

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV.

AUGUST, 1887.

No. 4.



THE stillness of the Patriarch's studio had been broken by a loud knock announcing Brushes and the Scribe. The Patriarch had just returned from a sketching-tour in Holland. At the present moment the blue smoke from three corn-cob pipes filled the cozy interior, and drifted up in uneven lines to the skylight.

"Very charming, my dear fellow," said Brushes, critically examining the Patriarch's color-sketch of some Dutch luggers reflected in the canal, with the spires of Dordrecht in the distance; "but why tramp the earth in search of the picturesque when Berkshire, the Long Island Coast, and Jersey are right at your door? Some good art begins at home."

The Patriarch leaned back in his chair, looked sidewise at his Academy picture of San Giorgio, nearly completed, incredulously closed one eye, and blew a cloud of Lone Jack through the window.

Brushes took possession of the greater part of a divan covered with skins, and continued:

"Furthermore, see how you travel. Crowded into a stuffy state-room or packed into a Pull-

man. This done, you think you have reached all the luxury of the century, and yet here within a mile of us, in fact at the foot of this very street, are half a dozen floating comforts, each one of which contains more actual luxury to the square yard than a fleet of Cunarders—I mean an ordinary canal-boat."

Up to this time the Scribe, the proprietor of the third pipe, had kept silent.

"What sort of a canal-boat, Brushes? An excursion-yacht with silk cushions, red and white striped awnings, and a tea-kettle in the stern with a tin whistle?"

"No, your imaginative quill," replied Brushes; "a plain white-painted, three-hatched, and poop-cabined canal-boat with two mules ahead and a rudder behind; a skipper to steer, his wife to help cook, and a deck-hand forward to 'snub'* her in the locks and take a line to the tow-path. See here," he continued, springing from the lounge, seizing a piece of charcoal, and reversing a canvas; "here's your regulation canal-boat," and he sketched in the outline of Noah's ark without the traditional house. "Over this flat deck I

* An expression used by canal-boatmen, meaning to check the impetus of boats on entering a lock.

mean to rig an awning, on movable legs, to accommodate low bridges. Down this forward hatch I throw a broad staircase leading into the hold. When you get down into it you will find an interior about seventy feet long, eighteen feet wide, with a ceiling some nine feet high, beamed and bracketed like a Venetian banquet-hall, and furnished like a gallery with three great skylights for air and light. This is your Grand Salon. Up under the bow, between the bracing timbers of the boat, are your butler's pantry and a place for your Allegretti, with its ice and provender. Next to it, divided by partitions of straw matings and curtains, are your dressing-rooms.

"Now cover the floor of the boat with matings overlaid with India rugs; hang the walls with tapestries and studio stuff; place against them some cabinets, and divans serving as beds by night and lounges by day; build amidships and under the larger hatch your dining-table; move in a lot of studio properties, antique chairs, hanging-lamps, old water-jars, pottery, and brass, with some linen, glass, and china; get a good cook and a competent steward, and you have a craft compared to which Cleopatra's barge was an Indian dug-out."

It was evident that neither the Scribe nor the Patriarch saw these possibilities.

"You don't believe it? Come with me, then, in the morning, and pick out a boat. It is exactly the month to make the trip. We

The Patriarch was not convinced, but his curiosity conquered. The three agreed to meet the daily North River tow on its arrival at Coenties Slip, New York city, the next morning, and the sum of all the adventures growing out of that decision will be found in the succeeding pages.

"Too narrow," said Brushes, peering down the half-lifted hatch of a Lake Champlain boat; "what we want is an Erie boat. Our canal is the Raritan. There are no bridges that do not swing, and a twenty-foot laker can slip through any lock without scratching her paint."

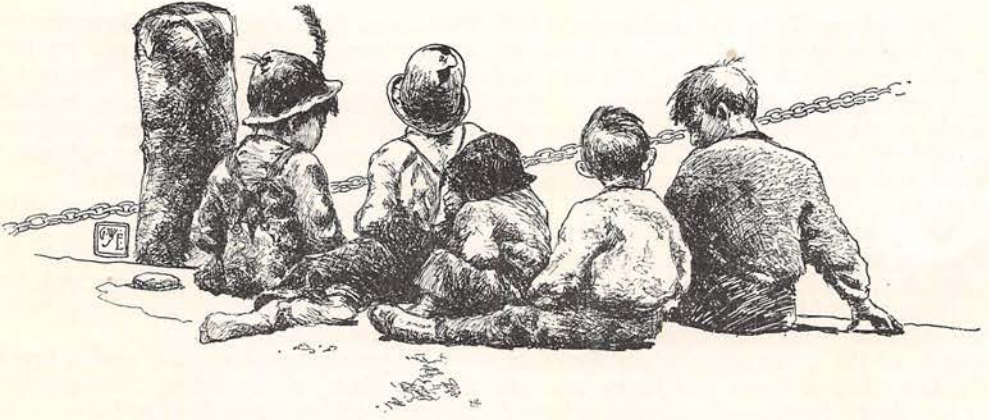
Before noon Brushes had traveled over the decks and slid down the hatches of half the boats in the basin. Some were too low; others under charter; one was full of potatoes; another loaded with a miscellaneous cargo of chairs, cheese, bales of straw, and wooden ware; a few were loaded with grain, and only one or two empty.

"Say, Cap," yelled out a red-shirted, straw-hatted skipper from the cabin window of a canal-boat, "Dusenberry's got a boat jes suit you. Regular long-waister, she is. No thwart timbers, hatches more'n ten feet across, and a daisy of a kitchen and cabin. She is hauled out at Hoboken. Dusenberry's been paintin' on her."

"What's her name?"

"The *Seth G. Cowles*."

In ten minutes the party had crossed the ferry, Brushes forging ahead, and the Scribe



WHARF RATS.

want an outing, and New Jersey, with its historic associations, quaint houses, and flat stretches of marsh and water, is Holland all over again, even to the windmills."

"'Tis well," said the Scribe, "and we will wire Scraps to join us at Perth Amboy, and if your floating Oriental coal-bin is unendurable, we will make a tent of the awning, unload the furniture, and camp out at the first lock."

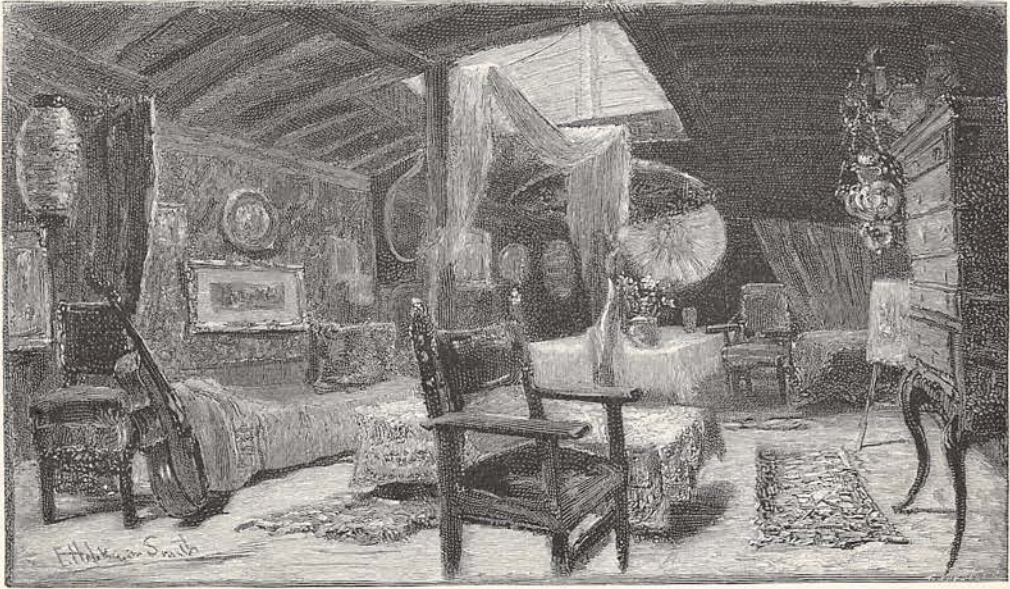
and the Patriarch catching their breath three blocks behind. There was no mistaking the boat. She lay high and dry on the mud-flats, with her name in gold letters freshly painted across her stern. The nautical eye of Brushes took in her points at a glance. He was heard to say, "Twenty foot beam; wide hatches; flush deck; cabin well aft; bow high; and tight as a drum." Dusenberry came up,

paint-brush in hand, and confirmed Brushes' favorable opinion. The price was agreed upon, and all arrangements completed to deliver her at the foot of East Thirty-first street, at high water, a few days later.

The succeeding two days were spent in the

ing ferries began to take an interest in the proceedings; so did the wharf rats, who fringed the hatches till the last moment.

Brushes sent his 'cello, the Scribe his guitar, while Scraps brought his voice. Before night the *Cowles* had developed from a canal-boat



THE GRAND SALON.

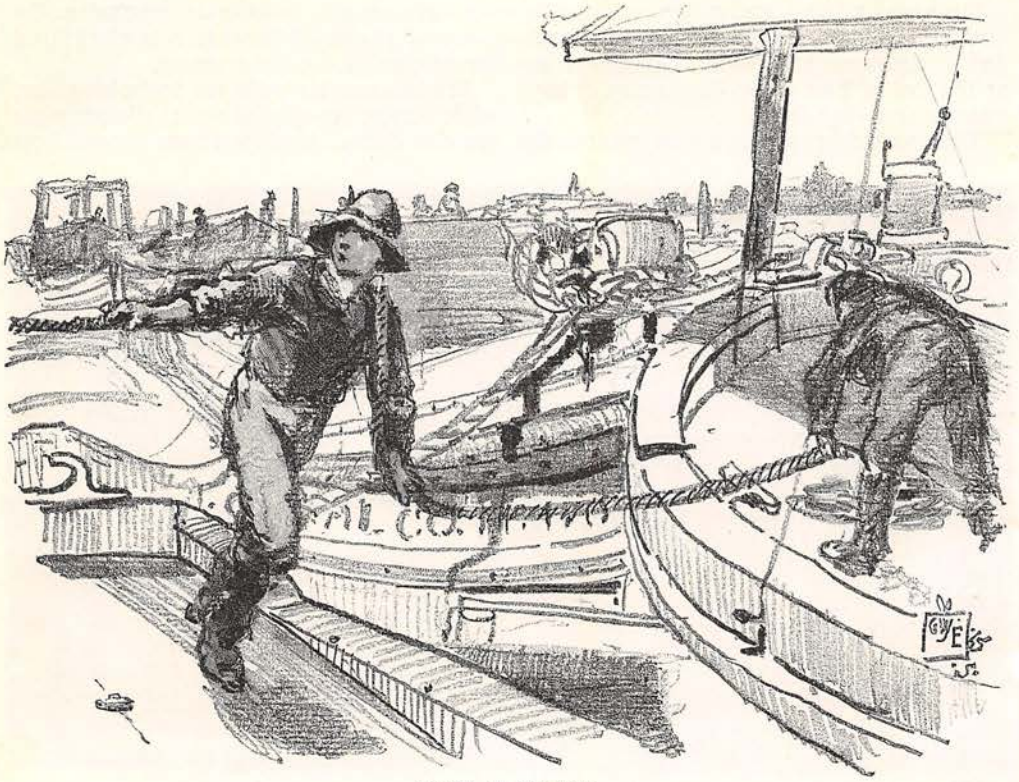
construction of an awning with a patent up-and-down folding movement; making a staircase with protecting railings; fitting up a butler's pantry, with racks for dishes, shelves for groceries, and the like.

Each man had his duties. All carpenter work and fittings were, of course, Brushes'. The Patriarch had charge of the decoration, tapestry, furniture, studio properties, etc.; the Scribe, the crockery, glass, kitchen-ware, and domestic comforts; while Scraps, who had rushed in hot haste from Perth Amboy, was a committee of one for provisions and steward's supplies in general. Under the Scribe's care came also the selection of a steward. At the end of the second day he produced a light-colored mulatto, all collar and shoes, with the bow of a folding jack-knife and the manners of a diplomate. His name was Moses.

The eventful day and the *Cowles* came in at about the same hour; for, with the economical habits of her distinguished commander, Captain Dusenberry, she swung in at daylight, so as to gain half a day on her charter; and before the Patriarch had broken the shell of his egg at breakfast, word came that the *Cowles* was alongside of the string-piece, and ready for cargo.

Later the same day the furniture and fittings were on board, and crowds from the neighbor-

grub to a butterfly Venetian barge. Even Captain Dusenberry, who had uneasily watched the transformation from his seat beside the tiller, was heard to say to his wife: "Marthy, old *Seth* looks like a circus." To him, as to the boatmen, lockmen, drivers, and others of their sort, who clambered on board, at invitation or without it, many times a day during the trip, the floating studio was a veritable wonder; an accumulation of much that was rich, strange, and beautiful to them, and of many rare objects of art at which they could only express astonishment — not always complimentary. About a quarter of the hold, under the forward deck, had been curtained off for the use of the steward, and for the storage of his supplies; and a corner of this space near the stairs, which led down the forward hatch, was reserved as a dressing-room. An open space under the stern hatch, separated from the salon by heavy old draperies of satin and embroidered silk, through which the light from the after-hatch shed a soft illumination, was reserved for the storage of personal baggage, extra cots for expected friends, elaborate mosquito nettings, sketching traps, and art materials enough to last the whole summer. Thus the entire central portion of the hold, a space of sixty or seventy feet, became the salon, and



MAKING UP THE TOW.

upon its adornment and convenient arrangement all the assembled taste and experience were centered.

The walls from floor to ceiling were covered with old tapestries, and upon them were hung rare etchings, delf plaques, brass sconces, and choice pictures. There was still plenty of room to tack up sketches as fast as made. At intervals, along the sides, Venetian church-lamps, a censer or two, and some richly hued marine lanterns were suspended from the dark, heavy beams which upheld the deck and served as a magnificent ribbed ceiling, low and agreeable in tone, and beautiful in its curved lines. At the farther end of the salon was built a permanent table of generous dimensions, placed longitudinally, which served as a dining-table, and which became, between meals and in the evening, a common center across which were exchanged the adventures of the day and the plans for the morrow. About it were grouped a number of carved and ornamented antique arm-chairs of large pattern, each one of which was to its neighbor a stranger from a strange land. Holland, Spain, Italy, Mexico, England, and Plymouth Rock jogged elbows, and trod under their feet prayer-rugs from Smyrna, Bokhara, and Hindostan. The coal-stained floor, and the battered keelson, upon which had been

dumped many a ton of anthracite, carefully scrubbed and cleansed, were covered throughout the length of the boat with fresh, clean China matting. The cots along the side were perfectly disguised as divans, and brought into "tone" by a judicious use of Turkish and India rugs, camel's-hair blankets, etc. A carved oaken chest, of the thirteenth century, served as a sideboard, and from the opposite side an English high chest-of-drawers of two hundred years ago flaunted its brass handles. A Japanese bronze vase, as high as the back of an old-fashioned chair, richly ornamented in relief with tangled gods and sacred snakes, degraded from the splendor for which it was deservedly intended, now served as a depository for smoking materials. Near by an old-fashioned writing-desk, always open, presented a continual opportunity for communication with the unfortunates in the outside world,—above it a shelf or two of well-used favorites (chief among them the Patriarch's Dante and the Bhāgavata Gīta), with the current magazines, and a few light publications of the year. An easel or two, colored silk draperies at the main hatch to diffuse the light, bracketed and swinging lamps at convenient intervals, and brass plaques to catch wandering rays, completed the interior.

"LET go your bow line!" sang out the captain of the tug *Young America*, getting up the boats for the night's tow. The crew sprang literally as one man, reënforced by the Scribe, who had sailed a yacht to Mt. Desert and felt his position. However, despite the Scribe's assistance, the *Cowles* swung clear, and floated out into the East River to join a group of empty coal-boats forming a part of the great tow bound for Perth Amboy and the entrance of the Raritan Canal at New Brunswick. It was near the close of an August day. A gentle breeze fluttered the apron around the top of the awning and scattered over the deck the loose leaves of an unguarded portfolio.

The *Young America*, with her miscellaneous assortment of canal-boats, dodged here and there across the river, now stopping at Newtown Creek, and then at several wharves on the Brooklyn side, and so on under the bridge to the Erie Basin. Each addition to the tow brought its complement of wharf rats, evidently attracted by the unusual appearance of the *Cowles*. They boarded the craft from all sides, hung their legs over the main hatch, and made themselves entirely at home with everything within reach.

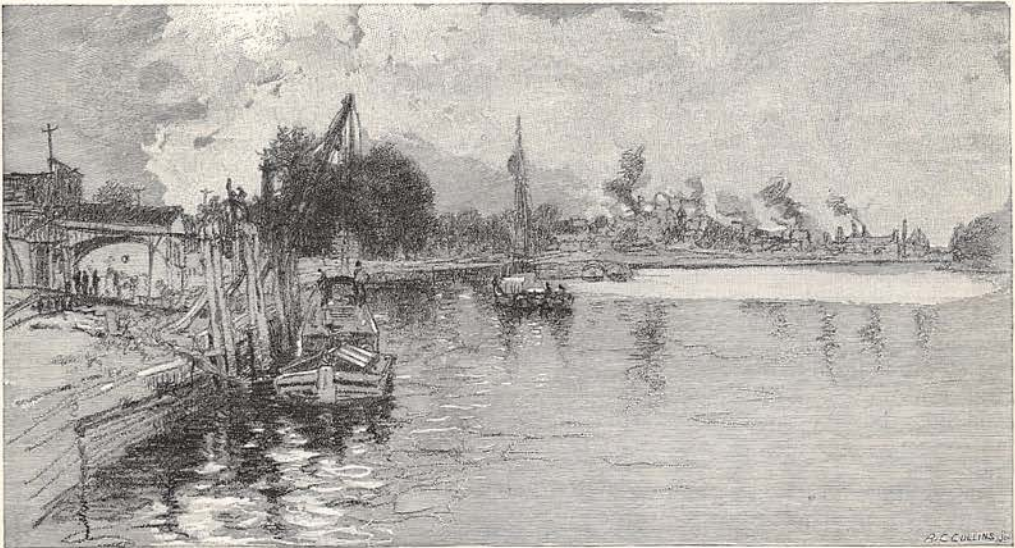
"Hey, Jimmy," said one of a group lying flat over the rim of the hatch with their legs spread out like the ribs of a Japanese fan, "ain't them daisy chromos? Say, mister, wot's

object lesson, he explained that it was a can in which the girls in Holland carried milk,—can at each end of a shoulder rest,—sometimes walking a mile or two to a market.

"Huh, full o' beer it wouldn't get half that far," was what he got for his pains.

Another produced a wet base-ball and begged Scraps to catch his curves. Another scaled a post and ran the length of the awning, skipping every other brace, and at the end falling into the arms of Dusenberry, who dropped him over the high stern and nearly into the lap of an old woman who was peeling potatoes for the evening meal on the deck of a lower canal-boat.

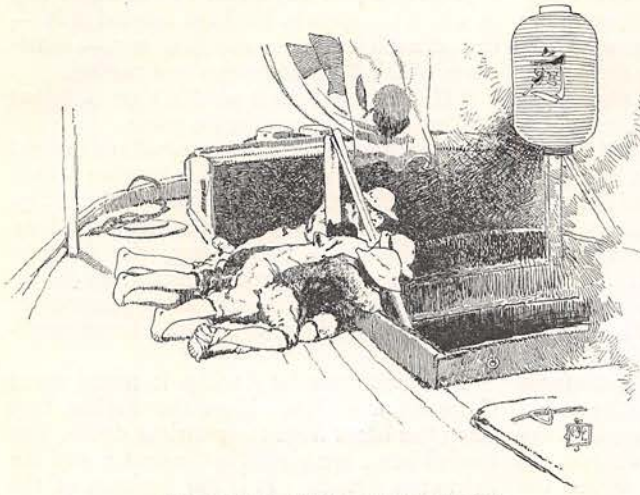
The main tow for Raritan is made up at Communipaw Flats. Here the harbor tugs bring the boats from their various docks. The loaded boats are placed in the center, and the light ones outside. It is the business of the tow-master to see that all the expected boats are accounted for, in proper places, and that the whole tow is well made up. He has quarters on the wharf-boat, an old craft with a house on deck, anchored on the flats, and is a power in his way. It was long after dark when the main tow shunted her charge, including the *Cowles*, alongside the wharf-boat, and then, with a parting salute, melted into the gloom. The night was intensely dark. Against the overcast sky the lights on the Brooklyn



NEW BRUNSWICK: THE COAL DOCKS.

the brass jug?" The Patriarch had with infinite pains brought the battered and patched article from Dordrecht, and on the present occasion it stood on the sideboard in the salon, filled with flowers. Seizing the chance of an

Bridge sparkled like a huge necklace of diamonds, and the ferry-boats flew about like fireflies. At the wharf-boat were one or two dim lanterns, and near the bow of each canal-boat was a lantern of uncertain hue, but in-



"THEM FELLERS NEVER DOES NO WORK."

tended to be white. A short distance up stream an enormous double-decked tug lay in wait like a huge monster, its two white lights at the mast-heads describing dizzy curves as she rolled about. Now and then her open furnace doors illuminated the tow from end to end, investing the figures of the men as they moved about with the appearance of unearthly and intangible beings. When fairly off, the life on the boats assumed a new phase. The majority were empty coal-boats,—"Chunkers" from Mauch Chunk, or "Skukers" from "Schuylkill Haven,"—and each one carried a crew of two; among the thirty boats in the tow fully one-half had on board the wives and children of the captains. Suddenly, all over the tow fires were lighted in the little coal stoves on deck, and the evening meal, put off until under way, was in preparation. Odors were wafted to the *Cowles* that bespoke a feast somewhere to windward. The awning, aglow with the light from the hatches, became a shining mark, attracting all the boys and men of the tow. The men said little, but the boys made up for any inattention of this kind.

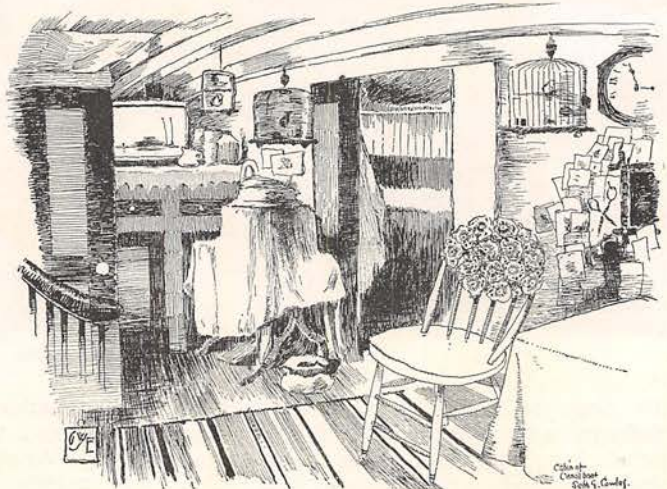
"Say, Billy," said one who until then had been silent, "them fellers never does no work."

At last the deck was deserted, the hatches were pulled over so as to keep out the damp and yet admit a draft, and in a few moments all was dark and quiet.

"COME, boys, tumble out and come up on deck and see Holland." It was Scraps in his pajamas. The tow was approaching Perth Amboy, where Moses announced coffee on deck. The Raritan finds its sinuous way through broad green salt meadows that stretch off like soft carpets until they meet the clay beds and tangled woods of the Jersey shore. It was indeed Holland; the same flat landscape and long stretches of green marsh. One constantly expected a windmill to appear on the sedge, or the spires and crooked tiled roofs of a Dutch village.

In the morning light the tow was a busy and interesting scene. The boats at the head were arranged six abreast, the strongest

among the loaded ones being selected to take the strain of the cables from the tug-boat. The rest fell in behind, the bow of each one being brought snug under the stern of the boat ahead and securely made fast. To prevent the tow from spreading, cables were stretched from the bow of each boat to the stern of its immediate neighbors, and so the whole mass was held fast, but with sufficient play to admit of easy motion when swung by the current or twisted by the tug. Here was a community which spent the summer months traveling. Germans, Hungarians, Canadian French, Pennsylvania Dutch, and Maine Yankees made up its population. At an early hour in the morning the families were eating their ham and eggs and sipping boiled coffee, seated with their children on the deck houses or the water barrels, or perhaps on the

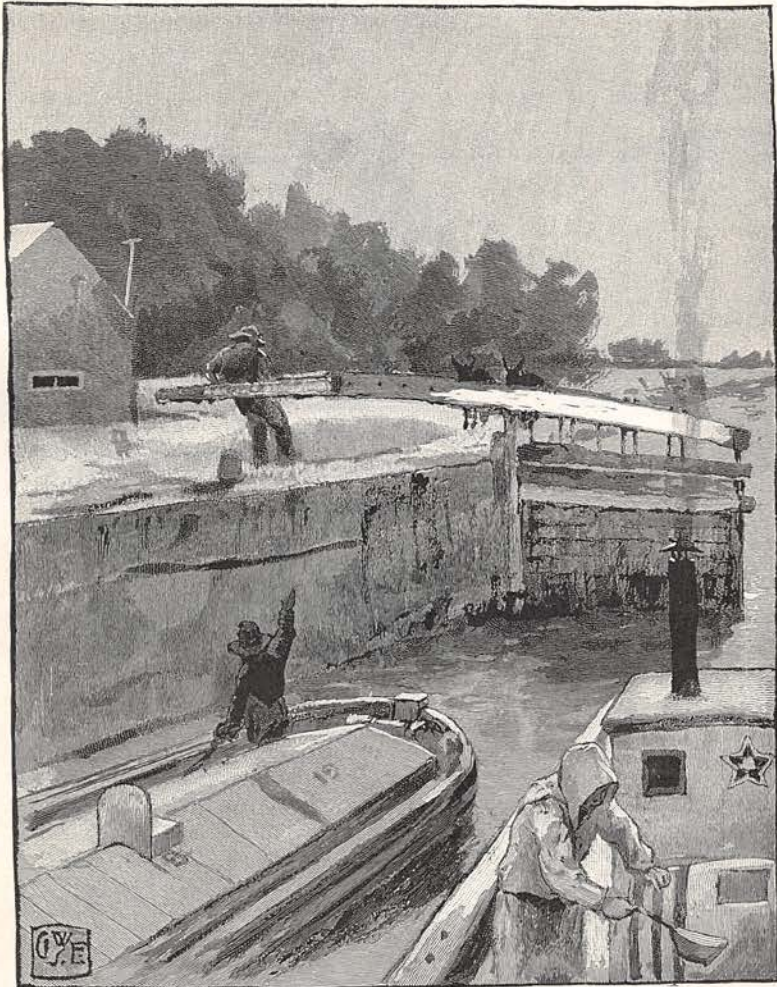


DUSENBERRY'S KITCHEN.

slanting hatches through which the coal is dumped into the hold. On one boat the woman was hanging out the wash, on another the men were mending harness and splicing the tow-ropes. The latter boat evidently came

each hull can be loaded at the same time at different wharves.

Scraps had found at the head of the tow a boat of unusual interest. The cabin and the tiller were protected from the sun by a red-



LOCKING THROUGH.

from some far-off point where the teams were not provided by the canal company, for it carried two big mules of its own in a huge box amidships. Boats belonging to the coal company were all low, long, and narrow, and often without any cabins or accommodations for the crew of two. On their bows were painted the numbers by which their movements were traced. The "Chunkers" were frequently of the "lemon-squeezer" pattern. This craft is best understood by imagining two square-sterned boats brought together stern to stern and fastened so by bolts and chains. In narrow canals they are turned in sections, and

and-white striped awning with a scalloped edge, stretched across portable posts. The diminutive windows were curtained with embroidered muslin. On the cabin room were sofa cushions, a rocking-chair, and a small work-table, and in the canvas hammock slung between the posts was a girl. Her father, a grizzled old canal dog, had swabbed his decks while the fire was coming up, and was now frying the steak and potatoes. Later in the day they visited the *Cowles*. The girl was about eighteen, dressed in clean calico. Her sun-bonnet, pushed back, hung behind her neck. Her abundant black hair was gathered

straight back into a knot. She had a well-rounded and gracefully robust figure, and arms like those of an antique statue. Altogether she was totally unlike any preconceived notions of what would be found on a canal

the tow fairly within the bight than the tow-master begins breaking it up. The boats are in turn shunted into the lock by a steam windlass. Once in the lock the boat finds its team of four mules, tandem, waiting on the tow-



AT TEN MILE LOCK.

boat. Her father owned his boat and the mules, which had been left at New Brunswick on the down trip. In the summer they carried freight, and in the winter lived on a little farm in the mountains. The mother was dead, and this girl was her father's only deck-hand. She could "snub" a boat like a man, or steer one into a lock with a touch that would not have cracked an egg.

The tows always take advantage of the tide, and on this particular day a breeze up the river added its modicum of power. No stop was made until New Brunswick was reached. As soon as the tow was made fast, the Patriarch and the Scribe went ashore in search of a tow-rope, which the over-cautious Captain Dusenberry omitted to include in his outfit, to engage a team, and to pay the towage up the canal. This town is the headquarters of the canal traffic. Here are the company's offices, and just beyond is the first lock. The mule stables where the teams were kept, the boarding-houses for the men, and the grocery, hardware, and fancy goods stores were together along the water-front. The canal follows the left bank of the river. No sooner is

path in charge of a driver. If there are not enough teams to go around, there is nothing to do but to wait until one comes down with a boat bound out, and gets its feed and a half-hour's rest before starting back. It was for the purpose of making sure of a team, and a lively one, that the Patriarch and the Scribe visited the company's offices. The mission was accomplished, the authorities were entertained on board the *Cowles*, and about noon Dusenberry, assuming command, gave word to the tow-boy, and started the four white mules. A day's work for a team is fourteen miles, and therefore Ten Mile Lock, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles above Bound Brook station, was to be the end of the day's journey. Without incident and without danger, save the brief period when the Scribe essayed to steer, the boat slid along at the average rate of about three miles an hour. Every turn in the canal developed something worth sketching. Constantly the mules were halted, and the *Cowles* made fast to the heel path out of the way of passing boats. From the high deck the canal seemed to be running up-hill, and the river much farther beneath than it actually was. The

motion of the boat was like that of an Indian canoe well paddled. It is an ideal way to travel. Here is a highway which the traveling world has abandoned. No dust, no noise, no hurry, no train-boy; stopping when you like; plenty of pure air; and for fresh vegetables you have only to run out a plank, and go ashore to the nearest farm-house.

"What time will you lunch, gentlemen?" said Moses as he passed the milk punch. This was a matter to be considered once for all, for the daily routine must be laid out.

"Now," was the reply; "and after this coffee on deck at eight, breakfast at twelve, something quiet at four, and dinner at eight. To-day give us a broiled chicken and a lettuce salad."

"Yesser, but there ain't no lettuce."

"Plenty of it in sight," said the Patriarch, pointing with his cigarette-holder to a Jersey farm.

"Whoa, there!" said Scraps. The leader of the team pricked up its ears and stopped, the boat shot ahead until her headway was spent, and then hugged the bank.

Loaded with instructions to buy anything that was edible, Moses took his way across a field and through an orchard, swinging a basket in either hand. In half an hour he returned with lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, milk, egg-plant, and three spring chickens. Once more the mules took up the slack, and after an hour of patient plodding, the bridge across the Raritan at Bound Brook hove in sight. Passing

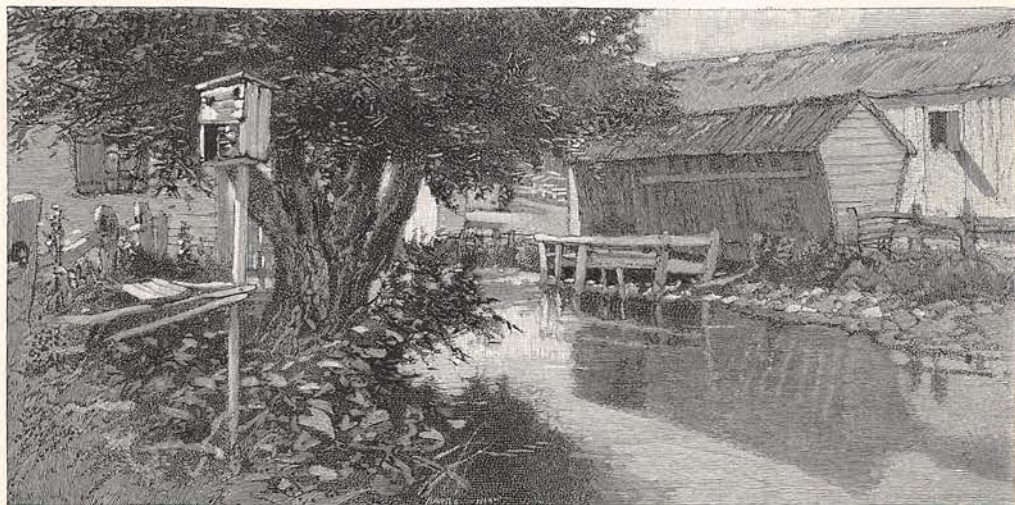
the *Cowles* found convenient spiles sunk in the heel path; and there, within two hundred yards of fresh milk and new butter, the second night was spent.

In the morning the regular routine began. First a plunge overboard into the cool water, then coffee and rolls. Then sketching ashore or on board, or perhaps a brisk turn along the tow path. After breakfast a siesta, or a nap on deck under the awnings. In the evening after dinner a chat, a smoke, and a long night's rest, with the pure country air to expand the lungs and foster the appetite.

With the next day's run, to Kingston, a more picturesque country was entered. A far off peach orchards were descried. At the railroad stations and at the locks baskets were piled high, en route to the New York markets. The canal from Kingston to Trenton is lined with picturesque spots. The tow path at Princeton runs for miles along the bottom of a steep bank from the top of which beautiful old trees cast their shadows half way to the opposite bank. It is like a cultivated park. The drivers and their mules linger in the grateful shade, reluctant to hasten on to the barren open fields and dusty roads which mark the approach to Trenton.

THE canal forms a Y at Trenton. The right branch is the "Feeder" carrying the water from the Delaware River to supply the canal.

Brushes had a brother-in-law half a mile

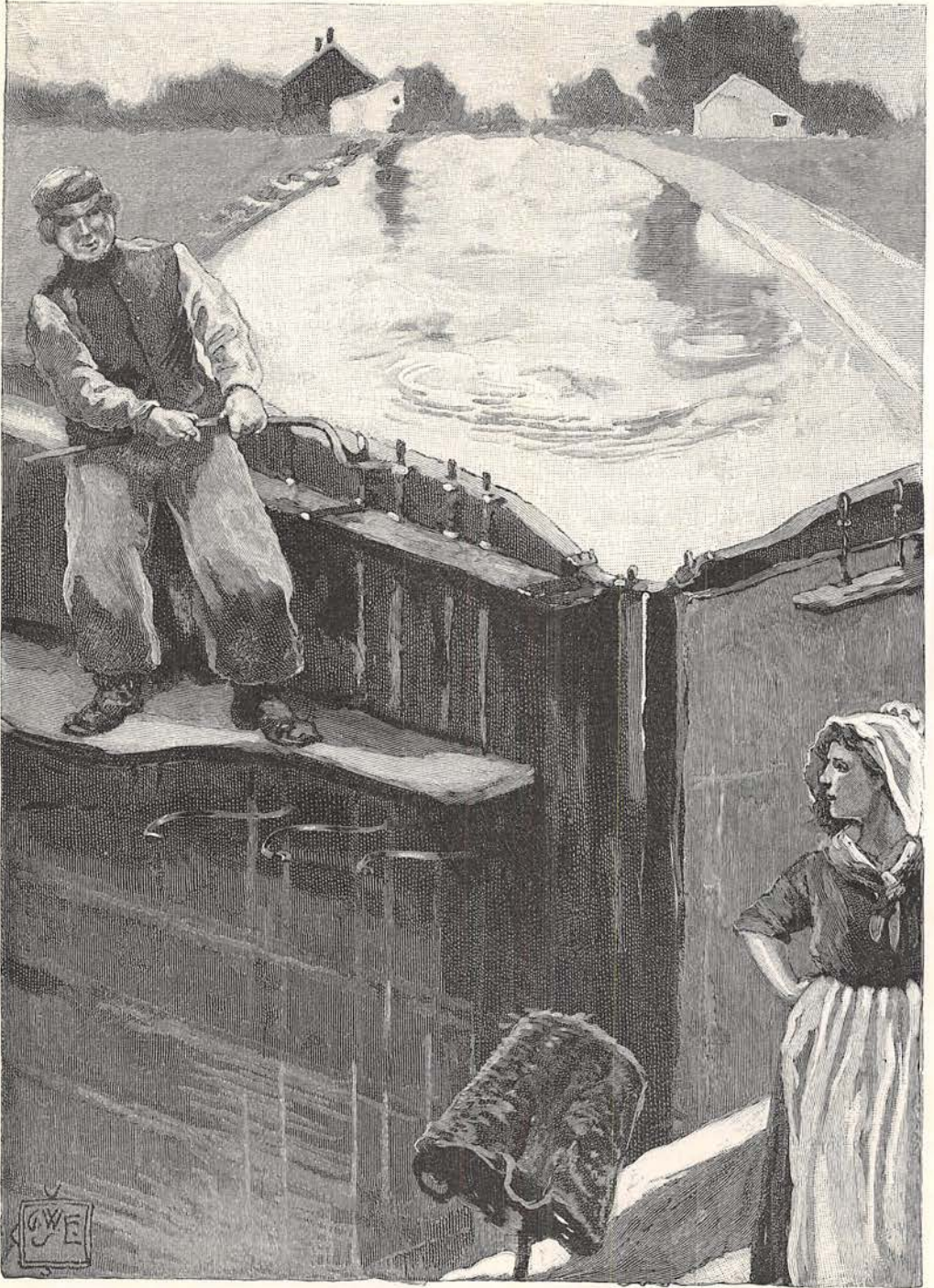


THE "OVERFLOW" AT KINGSTON.

through the lock and around three gentle curves they came in sight of the whitewashed buildings and willows of Ten Mile Lock, the first station on the canal.

Just beyond the lock at the end of the crib

beyond Trenton who had been watching for the *Cowles* for a week. This relative had a garden filled with pease and late asparagus, and a cook who could bake a ham with such exceeding toothsome-ness that Brushes



OPENING THE GATES.



WATCHING THE "CIRCUS BOAT" AT KINGSTON.

insisted upon altering the course of the *Cowles* at once. In fact, the ham was baked and waiting.

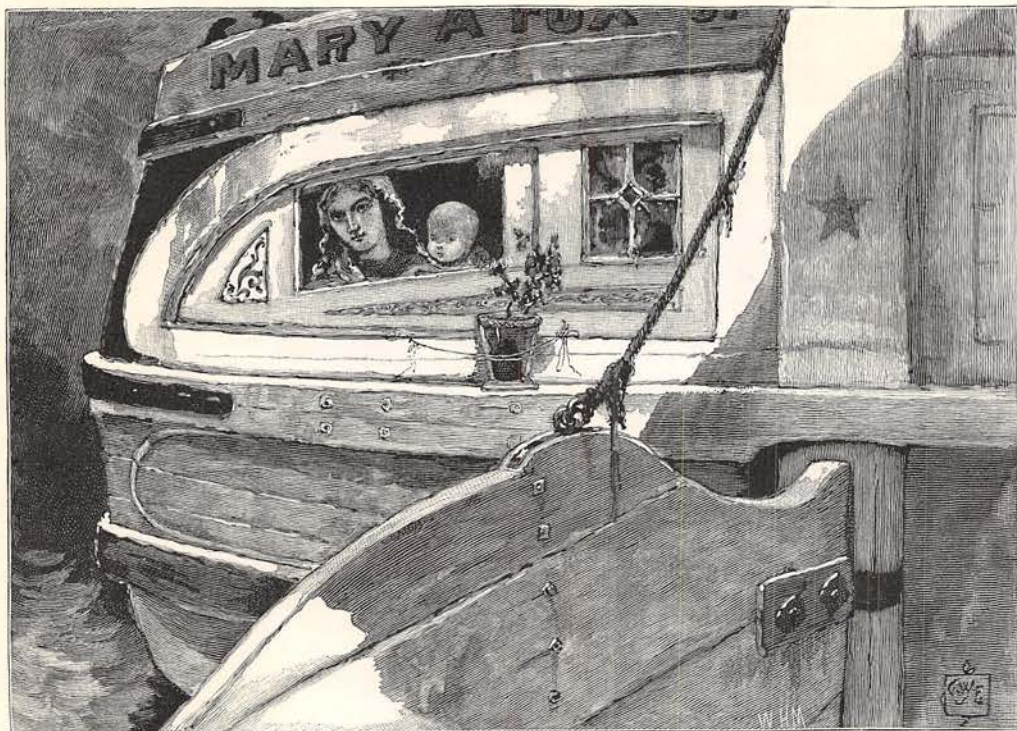
"Won't take us half an hour," he urged; "canal skirts his melon bed." But Dusenberry objected. He didn't know nothin' about this "Feeder"—guessed it didn't have no basins to turn around in. He wouldn't be responsible for the boat anyhow. If Mr. Brushes wanted the tiller, it was his'n. In this dilemma Brushes interviewed a native, who declared that two miles up, at a quarry, there was a basin where the *Cowles* could "go round a-humpin'." This being settled, the Patriarch stepped ashore and arranged for an extra team of mules and a tow-boy. The *Cowles* swung through the narrow bridge, and the voyage of discovery and adventure began.

"How far is this ham?"

"One mile from the railroad bridge," replied Brushes. Just then Scraps came tumbling up the stairway armed with a sheet of Whatman paper and a palette. He took in the picturesque water-front at a glance, flattened himself out on the deck, and began washing in some old rookeries on the opposite bank. A group surrounded him, and the subject of the *détour* was soon forgotten. What difference did it make? One canal was as good

as another! Let her go through to the end, and, if there was no turning room, hitch the mules to the rudder post and come home backwards!

Be it said to the credit of Dusenberry that through the vicissitudes which followed this decision he stuck to his tiller manfully,—that when the forward flag-pole carried away the fire-alarm telegraph wire and started half the bells in Trenton ringing two minutes thereafter, he still preserved an Egyptian gravity of countenance. Every foot of the canal was a *aqua incognita* to him. The gates were handled differently, the snubbing-posts were set farther apart, and the locks were much narrower and shorter. But after the first bridge was passed he prepared himself for the worst, although his mind was constantly filled with visions of the boat wedged between a swinging draw and the left bank, with her upper deck awash while her keel quietly rested in the Jersey mud. When the telegraph wire snapped he merely dodged its whirling end as it whipped past his head, and said between his teeth to Martha, "This foolishness ain't goin' to last. They'll butt down a drawbridge next. Marthy, any set of fellers who will git a man into a hole like this for a ham ought to be drowned"; and then, in a lower voice, "and I guess they will."



A STERN VIEW.

Scraps worked away like mad, spattering his color around and smearing a whole tube of Chinese white on the clean deck in his hurry to catch a sky tint before the curve of the canal ruined his perspective. The Patriarch smoked away contentedly from amid the cushions under the awning, and enjoyed the splendor of the setting sun and the ragged line of the potteries with their conical chimneys silhouetted against the brilliant sky. The Scribe, in a moment of enthusiasm, was booking the log. The only uneasy man aboard was Brushes. He paced the deck continually, took soundings with his eye, and when the big laker barely scraped through a narrow draw-bridge with half an inch to spare, he followed with quickened step the protecting fender down her whole length until the boat swung clear and the danger was passed. Finally he mounted the bow and swept the long canal with his glass. Low, rambling, old-fashioned houses with red roofs; modern high-peaked gables; moss-covered, slanting, shingled tops; houses with trees, and houses bare as Sahara — houses of all kinds and periods. Melon patches in an advanced state of cultivation, and gardens overrun with pease and belated asparagus galore. All these and more rose to view as the perspective became distinct, passed in review, and were lost in the afternoon

glow. The sturdy team, which had already done twenty-two miles, bent mulefully to their work and kept the tow-line taut as a fiddle-string, and yet no sign of the brother-in-law's. Then it was that Moses, ever patient, with providing watchfulness peered up the hatch, sidled up to the bow watch, and said, "Did I understand you to say they was to be a baked ham for dinner?" Brushes fixed his eye on him for a moment, restrained an imprecation, and watched a red roof with high chimneys evolve itself from amid a grove of chestnuts. In another moment an uncertain pathway wandered out from a row of white palings, turned down to the water's edge, and sprawled itself over a small wooden dock, on the extreme end of which sat a solitary ducky fishing. "Is dat you, Mass' Brushes? The boss been waitin' for you a week."

"Yes; who are you?"

"Jim."

"Where's your master?"

"Tuck sick and gone Saratogy wiff de chillen."

"Who's at home?"

"Ain't nobody at home, sir! House locked up, and de key ober to de drug-store."

Brushes shut his glass, walked to the hatch, and said in a voice like a commodore:

"Moses!"

"Yesser," came rumbling up the reply, followed instantly by that darky.
 "You needn't wait dinner for that ham."

THE tow-line slackened and wavered. Dusenberry went forward, passed a snubbing-rope to the tow-boy, who slipped the noose over a stump. Dusenberry gradually paid out the rope as it tightened around a cleat. The wet hawser held fast, and the *Cowles* rested.

The red-headed tow-boy clambered up and over the bow and approached the group, hat in hand.

"Do any of you gents know where you are goin'?"

"Certainly, going to turn around."
 "Where?"

The silence that followed was painful. Certainly not here in a canal half her length? Where then? Perhaps higher up. Perhaps at the next bridge, but nobody had any positive data. The tow-boy had never seen but one laker go through the "Feeder," and she stuck in the mud at Scudder's Falls and staid all winter. The bridge-tender, called in for consultation, thought the *Cowles* "a little mite" longer than that laker. He remembered they had to lock her down into the Delaware, in the spring, to get shunt on her. Dusenberry had no advice. He didn't know nawthin' about this old mud-drain anyhow, and didn't want to. He could stay all winter,—under pay. Made no difference to him.

It was a peculiarity of the Patriarch's that he sometimes rose to the occasion. Indeed, there was a suspicion among his brother artists that his early youth had not been altogether spent in the recesses of his studio. Rumor had it that before art claimed him for her own he had so far dallied with commerce and trade as to have taken charge of a merchantman. There was one man who had even asseverated boldly that he had seen him in pea-jacket and tarpaulins and other habiliments none the less honorable. His title of "Patriarch" was not conferred upon him by reason of his extreme age or whitened locks, for only with great difficulty could any tell-tale hairs be found to mark the trail of fifty summers, but rather on account of his varied experiences and early occupations.

Calling the Scribe he disap-

peared among a group of natives on the bank, interviewed them closely, clambered back, and announced his intention of trying the basin at the quarry and then at Scudder's Falls. In an hour more both points had been reached, measured, and passed. The *Cowles* was too long by a quarter.

The situation now became critical. Here they were in a ninety-five-foot boat afloat in a seventy-five-foot canal, and no basin nearer than the Delaware. To go backwards was an utter impossibility, for it was hardly within power to keep the *Cowles* off the bank or to pass the bridges even with the full use of her rudder. To go forward was ruinous. Besides, the team was tired out. "Gentlemen," said the Patriarch, "there is but one chance left,—the timber basin at Titusville." Again the steady, patient little team bent to their traces. The cry of the tow-boy rang out, and Dusenberry's horn, warning the passing "Chunker," was heard along the canal. Past many beautiful farms, under the high trestle-bridge on the Bound Brook route, down the long straight line of the canal, and overlooking the Delaware Valley, with the purple



"SHE COULD SNUB A BOAT LIKE A MAN."



ENTERING THE LOCK AT NIGHT.

mountains beyond, and up to the white swinging-bridge at Titusville, glided the *Cowles*. The bridge opened, and she slid into the still waters of the basin. The twilight had now settled down. On either side stood the good people of the little town looking with astonishment upon the stately laker with her white awnings, under which hung the Chinese lanterns just lighted. The Patriarch's voice woke the crowd to consciousness. "Can we turn our boat here?"

"How long be ye?" came a voice from the bank.

"Ninety-five feet over all."

For a moment there was a dead silence. Then came bounding over the water:

"Yes, if you fellows can tote her."

But the Patriarch did not lose his grip. His eye ran over the curved line of the basin, caught sight of a mooring-spile near the bank, and in a moment the helm was put hard down, and the *Cowles* gently rubbed her nose against its oozy bark. Swinging himself clear, he alighted in the tall grass of the water's edge and made fast a line to a cross tie on the railroad track which skirts the canal. Then all hands were ordered forward, and the boat moved quietly along until her bow sank into the soft edge. "Now take that line aft lively," sung out the Patriarch, "and make it fast to the stern cleat, and pay out to the tow-boy, and don't start the mules till I get aboard." "Ay, ay, sir!" came a voice from the deck. At this juncture a new difficulty presented itself. A line of coal-loaded

"Chunkers" was turning the low point above and making straight for the *Cowles*, which now lay almost at right angles across the canal.

"Hold on with that team—slack up, slack up!" thundered the Patriarch.

"What the—are you doing with that 'circus boat,' blocking up this gangway?" came a return voice. But the Patriarch had no time for explanations. In an instant he was on the *Cowles's* bow, along her deck, and over her stern. She was aground, her rudder blade hard back, and the rudder post lifted. Between her and the bank was a skirting of soft marsh grass. If this grass had an equally soft mud bottom there was just one chance in a dozen that a long pull and a strong pull might lift her stern clear and slide her into deep water. He decided to take it. Amid the choice imprecations of the "Chunker" fleet the Patriarch calmly unhooked their mules, doubled up his own team, impressed into service a second tow-boy, and gave the order, "Now, all together!"

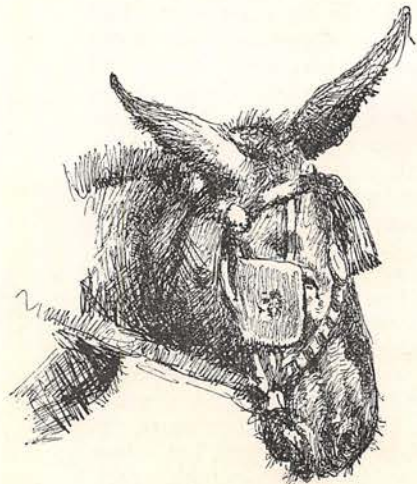
Two whips cracked simultaneously. A yell went up from the row of open mouths on the *Cowles*; the tow-line whizzed through the water; the mules bent forward almost to their knees; the boat careened, staggered, and shivered; and the line straightened out like a bar of iron. Suddenly there came a cry from the tow-path.

When the dust cleared away a pile of mules was heaped up in a sand bank, and two tow-boys were tangled in a tow-line.

The rope had parted!

In the momentary silence that followed some one broke out in a loud laugh. It was Dusenberry!

F. Hopkinson Smith.
J. B. Millet.



"JESSIE."

ing difficulties in the preparation of a delicacy with which she designed to tempt whatever lingering trace of appetite might yet remain with her young charge, heard above her the quick closing of the front door, she exclaimed: "There! that gentleman has gone! But I can't say I'm sorry. It's a harder thing to answer his questions now than it ever was before."

An hour or two afterward she said to Mrs. Justin: "I wish that young gentleman had staid, for I know it would have pleased him wonderful to hear that Miss Armatt took three tablespoonfuls of the broth I made her. How she suddenly came to have all that appetite I can't imagine."

Gay was then sleeping, and when she awoke Mrs. Justin was sitting by her side. The eyes of the young girl instinctively moved towards the window, outside of which the air was still bright with the light of day; but suddenly she turned them on her friend.

"Dear," she said, "don't you want to give me some of that drink Mr. Thorne poured out for me?"

"Mr. Thorne!" exclaimed Mrs. Justin.

"That is it," said Gay, glancing towards the table. "He was very good, and I am glad I took it."

Frank R. Stockton.

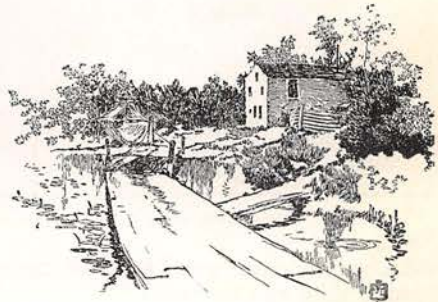
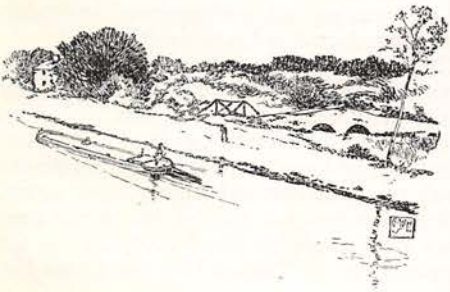
(To be continued.)

SNUBBIN' THROUGH JERSEY. II.

THE first attempt to turn the *Cowles* at Titusville had failed dismally. At the critical moment and when the *Cowles* was within an arm's measure of turning her full length, the line had parted, blocking the whole traffic of the canal, and filling the air with the pungent objections of

the Patriarch quietly, closely examining her stern, "I could handle her."

Behind the locker in Dusenberry's private cabin aft was an ordinary 100-foot tape-line. The Patriarch took one bank of the basin and one end of the line and Scraps the other. Less than the boat's length below, careful measurement showed the canal slightly wider than where the *Cowles* lay aground. At this point the unwelcome difference of three feet was reduced to two. The Patriarch now crawled along on his knees, plunged his arm under the water, and felt carefully the muddy edge of the yielding earth bank. The profanity of the



half a score of captains, who, from chunker, skuker, and barge expressed in English, terse if not elegant or pious, their condemnation of a "passel of fools who would try to sail a grain-boat over a ten-acre lot."

"If she was three feet shorter," remarked

impeded chunker fleet temporarily ceased, and a curious and expectant crowd of natives followed his movements with attention.

"Here we are!" he shouted, springing to his feet. "Get out another line, warp her down, and run her nose in here. The muskrats have done it. Here's a 'cave-in' as deep as a well."

Later in the evening when Dusenberry, seated on his cabin top, smoked his pipe in the moonlight, with the bow of the *Cowles* turned toward Trenton and the tow-lines coiled on deck for the morning start, he was overheard to remark to his wife between the puffs: "Marthy, queer kind of canalin' this, rootin' round in musk-rat holes. Never knowed

brought milk, another berries, and a fourth a request from a bevy of pretty girls timidly eying the awnings and flags from a bridge beyond, that they be allowed to come aboard before starting.

Will the artistic eyes gathered around the charming table in the cozy *salon*, with the sunlight sifting in through the awning overhead, ever forget the oval face with the brown eyes framed in the Gainsborough hat, and how daintily she poured tea from that old Satsuma pot covered with pink and yellow peonies, which the Scribe treasured? Were not the rugs spread on deck and the cushions piled high, and was not the Scribe's guitar handed up, and do they not often hear now in the stillness of their studios the soft voices blending with the gurgling plash of the water about the bow and the cry of the tow-boy as he urges his rested mules back to Trenton? Finally, is it not a tradition that this digression up a feeder, although not on the original programme, left behind it some of the most lasting impressions of this most eventful expedition?

But Trenton hove in sight. Before even the outlying bridges were reached there could be seen the dense smoke of its many chimneys clouding the summer sky, while the roar of constantly passing trains heard afar off bespoke its busy life.

Our tow-boy was not an engaging-looking boy to contemplate. Since his first appearance on deck the previous afternoon he had remained at the end of his tow-line and steadily cared for his team. At this distance he presented a travel-stained, bedraggled aspect. The remnant of a slouch hat clung to one ear, a shock of red hair slanted like a thatched roof over the other. His shirt, trousers, and cowhide shoes presented a series of patches as varied as a sample card. Over all these was ground and smeared and plastered the red dust of his native State.

The Scribe had regarded the patient, plodding form of the tow-boy for some hours. As he looked now and then over his book from his easy-chair under the awning in the afternoon light, he could see him a cable's length ahead, now walking, now riding, now, again, resting, stretched out full length on the near mule's back, with his head reclining on the crupper of the harness, and his feet hooked in the hames and collar, fast asleep.

"Boys," said he, after some reflection, "that tow-boy doesn't have much comfort in life. Let's invite him to dinner."

Whether it was owing to the novelty of the idea, or the old spirit of Bohemianism and good fellowship that characterized the group,—and, for that matter, all other such groups the



RAISING THE UPPER GATE.

them varmints wuz good for anything before 'cept to skin, and they ain't."

Then he leaned forward and whispered, "We might have done worse than winterin' here. Guess the pay would 'a' held out."

THE morning that broke over the pretty village of Titusville was one to be remembered. A sound sleep, a plunge in the cool basin, and a cup of coffee on deck before the sun had crept up the hill far enough to get a good look at the *Cowles*, refreshed everybody. Nor was the sun all alone in his anxiety to see the show-boat. The people turned out. One man sent down half a cartload of ice. Another

world over,—or whether their individual kindly sympathy prompted the courtesy, is not known; but it is a fact that Brushes instantly called Moses and ordered another plate at table, and that the Patriarch and Scraps proceeded at once to carry out the Scribe's idea.

He came up to the side of the boat, and looked up with an air of wonderment that was delightful. He warn't rigged for comp'ny. Chuck him a bottle of beer and a sandwich. He warn't hungry. But that didn't suit the Scribe. He must slack up his tow-line, tie that team by the willows, and come aboard now while the soup was hot.

"Well, if you crowd me," he said; "though you kin see I ain't fitten."

When, however, he descended the broad staircase into the hold and caught sight of the rich interior, with its softened light from many colored lamps and lanterns, and the luxuriousness everywhere apparent, then the dinner-table, with its refreshing linen and masses of wild flowers filling the center, he slid down upon the nearest divan with the remark: "Gosh hang! but you fellers hev slickened her up!" After that nothing could move him. He would have a pipe if there was one handy, but he didn't want no "wittles."

Whether it was the mild stimulant of the Lone Jack, or the perfect equality and good fellowship that surrounded him and was steadily maintained, which broke down his reserve,

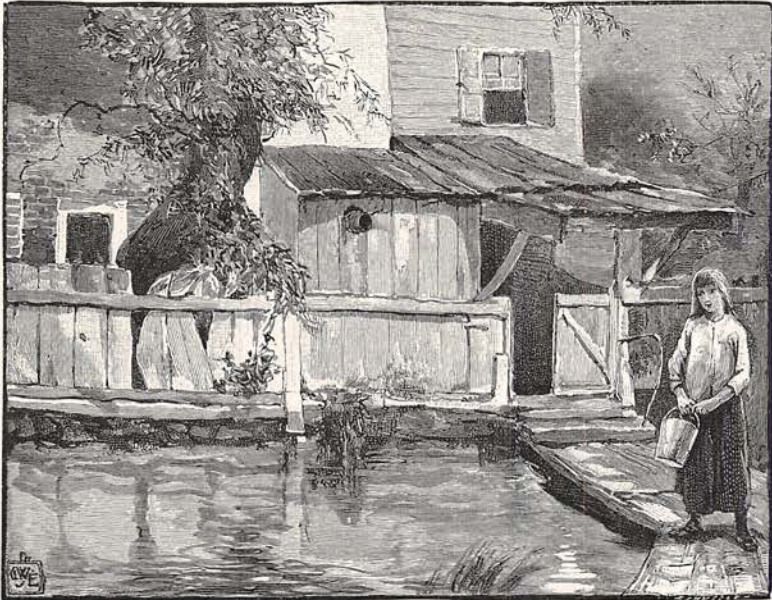


WAITING FOR THE TOW TO MAKE UP.

is not worth deciding; but thus be it said, that the Scribe interested him at once in his profound ignorance of the genus mule. "Guess you never lived with mules," said Monahan. "When you come to have them by yer fifteen years you finds them out." Then followed some revelations based upon personal observations. To the world in general the mule is a stubborn, vicious, and unintellectual beast, not safe abaft the beam. No one credits the animal with ambition, character, or any feelings akin to human moods; but to all this the driver emphatically objected. "Kick? why, of course;

I slacked up the line to slide by. I was on the mule. First I knew, we was all five of us in the water, the four mules scared to death, and the yacht and the schooner havin' a swearin' match. I yanked the string that slips the hook in the whiffletree, set free the mules, and got 'em all out. Then I joined sides with the schooner."

It was Monahan's opinion that canaling was healthy if people would walk enough to keep well. He often made two fourteen-mile trips a day, and one day within a week had done thirty-eight miles with a light boat, starting at



ON THE BORDER OF AN OVERFLOW.

it is the way they talk, same as a dog's tail. They won't kick you if you treat them decent. I have had them white ones more 'n five years, and never a cross word out of 'em. That old wheeler knows as much as I do. When I'm asleep on his back, and we comin' to a bridge, he ups and lets drive with his heels, much as to say, 'Who's runnin' this team?' Nights I always sleep on the long stretches, 'cause I know he'll slack up and drop the line for a boat to pass when he sees a light near to. He follows me 'round like a dog."

"How did you do it?"

"Reckon he remembers how I fished him out of the drink one night. Some galoots from down river, goin' through in a small yacht, anchored and went to bed. I guess they was the first crowd ever anchored in the canal. I came along with an old schooner called the *Tempest*, full of coal, bound for New Haven.

five o'clock in the morning. The drivers were all ages, from twelve years up. They got thirty dollars a month and board through the season. They put up at any station where they happened to be, and were on call in turn. It might be that they had only time to feed the team before starting on another lift. Each driver had the entire care of his team and harnesses. His own rest and sleep must be taken in snatches. No, they didn't count much on things between meals.

The braying of one of the impatient teams put an end to the interview, and, with profuse thanks, the guest hurried to pick up the slack line. It is a short run from Trenton down to Bordentown, and for the most part devoid of particular interest from a picturesque point of view. The tow-path is splendidly kept up, and through the trees a short distance away the Delaware glimmered in the sunlight. As



ONE OF THE HOPKINSON HOUSES, BORDENTOWN.

the canal approaches Bordentown it widens out into a basin of considerable size. Several small ponds lead out of it. On their banks two or three busy shipyards, where scows are built, find their place. Along a tongue of land extending into the basin was a group of small picturesque houses, completely in character with the place. They faced on the narrow lane. At the back door of each house was a landing with one or two skiffs tied to posts, and the water lapping the lower step. Off to the right of the company's office are the stables; for this, like New Brunswick, is one end of the Raritan canal. One more deep lock and the Delaware is before the voyager.

There was every reason why the deck should be occupied by an anxious and expectant group as the *Cowles* neared Bordentown. Every square acre of this lovely village is historical ground. Here in the good old days Benjamin Franklin spent a night. Here lived Joseph Bonaparte, the elder brother of Napoleon I., sometime king of Naples and of Spain; Prince Lucien Murat; Judge Joseph Hopkinson, the author of "Hail, Columbia," and his father, Judge Francis Hopkinson, the signer; Commodore Stewart, known as "Old Ironsides"; Parnell's mother now resides there; and here lived Tom Paine, and the family of Yturbide, the Mexican emperor, who passed several months here a short time after the husband and father met his death at the hands of his own people in Padilla.

High up, overlooking the winding canal and the gently curving Delaware, is the bluff, or real-

ly promontory, near which Bonaparte built his mansion. The noble trees fringing the wood-crowned height could still be seen from where the *Cowles* was moored; but the grand old house, with its richly carved doors, ample stairway, generous library, and dining-room enriched with ornaments and bits of furniture from the Luxembourg, has long since passed out of the memory of any but the oldest inhabitants.

In the quaint streets of the old-fashioned town can now be found the sloping roof and dormer-windows of the Murat house, where Madame Murat taught school in the days of their poverty; and farther on the old Hopkinson mansion, where for the first time, to the accompaniment of the harpsichord, was heard the strains of the national anthem.

The whole-souled hospitality for which the town has been noted for more than a century was not wanting, and half an hour after the boat had been made snug and safe with her bow-line over a wharf-post and the stern-line to one of the mooring spiles, the entire party were booked for a game at tennis, a drive through the suburbs, and unlimited invitations to break bread in a dozen houses at once.

The Patriarch and Brushes, by reason of their kinship with some of the earlier settlers, felt instantly at home, and prepared to make everybody else so. Extra Chinese lanterns were unpacked and hung on deck; some rich silks and Venetian embroideries thrown over the standing easels; the 'cello was re-strung; an extra dozen of plates and an equal number of



CAPTAIN DUSENBERRY.

cups and saucers were purchased, that Moses might catch his breath between soup and fish; all the brass jars and pottery filled with such wild flowers and tall grasses as could be hastily gathered; smoking jackets, old pipes, well-worn slippers, and like bachelor traps and trappings tucked under divans and behind the furniture, and the whole interior, by a cunning touch here and there, was transformed into a lady's boudoir.

Moses was in his element. Ices revolved around on deck, served in after-dinner coffee saucers, followed by relays of cake (Bordentown brand) on a Delft plaque. Punch was brewed down in the salon in an Imari bowl, and ladled out in small Venetian cups of a varied and difficult pattern, but yet of a certain homogeneousness of form and style when not seen too close together.

Maidens in the freshest of summer costumes reclined on the Turkish divans. Up on deck, in out-of-the-way places, far forward or aft, behind the apron of the awning and other such secluded spots, couples were tucked away and only discovered by the red spark of a cigar or the ringing laugh that told the story of the night. If the stately dames who graced the drawing-rooms of the olden time could have looked down upon the fair faces and forms of their descendants, they would not have believed in the degeneracy of the times.

During all this festivity there was one grim, solitary figure who sat like a Sphinx. He moved only once, and that when a lantern fell from a slat in the awning above, rolling its candle at his feet. Then he rose from his seat beside the useless tiller, ground the taper

under his heel, and stealthily dropped the harmless Japanese decoration overboard.

"They'll blow us up, be gosh! they will," he said. "Wish they'd take them women folks and get out and let a man sleep. Here it is after midnight. Marthy, if they don't stop this racket I'll begin swabbin' the decks, I will, be gosh! and drown some on 'em."

Dusenberry's murderous intent was, however, never carried out. It is true he swabbed the decks; but not until the gray dawn had broken into dappled gold were the sleepy inmates of the grand salon awakened by the tramp of his bare feet overhead striking the deck like a wet fish. Then the swash of his bucket scattered the water through the half-open hatches, and roused the inmates.

"Moses," came from a divan far aft, "go up on deck and tell the captain to be careful of his water. Regular mill-stream pouring down my back!" And "Moses," called out another, this time the Scribe, "bring me a bath towel, and let down the awning-apron, and put out the ladder. I'm going to have a dip overboard."

"So am I," returned the Patriarch, springing from his couch.

In less time than it takes to tell it, all four heads were bobbing about like corks in the cool water of the canal, after which they all wormed up the straight ladder, were rubbed



THE LOCK-TENDER'S ASSISTANT.

down like race-horses, and in five minutes thereafter were taking their coffee from the fragrant pot over which Moses presided. This was always on deck in the open air and sunlight, from a low table convenient to cushions and rugs, and within reach of every man's outstretched arm.

Victim of a Pullman buffet car, all dust and waiter! inhabitant of a White Star saloon cabin,

hangings curtaining off the after-part of the hold, and reappear with an easel, which he placed in a favorable light under the hatch. Then he tiptoed back and returned with a canvas and palette. He whispered to the Scribe: "Look at that girl's head—regular Titian! Tell Brushes to keep on until I get an outline of it. Please don't move, my lady; you are positively delightful."



THE DESERTED HOUSE.

with its air full of carbonic acid and its table rack-worn and empty! do you know what it is to breakfast on deck in the soft morning air, with the fleecy clouds overhead, the shimmer and splash of water among the cool of sedge and lily pads, and the green fields before you fringed and backed by dark cedars? Of course you don't, and never did. Misguided traveler! return to the ways of your ancestors! Try a canal-boat.

By nine o'clock sundry friends who had helped make the previous night merry were hailed, welcomed, and escorted up the gang-plank and down into the salon. Breakfast was served in due course without a protest from Moses, who, assisted by "Marthy," struck from this Jersey rock not only water, but other liquids and solids not referred to in the original text.

Then the music was hunted up, and Brushes drew his bow across his 'cello, and guests and hosts sank into easy-chairs or threw themselves on the divans as the symphonies of Beethoven filled the interior.

It was then that Scraps was seen to start from his seat, disappear quietly behind the silk

But she did move, only to strike a more charming pose, and so did the entire group. Then the symphony ceased, and soon two more easels bore down like a battery upon the lovely head with its arching eyebrows and golden hair, and thus the early morning hours slipped away.

HEADING a procession consisting of five or six coal-boats, two oil-boats, and a two-masted schooner, the *Cowles* pulled out in the cool hours of the next morning with all flags set to the breeze. From Bordentown up to Trenton is a steady lift. The first lock has a rise of fourteen feet, and the next two are very nearly as high. On the right bank the heavy trains puffed up the grade, and on the other, shaded by the lofty wide-spreading willows and constantly tempted by the grassy green bank, almost within reach, the patient mules plodded along in the red dust. For three miles the bank behind the tow-path is very high and compactly built, with willows thickly planted, a veritable bulwark against the Delaware, which sweeps along a short distance away. In the spring the river comes up to the very banks, and is a constant source of danger. At

such times the path-walker is on duty day and night, plugging the smallest holes with sod, filling in where the rain has started a gully, and building the bank higher where it has washed away. In ordinary times each walker has a stretch of fourteen miles to watch. He walks down the tow-path one day and back on the heel-path the next, with a shovel or pick with which to make repairs, or armed with a scythe to trim the briars, ivies, and elders. His worst enemy is the musk-rat, whose holes, running far into the bank, may at any moment make an outlet and become a dangerous break. Against these ravages the company supply a special guardian in the person of the ratter. The whole length of the canal is divided up among several men who make it their business to trap musk-rats all the year round. They use an ordinary steel trap without teeth, which they set as near as possible in the path of the main entrance or regularly used track to the rat-hole. The men are paid wages by the day, and the noses and tails are redeemed by the company at fifteen cents once a month. The pelts belong to the ratter, and are cured by him, to be sold later at an average of about eighteen cents each. Any rat trapped within a mile of the canal is a legitimate catch, and a day's work is from ten to fifteen.

"What harm can a rat do a mile away?" asked Scraps.

"He may come over here any fine morning, and if he don't, his children will. You can't count on a rat till he is skinned. I have been trapping them thirteen years, and I don't know all their ways yet. Sometimes they are too cunning to go within ten feet of a man's track, and other times they will walk into a bag and lie down."



THE BOYS FROM THE POTTERY.



A RATTER.

Then, as a special favor, he produced from the lock-house a white musk-rat caught by him and stuffed by the same hand, in an attitude which the animal never could have assumed when alive, and which was suggestive of the three-toed sloth in the museum.

"What I don't understand," said the ratter, as he fondled a pile of pelts, "is, why any animal wastes so much backbone in tail." As no one was prompt with a solution of this, word was given to the tow-boy, and the slack line was taken up.

The canal below Trenton is considerably discolored by chemicals, mostly iron, which are poured into it from the works on the banks, but on the high level where the feeder comes in, the water is comparatively pure. The boys from the potteries which stretch along the tow-path towards Princeton make full use of their opportunities. The *Coroles* was in luck, and approached this quarter during the noon hour.

"Hey, Micky," said an urchin, as he poised on a post ready for a dive, "look at de circus!" "Tain't no circus; that's a likeness boat," said Micky. Another one offered to chip in and buy the occupants some long pants, while a companion of his, dripping with water, offered to swim out and lick the cook for four cents. Moses went below, and the opportunity passed. During this running fire the windows in the potteries were crowded with heads, and each head had something to say. The canal literally swarmed with boys of all ages, colors, and proficiency in swimming. They ran ahead of the boat, took a long dive, and came up in time to catch the tow-rope, or perhaps one would

get astride of the rudder-blade, when instantly others plunged in, made a race for him, seized him and each other by any available limb, and hung on in a bunch or strung out in the wake with the boat under full headway. But the approach of a propeller, one of the line which sends through one boat each way daily on the way to Baltimore or New York, quickly scattered the boys, and in a few minutes the

shadows deepened and the blue vanished from the sky, a procession of coal-boats, each with its green light forward, passed silently in review and disappeared around the bend. Against the dark background nothing could be seen of the mules, but in the water, reversed, were their reflections perfectly outlined. As the boats approached they seemed to take on an unusual size, and with it an air of dignity.



A NEIGHBOR NEAR KINGSTON.

Cowles was outside the city and fast approaching green fields and grateful shade. Long before the afternoon had gone, a halt for the night was made near a picturesque clump of willows which partly obscured a deserted house. Its storm-beaten eaves were almost overtopped by the weeds which luxuriated in a tangled garden. Atop the broken palings of the fence an ivy and a trumpetvine found their devious paths, and along the bank which once skirted the walk blossomed a profusion of pink, black, and white hollyhocks. The team was sent ahead to the next station, with orders to call at nine the following day. Sketching-traps were fished out, and everybody was at work. The Scribe gathered the blossoms, Moses started off afield with a basket on each arm, and in twenty minutes the *Cowles* was deserted save by "Marthy" and her lord. On deck, after dinner, as the long

There was something impressive in their silent, steady advance, as one after another their lights came into view, approached, and passed. The boatmen were silent. The man at the helm, attracted by the unusual illumination on the *Cowles*, in a low tone called his mate, or spoke to his wife, and said no more. Wearied with steering all day in the hot sun, and anticipating an all-night's run with a bare chance of hitting the tow at New Brunswick the next morning, the men paid little attention to anything else than the work before them or the necessity of resting while opportunity offered. Early in the procession a detached team passed, the whiffletree chains clanking against the stones, and the tow-boy singing to himself as he rode by, seated sidewise on the rear mule, with his back to the canal.

"He's happy."

"You bet," came from the darkness, into

which the Scribe's remark had penetrated. "No more teaming to-night; I've cast two shoes on the leader and broken a trace, and there ain't no smith nearer than Kingston."

Suddenly, at a distance through the trees shone a strong, steady light somewhat higher than the others; then the first rays of the moon caught something white moving in the tree-tops, and in a moment more the tall masts of a schooner, with topsails bunched, appeared against the brightening sky. As she passed close to the *Cowles*, the Patriarch, Brushes, and the Scribe vaulted aboard, intending

Brushes, "we'll get on the next boat we meet and ride back."

Twenty minutes later a light boat approached, and as she passed, the trio, relying on their welcome, hastily transferred their persons. As the shining awning of the *Cowles* again came in sight, the Scribe pointed it out to the puzzled boatman. Then instantly it was all clear to him. "Bin down along advertising; where do you show next?" Just as the party clambered on board and bade the *Mary Ann* good-night, Dusenberry disappeared in his cabin, saying, "Marthy, these fellows been

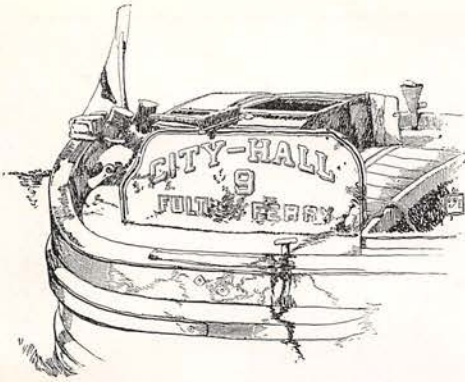


"MANNED BY CHILDREN."

to get off at the next bridge, wherever that was, and walk back on the heel-path. It proved to be the schooner *Wave*, which had loaded with coal at Philadelphia for Bridgeport. Why did they go through the canal? It was more convenient. Running day and night, the passage is made in thirty-six hours. Wasn't it partly because they were afraid to trust the old hulk outside the capes? That had something to do with it. How far was Kingston? Five miles. How far to the next bridge? Four miles. How could the gentlemen get off? Couldn't unless they'd swim. The boat was deeply loaded and had to be kept in the middle of the canal. "All right," said

off snaking some peach orchard. There'll be 'n officer aboard here next, and we'll have to swear they was in bed. If the Lord ever gets us back to old Erie, I don't want any more side shows in mine."

Just before sunrise next morning the rumbling of a thunder-storm and the pattering of heavy drops on the deck overhead brought every one to his feet to lash the awning and make things secure. The two after-hatches were closed. The forward one was tilted in the direction of the storm, and with the flies of an old tent, an abundance of cord, and a few screw eyes, a canvas fence as high as the shoulders was built about the gangway to keep



THE BOW OF THE "TERROR."

the rain from blowing in. Dusenberry had his hands full with his own awning, his bird-cages, and Marthy in terror of the thunder. "No use leaving here to-day," said the Patriarch, as he and the Scribe prepared for their plunge in the drizzle. "This is our first gray day, and we must make the most of it. Here's a haunted house and no end of stuff within reach." There was no dissenting opinion, and Dusenberry was therefore ordered to send word by the next passing boat, countermanding the order for the team.

"We can run down in the night," added Brushes. While breakfast was being served in a sheltered spot aft, the hatches were lifted to air the salon. Marthy as usual improved the opportunity to make up the divans and put things to rights. The withered flowers were thrown away and the vases replenished with fresh ones. Moses cleaned and trimmed the lamps, took account of stock, filled the pitcher with ice-water, and then busied himself with the breakfast dishes. The forenoon was spent in watching the clouds, tinkering, writing letters, and overhauling sketches made on the trip. Scraps was busy with pen-and-ink drawings intended for reproduction. The Patriarch, suddenly alarmed lest all the glory of the unique interior should some day vanish like the flame from a candle, started an elaborate pastel, and Brushes, sharing his fear, laid in one corner of the boat in water-colors. When the rain ceased, nature was again at the mercy of the brush and pencil, and the knights made the most of it. From the deck the most picturesque of the passing-boats were hastily sketched. One appeared to be manned by children. On the top of the house were two little girls, and peeping over the edge of an empty, painted box, evidently kept for the purpose, was a third. The helmsman was a boy, who ate his lunch as he swung the tiller. On another boat the helpmate was doing the family washing, in spite of the weather. The commander's pride in his craft

was evident. Everything shone in fresh paint of decided hues. The rudder-blade was deep blue and the tiller striped with yellow and brown. Across her square stern in white letters on a black ground, festooned with filigree, was painted her name, the *Terror*. Towards night the sun broke through, and the day ended in a brilliant display of cloud scenery. With the first patch of blue sky word was sent by a passing chunker to have the team up at eight o'clock that evening. While at dinner the voice of Dusenberry was heard in conversation with the tow-boy.

"You fellows going down along to-night?" came from the tow-path.

"They say they be," said Dusenberry.

"Where will you tie up?"

"Somewhere this side of York; I ain't makin' no plans."

"Ten Mile Lock?" inquired the persistent driver, anxious to know what his trip was to be.

"Give it up," said Dusenberry; "this is good enough for me."

After a brief silence the gentle ripple of the waves pushed up by the square nose of the *Cowles* indicated that she was once more under way. The landscape by night was that of a new country. Before the moon rose it required a keen eye to follow the shore, and a practiced hand to keep the boat off the bank. Steering a canal-boat seems easy, but it is sometimes harder than it looks. An empty boat, eight feet out of water, with an awning to catch



BELOW PRINCETON.



ABOVE THE LOCK AT KINGSTON.

every breath of air, will give a strong man plenty of exercise. In the darkness the lights behind on the bridges where the country roads cross the canal glowed like stars low down on the horizon. Suddenly the *Cowles* rounded a bend, and a bright light seemed to shoot from a clump of dark trees. "Blow your horn, blow your horn!" yelled the tow-boy. "How was I to know this was a bridge," grumbled Dusenberry as Marthy finished a long blast, and gathered breath for another. A moment more and a stream of yellow light from the bank illumined the whitewashed bridge as it swung upstream. The *Cowles* grazed the end, bumped heavily against the heel-path bank, and headed around for the next stretch. The rising moon solved Dusenberry's severest perplexities. A bridge a mile off was in plain sight. Under the railroad bridge at Princeton Junction, by the beautiful farms which stretch up to the collegiate town a mile or two to the left and on towards Kingston, the *Cowles* went at a good pace. The moonlight completely disguised familiar scenery, and when the tow-boy slacked up to let the boat run into the lock at Kingston, no one recognized the place. Sometime after midnight, while the Scribe, who had volunteered to relieve Marthy, was taking a trick at the helm, the low white buildings of Ten Mile Lock

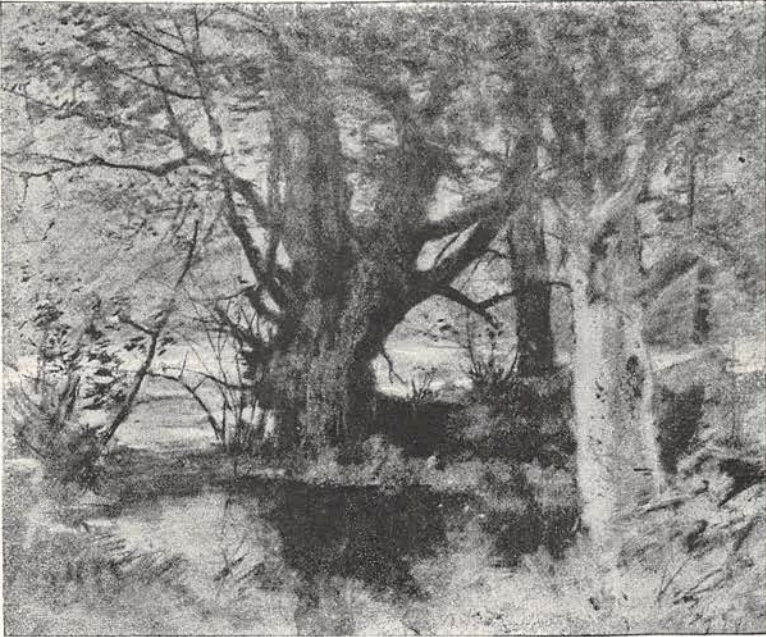
appeared. The *Cowles* found a place at the crib among a number of boats heading in both directions, and made fast. The lights on deck were extinguished, the two after-hatches closed, and all was quiet for the night. Far away astern somewhere among the Roman candles and empty packing-boxes, in the direction of Dusenberry's cabin, came a sound of no uncertain meaning. "Brushes," said the Scribe, as he adjusted his mosquito-net, "his snore is worse than his war-cry." Early in the morning the lock-tender came on board with the mail, which he had thoughtfully gathered at the Bound Brook post-office, some three miles off. Moses returned to the lock-house in his company, and long before the heat of the day three hundred pounds of ice were stored in the refrigerator, and with it fresh vegetables, blueberries, chickens, and all that could be spared from a passing butcher's wagon. It was the middle of the forenoon before the team was summoned. One more run would end at New Brunswick; the next morning would dawn with the *Cowles* at New York, and the outing at an end. But there was no escape. The charter of the boat ran out the next day, and she must not only be handed over to her owners promptly, but delivered empty. Without special interest the hours passed, until about five

o'clock the high railroad bridge at New Brunswick loomed up in the distance. Had the New York tow gone? No, the huge tug was made fast to the coal-wharf and near by her boats enough to make up a tow. Nothing now remained but to await the ebb tide.

"Brushes," said the Scribe, as the great tow fell into line on its way towards New York from New Brunswick, "Dusenberry has just interviewed me as to what this expedition is all about. He says we hain't showed nowhere, nor give no concerts, nor pulled teeth, nor

eling coal don't help one's temper or one's appreciation of the Venus of Milo. Dusenberry isn't so bad as he seems. When Moses broke the Delft plaque yesterday and was about to throw the pieces overboard, Dusenberry caught them on the fly, and he and Marthy have been all the afternoon trying to stick them together with flour-paste as a decoration for her kitchen."

"Verily some good seed has fallen on apparently stony ground," mused the Patriarch, half aloud.



WILLOWS NEAR PRINCETON.

distributed no hand-bills, nor asked nobody to subscribe to no book; we hain't sold no ancient things 'cept we did it at night, and he and Marthy has watched and nothin's gone over the side, and he should like to know, now we are p'inted for home, what we started for, and whether we got it, and whether it's any fault of his'n if we hain't."

"Tell him," said the Patriarch, who was stretched out on the deck watching the sunset clouds mirrored in the still waters of the widened river, "tell him our sole object is to improve our digestive apparatus, our breathing apparatus, and our ability to sleep eight hours at a stretch, and that if he would laugh more and grumble less it would not be half so hard for him to swing his tiller, and twice as easy for him to be agreeable to his neighbors."

"Make allowance for his early training," chimed in Scraps. "Driving mules and shov-

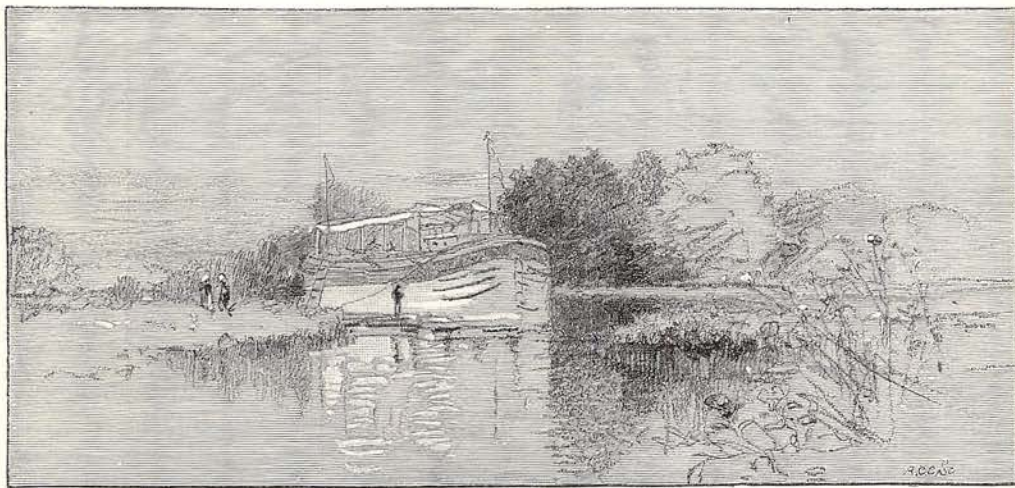
"And that isn't all," continued Scraps. "Only to-day as I lay dozing on my divan I overheard Dusenberry tell Moses that he guessed next week the old girl (that is, the *Cowles*) would look naked enough after the stuff was h'isted out of her, and that this trip had kind o' spiled him for canalin'."

"Oh, ye bric-à-brac gods," piously rejoined the Patriarch, intoning his voice. "Another convert."

A general comparison of notes and observations followed. Brushes said he also had remarked that Dusenberry had acquired of late a habit of assorting the wild flowers that daily came aboard, and had made one corner of Marthy's kitchen fresh and cheery with field daisies and fragrant water-lilies. The Patriarch, being pressed, admitted that he had caught him examining intently the wrong side of a Turkish rug and speculating with Marthy

as to the possibility of her duplicating it the next winter. The Scribe chimed in that it was catching, and that he had detected the tow-boy tying dandelions to his hat-band, and braiding the mule's tail. All agreed, however, that the captain was undergoing a positive change of heart. This became certain when below New Brunswick the *Cowles* was crowded out of her position and forced on the outside of the main tow to take

during the preceding three weeks were reclaimed, assorted, and packed away. A subdivision of colors and brushes and an interchange of sketches took place. Fragile lanterns and the more delicate silks and hangings were packed in convenient drawers. The great Sypher chest was filled with the extra rugs and cushions, and the smaller and more breakable bric-à-brac bestowed inside the original studio cases under the after-hatch.



THE "COWLES" IN HARBOR AT TEN MILE LOCK.

unprotected the thumping around the *Romer*. When this occurred, the deck and salon waited as usual for the sulphurous smell which generally followed any expression of Dusenberry's opinions to his fellow-boatman on occasions like this, concluding with an ardent wish for the immediate consignment of the whole load of second-hand truck to a climate warmer and more remote. Judge, then, of their surprise when this came sifting down the open hatches.

"Get out that fender. Get it out, gol darn you, and get aft with it—quick. Want to smash something, do you? What do you think we've got aboard here, anyhow,—potatoes or baled hay,—that you're kicking 'round like a loose mule? You break something and you'll find out! Why, be gosh, we've got teacups and sassers aboard here worth more'n your whole mud scow, mules and all."

THE expedition was nearing its end. This was seen everywhere. Sketches which had been tacked up for a day to dry and left permanently to decorate were slid into portfolios. The book-shelves were dismantled and each occupant claimed his own. Knickknacks, pipes, tobacco-pouches, slippers, caps, and painting-jackets which had been used indiscriminately

It was evident that the beauty of the interior still possessed the occupants like a spell; and as each man removed from its place some rare object which had gone to make up the unique salon, he felt a pang as though ashamed of the work he was engaged in.

At last the tall spire of Trinity could be seen outlined against the morning sky, and the great bank of yellow fog hanging like a cloud over the city.

The tow broke up into sections. One to Gowanus, another to Newtown Creek, and a third to Redhook. The *Cowles* under special tow glided up to her dock at East Thirty-fourth street, the home of the wharf rat and the dock tramp. As she neared her berth a man could be seen climbing a tall spile. Presently he waved his hat and shouted through his hand:

"What boat's that?"

"The *Seth G. Cowles*," returned Dusenberry.

"All right, Cap; your owner's been waiting for you for a week. You're chartered to take a load of lime to Sands Point, and you got to hustle 'round and get your truck out or you'll lose it."

Later in the day three furniture wagons toiled up the ascending grade of Thirty-first street. From their sides and ends protruded

the tops and arms of antique chairs, loose bits of rugs, brass lamps, mattresses, rolls of matting, cooking utensils, boxes, barrels, crates, pictures, canvases, easels, and awning-poles. They were followed by four individuals who seemed to act as a body-guard. Three of these

wore knickerbockers; the fourth a sombrero of unusual size. All were sunburnt to a light chocolate brown. As the procession disappeared over the brow of the hill, it left the impression on the mind of the observer that the party was homeless but had rescued its traps.

*F. Hopkinson Smith.
J. B. Millet.*

"H. H.'S" GRAVE.

GOD, for the man who knew Him face to face
 Prepared a grave apart, a tomb unknown,
 Where dew drops tears, and only winds make moan,
 And white archangels guard the narrow space.
 God gives to His beloved sleep; the place
 Where His seer slept was set remote, for rest,
 After the forty years of desert quest,
 The Sinai terrors, and the Pisgah grace.
 So, clear-eyed priestess, sleep! remembering not
 The fiery scathe of life, nor trackless years;
 Not even Canaan's sun-kissed, flowery meads.
 God shields, within His hollowed hand, the spot
 Where brooding peace rebukes unquiet tears.
 She sleepeth well who hath wrought such noble deeds!

M. Virginia Donaghe.



THE GRAVE OF "H. H." (HELEN JACKSON) ON CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN, COLORADO. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. L. GILLINGHAM.)