

## THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## CAMP GRINDSTONE.



SIMPLE citizen, who is withal a fisher of muscalonge and pickerel and whose habit is to pass a vacation all too brief among the Thousand Islands, took skiff one evening at Clayton, with intent to spend the night on Grindstone Island and rise as early as the bass and the flies beloved of bass at Eel Bay. Rounding the southerly end of Grindstone some time after dusk, he dropped his oars astonished. There was no moon, the sky was dark and the shore darker, but over the stillness of Eel Bay moved a mysterious body of soft and brilliant lights. It was like a long irregular dragon winding slowly above a mirror. Here and there were luminous crests as if on higher points of its wavy back. Darker parts alternated with spots of great splendor which appeared to stream forth a phosphorescent glow like the rings of fire-flies, red, yellow, and green. The water repeated all the curves as if a comrade of the glistening worm swam lovingly, always the same way, just below the surface. The onlooker knew and in his quiet way loved Eel Bay for a lonesome but most attractive piece of water several miles broad, more like a lake than a part of a great stream, and was aware that no dwellings defiled its shores. Hardly by telescope could Gananoqué, the sleepy little Canadian town to the north-east, see a portion of it, though it was commanded by those who cared to climb the cupola of a barrack-like hotel at Thousand Island Park. Had he come, he asked himself, on the gambols of those two mighty dragons

of the waters whose sport among the waves afford the Japanese unending subjects for ivory-work or for bronze, for carved stone and embroidery? Was he about to prove the Jack-in-luck who catches the Soul-Crystal as the two tide-dragons cast it from mouth to mouth, thus winning power over all monsters, demons, and good genii of the sea? Or were these the Puckwudjies afloat on strips of bark, with fire-flies for lamps, the tails of squirrels for sails, and loons' feet for paddles? Meantime the glowing head of the upper dragon, a mass of colors, is nearing him, and he hears a low rushing noise as of little oars, a sound of subdued voices, and—there! surely a call? Then a bugle rings clear and sweet. The head stops before the lonely grove near Squaw Point, where answering lights shine among the trees. Body and tail begin to wrap together, fold on fold, until a broad space of the bay is flecked with light. All becomes quiet; the rushing noise is gone; only a dull report like the striking of wood on wood is heard. Then voices start a song. They are masculine; the song is well known. It is the odd rolling chant of the devil-may-care and yet prudent sailor who refuses to part with his money until a stronger passion overwhelms his avarice. The secret is out, the enchantment gone. Fairylike though it is, the scene is intensely human. Our startled cit, who has been hugging himself with the prospect of the lonely pleasures of the fisherman, and has allowed his Fifth Avenue imagination to revel in the supernatural, has stumbled on a popular encampment. The shore is dimly white; the smooth bay alive with boats. Those lights are Chinese lanterns festooned from the slender spars of canoes; the voices those of canoemen, offering to the ladies who grace the tents at Squaw Point a serenade; the gleaming dragon that now unrolls again its slow length, and with the delicate



swish of the paddles and low laughter steers away to the camps on the northern shore of the island, is the main body of amateur boatmen who have come to the fifth meet of the American Canoe Association.

The scene, however, is such as to more than repay the crustiest for the loss of a favorite fishing-ground. Save for the absence of her buildings, dimly felt behind the background of the night, Venice in her bewitching festivals of illuminated boats hardly surpasses the effect of a hundred or more canoes, thickly hung with paper lanterns and boat-lights, moving mysteriously between dark water and dark sky. There is something peculiarly fascinating in the modern decked canoe. It is a miniature yacht, compact, finished, ready for smooth weather or rough, portable by one man and yet able to stand, when rightly managed, very severe gales. At night, in a calm like this, it moves with the ease and silence of the birch-bark, leaving on the water scarcely a ripple. Its decks and minion masts offer places for lanterns; its occupant seems to belong to it as a part of the craft itself. The gondola of Venice is clumsy in comparison, and must always lack the charm of the miniature ship, at once freighted and navigated by its owner. The nearest approach to the scene on Eel Bay

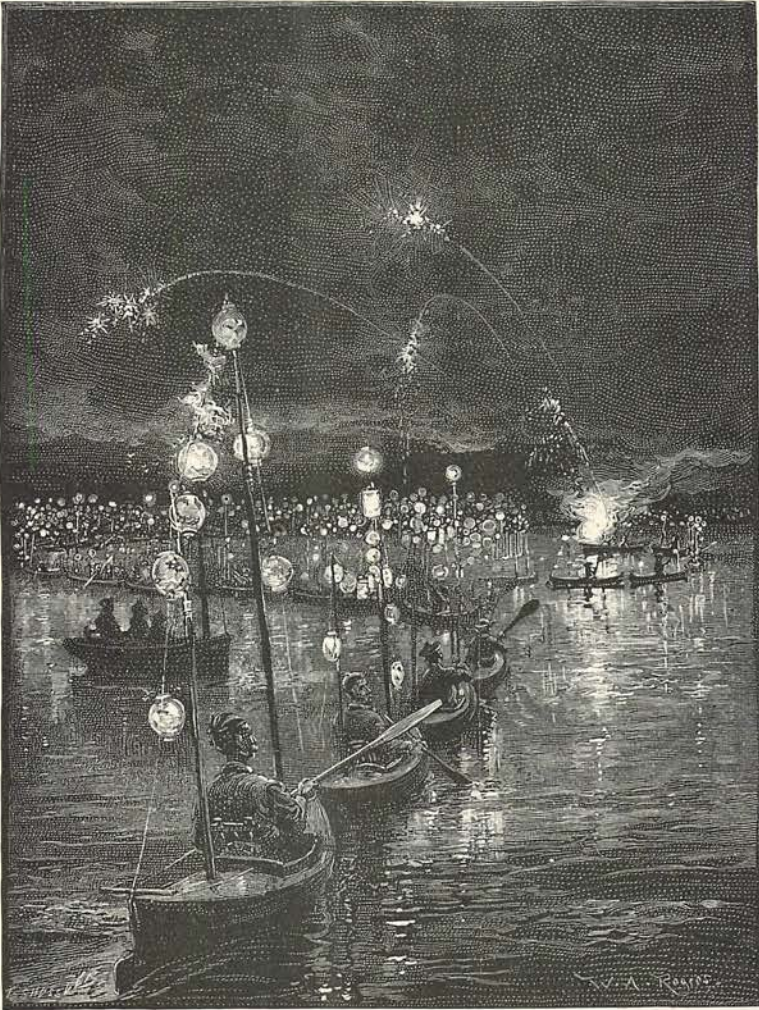
would be a Venetian night-festival limited to several hundred of the small and slender sandolos used for races. These, well set with lights, would resemble very nearly the magic night-effect, as the moon rose from a bank of clouds and brought into relief on a dark shore the white tents of Camp Grindstone.

The following day, what a change! In the land-locked bay, with its pine-crowned islets, broad vanishing outlets, and narrow curious passage through what seems the center of an island, lies a cluster of canoes about the flag-ship—a little sloop-rigged sailboat carrying the weighty presence of the commodore, the vice-commodore, and the rear-commodore of the Association. What is this ever oncoming line of dark spots broken by glittering high lights? and beyond, the other line with larger gleams of sunlight? The first is the advanced skirmish-line of canoeists, who use no sails, relying on the single-bladed paddle. The second consists of the double-blades. As the two ranks approach the reviewing officers, the first rests and allows the second to shoot through to the front, and on coming abreast of the flag-ship the single-paddlers dash forward in turn. Then the two lines turn by the left flank, follow each other in single file, and, locking paddles, huddle into one compact mass



THE FLEET.





OUR VENETIAN NIGHT-FESTIVAL.

opposite the reviewing group. Now glance down the bay. Was there ever a finer sight at a meet of the New York Yacht Club? These little boats coming up under full sail are the size of large toys; yet they have a "value"—if another painter's term be acceptable and duly stretched—which larger craft often lack. The variety of the sails is charming, and as the whole fleet, now strung out because certain clippers have out-sailed the rest, passes before the commodore, the sight has a wonderful microscopic grandeur, as of scenes viewed through the large end of an opera-glass. A hundred canoes side by side will not take up all the deck of a White Star steamer; but seen under sail all by themselves, a hundred canoes vie in effectiveness with a hundred of any other

craft that floats. A cabinet painting, if you will, but not a petty scene.

Canoeing, be it remarked, is a very new sport in its present phase of clubs and regattas. The Association had its origin when Mr. Alden of "The Times" founded the New York club, and began the endless series of modifications of the *Nautilus* canoe by evolving the *Shadow* from that model. So long as cruising remains the attraction of the majority, and paddling and sailing races are merely features of the meets, or confined to a handful of enthusiasts in each local club, canoeing will stay what it has peculiarly been—the game for gentlefolk. It is preëminent among water sports for the amount of pleasure it gives in return for the trouble taken. It is voted slow



by ardent youths who like to blister their hands and run three miles hard before breakfast for several weeks, in order to perform once before admiring crowds; but it encourages self-helpfulness and individuality. It is calculated to give one more occasion to "fool round in a boat" than any other watery sport. It is an excellent school for the yachtsman, and in future it is likely to hold out as no other against the gangrene of professionalism. Professionals can make no money at these regattas, not even in the paddling races. Rough fellows, and those who do not understand the simple joys of outdoor life, are not likely to spend their leisure exploring the head-waters of the Walkkill on the track of Mr. John Burroughs and his dory, or to be moved to poetical emotion with the thought that they are the first white men to break the charmed loneliness of some Canadian lake! Safe from such undesirable members, how large is yet the range of individuality to which canoeing utters its soothing appeal! The worried business man, the lawyer, clergyman, and journalist find just the right amount of physical exercise in the cruising canoe. It is gentle exercise and cumulative. While in winter the city offers the gymnasium, the boxing-floor, or the fencers' club to the townsman, at any one of which an hour's work each day is enough to keep his muscles supple, his skin wholesome, his lungs in good order, in the summer-time there is nothing like a canoe voyage for amassing a large store of health for the whole of the year. And that store is of the true life-giving quality, for it is drawn from the open air. But these are commonplaces. Is it needful to recall the sharper, more eventful pleasures of the canoeist, his risks and delightful half-dangers, when Messrs. Macgregor and Baden-Powell have so recently told their tales of prowess and of derring-do with the paddle? when Messrs. Alden\* and Stevenson† have amused and edified the public with their humorous and instructive booklets? And as to the intricacies of hull and rigging, or rules for matches, or advice as to articles for the cruiser, is there not "The Canoeist," a special organ of the Association, not to mention "Forest and Stream," autocrat on all things relating to sports by flood and field?‡

Yet, while on the general subject of exercise, is it not odd that although we sit at the feet of the ancient Greeks in a thousand ways, envy their physical development as it appears in their statuary, and puzzle over their superiority in modeling the human figure, we do

not esteem athletics as they? Therefore are we probably as far as ever from equaling them in art. Sleight-of-hand such as we see in base-ball, endurance like the fine play in cricket, cultivate special faculties to the neglect of other things much more important to the rounded gymnast admired in Greece. Professionals spring up in every branch of athletics, and soon destroy all enjoyment for ordinary players. Even in lawn-tennis young women of the best parentage are allowed to become specialists, and perform in public like professionals. Canoeing has this in its favor: It is an "all-round" exercise, developing none of the faculties too much, and securing good health without the danger of excess through competition. Betting men and the sporting reporters avoid canoe meets; there is no "life" at them,—which means that canoeing is not yet vulgarized by a straining for the lead on the part of ambitious members; that the Association gets on all the better without the public or the press; that the enjoyment of canoeing lies in itself, not in the excitement of bets or the clamors of a gaping crowd. Yet the tendency has appeared in canoeing, as it always will. Starting a few years ago with canoes adapted more for paddling than sailing, the spirit of sport has already effected changes. The fleet may be split into sailing-cracks, cruisers, paddling cruisers, and Peterboros, lumping in the latter name all undecked canoes, birchbark or otherwise. In the "crack" sailors we see the tendency toward professionalism. But the tendency is good if kept in bounds, for it sets wits to work on improvements in rigs and hulls. Messrs. Vaux and Whitlock of the New York, Gibson of the Albany, Dickerson of the Springfield, and Jones of the Hartford club are among the foremost sailors, and have perfected their canoes in various ways. But to effectually stop the too great movement toward racing, a movement which in time would be fatal to the Association and the general cause of canoeing, there has been an agreement to give prizes, not for special races won, but for a high average of races. Thus, the winner of three minor races, for instance, takes the prize from the man who is far away the first in the sailing-match only. This is a distinct blow to the ambitious canoeist who is disposed to neglect paddling for sailing, or the opposite, and make either a paddling or sailing machine of his canoe instead of a cruiser. The "all-round" man is thus the hero at the meet.

\* "The Canoe and Flying Proa." By W. L. Alden. New York: Harpers, 1878.

† "An Inland Voyage." By Robert Louis Stevenson. Am. Ed. Boston: Roberts, 1883.

‡ "Canoe Handling." By C. Bowyer Vaux ("Dot"). New York: "Forest and Stream" Publishing Company, 1885. See also "Running the Rapids of the Upper Hudson," by Charles Farnham, in this magazine for April, 1881.

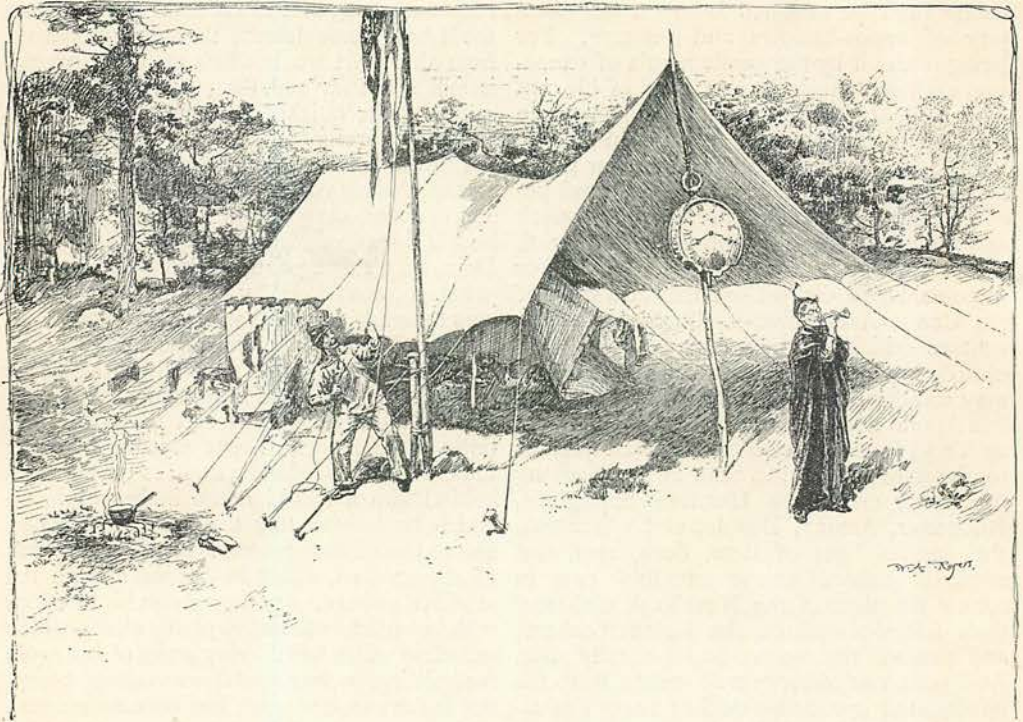


To fix the type or class to which a given canoe shall be assigned is now a task for a jury of canoe-builders and veterans. For being once bit by the gentle mania of canoeing, each man must have a boat of his own designing. If he has added a new rope to the reef of the mainsail, snipped an inch off the rudder, or put a cleat in some new place, he claims the right of a patentee, and becomes infected with all the horrible conceit and loss of finer perceptions of the truth which belongs to the inventor's mind. For the outsider to express opinions at a meet of the Canoe Association is about as safe as to venture criticisms on horses at a race-course crowded with the gentry of the turf. You may wander (like the giant specter of Phœbus Apollo among the galleys of the Greeks at Troy) from the canoes of the Deserontos to them of Brockville, scan in turn, among the pretty craft from Hartford, Springfield, Rochester, Albany, Buffalo, and Cincinnati, the various lines of stem, deck, keel, and stern, of garboard streak and floor, pass in review the fleet of the New York club and their fellow-townsmen the Knickerbockers; and you will find no two builds exactly alike. And yet a vast majority now seem alike to the uneducated eye, being decked canoes of almost the same length, fitted with mainsail and "dandy" (this is a sail), with center-board and rudder worked with tiller outside and steering foot-yoke within. The proud veteran of four long summers casts but one fresh-water nautical eye on a canoe, and glibly informs you whether it is a Rob Roy, now an almost extinct type, or a Nautilus, or a Shadow, a Peterboro or a Pearl; and if you are not wise enough to turn the conversation, he will explain to you wherein it differs from the formal type owing to the inventive genius of its owner. So many canoes, so many rigs. The Albany men have introduced the jib in addition to mainsail and dandy, and the new complication of little cords repays the trouble during regatta week, for it enables the canoe to go better to windward and to turn with more speed. In a light wind at a turning-stake the jib has a marvelous fashion of gaining several lengths by turning the boat closely and sharply around the stake. The popular mainsail is now the "balance lug," stretched by the yard, which is hoisted to the masthead and stiffened by sundry strips of wood, or battens, which gives it cousinship with the sails of Chinese junks. It has almost driven out the cruising "lateen" sail. Marvelous and delightful are the whims shown in the wee sail behind the canoeist, the dandy or jigger. Some are like half the wing of a bat or a butterfly, rising up from the after-deck like a

fan, and hardly surpassing in size the fans of recent extravaganza in fashion. For cruising, the Lord Rosse lateen, that detaches itself from the short masts when an upset occurs, is still much favored, though it is a difficult sail to strike quickly when running before a freshening breeze.

But the humors of a canoe meet are many. In the whaling villages old captains of whalers stump about, carping and sneering at everybody's ideas of navigation or of rig. At Delmonico's the young gentlemen who own yachts, or are owned by yachting friends, discuss seamanship with a wisdom altogether appalling. In the canoe clubs the same kind of tarry-breeches talk prevails, only with a flavor of knickerbockers and soap, while the size of the craft gives a special zest to the familiar lingo. One canoeist hoists a mainsail only; unable to carry a dandy, he fixes on the deck behind him a rod eighteen inches high, on which he hoists a flag the size of a kerchief secured in ultra-orthodox fashion by halyards of strong cord, which he twines around the staff in a pattern. Another covers his foredeck with beautiful little nickel-plated cleats, which he belays with a bewildering series of fine ropes for hoisting, reefing, and downhauling. Sleeping in the canoe at night has become general, and the aspect of the camp by moonlight is most original. Between the array of tents and the shore, on which vast numbers of empty canoes repose in Lilliputian dignity, are rows of cruisers standing on even keels, the cockpits covered with sleeping canopies, either swung between the masts or held in place by upright sticks. Each is a chrysalis, from which the image of a full-fledged canoeist will emerge when that dread dignitary, the bugler, sends his morning notes over the bay. It is often a pretty problem what a given canoe may bring forth, so alike do they look. Perhaps it will be a modest freshman, who will take an unexpected place at the head (or the bottom) of the novices' race; perhaps an old stager, who will tell you that he likes Canadian whisky because it flavors of smuggling, thereby showing himself a bold bad fellow who would shake hands with a pirate. Speak gently: it may contain a full commodore, or a vice, or a rear,—at any rate, a club commodore! In this odd Association it is remarkable that rank begins with the bugler, continues with the secretary, and then drops to the Association commodores. As to club commodores and captains, they are so ubiquitous that it would be thoughtless to risk offense by not using one of these titles "for luck," when addressing a casual canoeist, whose stern bearing and air of aloofness from the common paddling herd betoken in him the genius born to command.





THE MORNING BUGLE-CALL.

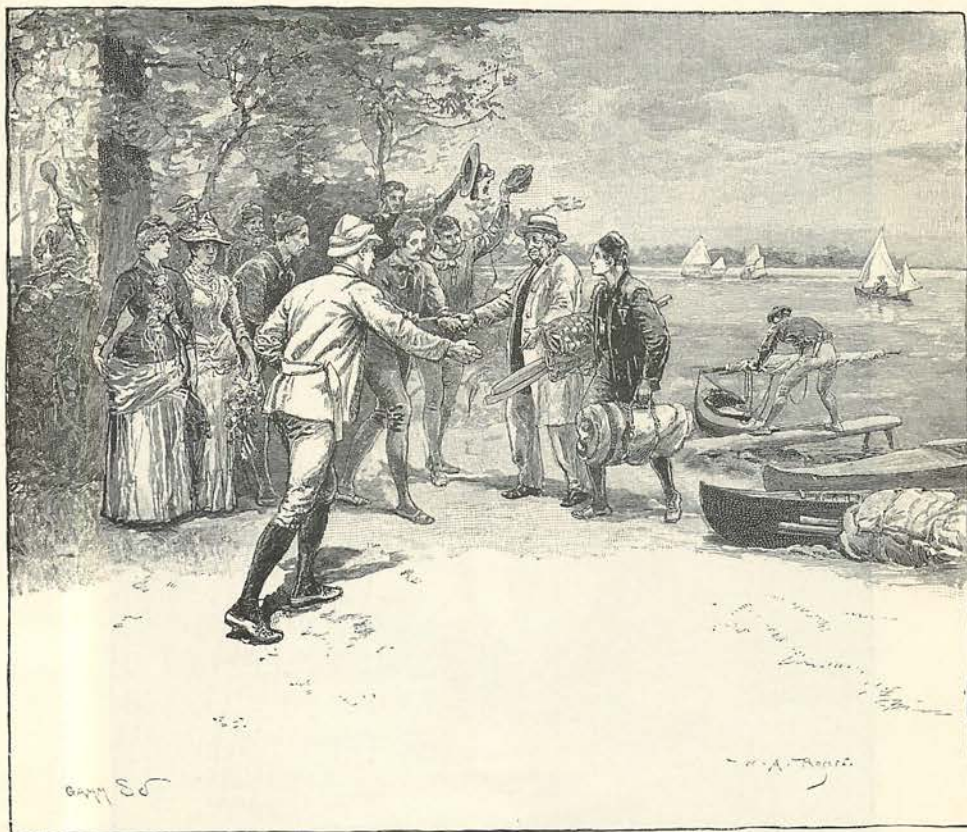
Sundown is a majestic moment. In a timid manner Commodore Nickerson nears the haughty bugler, Mr. Delavan, rouses him from the abstraction of musical composition, and points shyly to the sun. Grasping his bugle, the latter takes his stand where no trees or tents interfere with the full effect of his notes in the distant settlement of Squaw Point, and breathes all his soul into the yearning call. To hide their emotion canoeists bury their heads in blankets, or plunge into the clear cool water off the steamboat dock. Sobby, the little dog of the Mohicans from Albany, so named because of the unquenchable gayety of his disposition, *lucus a non*, becomes thoughtful and seems about to justify his tearful name; Psish, the Hartford cat, named after the vice-commodore's canoe, a kitten with a sympathetic soul, tries to aid the music with her silvery voice; and it is popularly understood that at Squaw Point ladies are often moved to tears. As the call ends, the enormous American flag at the New York tent and that of the Association fall together, and all the other banners, British, Canadian, American, and interna-

tional, are expected to follow suit. As if released from the strain of too much sentiment, the Hartford kitten, Psish, administers on general principles a mauling to Sob, the puppy, and the latter, to work off his injured feelings, goes to the wood-pile of the New York club and steals firewood. He has been taught by a thrifty master to gather in sticks for the fire, boat-sponges as well; nay, towels, bathing-suits, flannels, clothes-brushes, cans of fruit, and such other trifles lying unguarded in the surrounding tents as in camp are often very welcome to



"SOBBY."





CAMP GRINDSTONE—WELCOMING A VETERAN.

the larder. There are few mornings when he fails to earn his breakfast. Sob has even been known to steal the old gray beaver hat which is worn in the nature of a talisman of success by one canoeist famous for a sweet voice (his legend being, *Vox et præterea multum in parvo*), a hat which has been to the fore in many well-sailed or well-paddled races. Nay, such is his devilish ingenuity, he has been known to steal the hat and stow it away in the fore-castle of a canoe, whence it was withdrawn only after its owner had lost a race by reason of its absence. Sob is generally held capable of assuming to the face of one of his master's rivals the utmost friendliness, and quietly gnawing a hole in that rival's boat while his back is turned. He is a cheery little "yaller" dog, on whose tail a dandy might be rigged, and whose barrel assumes the finest lines for a winning center-board canoe, double-decked and forereaching. Like a good speedy coaster, he is often seen "with a bone in his mouth," and as a pirate the cut of his jib is known wherever on North American soil is found a member of the A. C. A.

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At the Thousand Islands there is an indigenuous boat for fishing and rowing, remarkable for the methods by which it is managed under sail. Visitors call it a skiff, natives a skift. Holding five or six persons easily, it is of strong yet light build, and in its lines probably the most beautiful rowboat afloat. Birchbark, Peterboro, Rob Roy, Shadow, Nautilus, Pearl—the hulls of all these must yield in gracefulness to the skiff. It is sailed, with the aid of a small center-board, by means of a large sprit-sail, the mast being stepped well forward when in use. The main peculiarity of the skiff under sail is that neither rudder nor oar nor paddle is needed to guide it. Some persons help themselves to come about on a fresh tack with the oars, but this is not at all necessary, and is held in great scorn by a good sailor. The latter walks unconcernedly up and down his boat, pays her off the wind, or brings her up close-hauled as if by magic. The secret lies in distributing the weight of the sailor forward or backward. In order to bring the boat into the wind with the needed swiftness, he moves suddenly forward quite to the





RACE OF THE CANOE "VENTURE" AND THE ST. LAWRENCE SKIFF.

mast. This buries the bow of the boat, and the stern, shaped like the bow, rises up and is swung around by the wind. As soon as the sail shakes well in the wind, the skiff-man runs aft, thus raising the bow, which is helped about by the wind, and depressing at the same time the stern. All this is without steering-oar or rudder, or the help of the oars in the rowlocks. It is curious to see how sensitive such a boat is to the weight of a man. Running free, he sits nearly aft. Should it be necessary to keep directly before the wind, he gets as far astern as possible; while to come up into the wind the reverse movement is made. First lessons in this unique boat deal severely with the shins of the novice and with the paint inside the boat, but a little practice gives mastery. In the skiff it is considered dangerous to make the main-sheet fast to the gunwale, because the boat is so long, narrow, and shallow that

it might be easily caught in one of the squalls that come with little warning down from the islands. Many will not use the running-block, caught to the gunwale with a snap-spring, which keeps the sail flat and holds it well. The simple rope is preferred, passed through a ring on the gunwale and held in the hand ready to be loosed at once. The block and tackle might be hampered in an emergency and the boat turn over. Of course the skiff is not the best sailer to windward in the world, and a good regatta canoe under full sail can generally beat her, especially if the wind be light. A race that interested Camp Grindstone hugely was a scratch trial between a native in a skiff and a canoeist in his canoe. It was sailed at twilight in a fair light sailboat breeze. So far as any judgment could be made in view of the informal nature of the race, the canoe had the best of it, though the native was called





SQUAW POINT.

a crack sailor and his boat one of unusual swiftness. It is fair to say, however, that the St. Lawrence man claimed that the wind was too light for his craft. Singular and pleasing it was to see the two small sails flitting mysteriously through the duck. The success of the canoeist, Mr. L. Q. Jones of Hartford, was hailed with great delight by the assembled camp.

It is probable that in extremes of wind the cruising canoe will beat the St. Lawrence skiff: in light winds, from its larger spread of canvas compared to its hull; in storms, from the ability of the canoe to stand drenching and its power of climbing seas. In a storm the skiff, though admirably modeled for waves, would necessarily ship a good deal of water which the decked canoe would shed, while its great length would expose it to the danger of riding several waves at a time, and having them curl in. But it may be considered without a rival for its purpose, which is to provide a safe and roomy rowboat, easily rowed, and having nothing aft to interfere with fishing-lines. The principle by which it is sailed might be applied to any craft of a whale-boat

shape with high stem and stern which is sufficiently light and long to be influenced by the wind in the same way. Of course it is not to be judged as a sailboat; for it is certain that for quick and easy handling there is nothing that can compete with a "cat."

Paddling races are to the outsiders more interesting than sailing races, although they have little of their beauty; the canoes that win are always the open canoes — Peterboros or birchbark. The personal equation is stronger in paddling races, the struggle more definite. One paddler lies in his canoe showing against the back-board, and works with his arms alone; another, and he is the one that is pretty sure to win, sits very high, with his feet or knees on the bottom, and leans over his paddle, getting the weight of his shoulder into each stroke. Two single-paddlers in the same boat against two double-paddlers make a close race. Here the single-paddlers need not change to the other side, since one keeps the port, the other the starboard side, and between them the prow is held fairly steady to a straight line. The double-paddlers use the two ends of their paddles alternately,





HEADQUARTERS—SECRETARY A. C. A. ENROLLING A RECRUIT FROM SQUAW POINT.

in the usual way, both dipping to starboard together and then to port. But the advantage is still with the double-bladed paddles. There is a strong likeness between the mechanism of the Indian (single-bladed) paddle-stroke and that of the long oar used by the gondolier of Venice.

The canoe (let us be just, even if we are mendacious canoeists in minor matters) has rivals and superiors in several ways, whether considered as a sailing or a paddling craft. But this is true only when the criticism is partial. For Venice, Amsterdam, Stockholm, for the crowded Thames, and perhaps in the future for the Harlem River, the gondola and its junior the sandolo cannot be surpassed. For river and lake fishing, what boat equals the St. Lawrence skiff? For hunting, a Peterboro is the thing. But for cruising in fresh water and salt, especially for the exploration of streams full of shallows and rapids, what civilized or savage craft can approach the canoe? It is quick and obedient to the paddle. Sail can be made in a few moments and reefed or furled at once. It holds bedding, tent, wardrobe, fuel, lights, and stores. Its solid hull withstands shocks that

no other boat will. Its weight—from sixty to eighty pounds—permits one man to transfer it from river to river or around a rapid. In it the expert will take risks no Indian can with his birchbark. In rain and high waves it is dry; it rides waves from its shortness, and is a good sea-boat and often a fair sailer in a blow. It is one of the safest boats known when properly provided with air-tight chambers fore and aft, for then it is a little life-boat. Upset, it can be righted at once and paddled while full of water.

"The crew of each canoe shall consist of one man only" is a rule laid down in a little book published yearly by the Association. Nothing is said of women; and as a dozen or more ladies are honorary members, this omission has much significance. For the canoe is not so unsocial a craft as it looks. Owing to the need of stability for ballast, camping equipage, and stores, the ordinary canoe, when the sails are not used, is quite capable of shipping a mate for a short cruise. There are loose bulkheads which can be removed, leaving plenty of room for a passenger who will agree to avoid violent movements, and may often demand to work her passage with a second paddle. There are many canoes of this type among the Thousand



Islands in which ladies wield a paddle with skill and effect. When sailing, however, two persons make most canoes unstable, and the greatest care is needed to avoid upset. Increase the spread of sails, and of course the stability is less; racing-rigs much over one hundred square feet in size generally capsize the canoe in a race where there is much wind, unless the sailor is a marvel of quick-

the Toronto canoes are so built that in righting they throw out most of the water, while practice has taught their owners to vault into their canoes as neatly as a naked Huron. Messrs. Miller of Peterboro and Johnston of Toronto have carried off honors in these jolly races.

A meet like that in 1883 at Stony Lake, Canada, and in August, 1884, at the Grind-

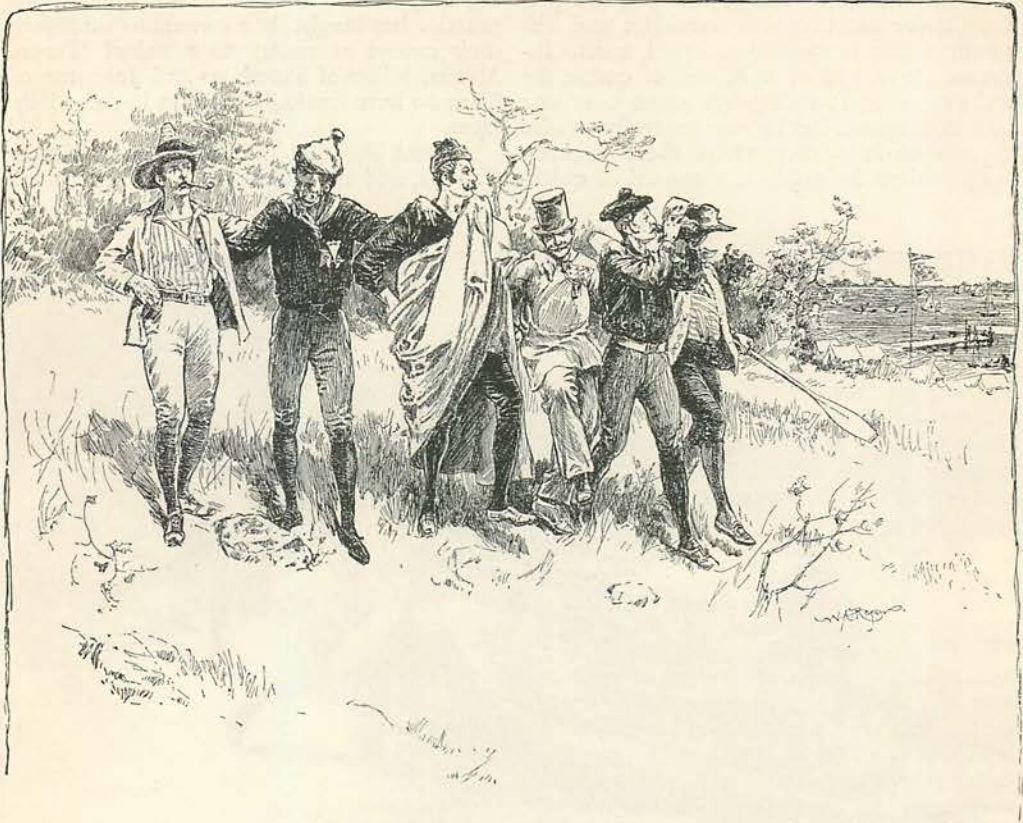


THE HURRY-SCURRY RACE.

ness. In some races not a boat comes in under sail. It is amusing to see the expert, as his sail goes over and adheres to the water, scramble over on the bottom of his canoe, wetting his legs only. Presently he detaches the little masts, which float off with the sails. Then righting the canoe, he makes a hand-spring and lands his body over the cockpit. Seating himself, he displaces a certain amount of the water in it. Should the water be calm, he may bale her out; if not, he paddles ashore heavily enough. Special races to develop practice in regaining control of the upset canoe are the most popular of all, since they afford visitors huge enjoyment, and insure much skylarking. At a given point each man upsets, "clings to his paddle," as Mr. Stevenson has it in his funny epitaph, rights his boat, gets in (if he knows how), and paddles on over the line. Some of

stone Camp, is in itself a pretty scene. Paddling-canoes, and those under a cloud of canvas — or shall we say cambric? — are ever putting off or landing at the rough-and-ready ways quickly built of logs and planks. The shore is covered with boats, among which stand animated groups of hearty-looking young men in knee-breeches and flannels, mending sails, rigging "balance" or "settee lugs," "sliding gunters," "dandies," or "jiggers," "shoulder of mutton" or "Lord Rosse lateens," discussing clippers, or making forecasts of the races. Now and then an excursion steamer passes and salutes the camp, receiving from bugle and conch ironical answer. Or the moment is meal-time, and while one band seeks the general mess and another journeys to a distant farm-house, the thorough-goers start their own dinners at fires near their tents. Impromptu races between friends are incessant. The Al-





THE CHORUS.

bany club lead in decorative effects, for they paint their sails with large totems whereby afar off the "Muscalonge" may be distinguished from the "Siren," or the "Snake" from the "Devil." A member of the Knickerbocker club has had the good taste to dye his sails Venetian fashion, and pleases the eye very much. The review of the fleet is not beautiful merely; it is impressive, despite, or perhaps because of, the minuteness of the craft. Were the boats a little larger, like the St. Lawrence skiff, or the Barnegat sneak-box, or the cat-boat that men call "skip-jack," or, on the other hand, were they a little smaller, like the big model boats in which boys delight, this fine effect would be lost. The only way to account for the phenomenon is to remember that the human body is the norm on which everything is measured. The canoe is so closely adapted to the size and weight of a man, that it is on water what the horse is on land. The Esquimau kayak is still more of a unit with its occupant, and never fails to delight those who venture toward the Pole.

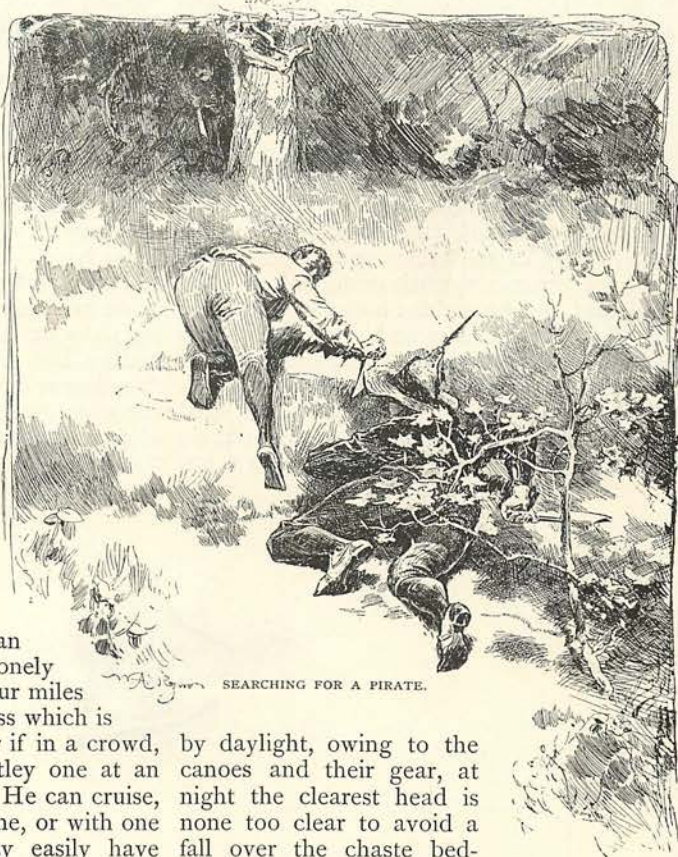
It would be wrong not to note the kindly

and even jovial spirit that rules the short summer meets. Some of the pleasantest comrades hail from provinces of the Dominion. The Association has between five and six hundred members, by no means confined to Canada, New England, and the Middle and Central States. Texas is here; Florida has several representatives, and so has Kansas. One canoeist comes from Washington Territory and another from Manitoba, while San Francisco and Halifax, at the extremes of the continent, may see the little A. C. A. flag. Soon we may expect to find recorded an application for admittance from the "Yukon Canoe Club of Alaska" and the "Coatzacoatl Boating Society" of Central America. Honorary memberships have been given only to a few "epoch-making" canoeists, while a few ladies who own and use canoes have been added to the honorary list in deference to their sex. Those of the latter who honor the meets with their presence are, with their male relatives, assigned quarters in another camp and enjoined not to visit the main encampment till after eight in the morning, when the laziest canoeist is expected to have had his dip,



made his toilet, and done breakfast. Nothing has ever occurred to make these honored honoraries regret the little taste of camp life. Canoeing is a gentle and harmonious occupation, closely akin to the genial sport that makes Izaak Walton a classic, and sure, like it, to encourage the contemplative and dispassionate side of men and women. Croquet, lawn-tennis, base-ball, cricket, lacrosse, rowing races—what a harvest of heartburns every summer do not these reap! The beauty of the canoe is, that if you are angry you can paddle off and count more than twenty-five! At the camp, also, each is independent. The solitary man or he who becomes easily bored has a fine choice of resources. He can go to an island within sight and be as lonely as he likes; or sail three or four miles and find the greater loneliness which is said to exist in a crowd; for if in a crowd, where better than in the motley one at an overgrown American hotel? He can cruise, or fish, or sail, or paddle alone, or with one friend or twenty; or he may easily have friends among the pretty little villas scattered over the enchanting shores of the larger islands. Is he sociable? Then let him join the brazen-lunged company of strummers on the banjo, and sing in stentorian chorus the cook's song in *habitant* French,—“Al-ouettay, genti allouettay, al-ouettay, je te ploomeray!” He can talk annexation with the Canadian of the old stock, or admire the superiority of British rule with the loyalist of later arrival. If he is insatiable of the society of ladies and must have many of them of a choice variety, then let him hie to Squaw Point.

As night draws on, the moon, as if uncertain what is the correct currency for an island discovered by one nation and claimed by two others, turns from a tin dime to a copper cent and then to a silver sixpence; camp-fires are stirred, and ambitious clubs hang up lanterns in the form of their initial, as R. for Rochester. Banjos, and musical tools of even greater deadliness, are now brought out. The “kazoo” is admired, and a performer on the Jew's-harp is a second David. Healthy appetites support the ditty wailed from the ambush of a comb. Temperance is not only courted, but indispensable; for while it is hard to get about camp



SEARCHING FOR A PIRATE.

by daylight, owing to the canoes and their gear, at night the clearest head is none too clear to avoid a fall over the chaste bed-chamber of a bugler or the tent-ropes of a commodore. One night will never be forgot. The doughty Canoe Chief, his mind inflamed by the reading of Clark Russell's sea-stories, had expelled from the island a bad man who sold rum with ulterior intentions of a cut-purse kind. He had threatened the Canoe Chief's life, and was known to have slipped back to the island in his long, low, piratical-looking skiff. Then was there an assembling of fearless canoeists, dare-devil dicks with a paddle in one hand and a white “cruiskeen,” which is Irish for pistol, in the other. There was a solemn patrolling of the camp and its neighborhood, until night and the baffled jail-bird fled together.

A notification on the bulletin is enough to invite all who wish to come that a camp-fire will be held at a certain club headquarters, each club taking turns. Every now and then a great general bonfire is on the order of the day; then roots and trunks of trees are consumed, and the circle closes in as the fierce glare subsides. One of these (to set some bounds to a paper already too long) was more than usually complete. Speeches, songs, music from Arcadian instruments, declamations, and yet more



songs had their turn. The ring of ladies and gentlemen, of youths, boys, and rustics, was brilliant with the strong red glow from four great roots of trees. Thousands of winged creatures from the St. Lawrence fluttered in the big half-sphere of light, with the fantastic bonfire as a center, and among them swooped numberless bats, their fur shining in the glare like silver against the soft black of the sky. The place was a hill-top, and far below were the lights of yachts and excursion steamers at anchor, the glimmering coals in the long camp by the water, and toward the horizon the clusters of colored lamps at some big hotel. All was jollity and comradeship. The Canadians hardly felt on alien soil; it took an effort to remember that American is a word that is ever used in a narrow sense. The line between these two great wings of the Association was as im-

aginary as the border itself, which, if we must believe the map, runs yonder among the lovely islands along the deepest channel of the St. Lawrence. After all was over and the encampment asleep, how curiously in contrast with the noise of men was the hooting of the loon! It is not a laugh, but more like the cry of the screech-owl. Loons appear to fish apart and call to keep each other distantly company, like canoeists when they cruise. They have two calls, at the very least. One is lower and much like a screech-owl's, but more musical and less plaintive in its quavering; the other is that misnamed a laugh. It startles, but it has a great charm. Delightful to waken at dawn and hear the loon's cry from the water near the sleeping camp! There is a savage relish in the note like the taste of the dark wild raspberry.

*Henry Eckford.*



### THE HUMMING-BIRD.

THERE is a silence in this summer day,  
 And in the sweet soft air no faintest sound  
 But gentle breezes passing on their way,  
 Just stirring phantom branches on the ground;  
 While in between the softly moving leaves,  
 Down to their shadows on the grass below,  
 The brilliant sunshine finds its way and weaves  
 A thousand patterns, glancing to and fro.  
 A peace ineffable, a beauty rare  
 Holds human hearts with touch we know divine,  
 When, hush! — a little tumult in the air;  
 A rush of tiny wings, a something, fine  
 And frail, darting in fiery haste, all free  
 In every motion; scarce we've seen or heard  
 Ere it is gone! How can such swiftness be  
 Incarnate in an atom of a bird!  
 To know this mite, one instant poised in space,  
 Scarce tangible, yet seen, then vanishing  
 From out our ken, leaving no slightest trace!  
 Ah, whither gone, you glowing jeweled thing?  
 Before you came, the very air seemed stilled;  
 More silent now because with wonder filled.

*Laura M. Marquand.*