this, and the look of her eye, were inimitable.

"And less of a philosopher than I thought."

that's a fine picture you're making. I know pictures. It's a copper-plate, and there was copper-plates at the Castle as plenty as wall-paper."

Until money, which the conversation melted out of the Marine, was offered, she held her special talent in reserve. Then, still sitting like Imogen or Musidora, and undoing one of the bundles in the little wagon, she produced an old, perfectly unvarnished flute which was carefully wrapped in waste cloths. "I wouldn't be taking your money for nothing," she observed, eying her solitary audience as she attached the pieces of the antique instrument. "I'm in the arts myself. I've heard my father play it at Arrah, and shook a foot myself with the lads on the green." The Marine looked up, his philologic interest awakened; a tramp who really spoke of "the green" was good as Goldsmith. "It's more 'an a hundred years old. Now, you see, this is the lark a-calling." And, still on the ground, she smiled into the flute with a flute-player's peculiar smile on her tanned face. "That's him a-calling to his mate, and this is the answer." Then came an assortment of the characteristic melodies

of Erin, which generally somehow find the heart, even when hoarsely delivered. "And that's the way that old Kerry Shelah and the boy earn a roof for their heads on the few nights they want one."

With which exposition of her business principles this footsore Thespian faded softly off into the dust of the tow-road.

A certain conscience of sloth, a sense that the mule of progress was all the while tugging at the line of duty, made even Weaver's Basin irksome at length. The Owl explained that, while violent delights have violent ends,

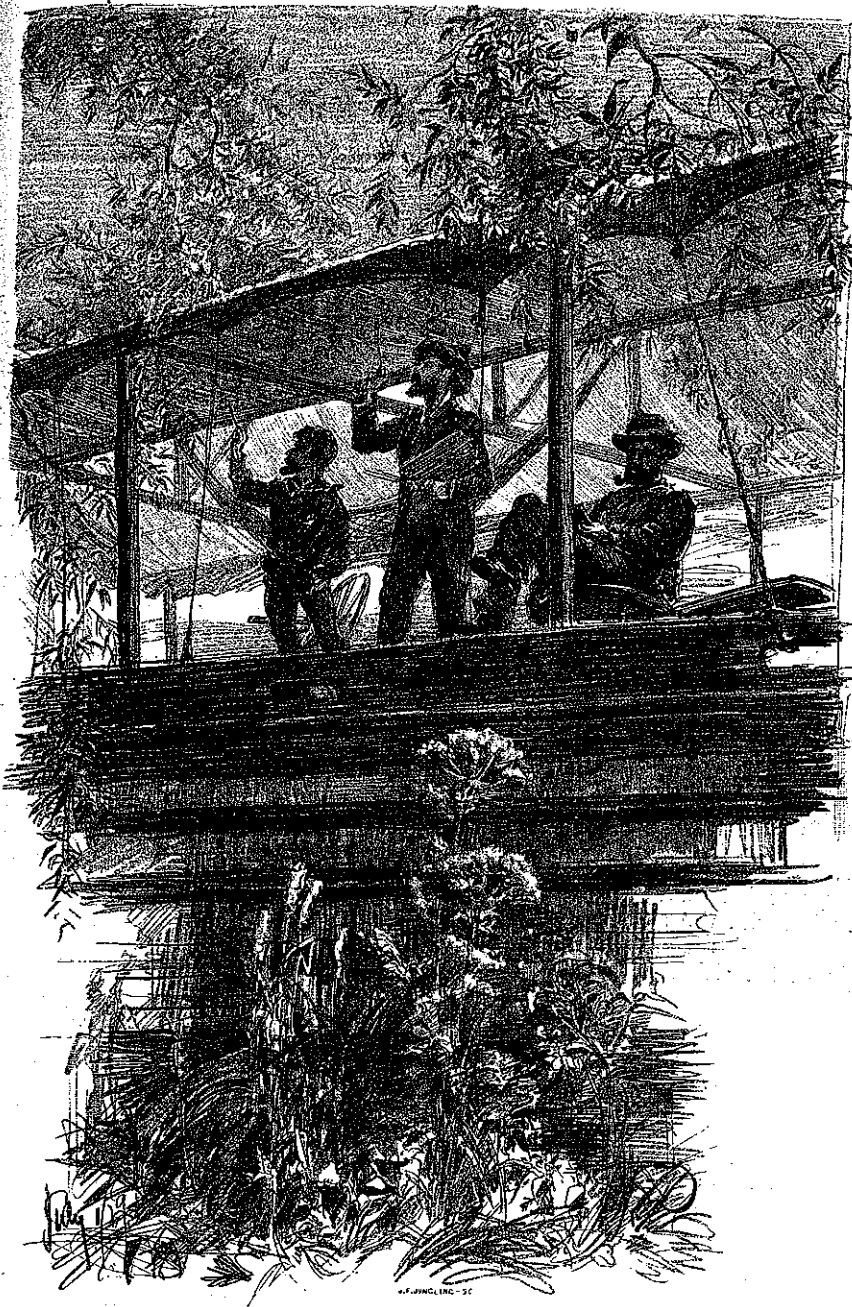
even lazy delights have ropes' ends. So the line was attached. The mules, much puzzled with their decorations of Spanish bridles and Japanese fans, stretched themselves to the task; the canal-boy drove them, and, having occupied the interval in incessant bathing, was demonstrably the cleanest mule-driver on the continent. The canal, ahead, was punctuated with little settlements, each named from a fort; and these old defensive terms strongly suggested the day when the stretch between Champlain and Hudson was no peaceful route for tourists, but a braid of Indian trails and military corduroys; and when the scattered colonists were called on to fight, first with the English against the French, and then with the French against the English, complicating their service with the slippery alliance of the redskins.

The fourth day of July came round punctually, as the tourists reached the historic fields of Saratoga. The artists wiped their faces, and explored the classic haunts, blazing with American glory and with Fahrenheit. The mayor and councils of Schuylerville, having visited the boat, having bathed their faculties in its artistic wealth, having exchanged some witty club-stories with its accomplished anecdotards, and wiped their appreciative beards over its hospitality, reciprocated these little attentions like men of sense. One enchanting morning their glossy Saratoga carriages wound down in a procession to the wharf. The Tilers included themselves in these conveyances, each of which had thoughtfully been furnished with a historic recollection, in the shape of an elderly and communicative native. Thus, with every advantage of company and elucidation, they trotted back, with smoking horses, into the midst of the eighteenth century.

As they went, the old epic movement recommenced, before their eyes, in the morning haze. What is this warlike pageant, passing before the black pines of Lake Champlain, in the dawn-fog? It is Burgoyne, with his Canadian army, his brigades accurately displacing one another, as he sets them down and takes them up at successive points of the shore, each advance quitting camp at the peep of dawn, and the flotilla scaring the morning birds as it sweeps its brigs and sloops and gun-boats behind the paper-bark toy-boats of the Indian fleet. Poor Burgoyne, the poetaster and wit, means to outdo the triumphs of his predecessors in the old French war. He thinks to



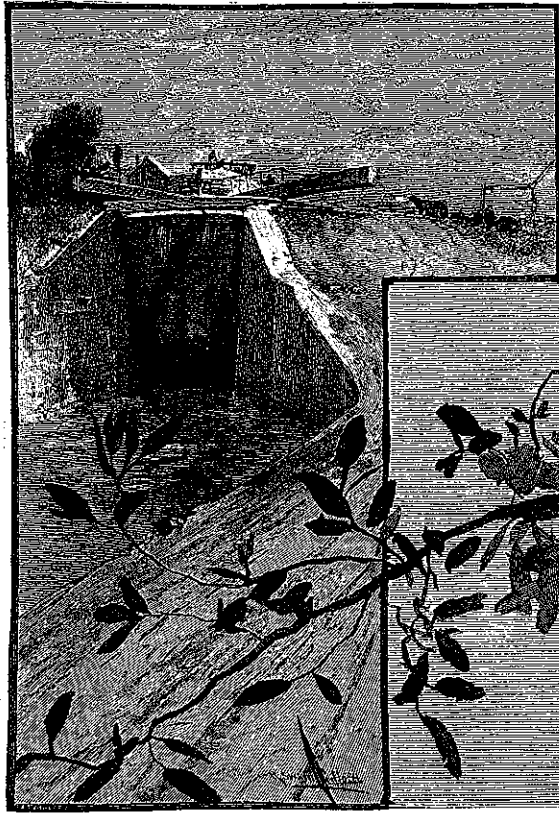
ART CRITICISM AT WEAVER'S BASIN.



SHADOW-PAINTING.

repeat Wolfe's glories at Abraham's Heights, without his early death; or to earn again Amherst's emoluments for the capture of Ticonderoga and Niagara, in 1759, at which actions he had himself assisted. Gliding insensibly down the glossy stage of this

supreme theater, he thinks how Wolfe recited Gray's "Elegy," and couplets and tags of embryotic poetry dance in his head. Does he not wish his pretty wife were here, Earl Derby's daughter, whom he had wooed and won in a scapegrace elopement, years



A DECORATIVE NOTION.

before? Could he not repeat to her copies of verse, not borrowed, like that pedant Wolfe's, but with the advantage of authorship—merry quips from his forthcoming comedy of the "Heiress," yet an unborn

creature of his brain—or, perhaps, with sweeter voice and tenderer intention, the beautiful numbers, to be used in his opera, "The Lord of the Manor," beginning, "Encompassed in an Angel's Frame"? These accomplished knights, descending on a lesson-teaching errand toward the American boobies, were high-strung, chivalrous, cultured, uxorious. Burgoyne dreams gallantly of his stolen bride, who shall wear the honors he is to win. The fair Hessian, Baroness Riedesel, is now flying from Quebec, on the wings of desire, to join her lover-like lord. The baroness' adventure, so long as it was free, was perilous; after it was fettered, among the American captors, it was tender, soothing, and romantic. This lovely lady becomes, in time, the Clio of the history. She is educated, observant, and genial. She watches the funeral of Frazer, who had died crying, "My poor wife!" and at whose interment chaplain Bredenell's prayer-book was incessantly made illegible with earth, scattered by the unconscious Yankee cannon balls. Lady Ackland, whom she calls the loveliest of women, shares her housekeeping in the British camp, at Bemis Heights. Poor Ackland, fattest among the sons of England, had been shot in both his plump legs, and carried off by his friends in relays, first on the back of a faith-



UNDER THE WILLOWS.



THE MARINE.

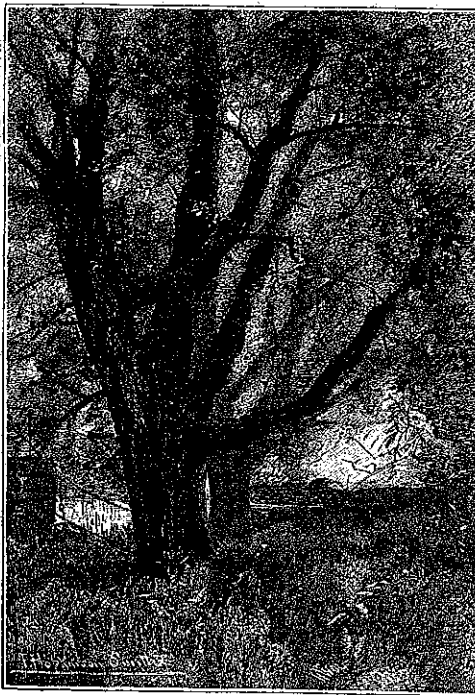
Riedesel's own rank and file include persons of education and refinement. There is the poet, Seume, conscripted from his studies in the Leipsic University; and there are the accounts of the German officers, such as the "Briefwechsel," where the campaigner makes fun of the respect shown by the American yeomen for the powdered wigs of the Colonial generals.

The visitors saw it all, through the diminishing end of destiny's field-glass: this pompous advance, and the unmitigated failure; this lofty European urbanity confounded before the bumpkins; this splendid, rolling battle-cloud dissolving its lightnings in prolonged discomfiture without a victory; Burgoyne's leg of mutton knocked by a cannon off his mess-table on the Fishkill; Mrs. Schuyler setting fire to her wheat-field lest Burgoyne should reap it; the British officers' favorite hunting-dogs pining in captivity along with the British officers' highly-connected wives; luckless Ackland set on fire by his pet pointer, who upset the candle in his tent, so that the major (whose weight became the repeated test of friendship) had to be carried out of the smoke by his sergeant; and then, desperately returning for his wife, was again stupefied and again carried out,—his portly form the perpetual equilibrium of his friends' regard for him.

The tourists were shown the still eloquent scenes of these events. The room in the old Neilson House, headquarters of the American generals, whither Lady Ackland was taken to nurse her fat and prostrate lord, still remains. In the mansion where for several nights Baroness Riedesel was bombarded by the Americans, the artists were shown

ful officer, then on the shoulders of a sturdy grenadier, only to be plumped into the arms of the American captors by his last bearer, and to be nursed into health, in not into lerable captivity, by his tender wife. There were choice spirits, too, among the Hessians.

the cellars where the fugitive lady lived so long in terror; the Continentals kept up an industrious fire upon it, under the impression that it was the castle of the British generals, instead of the refuge of a gentle lady. In those basements the fair dame played the part of a veritable angel—a German angel. With one hand she made soups for the wounded who were brought in; with the other she covered the mouth of her screaming little Frederika, the child who safely grew up to be the Countess von Reden and the friend of Humboldt. In this sad cavern the recording stylus of history still shows its legible penmanship; the beam or rafter stretches near the cannon-ball that shattered it, above the floor on which the anxious mother counted the hours of the night, sitting on the ground with her children in her lap; and a sovereign of 1776, dug from the earth, perhaps a bit of the British gold that paid her Hessian husband, is exhibited, with the usual tomahawks and flint-locks of this sort of museum. Near by is the Schuyler Mansion, fabled to have



A PANG IN BLACK AND WHITE.

been rebuilt in seventeen days by Burgoyne, in reparation for his having fired the adjacent residence of General Schuyler while retreating. The General's fine old Dutch castle of 1610 was within a stone's throw, and an



ONLY PREPOSSESSING VIEW OF THE OWL.

abundance of the imported Holland bricks are still dug up from the grounds. An aged colonel, a pattern of old-school military etiquette, exhibited the beautiful centenarian of bricks and mortar; a confidential agent of General Schuyler's son, he had first managed the establishment and then purchased it, using it now as a shelter for his honored age. His charming daughter explained the curiosities of the rooms, then laughed and excavated some costumes and trinkets. When tired, she sank into a settle a hundred years old, threw a Queen Charlotte parasol

upon an Abercrombie chair, and said that if she didn't rub up the andirons soon they would look as old as the hills.

No finer flavor could well be found than the *ton* of some of the old town families, who here made the acquaintance of the canal-boat. Dating back to the Holland burghers of Rotterdam and the Hague, proud of the Vans and Tens in the family names, secluded from the metropolis, but sensitively conscious of Saratoga, the belles of these rural seats had more of the style of the delicious French country-house than is easily found elsewhere in our raw nation. They were cultured, rustic, innocently pleased, proud, and simple. They flocked into the boat, in the wee hours that followed a strawberry festival, and were vastly set up at the thought of being out after midnight; the vicinage of the traveling studio was an occasion and a pretext for unprecedented larks. They were waited on by beaux who for a fortnight had been waxing their moustaches, and keeping the brims of their silk hats in curl-papers for the Fourth of July. The maidens trooped through the barge, clothing themselves, as they went, with the choicest morsels of the artistic shop. There was a mandarin's crape robe, embroidered with silk puppies, which was an especial favorite; a young miss came out with innocent courage in the spoils of a Turco; Mongolian pagoda hats and Franz Hals ruffs were all one to these ambitious costumers, and nothing could be fairer than the blonde kappelmeister who touched the



PROWLINGS OF THE OWL.

mano (in a Rembrandt toque and Vandyke collar) with notes of a Handel hymn, to which the words of "Yankee Doodle" were somehow found to fit to a marvel.

"I am content with the battle-field," the

had their mates but he. His friend answered him, as a friend should; "Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, Sam, don't let your courage go down; there's many a belle, that I know well, is waiting for you in the town."



A BIT OF SCHUYLERVILLE.

Griffin was pleased to declare, well on towards morning. "Arnold distinguished himself here, and if he had had the luck to be shot by Frazer instead of shooting him, would have been a saint."

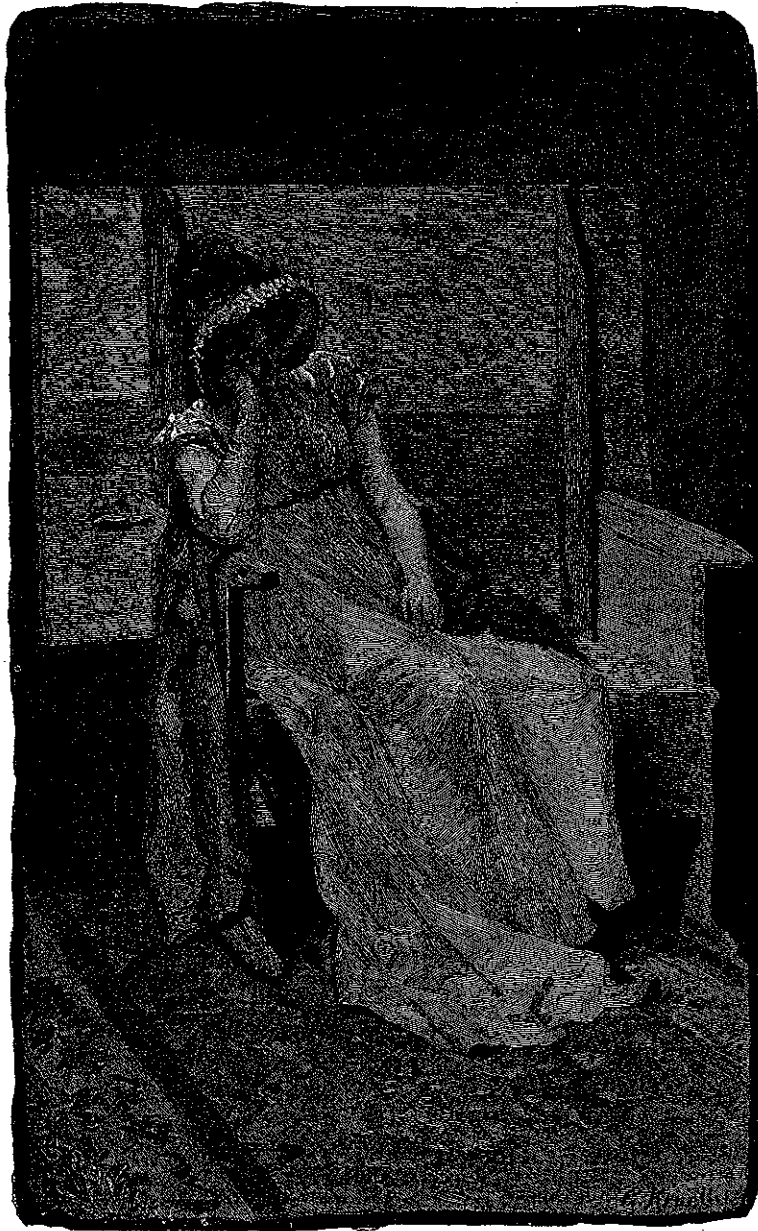
"I can't much pity the literary man," assented the O'Donoghue, alluding to Burgoyne. "His pen was mightier than his sword. He was to extend the triumphs of Quiberon and Quebec. It was only a little while after Horace Walpole had declared that he was forced to ask every morning what victory there was, for fear of missing one. Then Burgoyne went home, and took to writing farces. I like these compensations of a literary life."

"I like Miss Vandeneckhout better than Miss Tenkate-kateels," said the simple and gallant Cadmium. "Her hair is tawnier."

Meanwhile, on the wharf, two belated celebrants of the Fourth were vaguely heard consoling each other in musical snatches. One moaned that the fox and the hare, and the beaver and the bear, and the bird in the greenwood tree, and the pretty little rabbits so frisky in their habits—they all

The delightful contrast to these village orgies lay in the calm glide along the canal which would follow. There were many small towns to meet, and at each the kind inhabitants, long before advised of the coming of the Tilers, presented themselves with cunning gifts of flowers and fruits. Aesthetic teas became possible. The ladies in these places proved to possess an erudition in bric-à-brac surpassing all belief. As the fair processions coursed through the boat, —laying on their graceful shoulders, as they went, such Venetian or Eastern ornaments as caught their fancy—and as the musical members contributed a modest orchestral background or relief, it became a habit of some of the club to reel off a string of elucidations, as much in the style of the menagerie as possible. But it was very common for these officious explainers to be cut off by auditors better informed than themselves, or for their audacious inventions to be detected ignominiously. For instance:

"This trophy, ladies, exhibits halberets, yataghans, Algerian guns and pistols inlaid with turquoise, and the famous Greek



NICE GIRL IN AN OLD CHAIR.

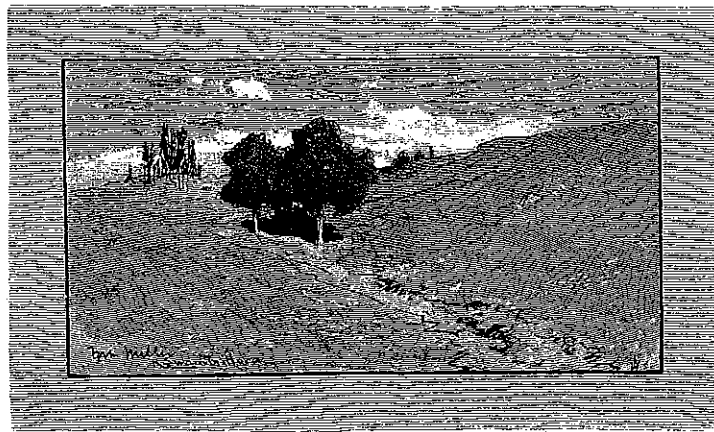
arquebus which shoots round the corner. I picked it up, in fact, in the Corner palace in Venice. This little implement resembling a skeletonized hand, garnished with fingernails of lead, is the dreaded Russian knout——”

“Oh, I know,” the editor’s wife would exclaim (it was invariably an editor’s wife or a clergyman’s wife who thus wreaked

herself on interruption); “the boyar’s wife always presents it to her husband just before marriage, like a kind of engagement ring, and begs him not to spare her. And if you happened to be an editor’s wife, Maria, as I am, you would be flogged with it barefoot to Siberia every time your husband clipped one of Mark Twain’s jokes. And serve you right, I think!”

"This figure, ladies, is either a Hindoo idol or a Peruvian mummy, as is evident from its having lost its head; in our country it is the young man who loses his when

twenty feet across, Italian, and shows Nebuchadnezzar feeding among the beasts. There is a really interesting symbol connected with tapestry, ladies. The workman



SPIRIT OF A NORMANDY DAY.

he worships the idol. You smile, young ladies, so you know I am right. But the particular Tiler who adores this image is on deck, and I can't explain it properly. These wooden saints are from England, and were all knocked down by Cromwell in person, as is proved by the mutilations. They were knocked down to Polyphemus in Wardour street. The beauty of them is; that they have all been worshiped, like the heathen ones. The stuffed crocodile is in a mutilated condition, the owner's Chinese laundryman having devoured the most of it surreptitiously, as medicine. The tiger skins are tokens of our own prowess, the animals having been fought with incredible gallantry by a couple of us in Ann street."

No clown's jokes ever became the sawdust better than these follies fitted the audience. It was "Oh lawk, Amelia, you can't see an inch of the sides, they're all broc'telle; and the floor is like Cousin Martha's matting, only with a diamond;" and "This in the frame is beautiful. I know, it is a water-color. And I can read the signature on it, Boldini. It is exactly like Frank Overton's wife paints on fans." But the snapper-up of unconsidered explanations was ever on the alert to fulfill her function.

"You have noticed the tapestries, ladies. That which curtains off the kitchen is a high-warp Presentation in the Temple, and Flemish. The one on the other side is

constructs them entirely from the back, and so he never sees ——"

At that the local editor's wife—it was at —— that this happened—assumed an expression of real horror, and her countenance became livid.

"Oh, *don't* go into the tapestry-weaver and the reverses of the present life! Four times



DAMPNESS ON THE TOW-PATH.

crooned, the stooped figure crept to the steps and effected its ascension, and you may believe that not a Tiler smiled.

This serious conference, which had been heard attentively by the black assistants,



"COMB TO THE SUNSET TREE."

was provocative of an interesting theological discussion next day among the acolytes of the chapel. The chapel, so called, was a dim corner of the saloon, draped with the Nebuchadnezzar tapestry and adorned with a large Spanish crucifix, which was flanked on one side by a gilded St. Roch, in his pilgrim garb; on the other by a corresponding St. Joseph. Madonnas of Gothic acerbity were rather abundant in this corner; there were several pendent Italian lamps, and there was a swinging thurible, usu-

ally hung before the Madonna, which it was the duty of Deuteronomy to keep burning with incense,—a task which, it need not be said, he neglected with fervent constancy. A dark and private corner, his habitual preference honored the chapel when he wished to rehearse the slumber of the just; and here was the dialogue held, over the insensible body of the lad, until he arose and joined the conversation with an awakener. The eaves-dropper who culled the colloquy did not catch it all, but reported it as something admirable and unique. It seemed that the waiter, a worldling of the Long Branch order, was being taken to task by the pious and conscientious cook. The former was expressing the most ghastly worldliness and time-service.

"What I knows, I knows. If one of dese gentlemen gives me dis two-shillin' piece, or maybe a dollah, I aint a-goin' to give it to Zion."

"But you get your interest a hundred fold," urged Daniel.

Upon this Deuteronomy straightened himself up. The scene was rather picturesque, for the tapers and swinging lamps were lighted, and the incense, for a wonder ignited, diffused its spicy fume in wide arcs.

"Now, you two men, just listen to me," quoth Deuteronomy. "Hyar's the real church sign, that can't lie. Dis figure woved into de carpet hyar is Daniel, and he's a-pointin'. D'udder is Neb'chadnezzar, but he is out o' his head and we don't have to take no notice. Daniel is a-pointin', and it was Daniel counted de times and seasons, de good lady said. And now —"

They were in the habit of listening to the lad's monotonous drawl, which occasionally concealed a purpose. This time it did, for before his colleagues were aware he had neatly and without objection possessed himself of the half-dollar which the two arguers had produced between them, and, on pretense of consulting the oracle, dropped the whole into a rent just under the prophet's hand, whence it fell into a crevice known to Deuteronomy alone.

"When dat's return to you, it will be return a hund'ed fol'," he said, and the whites of his eyes fairly shone.

Through these conversations and incidents the barge moved insensibly forward, the unconscious motion interfering with no labor, yet gradually and magically shifting the external vision. None of the party had ever before experienced the charm of absolutely insensible movement, and as the world

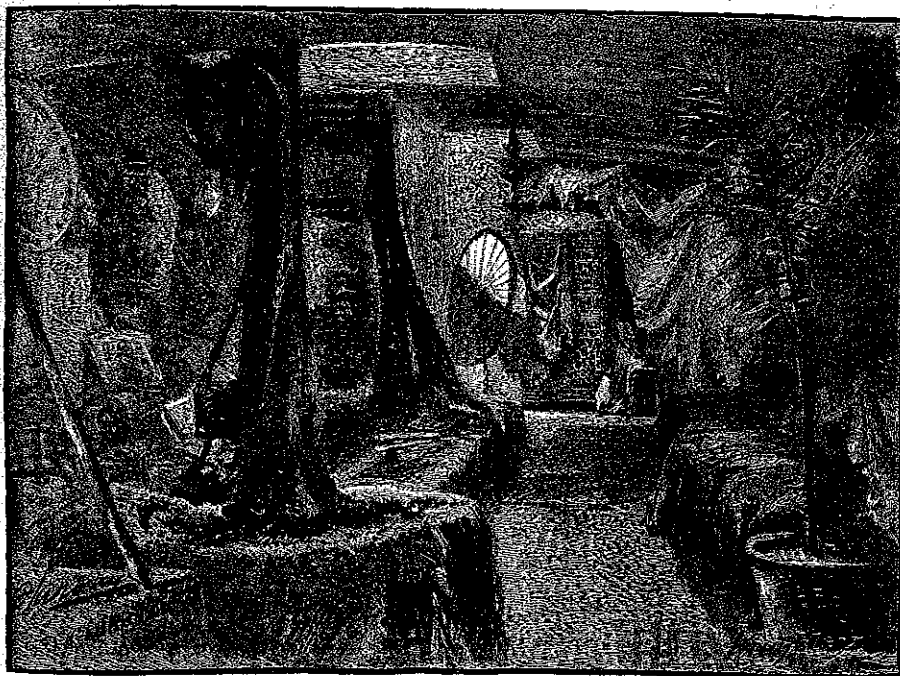
slowly unrolled before their eyes, diorama-like, they pursued their professional avocations, undisturbed by the slightest jar, yet never in the same place for two moments. The Owl cultivated the art of short-hand sketching, and exhausted the scenery as he traversed it. If the region was artistically good and the Owl was invisible, the O'Donoghie would shout:

"Why isn't the Owl up here, pumping Nature?"

And, obedient to his mission, the sketcher would emerge, and desolate the whole country with his omnivorous talent. The range of incident was charming, half-aqueous, half-pastoral. In one place they came to a tile-works,—a veritable Tuileries,—and, as tilers should, made themselves at home. The kiln, the mill that ground the clay, the heaps of tubes like crimson macaroni, the boy that minded the fire, all were food for artistic reflection. And the proprietor, the image of a French mustache retired from the war on his "*terres*," reddened his broad

McCrea, whom the Indians scalped as she was trying to join her British soldier-lover; the poor man, one of Burgoyne's troops, died in deep melancholy, they say, caressing the tress of long and abundant hair, which he had recovered. At Fort Ann, where the keeper of the "wood lock" had a pretty little girl, the canal joined Wood Creek, of which it afterward became a mere development, until it emptied into Lake Champlain. Here was a poetic and artistic spread of country, low and sedgy, with real, "practicable" will-of-the-wisps dancing over the stagnant waters at night, of which the real, living canal-drivers are really and positively afraid, in 1879 and probably in 1880. Enchanting "business" for lookers-up of the picturesque! And here they saw the wrecked canal-boat, the *Evening Star*, ignominiously quenched in the twilight, with its heavenly protonym palpitating in the vapor above it.

And so, past all the legendary chain of old Anglo-French forts,—Fort Hardy, Fort



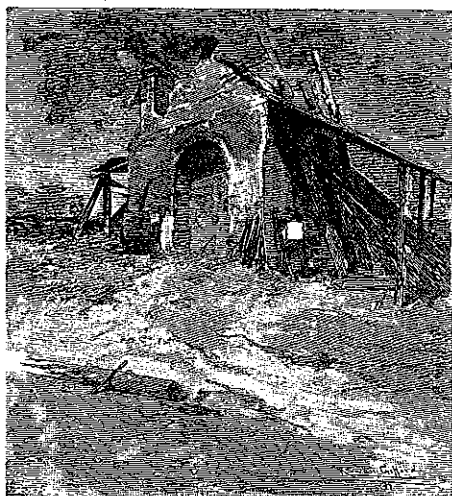
NORTH END OF SALON—1879.

face with an additional "firing," as he bore down upon the departing boat with an enormous pail of pure country milk. At Fort Edward, there was the grave-stone, chipped to a ruin by tourists, of pretty tory Jenny

Miller, Fort Edward, Fort Ann,—the Club debouched by the dull Wood Kill into the mirroring waters of Lake Champlain. The embouchure is at a quaint old place, a canal-boatman's paradise, known to our fathers

from the name of Skene, the tory half-pay major who secured royal grants of thirty thousand acres hereabouts for his loyalty—a title which, unfortunately for him, the Revolution reversed. This time-server of Burgoyne leaves a rather sulphurous odor about the place; the carved and inscribed lintel over his park gate is still preserved, and it is well not to let his relics be destroyed, for as a monumental and memorable miser he is invaluable. Major Skene had a wife who received an annuity from England "so long as her body should be above ground." For eight years after her death the incarnation of avarice kept her remains in his cellar. Every year he made affidavit, with his servants for witnesses, that the conditions of the payment were still valid, and drew the pittance. People still living have seen a poor relation of the major's, Mary Skene Macferan, who lived to a great age, and remembered that, for seven successive years of her youth, she had made the sordid oath.

The memory of Skene went partly out in a fume when the revolution came, and his confiscated lands were rebaptized from the names of Colonel White and Major Hall; as Whitehall, the strange old place offered the tourists its hospitality. A pretty little cutter was placed at their disposal, and thus they went floating over the lake, touched on the shore of Vermont and drank its crystal spring-water, and, coming back, leaped out upon Putnam's Rock, where the farmer-soldier, when a young major in the British service, surprised the advancing French by night, and picked off two hun-



THE TILE BAKERY.



A TILE BAKER.

dred and fifty men from his ambush with his thirty rifles.

Sensible, however, that lakes were commonplaces, and that only canals were their affair, they longed to be reinstated in the *John C. Earle*, the only vessel that had ever seemed like home to any of them. And so the glad time came to board her again, and they took up their ravelled stitches, knitting together the same series of lovely rural towns, and greeting once more the friends who had hailed their upward passage. The Kill once again became the Canal, the Canal became the Hudson, and what was strange, it was all the same water. Finally, in the aquatic lumber district called Albany Side-Cut, they were tied again to the majestic tow, and floated into the mighty current with all the majesty of experience and ancient habit.

The passage down the Hudson was pure delight. It was a charming Sunday. The landscape, the mountains, the river, the barges, were all washed and dressed, and behaved themselves as for Sunday-school. Of the boats in the tow, more than one was an old friend, and the captains came aboard with hearty cheer, often walking the tow-lines between the boats, like rope-dancers, which is an accomplishment they have. These old neighbors naturally brought their friends to see the wonders of the sailing studio; so that the Tilers, as they lay at siesta on their tiger-skins, had again the sensation of their upward trip—the shaking tread

innumerable quite bare, quite clean, and heavy feet—the feet of an army of brave friendly captains, moving in parade through their boat, and reminding them irresistibly of the silent tramp of animals to the ark.

A fine Sunday afternoon on one of these rows is a social singularity. The captains are amicable and clean-shirted, dropping their quarrels if they have any, and exchanging the navy-cut of peace and good will. Their wives and girls become daz-

awning to shreds, but didn't turn a hair for you. It was a'most as poor a time as old Van Wart had on his boat, up to Oneida Lake, when he tried to anchor with his stove, and he run a bowlin' round the stove, and the stove slipped bowlin' and they was wrecked a'most all to nothin'!"

The Tiler's assistant steersman, the French-Canadian Phileas, had found an acquaintance, an educated boatman's daughter of old Skenesboro', who in the summer did menial duty on the canal-boat *Annie Gilli-*



THE LOCK-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

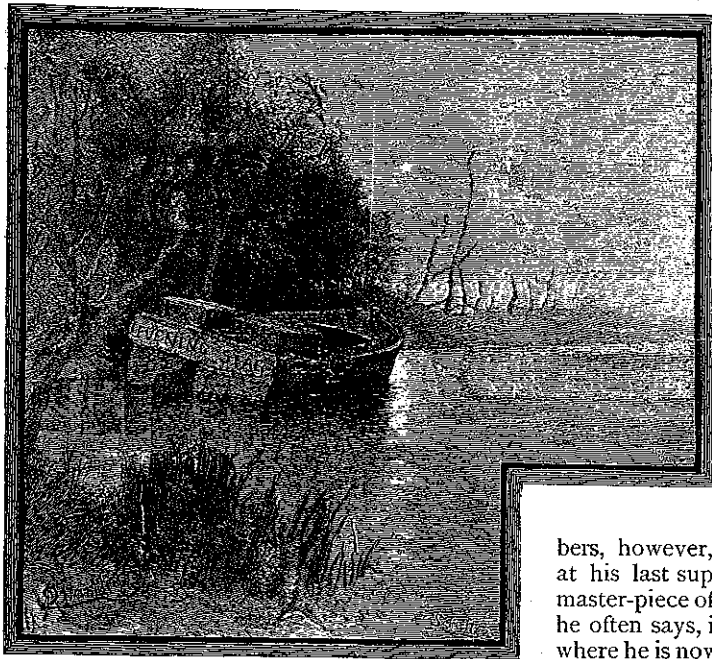
bling with jewelry and Worth-like in toilet. A fair boatman's daughter in a Sunday "costume," guiding the tiller with one hand as she sits on a pretty camp-chair, slowly waving a gauze fan with the other, and smiling to a smart young bachelor captain on the next barge, is a pretty sight for summer sunsets to see. Snatches of characteristic conversation reached the tourists.

"Quite a smart of a thunderstorm that was as we went up," said an old comrade of our trip, to Captain Davenport. "Tore my

gan, and in winter taught French and philosophy to a school maintained on the navy of barges hibernating at Jersey City.

Supposing themselves safe from auditors, the dark-eyed steersman and the phenomenal boatman's daughter conversed with the most desperate flirting intention.

Meanwhile, the Tilers' landlady, in her best clothes, was preparing to receive some matrons of her acquaintance, in the microscopic quarters that represented her experience of home.



CONSIDERATIONS OF SADNESS.

"Just wait, Mrs. Montgomery," she called up the step-ladder anxiously, "till I throw my old shaker into the ketch-all, and I'll be ready for you to come down. What news have ye now?"

"Why, we had a black snake in our holt, up to Whitehall, only last month, as ever it was! And it come into my own cabin. It put its head into the molasses, and it seemed to like that, and it eat up a lot of little cakes as was there, yes, and they shot it through the window; why they had it on the lock day in and day out, for a show; and if you've been to Whitehall they could have showed you the very lock where it was laid out."

"Laws, laws! and to think as it might have been in me as well as in you, and got into the gentlemen's provisions! But I'll ask 'em to let us go through the boat directly."

Presently, during this inspection, the visitor looks up at the sky through the hold.

"Lawks, Mary Ann Davenport, I do believe it's going to rain, and I've left my windows all open! I might just as well have left this dress of Maria's, for I haven't had time to put a stitch into it. Good-bye! You can come over and pay me a visit by moonlight."

The party lost its integrity when a little

row-boat, darning out from a turreted villa on the Hudson, bore off one of the members to his home, where his mother, a watcher in a tower-window, beheld the maneuver and compared herself to indefinite Rhine heroines of the Nibelungenlied. After this the descent to the city was commonplace. The era of uneasiness, of bag-strapping, of little casual good byes, was come. Daniel yet remem-

bers, however, the appetite displayed at his last supper, which he made the master-piece of his existence. "Laws!" he often says, in the sumptuous studio where he is now major-domo and brush-washer, "how the gemmen did pitch into that 'ere chicken brile that night!

'Peared like they wa'n't never going to get enough, nor of de waffles, neither." The portly and Zouave like waiter, who condescendingly visits him there occasionally, becomes reminiscent, and hopes that the gentlemen's appetites continue good, but remarks that one waiter to attend to that

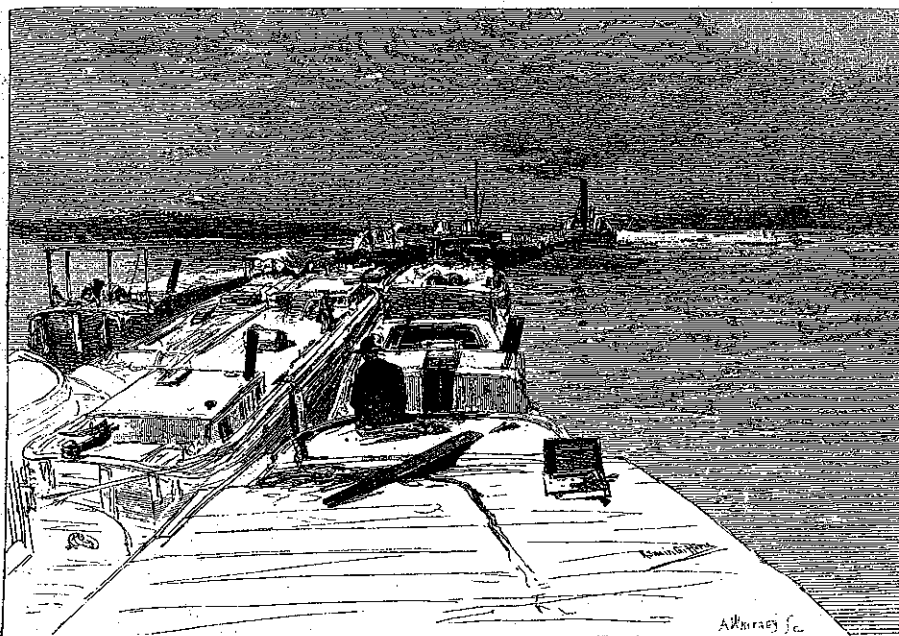


PHILEAS'S SWEETHEART.

number of famished artists at table is a mere derision. At Saratoga, his next summer home, the contingent of service will be differently calculated.

As for Deuteronomy, so wise in his generation,—the only tourist who contrived to make the trip a period of unbroken rest,—

his whereabouts are not accurately known. But it is the confident trust of every member of the Club that some one of our excellent American reformatory institutions has taken him in hand, to confer the moral benefits that they so well know how to extend.



COMING HOME.

VITA NUOVA.

THOUGH I recall no word, no glance, no tone,
 Whereon my eager memory might repose,
 Yet, like the earth where grew the Persian rose,
 I feel a higher life inspire my own;—
 And since that higher life I have been near,
 Some aura; some mysterious effluence,
 Transcending all the scope of thought or sense,
 Surrounds me like a rarer atmosphere;
 And dwelling now in this new element,
 The world of daily life exalted seems;
 I walk therein as in the realm of dreams,
 Following the thought that leads me on intent,
 As if a stream that wandered aimlessly
 Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.