LOG OF AN OCEAN STUDIO.

OU are not to take our title too seriously. From a serious point of view, it was not much of a studio; nor does this "rough log," as the sailors say, make a very strong appeal for solemn consideration. Such as it is, it has to do with the vacation fancies of seven artists voyaging to Antwerp. Their serious aim in crossing the sea was to visit the Paris Salon, and, after noting its degeneracy, to seek, each in his own way, for better counsel from the Old Masters in Holland and Spain. Their bond of union during the ocean trip was partly fellowship, and partly the idea of decorating the walls and ceiling of one of the ship's cabins as a novel means of killing time —poor Time, who is never thought well of unless he is niggardly, and who is never more generous than at sea.

Four of our party, a twelvemonth before, had originated the idea during a similar trip in a sister ship. It had been their good fortune to have the ladies' cabin for their ocean studio. In fact, their novel scheme seemed to have been built upon a new principle in æsthetics: "Art for the sake of the ladies' cabin."

We went aboard our steamer in the firm belief that no other cabin would do. It was a bitter disappointment, therefore, to learn after we were well out to sea, that—excepting the little lounging room at the head of the main companion-way—the ladies' cabin was an artificially lighted room between decks. Both were impracticable. So the enterprise had to be remodeled on the basis of "art for art's sake," which any artist will tell you is something of a humbug.

When we arrived at the Jersey City wharf, on that early morning of a sunny third of June, the usual sailing-day comedy was briskly acting. Numerous large bouquets and floral designs mingled hot-house odors with the peculiar staleness of the saloon, making us hope that before dinner-time the recipients would cast them overboard. A rose to somebody else's name never smells as sweet; besides, wilting flowers are hardly appropriate to a steam-ship — not to mention the extreme of ostentation and theatrical effect which the fashion has reached. I once knew a young man who sought to obviate the defect of a floral gift by presenting a fair voyager with a large bouquet of dried grasses. Naturally, the gift was construed in the Pickwickian sense. Shortly afterward he removed to the land of the cactus, which would seem to offer new scope to his fatal ingenuity.

Though steam-ships are the safest means of travel yet invented, one does not see friends embark in them without a livelier sense of their temerity as travelers; besides, the wide sea lends reality to the idea of separation. There was no lack of women's tears at our departure; but we bachelors shared in them only as the party was represented by the marine artist, and somebody remarked that his pretty daughter, trying to smile through a mist of tears, was his best picture. At that time the visitors had been sent ashore, and the ship was denoting eagerness to slip her leashes and begin the tireless chase over the billowy hill to Antwerp. I noticed that those who did not feel justified in demanding a plump kiss on the hurricane deck deemed they had a perfect right to signal tokens of affection while the steamer was gliding majestically from the wharf. In the initial letter to this paper, the artist has shown the most reposeful phase of an incident which came under our observation. The young man in the ulster had taken formal leave on deck of two young voyagers. While the whistle was warning river craft to make way for the leviathan, he signaled them to descend into the saloon. In a moment he was clasping two daintily-gloved hands reached out to him from adjoining port-holes. Then he got upon a friendly beam, and with masterly tip-toeing and needed dispatch, for the lines were cast off and the engine bell was tinkling, he plucked a kiss from each round, laughing window.

Once free from the wharf strings, our steamer was nearly as independent of the ordinary world as a miniature planet peopled to order. With the grand air and assurance of a steamer outward bound, we threaded the Narrows, spun round the half-circle of the lower bay, caromed, as it were, on the Hook, and went down to breakfast as we struck out

FAREWELL TO SANDY HOOK. PANEL BY A. A. ANDERSON.

to sea. That important factor in "civilizing the ship," the seating at table, had been cleverly managed by the chief steward. There seemed to be fewer heart-burnings than usual on the part of persons who, having formally recognized their own importance, looked in vain for a seat at the captain's table. At the board of honor were, of course, the good-looking young woman and her mother, the director of the steam-ship company and his family, the reverend, and the doctor of medicine. Titles of any kind are beacon-lights to the chief steward's eyes. Our captain was always genial at meals; but if the table of honor has a disadvantage, it is that the tone of the conversation at the captain's board is inclined to rise and fall with his barometer. No matter how genial by nature, the captain by profession is necessarily a tyrant and a dogmatist. Our party had a table by itself in the coziest corner of the saloon, and the mother of one of Gérôme's pupils matronized us with graceful dignity. There were only forty people in the first cabin, which made the social ice rather easy to break. The case is different on the large steamers carrying three or four hundred first-class passengers. It is a study then to watch the segregation of the company into small groups. As fellow-travelers, New Yorkers may claim the palm for reserve. Not long since, two substantial men of Gotham, who had met on shipboard and had proved congenial, parted at Liverpool to meet again, as tourists

frequently do, in hotels, museums, and, finally, in the same compartment of a railway "coach." In the intimacy of that ride, one of them disclosed the name of the street adorned by his brown-stone front.

"What number?" asked the other, eagerly.

"Fifty-four, east."

"Then you're my next-door neighbor but one, for my house is fifty, east!"

Like true citizens of Manhattan, they had lived up to its golden rule: Shun your neighbor as you would malaria.

Our first breakfast was a disorganized feast. Sea-cooks and stewards were still under the malign influence of the land. To call forth their best efforts, the ship must be in the toils of the sea, with the racks on the tables, the kettles spilling in the cook's galley, and the gymnastic stewards balancing soup-plates on their fingers and the ship on their feet. Everybody grumbles over the fare at sea, and, in general, there is too much reason for grumbling. There is always a profusion of eatables, seldom of the best quality, and less seldom served with an eye to the needs of the passengers. The waste is enormous. If the captain is an epicure, the outlook for the passengers will be better. But, practically, they cook for the ostrich-like digestions of the officers instead of for a multitude of squeamish sea-invalids. I am bound to say that on our studio-ship we were uncommonly well served. Yet we had a grievance that illustrates how natural it is at sea to grumble. On the fourth day the oranges gave out. No one knew better than the bachelor artists and their friends, the little children of the steerage, why the oranges prematurely failed; yet we grumbled, and one of the artists joined two grievances in volunteering to raise oranges from the seed in his state-room *in three days*. The gulf stream and south winds, and a southerly course to get below reported icebergs, and the raging fires under us, had combined to make our state-rooms tropical.

A dinner in honor of Fortuny was the memorable feast of the trip. His biographers have made the world believe he was born on the eleventh of June; but Fortuny's disciple in our party had private information that the great Spaniard was born on the ninth. With the connivance of the disciple of Velasquez, he surprised us with a Fortuny birthday dinner on the ninth, though during the morning the secret movements of the two had awakened suspicion. When we sat down as usual to six o'clock dinner we found at each plate a handsome *menu* on brown paper, part hektograph and part washed in with color; also, a large cake, with Fortuny's well-known signature imitated in the frosting; smoking fish-balls, and delicious Boston baked beans, the product of the skill of one of the artists, an amateur *cordon bleu*, who had ingratiated himself with the chief cook; and, never to be forgotten, a moist dish of most excellent vivacity, put aboard as a surprise by a thoughtful member of the Tile Club, whom we were to meet later in Paris. Speeches and sentiments of local interest passed round the board. I remember somebody's saying, in a moment of enthusiasm, that "Fortuny was the most original painter of his age. If any one had said, ten years before he appeared, that there could be something new in art, the world would have replied, 'Not so, for art is exhausted!'" Toward the end,

COVER OF THE MENU.

a sententious person, looking out of the port-hole behind him upon the drear twilight ocean and comparing it with the merry scene inside, said, "A little sentiment makes a paradise of a sea-waste."

"You're wrong," replied the Boston cynic; "a little sentiment makes a paradise of a *small* waist."

On the third day the captain invited us to his cabin to judge for ourselves if its panels and oak-grained background would meet the requirements of a studio. It was an uncommonly large cabin, and the captain's personal trappings did not crowd much upon his charts and logarithms. It had a cozy look, with its sofa alcove and its red curtains, despite the overplus of chronometers and barometers. A miniature hall, with outer and inner doors, connected with the deck on the port and the starboard sides. Windows on three sides—for it was the forward cabin of the deck-house—commanded a view of the sea for half the circle of the horizon, and of the forward deck, with the busy sailors, the faithful lookout (always with his hands in his pockets), and about the foremast the group of steerage passengers, huddling like a remnant of the victims of the Deluge waiting on a hill-top for the rising flood.

Scarcely a word had been said of cabin decoration among ourselves. An overmastering *ennui* had settled upon us, a sort of mental seasickness, due, in part, to the steady rolling and teetering of the ship, and to the eternal *r-r-r-ker-chug! r-r-r-ker-chug!* of the engines which kept a tremor running through everything between keelson and topmast. Sackville suggests the feeling in a poem written in a man-of-war lying off the Flemish coast, which Locker has included in his admirable "Lyra Elegantiarum." He says:

"To all you ladies now on land,
We men at sea indite;
But first, would have you understand
How hard it is to write.

* * * * * * * *

"For, tho' the muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet, if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea."

One morning an artist tried to make a sketch of the sailors who were holy-stoning the deck, but the working mood staid with him only long enough to outline their picturesque shoes and ankles. Early on a dull evening another artist seated himself in the prow, and began sketching the ship from that teetering point of view. Five minutes later he was showered by the first billow we had shipped. The next morning a third artist remarked, in a half-hearted way: "I feel like doing a little sketching to-day; but if I were to go to work, the men who believe in mood would call me a mechanic. I think there's a good deal of humbug about mood." An hour later I saw him disposing himself to sketch in a quiet place under the lee of the engine-house. Not to disturb him, I took the windward deck for my promenade, and, on returning the second time from the bow, found the artist who believed in the humbug of mood on the quarter-deck, demurely watching a game of ring-toss.

Only one of the party made good use of his leisure. In view of his youth and rather fantastic taste, we were not surprised, when he appeared on the hurricane deck, one morning, in a shaggy Berri cap, a brown velvet jacket, dancing-pumps, and silk tie and silk stockings of the color of old gold. What a sailor to set before our one-eyed boatswain! The rest of us, who were affecting old clothes, did not approve of him. But the French governess did, and hour after hour piloted him through the French verbs. And here we may add that semi-attached to our party was an artist who was voyaging in company with his *fiancée* and her mother—and doing it very well; also, a veteran artist, who regarded our professional

UNDER A FRENCH SKY. PANEL BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

as well as our unprofessional proceedings with amiable contempt. "Let me give you some advice," he said to an artist who was belittling the work of a fellow-painter. "You talk too much in that vein; I've had some experience in it myself, and I've learned it's a

AT WORK IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN. BY ROBERT BLUM.

pretty safe rule to let other artists make as much reputation as they can."

For good nature and solid enjoyment of the voyage, nobody held a candle to our fellow-passenger, the Yankee skipper. He was a large, plain, quiet Bostonian, as close as an oyster about himself, but giving token of belonging to the old-fashioned race of New England sea-captains. His trowsers had a sedentary sag at the knee in harmony with the tried and true, steady-going air of his general make-up. He was the kind of man you would like to have with you if you were to be cast away at sea or lost in a wilderness. If a whale spouted within our dreary, disk-like world of water, he was sure to see it. No sail could dawn on our horizon unseen by his binocular. It encouraged early rising to know that the Yankee skipper would be found on deck with his gazette of ship's transactions and sea-happenings. Tobacco was his enemy, so we were a little surprised one evening to see him enter the blue atmosphere of the smoking-room where we were holding our usual after-dinner symposium. When anecdote and story had been the round, the skipper "took the floor" by a glance round the benches. "'Way back in 1850," he began, "I was six months sailing from New York to 'Frisco. Rounding the Horn, we fell in with the deadest calm I ever experienced. In the morning we sighted an albatross a little way off, as badly becalmed as we were, except that she could paddle, while we couldn't make much headway sculling a full-rigger. We gave chase in the yawl, and caught the bird after a hard tussle; for, you see, she couldn't rise from the water without a breeze to help her spread her wings, and those wings on shipboard measured fifteen feet from tip to tip. Besides her crop was full, and may be she'd swallowed too much ballast for sky-sailing. We took a strip of sheet-copper, and with a marline-spike punctured in it the name of the ship and the date of capture. This we fastened round the bird's neck. When we got a breeze, we first made sail and then gave the albatross a chance to spread canvas. With a scream she flew off a little way, circled once or twice round the ship, and then set her rudder for the north pole. That bird was caught again, twenty-five hundred miles from Cape Horn, and carried into Callao. And I'll tell you how I know it. At Callao the captain of that ship wrote a letter to a New York newspaper, describing the capture of the albatross and the writing on the copper collar. My wife saw the paper, and in that way got news of our ship six months before my own letter reached her."

Silence followed the recital, until somebody expressed a regret that there were only two "marines" in the company to tell it to. "Pshaw!" exclaimed the skipper, a deeper color suffusing his face; "it's true, every word of it." By way of amends, a loud call was made for the elder marine's whaling story,

which always gains a good deal from the tar and tarpaulin manner in which it is told.

"You must fancy I'm Mr. Jones," he said, "a whaler's mate, spinning yarn for messmates. He shifts his quid and begins: We wuz all feelin' sort o' grumpy, for thar hadn't been no kind o' luck, when the lookout cries, 'Theer she blows!'—so I goes up to Cap'n Simmons an' sez I, 'Cap'n Simmons, she's a blower; shell I lower?'

"Sez he: 'Mr. Jones, she *may* be a blower, but I don't see fitten fur tu lower.'

"Then I goes forrud, and the man aloft sings out agin, 'Theer she blows!—an' she's a spermer!' So I goes agin to Cap'n Simmons an' sez I, 'Cap'n Simmons, she's a spermer an' a blower; shell I lower?'

"Sez he: 'Mr. Jones, she *may* be a spermer an' she *may* be a blower, but *I* don't see fitten fur tu lower; but if so be *you* see fitten fur tu lower, w'y lower away an' be 'tarnally dashed tu yer.'

"So I lowered away, an' when we come to about fifty yard o' the critter sez I, 'Hold on, boys, fur I'm death with the long harpoon!' An' I struck her fair, an' we towed her alongside the ship; an' when I come aboard, Cap'n Simmons stood in the gangway, an' sez he, 'Mr. Jones, you air an officer an' a gentleman, an' there's rum and terbacker in the locker—an' that of the very best quality—at yer sarvice, sir, durin' this voyage.'

"Then sez I, 'Cap'n Simmons, I'm a man as knows his dooty and does it, an' all I axes of you is *servility*—an' that of the commonest, dog-goned kind!"

On the sixth morning two or three of the artists, nursing the mood lest it escape them, secretly spread their kits in the captain's cabin. By common consent, the right-hand panel of the sofa alcove was reserved for the captain's portrait. An excellent model was our commander. Every line of his figure proclaimed him master. "Captain" was in the tones of his voice, which, to the highest as well as the lowest subordinate, offered not the slightest invitation to a discussion. Every attitude, as he stood on the bridge mentally casting up the weather, nicknamed him "that harbitrary cove," as the London cabby designated John Forster. While he was being sketched, it was curious to note how the practiced eye of the artist singled out the lines of character, as well as the subtilties of the costume which, hardly less than the curves of the face, helped to express the individuality. Ask an artist to draw from memory a caricature of a person he has seen, but whose features he has not studied. If he humors you, and appeals to your mem-

"'CAPTAIN' WAS IN THE TONES OF HIS VOICE." PANEL BY FREDERIC P. VINTON.

ory to help him out with the facts, his questions will prove how superficially most of us observe. Twins never looked so much alike that an experienced portrait-painter would not individualize them at a glance.

Three could paint in the cabin at the same time, but, for the most part, if one was at work, the rest were content to sit in the captain's easy-chair and on his camp-stools, and even on his narrow bed, a cozy bunk on the port side, and keep up a ripple of chat and criticism. One day, when the captain's portrait was nearly finished, he said, by way of criticism, "I think you need a little more flesh on the starboard cheek." But little other comment fell from his lips regarding the pictures.

Three months later we discovered the captain's honest opinion. It was painted on the only panel that had been left vacant by us — the large panel of the port door. While the ship was lying in Antwerp, the captain engaged a local artist to paint a Norwegian water-fall on the door. It was a garish, painful daub. Without understanding just why the water-fall did not make the kind of a sensation he had arranged for the artists on their return to the ship for the homeward voyage, he consented to have it painted out.

Five of the six panels of the sofa alcove were sketched in and half finished in a few hours. Their growth thereafter was a matter of mood, with results of fluctuating value. In his effort to ballast the "starboard cheek" of the captain's portrait, the artist grew to hate the picture, erased it and began over again. In the next panel was painted a fanciful head to personify the comet of the previous winter. A striking effect was produced by the starlit hair streaming through a cold, dark-blue sky. There was a long discussion over the manner in which the sketch had been developed, the verdict being that it was characteristic of the artist to paint the allegorical lady's cherry lips first of all. Somebody discovered the head of a Skye terrier in the hair. For a long time the artist stood out against amendments; then three or four clever strokes eliminated the dog.

THE COMET. PANEL BY J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

A sullen coquette was the comet's right-hand neighbor. She wore a poke-bonnet surmounted by the jauntiest of orange feathers. Her entrance into society was effected in an incredibly short space of time, and we could not but admire the perfect manner in which the colors harmonized with themselves and with the pictures on either side. But there was a general outcry against her social status; and the painter, in the dumps, dropped his brush and left the creature hovering between the world of existence and the inferno of annihilation. The picture gave rise to an animated discussion. Such epithets as "nightmare painter" — applied to an artist skilled in painting rainy street scenes by gaslight — and "painter of beautiful nothings" were bandied. This last was the retort direct of the "nightmare painter," and it seemed to be barbed with truth, for it called forth an instructive lecture on art methods, in about these words: "Very well — some artists paint pictures that are not even beautiful! You're all down on anything that is clever. Here's an artist, say, who succeeds by hard, patient effort; another will gain equal success by sheer cleverness. The first struggles with a commonplace subject, using a model for every little detail, from the sole of a slipper to the keyhole of a door; you call it high art. But, if the other does a dashing thing full of life and feeling, you call it mere *chic!*"

First to be finished was a pensive maiden in the next panel. In rich sealskin hat and cloak she was strolling near the sea on a raw November day. A feeling of romantic sadness pervaded the picture. The gossip of the stu-

dio assumed at once that the artist had drawn on his tender recollections for a subject. This he denied, but, as an expression of lack of confidence, the picture was entitled "The-Girl-he-left-behind-him-when-he-went-to-Munich." By way of confirmation, one of the artists improvised an anecdote to illustrate, as he said, how an artist may become so enamored of his art as to forget a live sweetheart. "A New York artist," he began, "with a *remarkably fine studio* [cries of 'Hear! hear!'], was visited one Saturday afternoon, his 'show-day,' by two ladies, who behaved with singular constraint, and who were treated with that touching politeness with which the true artist seeks to overcome the natural embarrassment of visitors when brought face to face with the mute yet speaking witnesses of his genius. [Applause.] When the ladies withdrew, the artist turned to an old friend who appeared to be greatly amused, and asked:

"'Who are those people?'

"'You mean to say you don't know?'

"'I have a feeling that I ought, but I don't!'

"'Not the pretty one?'

"'Not even the—she isn't pretty!'

"'You thought she was ten years ago, when you started for Munich with her promise to marry you!'"

Our so-called "nightmare painter" professed to have an idea in his head for one of the end panels of the alcove. The first time he tried to express it a reasonable success was attained. He was far from satisfied, and, against the common voice of the studio, erased it thrice over. In a vexed mood, he determined to paint a picture of the pit of roaring darkness and fire which may be found in the center of every steamship,—though the passengers think little of it, seeing smoke and cinders pouring from the crater smoke-stack, without realizing that a volcano is raging beneath. He and I descended about forty feet, by means of the greasy steps and gratings of the engine-hold, the several floors and ladders of which were made of iron rods half an inch in diameter, with spaces between for ventilation. At the bottom we stood carefully one side. The rumble of the machinery was almost deafening. The mighty arms reaching down to the cranks of the great shaft turned it with the light-hearted ease of a boy's first five minutes at a grindstone. An engineer with a hand-lamp led us into the shaft-tunnel. It might have been five feet square, but there seemed hardly room enough to walk between the spinning shaft, which was at one side, and the grimy wall. We stooped, instinctively, and gathered the skirts of our coats away from the shaft, which was revolving fifty-four times a minute, and at each revolution was forcing the ship through twenty-five feet of water. At the stern, where we were a hundred and twenty feet from the engine-room, our ears were filled with a buzzing as of ten thousand swarms of bees, so violently was the screw churning the brine in producing a speed of fifteen miles an hour. As we emerged from the tunnel, the engineers were helping a fourteen-year-old boy through a small hole in the floor. He was naked to his waist and smeared with rusty grime. He seemed to be completely exhausted. With a little oil-lamp to light the shallow cavern, he had been cleaning the bilge, a space about two feet deep over the keel and rapidly contracting on the sides. His had been a curious position,—twelve fiery furnaces above him, and a mile or two of salt sea underneath.

A narrow opening in the bulk-head admit-

IN THE FURNACE-HOLD. BY F. H. LUNGREN.

MOONLIGHT THROUGH THE LIFTING FOG. PANEL BY ARTHUR QUARTLEY.

ted us into the furnace-room, where there were two rows of fires, placed back to back, with six fires in a row. We remained perhaps five minutes, or until we were roasted out, though we were standing under the cold-air flues connecting with the curving trumpet-mouthed pipes which rise above the deck and are made to revolve to catch the freshest, strongest breeze that blows. Between the stirring and replenishing of the fires the room was filled with a whitish glare. When the furnaces had been fed the half-naked stokers would stand under the air-shaft and wipe the perspiration from their faces and arms with a towel hanging at the belt. In that blanching pit nine coal-passers and twelve stokers were speeding their lives double-quick for $17 and $18 a month and "found," as the phrase runs, the finding consisting of the common seamen's mess and a stinking nest in the forecastle. A strong young fellow will grow old at it, they said, in three years' time. But when

one breaks down, a score are ready to take his place. When the watch changes, passengers see the firemen shuffling, in wooden shoes, along the deck between their sleeping-pens and the iron ladders. Their pale, gaunt features and stooping shoulders tell a tragic story, which, however, cannot be fully understood before one has breathed the air of the furnace-hold. When human lives are so cheap, there is probably little incentive to give the same attention to improving the sanitary arrangements of the furnace-hold that is given to increasing the speed of the ship. One of the officers told me of an educated young Englishman who ran short of money in America, and, being too proud to send home for a remittance, worked his passage as a coal-passer and ash-heaver. He paid his passage with his life, for the exposure brought on a fatal illness.

A curious medley of nationalities were our ship's officers and crew. They would have made a notable collection in a museum of ethnology. Our captain, who was German-born, spoke English and Plattdeutsch besides his native tongue. He was sailing, under Belgian colors, a British-built ship owned by an American company. Our first officer was a "stub-and-twist" Englishman, with legs that seemed to be rooted to the deck. The second officer was a blonde-bearded Scotchman, the third a Welshman, and the fourth officer, I believe, was an Irishman. In the engine-room a similar mixture of races prevailed. Nearly every country of maritime Europe had contributed to the crew. Scotland claimed our one-eyed boatswain, a perfect *Dick Deadeye*, who "chalked our shoes" (as he called the swindle), for grog money, the first time we ventured upon the forecastle. Peter, the saloon steward, had the responsibility of the bottles that adorned the swinging shelf over the tables, and sometimes this care was almost too much for his thirsty and phlegmatic nature. We remember the captain's formula for securing his presence in the studio. It was "Quartermaster!" in a thunderous voice. When that subaltern thrust his capless head into the doorway the same voice growled, "Call Peter!" Then came Peter's face, wreathed in smiles and frowsiness. We discovered the importance Peter attached to that rasping voice one evening when he was found peering about the hurricane deck in the dark. A call for "Peter" from an artist mimicking the captain made the poor fellow jump as if Satan's hand had been laid upon his shoulder.

THE GOOSE PASTURE. PANEL BY ROBERT BLUM.

Peter had his revenge the next afternoon when one of the artists, with the aid of a curly wig, painted face, and old clothes, got himself up to look like a drunken steerage passenger. Being a master of German dialect and something of an actor, the artist created a sensation on the hurricane deck, where the ladies were in a flutter of indignation. By the captain's order, Peter was put on the track of the masquerader, who slipped down the companion-way into the saloon. There Peter got him by the collar, and hustled him toward the deck with a dispatch that turned the joke on the joker.

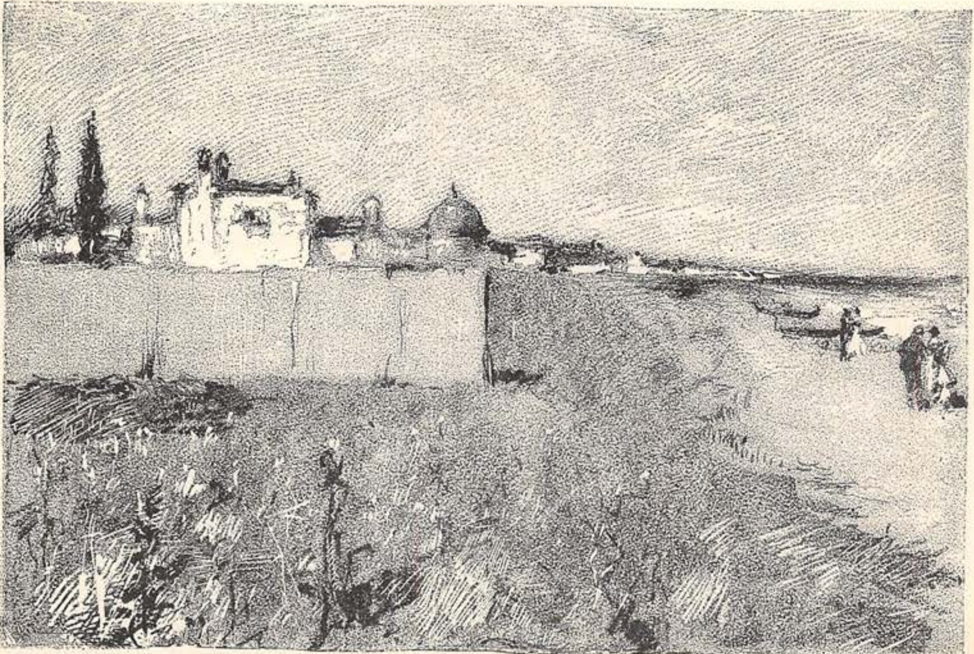
The same afternoon two of the studio company got the boatswain's permission to climb the fore shrouds,—as if the boatswain had any permission to give. His one eye gleamed with delight when the officer on the bridge sent a quartermaster, first, to order them down, and

again, on their not complying, to "pull them down." They dropped to the deck and appealed to the captain, who was standing under the hurricane deck. The captain, from the companion-way, ordered the officer on duty not to interfere. "Now, climb away," he said. They sprang into the shrouds and clambered up the ratlines. The officer on the bridge, who had not understood the order, dispatched seaman after seaman to pull them down, while the captain each time called the seaman back, until, to save the officer from choking himself with passion, the captain showed himself. By that time the climbers were under the lubber-hole (which was out of their reach), and thinking of Black-eyed Susan's

> "William, who high upon the yard
> Rock'd with the billows to and fro."

Late on a wet, clammy evening, we were chatting with the captain about the relative merits of life ashore and on the seas. "Sea-faring's a hard life, at best," he said. "I'm a young man to wear captain's lace (he had not turned forty), and I've been on the sea since I was a boy. A steam-ship captain seldom gets more than $2500 a year, which is small reward for the hardships and responsibilities of his life. On a crowded steamer a captain may often eke out his salary by giving up his cabin to a rich passenger, but at the cost of his own comfort." He was interrupted by a rap; the fourth officer opened the door to say, "The fo'sail's being reefed, sir! — we're running into a fog." "Very well, blow the whistle," answered the captain, reaching at once for his heavy ulster, tarpaulin, and neck-wrap. "Here's a sample of our life," he said, as he enveloped himself. "Instead of being 'well,' it's particularly bad. I look for a long watch in the fog, with this temperature and the weather we've been having. You may not see me again this side of the Channel, for so long as this fog lasts I'm bound to be on the bridge. Good-night!" He hurried into the darkness and at regular intervals the whistle strove to fill all space with its deafening drone. In half an hour he came back smiling and covered with fog moisture "False alarm!"

Three of us went on deck, and, by a ruse we had practiced before, reached the forecastle without being seen by the watchful officer on the bridge. It was near midnight, and we knew we should be ordered below if we were detected. The jib was hauled down but not furled, and we made a screen of the folds. Such a black, weird night was worth enjoying. The fog had risen or been blown away by a south breeze that filled the square-sails of the foremast. In the dim light of the head-lantern the bellying sails looked like gray specters. Peering back over the slowly pitching and rolling ship, all we could see was the great black, spark-spotted serpent coiling from the smoke-stack, and the wet decks and bulwarks where the thin rays of the cabin lights



A MEDITERRANEAN MEMORY. PANEL BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

FLYING THE GREAT KITE. BY ROBERT BLUM.

were reflected. Nothing could be seen ahead except now and then a gray suggestion of a phosphorescent white-cap. If the Flying Dutchman had crossed our bows, we should not have been surprised. We counted the regular throbs of the engine and knew we were cutting the darkness at full speed. Two sea-dogs stood before us keeping lookout. "How do you like this life?" we asked of the big-bearded one. "Like it?" he muttered; "great heavens, I *have* to like it!" Ah, we thought, the sandy slopes of the sea are speckled with the bones of just such men as you!

Before we went below, the clouds broke away just enough to give us the weird effect of such a night, rifted now and then by a pale moonbeam. One of our marines painted the scene in a panel over the captain's chest of drawers, in a way that appealed to every seaman who saw it. The other marine filled the remaining end-panel of the alcove with a close-gathered group of seamen hoisting the top-sail in a rain-storm. And in it we fancied could be heard, above the wind, the boatswain's pipe trilling like a shrill-voiced storm-bird.

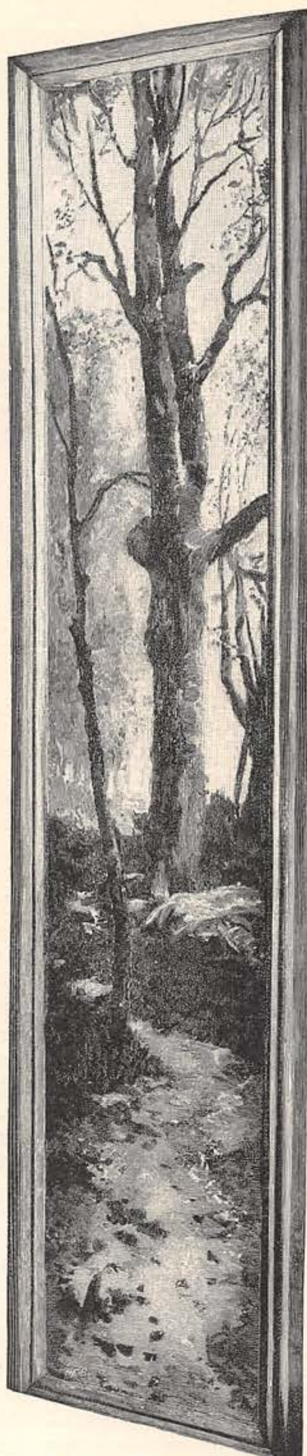
Speaking of storm-birds, the ninth day out was enlivened by an incident which gave the marine artist his wished-for stormy petrel for a model. A large flock of these sociable, untiring little birds, joined us before we were out of sight of Long Island. Two-thirds of them flew away in a body while we were off St. George's Shoals, leaving a flock of perhaps fifty, which followed us for nine days, making their graceful circlings over the boiling wake, and observing a certain order of precedence. When a mess from the scullery was thrown overboard, they would settle upon it and drift with it perhaps a mile away. But soon the leaders might be seen skimming the billows with quickened wing and taking up their old positions. Every night at sunset they disappeared, dropping, as we supposed, upon the water to sleep; but every morning before eight o'clock they would be in their old places, sailing back and forth over the wake in figure-eight curves. The morning they failed to re-appear we were only two days from Land's End. A strong head-wind had blown up during the night. It was evident to us, therefore, that these little steam-ship chasers had followed us so many days because the winds had steadily favored their overtaking us each morning by a rapid flight begun at the first streakings of the dawn. The head-wind must have been too strong for them; in fact, it held back the ship

twenty miles in twenty-four hours. The sailors declared the head-wind was due to the sacrilege of catching one of the petrels, the day before they disappeared. The manner of catching was this: A man who used to wrangle a good deal at table over ward politics in Philadelphia with another coffee-house politician, tied a piece of beef to a linen thread and threw a lot of slack thread overboard with it. One of the chickens got its wings caught in the snare and was drawn aboard. It was a wild, fluttering captive, with bright, bead-like eyes and dainty web feet. "Let him go," was shouted in chorus by the by-standers; but one of the artists, thinking the opportunity to get a valuable model too good to be lost, carried the bird to the ship's doctor to be chloroformed.

THE EMIGRANT MODEL. PANEL BY ROBERT BLUM.

As for the head-wind, while it blew ill for the sailors, it was just what we wanted for flying an enormous kite we had constructed of stout ash sticks and a linen sheet. It was five feet high. On its face was painted a red-eyed monster intended to resemble the legendary dolphin. We had wheedled a new log-cord out of the boatswain for a kite-line, and fifty

feet or more of old rope for the tail. Our first experiments in flying it were failures, resulting in disaster to the kite and a narrow escape for the man who had hold of the line, and who was made to travel rapidly across the deck in a sitting posture. If the kite had not taken a header into the sea, it is possible he would have done so. Thoroughly strengthened and patched, the kite was now brought out to be launched on that head-wind. As a precautionary measure, the line was passed through a ring in the deck near the wheel-house, and the slack was given to an artist who promised not to let go even if he were drawn through the ring. Another artist was placed in charge of the line, with two others to support him. These three wore gloves, which were ripped and cut as the kite soared a hundred feet, and, owing to the strength of the wind, stood directly over our heads shaking its angry crest—but not for long. With a grand sweep "The Flying Dolphin" dove to port, skimmed the water, and soared again, but only to snap the quarter-inch hemp cord at the deck ring. Then with a back somersault it fluttered into the water and was lost to view in the froth of the wake. Kites of moderate, school-boy sizes had preceded the "Flying Dolphin" and also followed it so long as thread and twine could be raised by begging and bribing. The most successful were the small kites flown with strong linen thread. Some of these flew twelve or fifteen hundred feet from the ship, and, when the wind was astern, seemed to have the ship in tow. It was novel sport for a sea voyage, and picturesque enough to justify artist patronage, especially the day we had a kite up when a fog came on. We knew our lookout above the vapor was at its post by the faithful tug at the string. Tied to the deck-railing and left to itself, it followed the wind round the heavens, and fouled the cord with the fore-topmast. A sailor ascended, and with much daring and patience carried the string round sails, spars, and shrouds. For a moment the fog opened, and revealed the kite shining in the upper sunlight. Several kites were left flying at night, tethered to the ship; but they invariably flew away before morning.



IN THE FOREST OF "CHIC." PANEL BY FREDERIC P. VINTON.

No day passed without a little serious work with brush and palette. A brawny emigrant with wooden shoes was painted in the alcove panel which had originally held the girl with the poke-bonnet and orange feather. And the "nightmare" artist, who had such trouble in realizing his idea, dashed it in one morning in an hour's time. It was an impression in pink and gray,—a gay, young, old-fashioned beauty tripping along a country road. A fine flower panel, done with decorative effect, was worked principally with the palette-knife into the large space between the chest of drawers and the starboard door. Summer and winter landscapes were sketched on the odd panels scattered about the cabin walls. Occasionally the studio was honored with a call from the ladies, one of whom sat for her portrait. A tall panel was filled with a forest scene—a pleasing *tour de chic*. Somebody paid a compliment to the naturalness of the picture by asking, seriously, "What woods are those?"

The artist chuckled. "You remind me," he answered, "of H——'s reply to the man who inquired the name of the mountains in a landscape he had evolved from his inner consciousness. 'Ah, you don't know those mountains?' he said; 'they are a part of the range that passes through the Tenth street studio building.'"

PETRELS FOLLOWING IN THE STEAMER'S WAKE. BY ARTHUR QUARTLEY.

For the sake of decorative unity, something had to be painted in the panels holding the chronometer and the barometer. The latter being in a round metallic case, it occurred to one of the artists to treat it as a cylinder revolving on the feet of a juggling clown, who, lying supinely beneath it, applied the rotary motion with two remarkably expressive black-and-yellow-striped legs. Underneath was painted the punning motto, "One 'fair' turn deserves another." The companion panel was a reminiscence of the Latin quarter, in the shape of a frivolous young man in full dress, dancing a jig with the chronometer held in his hands, over his head. The motto was "A Good Time." On the eleventh day, when the captain predicted we should see Bishop's Light, on the Scilly Islands, between seven and eight in the evening, two artists gave all their energies to decorating the ceiling with spreading branches of Japanese quince, the pink and white blossoms being deftly worked in with palette-knives.

That we were nearing land was apparent from the deep, long swell of the sea. Great billows rolled the length of the ship's sides, almost covering the bulwarks with their crests, and nearly revealing the keel in the deep trough following them. Everybody was on deck after dinner, looking into the grayish twilight off the port bow for the horizon star which should prove the captain a true sailor. A quarter of eight the captain drew the first officer's attention to a spot where he thought the light-house ought to be. They exchanged affirmative nods. Then the Yankee skipper brought his powerful binocular to bear, and gave us a peep at a yellow pin-point of light — a speck in the eastern rim. That was a happy half hour, at the end of which Bishop's Light was nearly abreast; then the ship's course was shaped for Dover. Within the hour St. Agnes's revolving light flashed through the darkness, and after ten we were watching the red-and-white revolving light on Wolf's Island. Precisely at midnight, we passed the Lizard electric lights, blazing like twin suns on the cliffs of Merry England. We were about eight miles from the signal station. "Look out for fire-works," said the captain, going to the bridge. At the word, red fire blazed up at the prow, on the bridge, and at the stern, enveloping the ship in a spectacular glare which the clouds reflected back again. When we were in darkness once more, a blue light blazed up on the shore, assuring us that we had "spoken the Lizard," as the New York papers would say of us a few hours later.

A gale was at our back the next morning. With straining sails we scudded gloriously up the Channel, which was a greenish-drab, angry sea, dotted with every variety of craft that incited the marine artists to much rapid sketching in the short-hand of art. A Belgian pilot-boat intercepted us. It was a rough sea to maneuver in, but after an exciting twenty minutes, the chunky Dutch pilot and his leather bag were lifted safely over the bulwarks. At noon, we were off the Isle of Wight — which, to be appreciated, must be seen from the sea and bathed in such dreamy sunlight. We could have thrown a stone ashore, almost, as we passed St. Catherine's Light-house. Toward dark we scudded past Dungeness, looking bleak between angry water and tempest clouds. Behind its low

point was a forest of masts of vessels that had scampered in for shelter against the storm that was chasing us. Nearly four hours later Dover strand and the barracks half-way up the cliffs were revealed in dark outlines and straggling gas-lights. Passing the twin lights of Dover cliffs at midnight, we repeated with red lights the spectacular scene at the Lizard, and sailed out into the North Sea under a cold, blue-black sky. We remained on deck an hour watching the stars. It was a night to call up visions of old Norse jarls cruising in North Sea galleys.

At seven the next morning we were shivering in our warmest wraps in the lee of the deck-house, and wondering how soon the muddy Scheldt would let us over the bar. Eager as we were to get ashore, the run up the river was too swift to satisfy our eyes. At the bend, not far above the Belgian line where Fort Liefkenshock frowned upon us with iron-plated front, the steeple of Antwerp Cathedral came in view. At the same moment the bunting, which had been drawn to all the mast-heads in little bundles confined by slip-nooses, was simultaneously shaken out to the breeze. As we glided into the river harbor under the escort of a tug-boat, the cathedral chimes were tinkling the "Mandolinata" in honor of noon of the fourteenth day of our voyage. By night-fall the artists had laid their wreath on the tomb of Rubens.

C. C. Buel.

IN HONOR OF RUBENS.

EARLY MORN.

WHEN sleep's soft thrall, with dawn of day, is breaking,
With joy I see — just lifting up my head —
Through the broad, bounteous windows near my bed,
The first delicious glow of life awaking.
I watch the bright, unruffled ocean, making
The fair young morning blush with timid red
To see her beauty mirrored there, and spread
Far o'er the waves. I watch the tall ships taking,
On flag and canvas, all the colors rare
Of her sweet beauty and her rich attire;
The violet veil that binds her golden hair,
The chain of crimson rubies flashing fire;
Until the blue, calm sky, with tender air,
Charms the beloved morn to come up higher.

Caroline May.