

THE TILE CLUB AT WORK.



TILES FOR A MANTELPIECE.

"THIS is a decorative age," said an artist. "We should do something decorative, if we would not be behind the times."

"Stuff!" said another. "It will all be over soon. It is only a temporary craze, a phase of popular insanity that will wear itself out as soon as a new hobby is presented to take its place. Of course it has interfered with the sale of our pictures. I don't dispute that; but would you have us make old brass fenders and andirons, or paste paper jimcracks on old ginger-jars?"

"Or turn carpenter," added a third, "and make Eastlakey things?"

"Your allusions to brass," said the first speaker, gravely, "are irrelevant, and that remark about ginger-jars is an uncalled-for aspersion upon the crude, incipient struggles of the female of our species to be decorative. The popular interest in all matters that pertain to decoration, domestic and otherwise, is a healthy outgrowth of the artistic tendency of our time, and an encouraging evidence of the growing influence of our methods of art education and of the public disposition to take an active, practical interest in things that are more or less nearly allied to art itself."

"Admirable!" said a person of an iron-

ical turn. "Spoken like a furniture man, keenly alive to a sense of the beautiful in his 'umble profession, but 'opeful of its future helevation to a 'igher plane ——"

"Silence!" said the advocate of modern principles, with a becoming glance of reproof. "It is just this disposition to shallow, ignorant, and captious criticism among persons who call themselves artists that misleads people of ordinarily wholesome tendencies. If those who in the nature of things, should be artists by instinct and edu-

cation, withhold their example and advice, it is not to be wondered at that the uncultivated should proceed blindly to ridiculous extremes."

This proposition was susceptible to a variety of argument, apart from any consideration of how much of a logical deduction it contained, but it fell upon those to whom it was addressed like a withering reproach. Silence ensued for a moment or two, and was broken by an apologetic suggestion from a small artist.

"Let us be decorative!" he said, and as if conscious of his own sincerity, he removed his legs from the table and deposited his feet upon the floor.

"But how?" asked one that was disputatious.

"Fresco?" said one, timidly.

"Designs for textile fabrics?" queried a third.

"Wall-paper!" said a disciple of Mr. William Morris and Mr. Alma Tadema, with great emphasis. "Wall-paper! That's where the whole country is astray to-day. I tell you that in that branch of mural decoration there is more that is vitiating, more that is perverse in its——"

"Pshaw!" broke in a large artist of architectural proclivities. "Who cares about wall-paper? Tiles are what we need. The

element of color and variety is lost in the decorative details of our structures. There is no object that so readily supplies this deficiency, or that tells so on all its surroundings as the tile. Let us do tiles!"

"A good idea!" said the first speaker. "Let us all do tiles!"

"Yes," said the ironical person, "and when you've done them, what'll you do with them?"

"Why, just what you do with the pictures you paint."

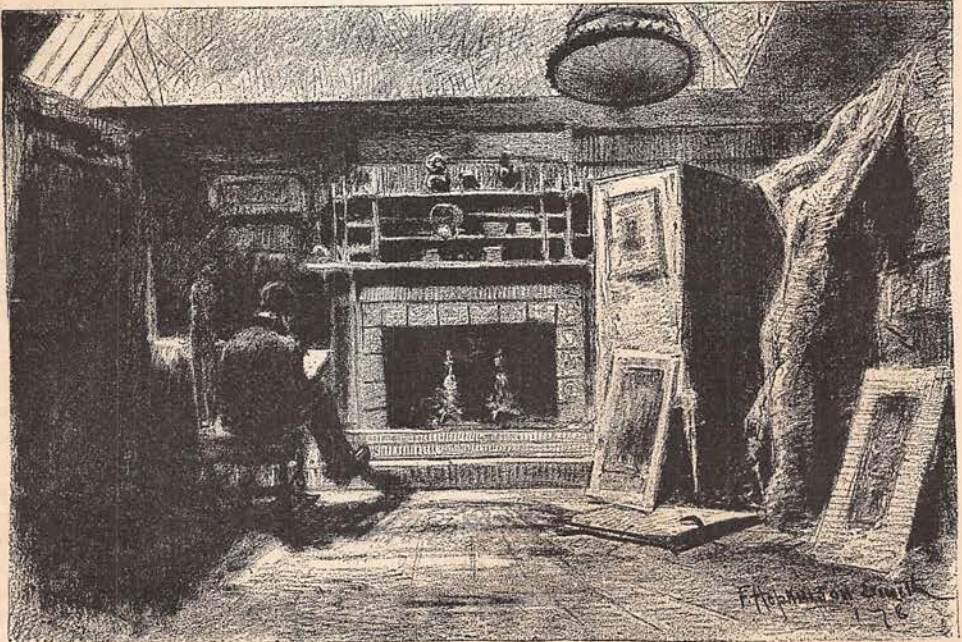
"What do you mean?"

"Why,—keep them."

The ironical person snorted scornfully, but the author of the tile suggestion interposed with a discourse upon tiles and the uses to which they could be put, and he told so much that was interesting about the experience of our English neighbors, and described so many pleasant things that could be done with tiles that a really serious consideration of the question ensued. Finally some one suggested:

"Why should we not all meet once a week and each man do a tile?"

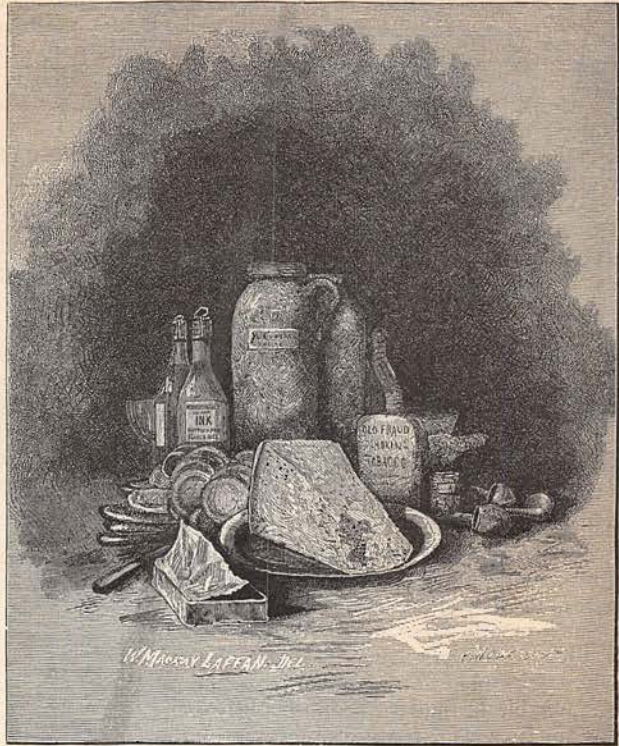
This was early in the autumn of 1877, when studios were being dusted out and men were going around and smoking fraternal pipes with one another and comparing notes about the results of the summer work out-



STUDIO OF A TILE MAN.

of-doors. There was more or less preliminary talk on the subject, and it was finally agreed that meetings should be held in one another's studios, every Wednesday evening, and that those participating should possess each in turn the results of one evening's work. It was determined, in an informal sort of fashion, to adopt the title of the "Tile Club," and to maintain it as a body without officers, limited in the number of its members to twelve, and to dispense altogether with entrance fees or dues of any description.

It was understood that the tiles for each evening were to be supplied by the person to whom when done they would accrue; and the same person was permitted to supply some other things, but under rigorous restrictions. Cheese and certain familiar species of crackers were admissible. Sardines were not prohibited. Clay or corn-cob pipes and tobacco, and stone bottles of cider, and a variety of German ink not unknown to commerce completed the list. Upon one occasion, when a rash member ventured to produce hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches, he was visited with a reprimand—after they had all been eaten—that he will remember to the last day of his life.



THINGS.

The tiles that it was decided to use were those of Spanish make, of a cream-white color, glazed upon one side and in size eight inches square. Designs drawn upon them in mineral colors are subsequently "fired" in an oven and permanently glazed in. This process changes some colors entirely and it greatly improves the design by the brilliancy it imparts to the color and the manner in which it softens the outlines.

The first meeting of the Tile Club was called and was attended by two persons, whose feelings may be imagined. They painted two tiles, but as there is no record of those objects of art their authors are supposed to have relieved themselves by throwing them at each other. These two primeval tilers were known respectively as the "Gaul" and the "Grasshopper," titles which have in them more of pertinence than it is the purpose of this writing to disclose. Both have preserved a severe reticence upon the subject of the meeting in question, but, with a persistency that did equal credit to



A LITTORAL TILE.



A TILE IN RELIEF.

their heads and their hearts, they tried a second. To this, possibly from no nobler motive than curiosity, came doubtfully two more, the "Chestnut" and "Sirius."

Subsequently there appeared and handed in their allegiance the "Obtuse Bard" (whose birthplace was rendered obscure by a bad habit he had of promiscuously begging his bread, for purposes of erasure), the "O'Donoghue," the "Bone," the "Owl,"



COCKATOO TILE.

"Polyphemus" (so called from his somewhat obscure resemblance to a gentleman of antiquity who is mentioned in connection with the crude experiments of the oculist, Ulysses), "Cadmium," and the "Marine" and the "Griffin." A certain enthusiasm declared itself, the attendance became regular and the club settled down into a solid, hard-working and self-respecting body. A wise and discriminating spirit

seemed to actuate it, and if there ever were any perilous shallows or menacing rocks in its path, it certainly steered clear of them all. There was, to be sure, a dangerous member who desired to change its title to



A "MOTIVE" FOR A TILE.

that of the "Anglo-American-Hibernian Association of Painters on Tiles, limited;" but he was snubbed and suppressed and a title suggestive of an unwholesome ambition and otherwise of a generally inflammatory character was avoided. Another member



AN IDEA BY "CADMIUM."



A WEDNESDAY EVENING TRIO.

who suggested that the club should appear in evening dress of Wednesdays only escaped expulsion by an abject apology and the payment of a fine of twelve bottles of ink.

It was not at any time prescribed what manner of tiles should be produced. Each member of the club proceeded just as his fancy dictated, and it was very seldom that any one did anything that was premeditated or studied in its character. To this fact may probably with justice be ascribed a certain freshness and simplicity of design, and an original and speculative quality, which gave to the products of each evening's labor a charm which was none the less distinctive and real for being more apparent to its individual authors than to any one else. Keenly alive to a sense of modesty as the writer undoubtedly is, yet should it be far from his purpose to say aught that even the most jealous or designing reader could construe into a reflection upon the tiles of the Tile Club, or their artistic quality. What it is sought to convey is merely that this artistic quality is so difficult of definition or accurate description that it had best be left to a discriminating and judicious public to discover

and to admire. If the club could speak for itself, it would hasten to declare that such a proceeding on the part of the aforesaid public would secure its lasting gratitude.

The fact that there occur in these pages what purport to be presentments of some of the tiles of the Tile Club might, at the first glance, appear to conflict with the spirit and tenor of the preceding remarks. It is, however, only necessary that the discerning reader should bestow upon each a proper consideration and scrutiny, when he shall at once arrive at an adequate estimate of its true character and merit.

There had not been many meetings of the club before it had become apparent that, with the decorative disposition of its members, there was mingled, more or less, a tendency to drop into music. In the studio in which the meetings had been held, there was a piano that had gained a fair reputation as a side-board. It had done duty as such, in an apologetic fashion, and it had not occurred to any one to question if there were any further direction of its utility. One evening, however, the "Chestnut," in an unguarded moment, opened it, and

sat him down thoughtlessly and played. This he did in an artless and simple style, so free from the conventionality of the schools and so fresh, original, and unhackneyed in its quality, that the club was

tone," and with all of these enrolled as honorary members, the club became a strong musical body, and "went in" for nothing but the best, and has continued to do so ever since.



TILERS TILING.

delighted, and the "Gaul" left the apartment. To correct any false impression which this latter statement might create, it should be stated at once that he presently returned with a case, from which he took a cherished violin. Nimblely attuning the same, while across his amiable features there expanded a prodigious smile, he made it to discourse, most prettily, a choice and pleasing ballad, where to the "Chestnut" afforded a discriminating accompaniment. From that evening music became a feature of the meetings of the Tile Club. Upon the very next occasion there appeared a gentleman known as the "Husk," a master of the side-board—or rather piano; and then followed him shortly, the "Horse-hair" and the "Catgut," two violinists of rare merit, and indeed reputation. Finally there came the "Bary-

Studios, at night, are apt to be dark and awkward places, where even the accustomed denizen stumbles painfully and where the least untoward step may send an easel crashing over on the head of some mute, appealing lay-figure or cause any amount of havoc among the standing canvases and frames. Comparatively few are ever lighted up at night, even where the artist makes his studio his home. At night there are art classes and reunions; there are delightful little preliminary performances that the dear judicious men of trade make so wisely to precede the coming of the severe and unemotional auctioneer, and to which they invite artists, Heaven only knows why; there are the clubs; there are artist coteries of all the way from two or three to a dozen of men who rendezvous in some

fragrant haunt of Gambrinus and pay each with rigor for what he himself consumes,—there are all these things and many others



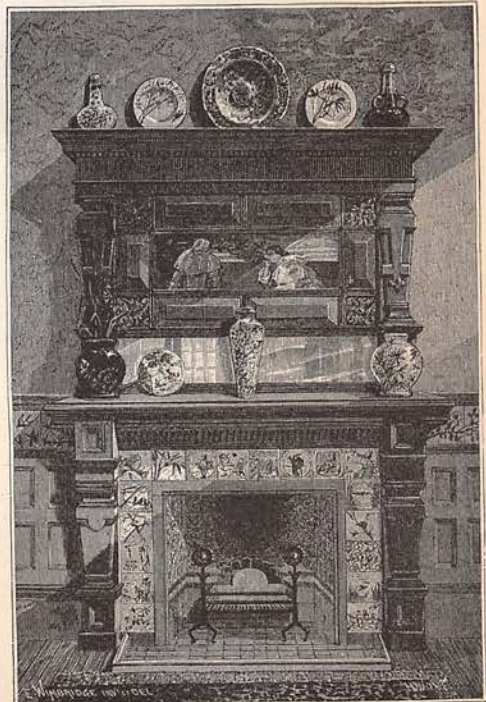
A TILE OF A TILE MAN.

to allure the gentleman whom *Mr. Punch* alludes to as "Stodge" to keep him away from his studio and cause him to rise, in the dismal, familiar morning, with either an improved mind or a headache, or both. But there are studios that are never so gay as at night, and in which Mr. Stodge may regale himself with such a rational flow of soul as too few of us, alas! are ever admitted to. These are the places where the right men meet each other; where the "motive" of the occasion is stimulating and inspiring, and where the moral attrition takes off the rust and reveals quickly what there may be in one; they are wholesome associations that have in them no elements of merely social emulation or ambition, but which afford the opportunities of constant and profitable discussion, and for the interchange of opinions that are new and valuable; they are places where one may learn.

The members of the Tile Club are nothing if not loyal to that worthy institution, and it is unusual to find one missing of a Wednesday evening, no matter if it hails, rains or snows. A cheery, jolly fire burns brightly under the tiled chimney-piece, and everything looks ruddy and warm and comfortable. The beneficiary of the evening has arranged a long table in the middle of the room. He has composed it with great skill from some small tables and a series of large drawing boards superposed. On it he arranges the tiles, the small palettes, the "turps" (*vulg.* for *spt. terebinthiæ*) the boxes of brushes, pencils, rags and color-tubes, and places his "student lamps." There are plenty of chairs of various pat-

terns; there is a big Japanese screen; there are numerous pictures finished and unfinished, and frames for them old and new; there are countless odds and ends from the workshops of the "moon-eyed lepers" and their more civilized neighbors, the Japs; and there is no end of the interesting litter and confusion necessary in every well-regulated studio.

At about eight o'clock the "Owl" drops in and, having taken off his ulster, assumes decent dimensions. "Polyphemus" and the "Bone" follow in a few minutes, and then the "Grasshopper" stalks up the stairs and emerging from his outer casing, extends his antennæ. Every one is in his place by half-past eight, cleaning off his tile with "turps" and a rag, or sketching in his design with a lead-pencil or a bit of lithographic crayon. Some get an idea or a drawing out of an old sketch-book, but the majority evolve their subjects out of their inner consciences. Sometimes drawing after drawing is made and as quickly obliterated before one is hit upon that is thought good enough to be allowed to live. Occasionally it happens that an unhappy tiler ends up his work when all the rest are done by declaring that he "has nothing in his head"; and cleaning

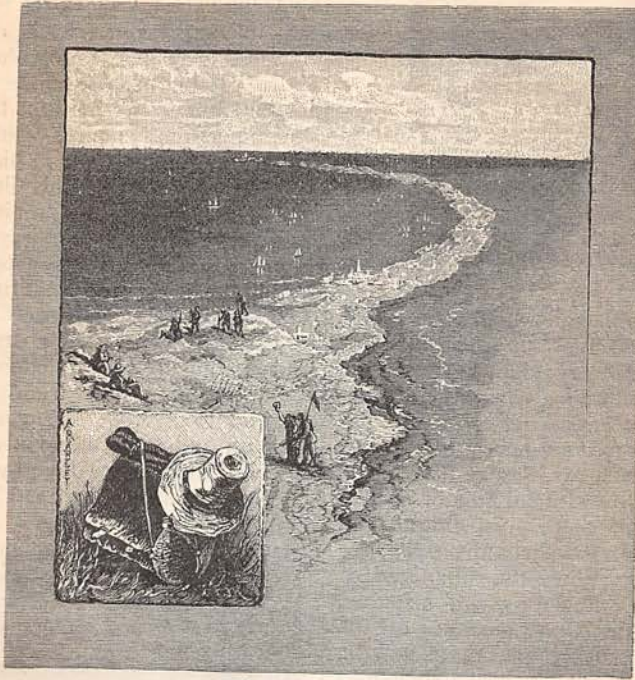


A TILE MAN'S DESIGN FOR A MANTEL-PIECE.

off his tile, he takes it home to execute it under more felicitous conditions. Of course it will be understood that this revelation is confidential.

Nearly all the tiles are done in monochrome, "Victoria blue" being the color chiefly affected. It is extremely difficult to use colors at night; in fact, no satisfactory

difficult to determine from a survey of it, or from a knowledge of the general spirit and behavior of the tilers, how far this idea was kept in view. It could not be said that any theory or theories of decorative art were worked out, or discovered, or even sought. There were discussions of these that were simply superb. Indeed, as far as the discus-



HO! FOR LONG ISLAND.

work can be done with them by lamp-light. Some tilers do not sketch in the design at all, but go to work experimentally on the tile at once, gradually evolving something coherent and partially rational out of some probationary and capricious "dabbling." This, too, must be regarded as confidential; and while in this mood, at the risk of being considered reckless, it may be admitted that some frightfully bad tiles are known to ensue. These the beneficiary tries to receive with as good a grace as possible; being aided thereto by the author, who explains his motive, and cloaks the utter depravity of design and execution in choice terms of art, such as one reads in the newspapers when some eminent enthusiast is dwelling upon the vague transcendentalism of something "attributed to Corot."

Of course all the work began with the notion that it was expedient to "do something decorative"; but it would be very

sion of the art—of its condition in this country, its tendency and its purposes—was concerned, the subject was as nearly exhausted as could be. The "Bone" had it at his fingers' ends; and there were others who, in addition to being generally well informed about it, had the advantage of entertaining opinions of their own that were so strong as to qualify them to go into a dispute. This they seldom failed to do when the conversation afforded an opening, and as the "Bone" nearly always carried a decorative chip on his shoulder, and the "O'Donoghue" was perpetually trailing his garment of theory through the maze of every discussion that arose, there were frequent occasions when delightful rows occurred. Then the other tilers would fill their pipes,—for these things always occurred after the tiles were done,—and sit about and possess themselves with the sweetest satisfaction; occasionally giving the fire a friendly poke,

by throwing in a lively suggestion, if there were any suspicion that either or both of the combatants were showing signs of flagging. Fortified with cheese, crackers, etc., these disputations progressed with great spirit, and were only interrupted when the master of ceremonies tapped the back of his violin with his bow and announced a quartette, a solo or a ballad from the "Barytone."

It was after the first annual dinner, which took place in the studio of the "Obtuse Bard," and which was one of the most crisp and toasty affairs that ever took place since the time of Lucullus, involving as it did, too, a singularly small consideration in cash *per capita*,—it was after this memorable affair that the "Owl" spake out suddenly as one inspired and said: "Let us all take a tramp!"

"And kill him?" asked the "Chestnut."

"No! stupid!" said the offended bird.

"Let us all go on a journey in search of the picturesque. Let us each contribute of his substance so many ducats to a common fund. And then, armed with sketch-book, easel, umbrella, tooth-brush and ——"

He was interrupted by a barely audible expression of emotion that was more eloquent than words:

"Where shall we go?" said the usually unimpassioned "Grasshopper," with a gust of eagerness.

"To the Catskills!" said the "Chestnut."

"To the Adirondacks?" suggested the Griffin.

"How about the Isles of Shoals?" queried the "Marine."

"Or the coast of Maine?" said "Sirius."

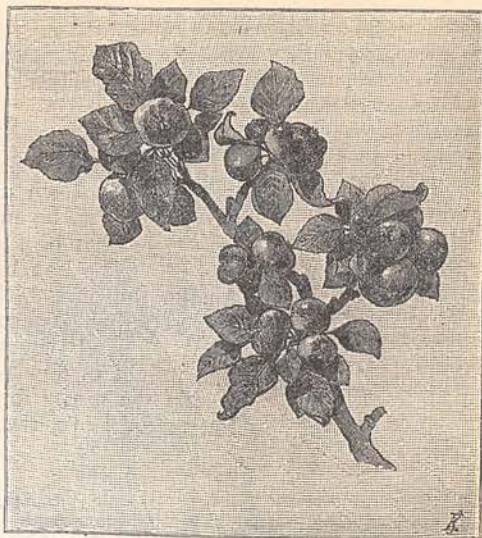
"Why not go to Long Island?" asked "Polyphemus."

"That sand place?" said the "Gaul."

"There's nothing there," said the "Bone" with scorn.

"How do you know?" said "Polyphemus."

"Why," said the "Grasshopper" conclu-



A POMOLOGICAL TILE.

sively, "nobody ever was known to go there!"

"What!" said the "Owl." "Nobody ever went there! Then that's the place of all others to go to!"

"All right!" said the club, with emphasis.

"And look here!" added the "Owl." "Let us make an article about the journey and illustrate it ourselves."

"Splendid!" said the club.

"And sell it to a grasping publisher!" said "Sirius."

"Not much of a grasp!" said "Polyphemus," who appeared to know.

"Think they wouldn't have it?" asked the "Bone."

"We could try," said the "Marine."

"We shall," said the "Griffin."

"We shall!" echoed the club. And with many apologies to SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY that is precisely what the Tile Club proposes to do.



A TILEY ABSTRACTION.

MIDWINTER HOLIDAY NUMBER
OF
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No. 4.

THE TILE CLUB AT PLAY.



THE TILE CLUB AND THE MILLINER OF BRIDGEHAMPTON.

IN pursuance of a design already disclosed in these pages, an association of persons animated by a spirit of decoration and known as the Tile Club, met upon the afternoon of the tenth of June, at Hunter's Point, Long Island. It was cold, raining and extremely disagreeable; but the club appeared to be impervious to mere considerations of weather, and was as chirpy and as hilarious a body as ever was seen. Each member was attired in a fashion that suggested, somewhat incongruously, the purposes of the excursion, and each carried a small quantity of luggage that looked as

if it might have belonged to an itinerant photographer or a book-canvasser. One decorative person who wore brown boots, woolen stockings (inside of which he stuffed the legs of his trowsers), a coat of a wholly depraved and inexplicable cut, and a white-gray hat with blue trimmings, was regarded with unconcealed envy by his fellows, and with the faintest suspicion of polite curiosity by the contiguous public. Another, in a suit of the material affected by English game-keepers, at least when they have their pictures taken, brought up faint recollections of Mr. Winkle, which were relieved, how-

ever, by the fact that he carried nothing more dangerous than a sketch-book. All, in fact, presented a very satisfactory, or, as it was promptly expressed by the "O'Donoghue," who makes all the euphemisms that the club uses, "a very tiley appearance."

Being without officers, and being prohibited by the constitution, which it did not possess, and the by-laws, of which it had none, from having any, the club was without a captain. But "Polyphemus" having been intrusted with the common purse, and, besides, having once been seen looking at a map of Long Island, was tacitly invested by the club with a sort of leadership; probably because the first of the reasons just mentioned might have seemed to make it advisable to keep him in sight, while the second suggested a kind of misty guarantee that they would not get lost. Rather indifferently alive to the responsibilities he was undertaking, but with an eye single to economy and a beautiful faith in his geographical predestination, the worthy "Polyphemus" sallied forth, and announced that Cap Tree Island, in Great South Bay, would end the first stage of the trip.

At Babylon, so called, from the remarkable contrast which is apparent between it and a disreputable place of the same name that formerly existed in Asia Minor, there projects into Great South Bay a wharf. Upon this wharf, on the evening in question, stood the Tile Club, looking sadly through the thick driving mist of rain and spray that obscured the view across the waters. It was blowing stiffly from the east, and the captain of the *Tommy Dodd* refused flatly to go out in any such weather. He had a wife and children in Babylon, he said, and go he wouldn't. The club expostulated with him, pointed to its ridiculous attitude upon a remote and lonely wharf exposed to the fury of the damp elements, offered him additional ducats, muttered at him ominously and asked him if he knew Judge Lynch: but all in vain; the obdurate and cautious man of the sea would not budge. The club was beginning to despair and was talking gloomily of going up across the meadows to Babylon, to "put up" in dread conventionality, at a mere hotel, when, like a sea-bird's wing gleaming through a fog, there came through the mist a white sail, and presently a sloop dashing in under three reefs, with a bold buccaneer in yellow oil-skins and a big sou'-wester, standing undismayed at her helm. In the frantic gesticulations of the unusual group on the wharf the excellent mariner saw business in the

twinkling of an eye, and rounding-to he came alongside with such a nice apprehension of his *vis momenti* that the impact of the *Amelia Corning* against the logs would not have crushed an egg-shell.

Would he take them to Uncle Jesse Conklin's, on Cap Tree Island?

Of course he would, and he roared "All aboard!" with a startling nautical heartiness that seemed to make the wind shift a point or two toward a more propitious quarter. Tilers, with easels, knapsacks and bags, tumbled into the cabin, one after another; and, in less than no time, the sloop was tearing over the water at a tremendous pace. It was a "three-reef" breeze, and no mistake; and, without any desire to appear nautically pedantic, it may be added that the *Amelia Corning* careened before it until her lee scuppers were under water. The mariner's dripping red face expanded into a jolly grin, as he saw some Tilers holding on to things.

"No 'casion to be scared," he said; "walking's good if she capsizes."

"How so?" said an incredulous Tiler.

"Taint nowhere over six feet here," answered the captain.

"Ah!" said a small Tiler, with a re-assured air. "That's only three feet more than would do the business for me."

"Well, she wont capsize, anyhow. Look out for the boom!" and the *Amelia C.* went about so fast that the "Chestnut" dived head foremost into the "Gaul" and caused a look of temporary anguish to overspread the great man's countenance.

The driving mist cleared off, and the heavy sky broke up into great masses of dark clouds, that drifted rapidly after one another across the horizon, each trailing beneath it a dense curtain of rain. A gleam of faint orange sunlight struggled feebly through the gray veil, and fell in a pale yellow line upon the narrow strip of sand that marked Oak Island.

"This is a 'Payne's Gray' day on Great South Bay," said a Tiler with a water-color mind, and the "Griffin," heedless of the passing showers, went forward and sat on top of the cabin, to gloat upon a sky that was peculiarly his own.

Castle Conklin came in sight to the south-east, sitting up in the air, superior to all considerations of stability, after the common fashion of objects when viewed at a distance in the refractory atmosphere of Great South Bay. Beyond it on the west end of Great South Beach, stood "Fire Island Light," more picturesquely described by better writ-

ers as rearing its lofty shaft, like a warning finger, to the belated sailor; and otherwise, it may be presumed, fulfilling the office of a satisfactory and respectable light-house.

At this hour it might have been noted that the conversation took a gastronomic turn, and became more animated, as if it were concerned with a topic of more general interest.

"Oh, my wig, you know!" said the "Gaul." "I wonder if they have oysters down here?"

"Lots on 'em, and prime!" said the skipper.

Whereupon the club discussed the possibility of oysters being good in June, and gradually drifted into the more promising field of clams, of which the same authority said there were not less than one hundred thousand acres in Great South Bay. There was an easy transition from fish to meat, and somebody said "beefsteak" with a particularly unctuous intonation; whereat, it must be confessed, the club gave a collective howl, very much after the fashion of the animals in a menagerie at feeding-time.

But Castle Conklin had come down out of the air, and had assumed an aspect of comparative solidity on the level patch of sand and sea-grass meadow that is known as Cap Tree Island. A barrel on a pole presented itself as a sort of suggestive signpost to mark the channel, and having rounded it, the remainder of the distance to the castle was speedily accomplished.

Down upon the end of his little wharf, waiting for our painter,—whereby is meant not a Tiler, but a rope,—stood one of the jolliest-looking old gentlemen in existence.

"Hullo!" he shouted, and his voice had a rich, merry crackle in it. "Hullo! Here you all are, in a gale of wind, and wet through!" And he shook hands with every

one in the heartiest and cheeriest fashion as if he were a wealthy old uncle and each Tiler his favorite nephew, to whom he was going to leave an enormous fortune. This was Uncle Jesse Conklin, the proprietor of



UNCLE JESSE CONKLIN.

Castle Conklin, upon Cap Tree Island; and the way that he welcomed the Tilers to that establishment, and bundled them into a bright, clean little room with a wood fire blazing and crackling in an enormous stove, with neat lamps burning on the clean, white-washed walls, and with plenty of clean, white, dry sand on the floor; and with the wickedest-looking old pirate, in a huge pair of boots and baggy breeches, and wearing a great grizzly beard, and with a tremendous voice that he kept down in the boots aforesaid, piling on more wood,—the way in which Uncle Jesse did this completely captivated those discriminating gentlemen, and they one and all fell in love with him on the spot. Coats were taken off and hung up to dry; "traps" were inspected and put away. And as they gathered about the stove, toasting first one side and then the other, it was conceded that never before, on this side of the Antarctic circle, had a fire in June appeared so entirely appropriate.

"Any gentleman like an oyster, to give him an appetite?"

It was the "Pirate" who spoke. He had put his head in the door to propound the question and he took it out again, just in time to save it, from being taken off by the rush that ensued. Outside were two boys with a huge basket of oysters at a table upon which could be seen by the light of a large lantern, quartered lem-



CASTLE CONKLIN.



MORNING AT JESSE CONKLIN'S.

ons, pepper, salt and vinegar and forks. The oysters were prime. Kept in the cold salt water of Fire Island Inlet, they did not seem to pay the least attention to the absence of the letter r and were in a condition that could not be surpassed. They were Blue Points, than which there are none better, and the two boys were experts with the oyster-knife; but over the behavior of those Tilers during the ensuing ten minutes a due regard for decency requires that a veil should be drawn. They had reached a point at which to have further regarded the oysters in the light of something to impart an appetite would have been a mockery, when Uncle Jesse was heard to shout, "Solid men to the front!" and he led the way to the dining-room.

Persons ordinarily competent to discriminate properly, have been known to turn up their noses at the blue-fish and to affirm that it was an inferior if not a quite unworthy fish. It is herein affirmed, and not as by one whom his appetite had bereft of his judgment, that a greater error there could not be. Take a five-pound blue-fish, fresh from the line, split him, butter him and broil him, and serve him on a hot dish with sliced lemon and a sprinkling of parsley, and he is a most excellent, nay, a noble dish. Staled by transit in an ice-box, bruised and perhaps mutilated by the clumsy familiarities of the market, it must be confessed that in the metropolis he is a fish that

the thrifty landlady favors as one of which a little will go a long way.

The "O'Donoghue" said it was a tiley fish, which was the highest compliment he could pay it, but he was convinced that language failed to characterize properly the clam-pie that succeeded it. It was nothing short of a work of art, and for deeds far less there have been titles conferred. But common charity, out of consideration for the too susceptible reader, suggests that here the subject should be dropped; and so, with a passing allusion to fried oysters and a mere hint of a porterhouse steak two inches thick and inconceivably juicy, dropped it is.

Taken all in all it was a very jolly evening, and the pelting rain without and the wind that howled around the old house added immensely to the cheeriness of the bright wood fire and the general sense of comfort that prevailed within. There was singing; there was a *pas seul* by the "Chestnut," an address by "Sirius" and some recitations by the "Owl." The "Gaul" furtively produced his violin and stole out upon the sheltered portion of the porch, whence presently there came plaintive measures mingling with the sounds of the elements. The Club listened respectfully for a little while but the persistently mournful strain which the "Gaul" indulged in jarred somewhat upon the prevailing temperament. His muse was pronounced dyspeptic and the worthy vio-

linist was incontinently pulled in-doors and compelled to play a jig.

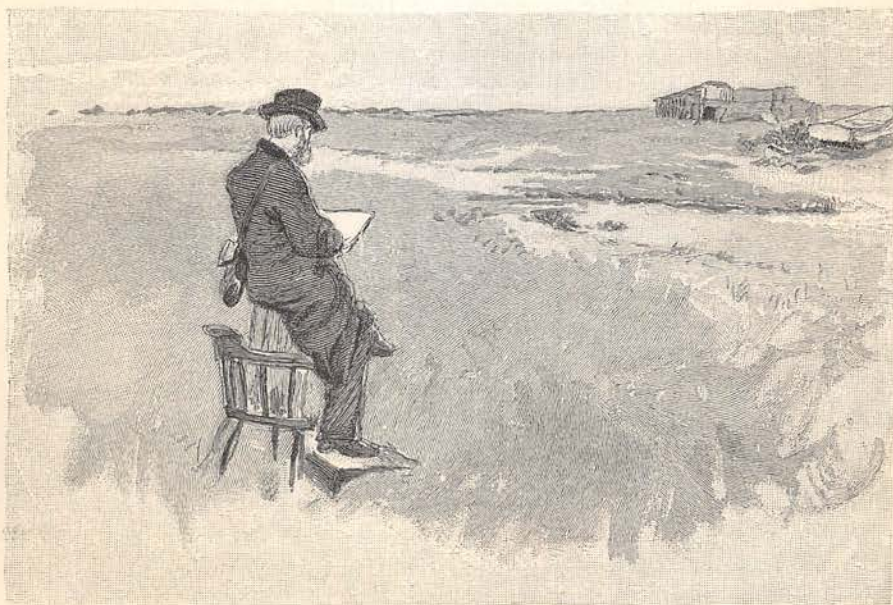
They are nice comfortable beds at Castle Conklin, but at sunrise the industrious "Griffin" was out hunting for a sketch. He found a subject in a few minutes, and perched on an empty champagne case erected on end in a large green arm-chair, he went to work with a block of Whatman paper and a large water-color box. Presently the "Chestnut" emerged and being greatly struck with the "Griffin's" appearance sat down and "took" him. This he did on a large sheet of gray charcoal paper, sketching boldly with broad washes of thin body-color and producing a result which Mr. T. Cole has interpreted in the cut below with his usual fidelity.

The "Marine" climbed into a dismantled sloop and fell to a careful perusal of an old hut built of sticks and dried eel-grass, which had been used by some cod-fishers during the previous winter. The "Grasshopper" took an "elevation" in pencil of Castle Conklin and "Sirius" made copious "notes" in his sketch-book, including a small memorandum of Uncle Jesse himself. All around Castle Conklin were to be seen intent and studious persons, bending assiduously over blocks or sketch-books; some seated in chairs, others on the backs of them; some on sketching-stools, others on boxes or in holes in the sand; all moment-

arily glancing up at the objects in front of them and stooping down again to the paper, and all working away as eagerly and as absorbedly as if their very lives depended on it.

"And to think," mused "Polyphemus," partially arousing himself from a doze on the end of the wharf,— "to think that there are people who say that artists are lazy!"

There was not a great deal on the shore that came within the jurisdiction of the "Marine," so he and "Polyphemus" betook them to the sloop and sailed away in search of artistic flotsam or jetsam. The "moss-bunker" fleet was at work outside and toward them the sloop was headed. It may be proper to state, in a general way, what a moss-bunker is. The fact that the writer does not know it renders the derivation of the word moss-bunker of comparative unimportance. In some places the fish is known as the "alewife," in others as the "menhaden." It has yet other names at other places, but none of them appear to have any particularly obvious significance in connection with the fish itself. It is one of the most unhappy fish in the ichthyological kingdom, and were it not so useful it would be a legitimate object of pity. In its own element it is pursued by hosts of wide-mouthed enemies, while above are the gulls and man perpetually lying in wait for it. The former eat it and the latter squeezes the



THE "GRIFFIN" AT WORK.

oil out of it wherewith to adulterate oils that are less cheap, or fertilizes his land with it, and makes, for the time being, one of the most abominable smells imaginable. The

course of the boat, a wagon that looked singularly like an express-wagon and in it a remarkably stout person with one arm. Although the club had some doubts that it



COD-FISHER'S HUT ON CAP TREE ISLAND.

“Marine” and “Polyphemus” arrived just in time to see the boats surround a school with one of their long purse-nets, draw it close about them, and dip out the shining fish in thousands. It was a very pretty sight, and the “Marine” caught it joyfully against a wonderfully luminous gray sky, in which all the light broke through the rapidly drifting cloud and was concentrated a little above the horizon.

Early that afternoon the artistic argonauts bid Uncle Jesse Conklin an affectionate adieu and sailed away to Sayville. Lake Ronkonkoma was their destination, and it had been learned by inquiry that Sayville was due south of the lake, which is in the middle of the island. So, it was argued, that by going to Sayville and proceeding thence in a northerly direction, Ronkonkoma should in due course be reached. The wind was brisk and after a twelve-mile run across Great South Bay the club coasted anxiously along the beach looking for a place to land and penetrate through the trees to the village. Some serious misgivings were being indulged in over the prospect of having to carry the baggage when there appeared, proceeding along the shore parallel with the

might prove to be a bucolic gentleman taking the air in his private carriage, it hailed him, and on his responding by a graceful gesture with his spare arm, the boat was brought to and the club went ashore in installments in a small-boat. The stout gentleman was quite affable, and responded promptly to overtures looking to the conveyance of the club's effects to Lake Ronkonkoma.

“How far is it?” said “Polyphemus.”



MENHADEN NET-REELS.

“About fifteen miles or thereabouts,” said the charioteer.

But “Polyphemus” said he knew better,

and that there wasn't a place on Long Island where one could walk fifteen miles due north or due south without stepping off the edge. He negotiated upon the financial aspect of the question, called the man an obese extortionist, which he seemed to like, and finally got at the exact distance, which was about six miles. Then the club started for Sayville, not quite a mile distant, the "Gaul" roaring loudly for a grocery store and cheese. The store was found, and while the unusual demand for cheese was being satisfied by the amazed proprietor, the "Owl" spied a pile of enormous hats of straw, with brims nearly six feet in circumference. He tried one on, gazed proudly around, and every Tiler bought one on the spot, at an outlay of twenty-five cents. Such a rushing hat trade never was done in Sayville before or since, and it is currently reported that the worthy grocer has never quite recovered from the mental shock that he sustained on the occasion. The "Gaul" had a large newspaper full of cheese, and a vast quantity of the commodity in his mouth, and the "Grasshopper" was carrying a wealth of crackers in a bag. The diet promising to be rather dry, the club inquired if it could not be introduced to some respectable pump; whereat a public-spirited aborigine who had the commercial prosperity of the place at heart, remarked that there was a man in town that could be seen relative to—ink. He pointed out a house. The Tilers entered a large room on the ground floor, in which there was a counter. There was no one to be seen. They called loudly for the landlord, but no one responded. The "Owl" went behind it as if he had done it every day for twenty years, and found there a box with one dozen compartments and in each compartment a bottle of—ink, secured by a patent stopper. The cheese and crackers were deposited on the counter, there were twelve very audible pops, and conversation was suspended. The proprietor entered and looked around for a moment as if about to get his shot-gun, but being saluted by the "Owl" from behind the counter and asked what he'd take, took in the situation and re-assured himself.

The walk subsequently to Ronkonkoma has been recorded with grievous fidelity by the "Chestnut," and in a manner which, strange to say, none of the club has as yet thought fit to resent. After supper at Mrs. Carpenter's hotel, the Tilers went out on the lake in boats, and made music to the full

moon with a degree of sentiment and vigor that brought out the whole population of that beautiful neighborhood.

A rattle in hotel stages, a glide in railway carriages formed the outlet for the visitors of Ronkonkoma, which has no outlet for its waters. Arriving at Bridgehampton at noon, they bade a final adieu to the commonplace of railroading. The rest of their route eastwardly was pursued by the more romantic methods of the wagoner or the tramp.

It was at Bridgehampton, while waiting for dinner, that the "Owl" had an attack of acute decorative mania. He had been missed for some minutes and everybody was looking about for him when, suddenly, a noise was heard and he came tumbling headlong out of a pretty little frame house, on the front of which was a modest sign that told of millinery within. The "Owl" had a bonnet on his head, and two or three long crimson ribbons streamed behind him in the air as he came flying across the wide road. The Tilers yielded to the infection of the ribbons and in a few minutes all were in the shop of the pretty milliner, who was completely fluttered and discomposed at the irruption of such extraordinary customers. Nevertheless, she plied her busy needle actively and stitched all the broad crimson and blue ribbons she had on the immense hats that were showered around her. The "Barytone" sang her a love song, whereat she blushed, and "Sirius" went out on the stairs and made a sketch of the whole scene.

Gratitude forbids that the girl who waited on table at Bridgehampton should be forgotten by the artists. She was black-haired; she was a "lythe ladye," with a face of Zingara-like distinction.

"I cannot eat for looking at her," sighed "Sirius" to the "Chestnut." And he passed his plate (the third time) for roast beef, not too rare.

"One thinks of higher matters than meat and drink in such a presence," assented the "Chestnut." And while she was refusing to sit to "Sirius," the "Chestnut" purloined her portrait.



THE "OWL" IN MASQUERADE.

Meantime the "Owl" and the "Griffin," with painters' boxes on their knees, were outside sketching a wind-mill. It is a well-known fact in the prosecution of *fusain* sketching that an inordinate amount of

"Gentleman yonder wants a piece of bread," reported the urchin to a good-natured Boniface in the hotel door-way.

"Bread! He shall have a nice piece of pie!" cried the kindly host. "Mary, send out a half of that oyster-pasty to the gent by the old mill!"

The little boy saw that things were going wrong. By dint of watching the process of charcoal sketching for an hour of his young life, he had attained some insight into its methods. He protested to the excellent landlord that bread, and not pie-crust, was necessary. But pie-crust itself is not shorter than the repartee he got.

"You shut up, Tommy Kepple," cried the host with much scorn. "You were born with your clam open, and it's been open ever since!"

And the pie was sent.

That afternoon the club arrived at Easthampton. The town consisted of a single street, and the street was a lawn. An immense *tapis vert* of rich grass, green with June, and set with tapering poplar-trees, was bordered on either side of its broad expanse by ancestral cottages, shingled to the ground with mossy squares of old gray "shakes"—the primitive split shingles of antiquity. The sides of these ancient buildings, sweeping to the earth from their gabled



A CATCH OF MENHADEN.

bread is required. And the bread must be fresh, diurnal, of immediate application to the work. No store of packed bread will do. No Winsor & Newton device of erasing-paste for long voyages has yet been invented. The artist in charcoal, complete as to all else in himself and his equipments, must depend on daily charity for this cleansing agent.

"Small boy," said the "Owl," "go to yonder hotel where the vulgar throng are dining, and ask them for a bit of bread, to be charged to me."

eaves in the curves of old age, and tapestried with their faded lichens, were more tent-like than house-like. The illimitable grassy lawn, swept with racing breezes at their feet, stretched east and west to infinity. Not the Warwickshire landscape, not that enchanted stretch from Stratford to Shottery which was Shakspeare's lovers' walk, is more pastorally lovely.

Every other house in these secluded villages is more than two hundred years old. They last like granite,—weather-beaten, torn to pieces, and indestructible. They alternate



PROCESSION OF YE TILERS.

with smart cottages covered with the intensest paint. "Pretty as a painted boat" is the beach-dwellers' ideal of elegance, and the garish freshness that appropriately constitutes the comeliness and the salvation of a boat is naturally the artistic standard in land-architecture too. The æsthetic sense of a town is divided between an ancestral feeling which approves the tattered old pavilions of Queen Charlotte's day—valuing these mossy tents for their raggedness as if they were old lace—and new clapboards

few smeary daubs, declaring himself an impressionist.

Nor were the others idle. The "Chestnut," struck by the aspect of the old stationary sailer, the wind-mill, essayed to sketch it in colors; but the dramatic effect of the apparitional wings being lost, it came to little. "Sirius," selecting the evening sky, produced a "Nocturne in black and blue,"—not in the least like. The "Marine" attended to the sun, and did a "Hallucination in purple and prisms."



PORTRAIT OF THE "CHESTNUT." (FROM BASS-RELIEF MODELED IN CLAY FROM LIFE.)

constantly deluged and sluiced with paint. It is the mariner's simple fidelity, true to the kindred purities of holy-stone and hearth-stone.

"My wig!" said the Gaul, "I must secure a sketch of some of this!" The afternoon sky was filling with color, and the cumulus clouds that toppled from the horizon were turning to vast chryselephantine statue-galleries, ivory and gold. Neighbor Elkins owned, in the vicinity, an enchanted-looking ruin of a mansion, big, owl-tenanted, and surrounded by bewitched old willows. It had struck our tourists' attention in driving by. The artist sat down and opened his color-box. He began a study of severe minuteness, in the pre-Raphaelite way, but night surprised him and he finished with a

If the party had come to Easthampton with any one fixed intention, it was to guy John Howard Payne.

Payne was born in two or three houses of Easthampton, besides Boston and No. 33 Broad street, New York.

"Buried in Morocco, wasn't he?" objected one skeptic. "Depend upon it, he was mostly leather and prunella."

They found the village of Easthampton devoted to a sort of *cultus* of the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Every elderly person remembered him, every young person proposed to be a guide to the poet's haunts.

That evening the party were entertained by Mr. Mulford, an oldest inhabitant. He was a fine, obsolete gentleman, with a be-



A BELLE OF BRIDGEHAMPTON.

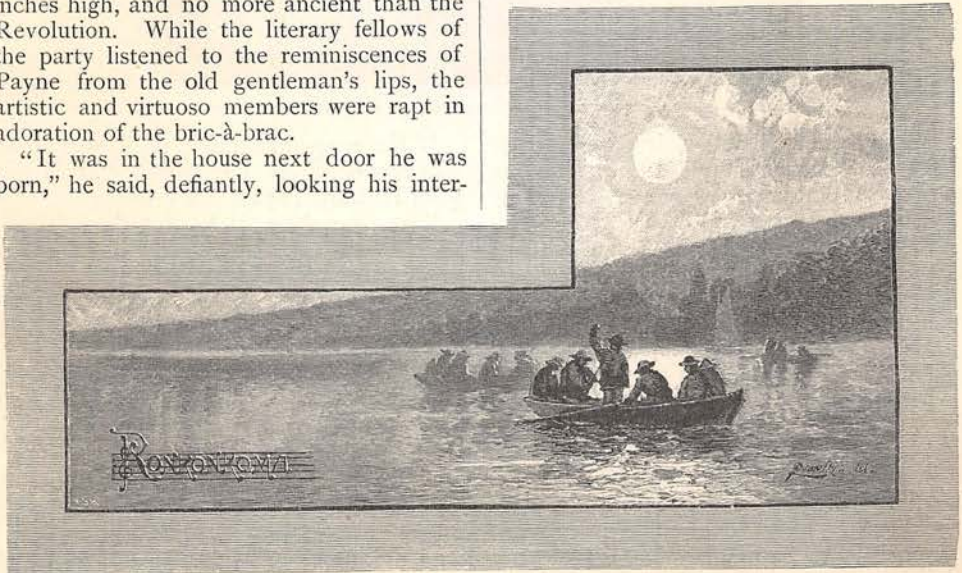
coming and handsome sense of personal and family dignity sitting upon him. The house was in its second centenary, having been built in 1764. There was a parlor fire-place fourteen feet in width, and triangular corner cupboards filled with genuine Derby and Worcester that had never been separate from the family and the shelves since they were first stamped by the makers. Outside in the barn reposed the original diamond-led window-sashes, the carved railings, the pillioned saddle that belonged to those earliest times of all. The house was now modernized, however, the panes in the windows being at least eight inches high, and no more ancient than the Revolution. While the literary fellows of the party listened to the reminiscences of Payne from the old gentleman's lips, the artistic and virtuoso members were rapt in adoration of the bric-à-brac.

"It was in the house next door he was born," he said, defiantly, looking his inter-

locutor straight in the eye as he told this enormous one. Nobody demurred.

This mother of the bard, a Jewess, was not without a historical and ancestral connection. She was the daughter of a rich Jew from Hamburg, who was ruined by the American Revolution. The wife of the Hamburg exile was a Miss Hedges, and this lady had an American brother who became, by the death of the possessor of the title, Earl of Dysart. When an agent came to this country to identify the American heir, the unwitting wearer of the dignity was already dead, having been for but a few weeks unconsciously an earl. He left a family of daughters only, so the estate reverted to the Crown. Still, the poet's grandmother was, for a month, sister to the Earl of Dysart. The family of Isaacs still exists in Easthampton; their tradition is that Payne's grandfather, with the caution of a merchant of his race, always kept his books in Hebrew. The excursionists will never hereafter be able to think of the spendthrift Payne without seeing a vision behind him of the Hebrew Isaacs with the scales and the coins, and the ledgers in Chaldean cipher.

The excellent old man went on to give his personal reminiscences of the bard. When a boy, Payne was apprenticed to a carpenter, "just across the way there" from the paternal cottage. Payne's father at one time taught in the ancient school-

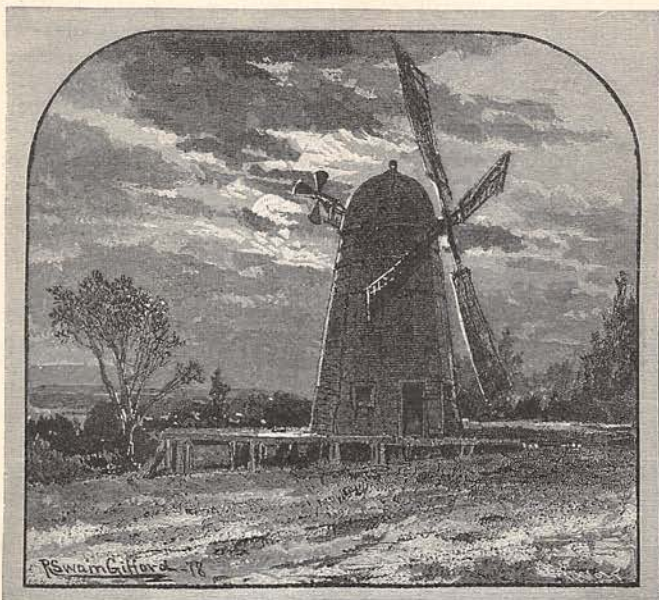


RONKONKOMA.

house, but in the poet's youth the incumbent of the professor's chair was an old maid of the most vinegarish description. This dreadful beldam, Miss Phebe Filer, taught Payne that careful spelling and that exquisite chirography which were afterward

zine,—I forget which,—and was a favorite associate of the foremost literary men in Boston, New York and Philadelphia."

This extract backs handsomely the personal claims of the young carpenter of Easthampton. The villagers relate that when



OLD WIND-MILL AT BRIDGEHAMPTON.

to bear the burden of the lines now written all over the world. Her methods of suasion were entirely moral. She used to frighten the quick fancy of the future bard by stories of the "sarpients and scorpings" which haunted the closets and cellars of the school.

"Howard's voice was squealing, in conversation," said the patriarch, "but when he recited poetry it got deep, very deep. As a young man, he was the handsomest lad on Long Island, but when I last saw him all that was changed. He was older than me, and he walked about with his head down, so."

The old neighbor's impression of Payne's personal comeliness was not exaggerated. "The success of Master Betty," says Leslie's Autobiography, "excited a youth in America, like Betty, of handsome features and graceful manners, and with a charming voice, to come forward as an American Young Roscius. I saw Payne play Romeo in Philadelphia, and was perfectly delighted. Whether he equaled Betty on the stage, I know not; but he was superior to him off the stage, for while yet in his teens, he became the editor of a newspaper or maga-

zine, fresh from the old school that is now the town-house, wrung permission from his reluctant father to go upon the stage, the good schoolmaster, William Payne, stood in tears behind the *coulisses*, irrepressibly weeping, while the public frantically applauded. He could hardly bear the spectacle of that dazzling first night.

"Whether Payne was a duffer or a brick," said the "Owl," with unusual solemnity, after the tourists had left Mr. Mulford's hospitable house, "and whether 'Home, Sweet Home,' is a consecrated liturgy or a detected bore, I move we give the old boy a chorus. Let's sing Payne's cradle-song around Payne's cradle!"

But the culpable levity with which they treated poor Payne and his legend, marked as it was by night, could not stand before the evidence accumulated by the daylight. It faded gradually away, and gave place to a vivid interest, an eager and even a fierce partisanship.

"Fellows! I've found his house!" burst out "Polyphemus," triumphantly, in the morning. "That house last night was an infamous pretender."

"Where is it to-day, if you please?" said the "Griffin," languidly, stuffing a *quinze-centimes* edition of "Manon Lescaut" into his pocket. "I like these nomadic monuments. Their perturbations always touch me deeply."

So they trooped off to see the genuine home of Howard Payne, the hearth where he was really cradled and dandled and reared. They marched in a body down the village street to a certain distance eastward from the inn, singing in half-voice as they went their jingling balderdash:

"Cr-rack! snap! goes the whip; I whistle and I sing.
I sit upon the wagon, I am happy as a king.
My horse is always willing; as for me, I'm never sad.
There's no one leads an 'appier life than Jemmy,
the corrtter's lad."

Received with the easiest and pleasantest welcome at the antique homestead, they went on to make it their own, artist-fashion. Two or three proceeded to crowd each other up the wide fire-place in their efforts to secure a good position to sketch this nucleus, this ganglion, this node, this vital center of the whole Payne legend. They made various studies of the ample hearth, with its fine velvet pall of black soot, as other artists, indeed, had abundantly done before them. They plunged at the well, they assaulted the hen-coop, they crept around the garden to paint the vine-shaded parlor windows at which little Howard had been held up by the fair Jewess to gaze out upon the world.

Meanwhile the "O'Donoghue" and "Chestnut," who had disappeared with airs of mystery, were off on another scent. In due time they returned, and offered to introduce the "Owl" and "Polyphemus" to a

lady whose acquaintance they had just had the honor of making—the "little sweetheart" of John Howard Payne.

It was a happy and a pathetic encounter, that with the handsome, dark, bright-eyed elderly lady, with hair scarcely touched with gray, who sat in a roomy parlor, pensively fingering old letters of Payne's, in almost all of which she was spoken of in mock adoration as his child Dulcinea. Prettily proud, cheerful, living gladly in that grandest memory of her life, she might have been addressed as Ronsard addressed the lady in Thackeray's lyric:

"Old tales are told, old songs are sung,
Old days come back to memory,
You say: when I was fair and young,
A poet sang of me!"

This was the petted "Rosalie," who, as a romping school-girl, had received the most extravagant devotion of the song-maker. The lips on which his kiss still lingered had not lost their red. Her boxes were full of his home letters, letters exhibiting him in the best of lights, as the exiled villager yearning for his little hamlet. They are written with a light touch, with abundant dashes of wit that is not very costly, with a thorough sense of what will please the kind townspeople who will hear them, with perpetually welling memories of John, and Dick, and Harry, who will be tickled to get messages from Tunis or from Washington. They are now full of the minute inquiries that ever fill the rustic intelligence office—about Doctor Buell and Deacon Sherrill, and Mr. Akerly, the teacher of French. Now and always, they are full of "the ladies." "To the ruins of Carthage," he says once in speaking of a school celebration at Easthampton, "a copy of Picket's



THE BEACH AT EASTHAMPTON.



AN OLD WHALING STATION.

'Academician' happened to drift, and I to open it at the page recording academical honors to Anicartha Miller and Julia Sands!"

Is there not something human and likable in this revelation of the unsuccessful grizzled, bankrupt bachelor, jaded with the opera, jaded with the drama, jaded with politics, jaded with life, sitting upon Carthage with Marius, and musing upon Anicartha and Julia as they flutter up in their best lutestrings to receive a country academy's diplomas?

The earliest letter of the batch is jocosely addressed on the outside, to the village postmistress, apparently: "Miss Joann Miller, behind the counter very busily opening all the letter-bags for an office-full of the citizens of Easthampton." The same mis-sive is signed in character: "I have the honor to be, madam, your very faithful and devoted deputy-postmaster, John Howard Payne." This sheet is dated 1834.

Thenceforward and for fifteen years,—till 1849,—there is a steady stream of allusions to the little (but growing) Rosalie. Every message is in a tone of playful courtship, adapted at first to the fascinating fairy of a child's party, but deepening in tone and becoming whimsically despondent as the sweet "object" develops, and finally yields to the inevitable laws of absence and distance. "I thank Miss Rosalie for inviting me to a game of loto," he says in 1834, he being then forty-two, and the maiden perhaps fourteen. A year or two after, he remarks: "It is reported that Mr. Akerly is teaching my little (but she has ceased to be little) Rosalie *French*." In later years he

grows still fonder, but acknowledges the increased age of his pet by calling her "Mamma" and "Mrs." His kisses now were the safe kisses of a grizzled, elderly bachelor. "Pray tell Mrs. Rosalie," he writes at fifty-six, "if ever I go to her village again I shall insist on the rest of the kiss of which I was in part defrauded." Alas! when the swain is nearing sixty girls don't particularly re-

member whether his kisses were completed or not; he is welcome to finish them if he thinks they need it. But earlier than this he seems to acknowledge already that this protracted make-believe has been given the sack. "I have persuaded Aunty and Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs to join and try to revive the recollection of me * * * the chief obstacle to such a visit would be the news I hear of your sister Rosalie! They say she has jilted me, and has given herself away to some one else, when I really expected she would reserve herself for me. This is the unkindest 'cut' of all." That is in 1839. In 1849 he is calm again, and writes formally, like an old man: "My best remembrance to your Mamma and to Mamma Rosalie." But a few years previously he is still on the rack, asking, with the whim of mock misery strongly upon him: "Am I to be utterly forsaken? Does even Miss Rosalie treat me with cold contempt?" And taking the trouble to add to this, in his neat old-time writing, a quotation of half a dozen lines from Pope, to the effect that "A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven."

But it may be time to put a period to these specimens of what was considered, in those Lalla Rookh and bulbul days, the smart and flattering gallantry of an old, once graceful beau, toward a rosebud less ripe by some thirty years or so. Rosalie's documents have another side, showing Payne, the foot-ball of fortune, the wall-flower at life's festival whom success never joined and engaged for a dance, as a critic, a traveler, or a politician.

In a letter of 1848 Payne remarks: "I am electioneering now on every side for an



THE SWEETHEART OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.
(FROM BASS-RELIEF IN CLAY.)

appointment under General Taylor." The consulship to Tunis, we know, was the plum he secured. In this strangely chosen post, the broken-down actor showed a little of the ostentation of a beggar on horseback. The Bey, quite terrified by his incessant and theatrical threats,—doubtless delivered with swelling eloquence borrowed from old recitations of Othello,—and not forgetting either the disquieting thought of the Admiral from America, Decatur, truckled to him amusingly, and built him a huge new palace, finer than his own. Payne was forced to leave his romantic abode after a short residence, and to come back to Washington, for the adjustment of certain political disputes; these arranged, he returned to his post, and died directly in his palace in dream-land, April 9th, 1852. So short was his day of glory! Only in 1850 we find in Rosalie's letters, "I am looking after my nomination for Tunis." This is in a missive from Washington, where he also says, "Miss Bremer was here, and I saw her often,"—mentioning Grace Greenwood too, and Anna C. Lynch, and Mrs. Southworth, whom he greatly admired. In 1848 he was in New York, while Macready was playing; he probably felt some natural chagrin to find Macready applauded in Knowles' *Virginus*; his own *Virginus*—where the same plot had tempted the greatest actors, and been acclaimed from the same boards—forgotten. At any rate, he writes, coldly and wearily: "The latest wonder here is Macready; but I have not heard him. My interest in theatrical glories has subsided entirely."

But the tone of fatigue never appears in his reminiscences of Easthampton; that magic name conjures up his spirits directly: the old neighbors, the old festivals, the old legends,—most sacred of all, to the exile, the old jokes. What can carry the absentee home so quickly as the ancient jest of his village—the well-worn, the oft-exploited, the never-failing? Thus his pet name for Easthampton is "Goose-heaven," and he harps upon the idea eternally.

There was a side of superstition to the poor player's character—no uncommon thing in the profession. "A conjuring letter," he says in 1848, "has prophesied most favorable changes in my destiny, to commence next year." A pretty niece of Rosalie's apropos of this brought out an old-fashioned conjuring-book, quite large, and elaborately printed with pages of magic numbers, which was Payne's gift when he was alive and hoping for the turn of fortune. A bleared-eyed, tottering old man, another relative, opened the wizard pages, and applied the numerical cards, as Payne in his youth had taught him, to the tabular prophecies. The tourists diligently came up in turn to have their destinies told. When the bleared man, with his palsied hands, succeeded in adjusting the cards to the much-promising tables, he looked up at his consulter, his eyes wide, watering and triumphant. Evidently, in his mind, he had made the fortunes of a whole troop of New York artists.

The dark-veined hands of the ancient boatman turned the pages of Payne's wizard-book. Payne's little sweetheart, a handsome country lady, untied his yellow letters. The presence of the indigent player became very real in this atmosphere.

"Mr. Payne used to say," observed Rosalie, "that he employed more intrigue to conceal his poverty than all the diplomacy used at Washington. I can remember him when he was a most beautiful man," she pursued, "and with such a complexion, very delicate. It is strange he should have liked me, for I was a black girl."

This English phrase, perhaps, is seldom heard in America. But Rosalie had derived it direct from her Kentish ancestors. Her home-village had been settled by a party of Kentish pilgrims, who bought the town plot in 1648, and at first called it Maidstone, from Maidstone in Kent. The old families of Easthampton were of the Pilgrim stock, settling at first at Plymouth, but afterward removing to chosen spots along the Long

Island shore, the Kentish group choosing this lovely retreat. Our tourists constantly heard old English phrases that struck them, and these would be delivered in a conspicuously New England accent and pronunciation.

Gradually the feelings of the visitors changed toward the hymnist of Home. The image of a shapely, tall-foreheaded man began to haunt their imaginations, with sparse locks studiously arranged around his temples; probably wearing corsets; occasionally concealing the absence of buttons in his double-breasted coats by thrusting his hand in his bosom, Lamartine-fashion; modish and dilapidated; calling this populace of boatmen and fishmongers his cousins, his uncles and his comrades, without a bit of shame. Pacing this rural street "with his head down, so," its brain-pan revolving thoughts of past tinsel glories, when Kean had thrilled mighty London audiences with his Brutus, and Charles Kemble had gained two thousand pounds in twenty months by the copyright of a certain song in "Clari, or the Maid of Milan!"

Payne declared that he had first heard the tune of "Home, Sweet Home" from the lips of a Sicilian peasant girl, who sang it artlessly as she sold some sort of Italian wares, and touched his fine ear by the purity of her voice. It is pleasant to think he did not crib it from any old opera, but had a certain proprietorship in the air, as well as the words, of the most popular song extant.

The "home" he was thinking of, as he traced the deathless lyric in some London rookery, was undoubtedly Easthampton. A few years later, he expanded its opening words in a magazine description of his native town. "Many an eye wearied with the glare of foreign grandeur," he wrote ("Democratic Review," February, 1838), "will, ere long, lull itself to repose in the quiet beauty of this village." The stenciled expressions of "foreign grandeur," and "eyes wearied with the glare," what are they but repetitions of the opening of both stanzas—the "pleasures and palaces" of stanza one, "the exile from home splendor dazzles in vain," of stanza two? Easthampton is what supplies the sentiment, the type, the foil, the contrast of the song. Easthampton still exists, just as he knew it, like a vignette perpetuated in electrotype. The "tavern-sign in the center of the road" is gone, though, which he described "swinging between the two posts,"—"while the geese strut with slow and measured stateliness to their repose."

The geese still parade down the grassy street, getting between the visitor's legs every minute, and are as obtrusive as they are in Payne's letters and descriptions.

Yes—it is an unromantic discovery, but there cannot be a doubt of it—"the birds singing sweetly," of Payne's ballad, "that came at my call," were ganders, and their sweetness was a hiss.

From the age of thirteen, when he left the ample hearth of his father's house here, the hymnist of "Home" was homeless; that is, until the theatrical structure of his latter months arose at the command of the Afrites, and he lay down to die in his Arabian Night's palace, hungering for the thatch, "the sooty chimney-throat of this delicious cot."

"Thatched" cottages, by the by, were to be found in Easthampton when Payne was a youth.

"Well, boys," now said "Polyphemus," "are you convinced where John Howard Payne's home is?"

"Certainly, four or five of it," said the "O'Donoghue" with enthusiasm.

Meanwhile the spirits of the artists were attuned to gentleness, for the place had turned out to be a painter's gold-mine, all "bits" and nuggets. Their satisfaction made them particularly open to exquisite impressions, and one night—when "Sirius" caught them with their sensitive artistic temperaments all throbbing with delight—he proposed and obtained such a musical tribute to Howard Payne as Howard Payne's village had never known before. The musicians who were honorary members of the club now made their metal known. The violins were tuned till their tense strings were ready to break with music's stress, and the piano had been freshly put in order. The gigantic baritone turned his eyes, somehow fired with unexpected feeling, upon his accompanists.

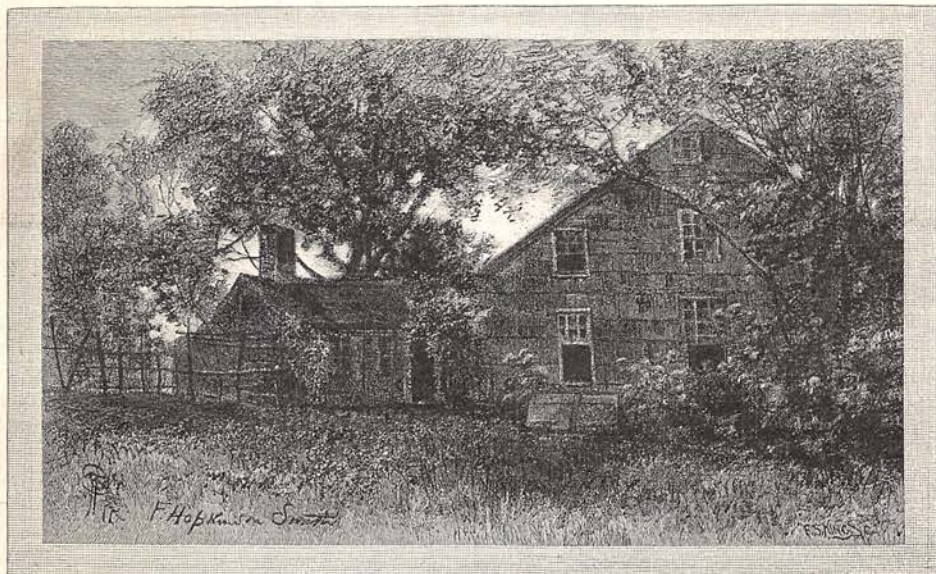
"Are we ready?" he whispered, and the violins and piano nodded. And then he swept out the reserves of a magnificent voice in a torrent of feeling and flame, flooding the inn-parlor with melody, thronging the midnight street with reverberations, and causing the neighboring glasses of the poet's own windows to thrill with the rapturous disturbance. None of his chums had ever heard him "come out so." The complaining violins, the accented markings of the piano, lent color and outline to the song. There were enough trained voices in the company to troop in effectively with a

chorus. It was such a rendering of "Sweet Home" as that plaintive romanza does not very often get. Village listeners, hearing those lamenting violins, that voice of exile filled with tears and sweetness, leaned against the porches, saddened and titillated in the very kernel of the heart. The music, for once, had gone to the quick. And the voluntary performers, their pious duty paid, packed themselves off in absolute silence to bed.

It was a half-sad morning that took the

places are as self-conscious, when a landscape artist comes, as a Ranelagh beauty in the presence of Reynolds. They are all the time posing for effect. Easthampton is one of them."

The incorrigibly "lazy" had been intensely busy watching the others. These drones had their uses; they looked out for effects, and made reports of phenomena. At sunset these irresponsible ones would pose in the foreground of coast-scenes, making pirates or wrecked corpses. At sun-



"HOME, SWEET HOME." (FROM CHARCOAL DRAWING.)

painters away from Easthampton. They had found their account there.

"You see," said the "Marine," "some neighborhoods are very strongly marked with the artistic consciousness. They combine well. They set out their milk-pans to drain in beautiful compositions. Their calves come to the fence in red and white, their old hens scratch under coops fenced in with rotten menhaden-nets, their sea-beaches attract the most beautiful brown wrecks, whose figure-heads have their gilding washed by the high tides in full sunshine. These places know how to relieve a Samuel Prout roof with a Birket Foster elm-tree. Their geese march over the crests of a hilly road, with heads stretched up. Their men are old school-masters, sailors and wreckers. Their wind-mills are brown with age and much oiling. Their girls lean in white aprons against the wheat-sacks. These

rise, half awake, they would stray to the signal-station on the coast, where they would find the fishing experts on the watch for menhaden, digging their bare toes into the sand-hill with excitement as the "bunch" rose into sight, reddening the purple sea.

"Some days they make it redder than others. Depends on the sun and clouds, I expect," the wise man would explain to his visitor. Then his excitement would culminate as the fish rose again, abundant and close to shore. "Haul the weft," he would scream to his assistant, and the old basket would fly up on the signal-post causing every village boat to dart together upon the prey, looking like sharks in the morning twilight. Meantime, not satisfied with the ordinary signal, the gray-beard would tear off his red waistcoat and become frantic, waving it to his neighbors and dancing in the sand, bare-legged, grizzly-chested, the

of your sister Rosalie. They say she has jilted me!

FAC-SIMILE OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE'S HANDWRITING.

muscles on his brown arm working as he followed the red stain with eager forefinger. The town fills with the noise of the horn calling the fishers to their boats. When the first peddler came to Easthampton, within living memory, the sound of his horn caused a misconception. The men rushed to sea and the peddler found the town deserted of all who held the purse-strings.

Hard as it was to part from the artistic village, Easthampton was left behind at last. The two long country wagons drove up to the door. Our tourists, provided with London walking-boots of raw leather, most elaborately constructed to ease the feet, were all rather foot-sore from the mere superiority of their equipments. They could not walk a mile in their inimitable shoes without limping. They piled into the carriages. "Sirius" had bought a lovely Queen Anne table at a farm-house above Bridgehampton, and had nursed it fondly in his arms on all his wanderings. It climbed into the wagon, too, and was thenceforward the object of his care and the subject of his friends' most heart-felt anathemas, through the whole route. Bidding good-bye to the hospitable Gardiners of Gardiner's Tavern, they trotted out of Easthampton, shocking the echoes with their rattling chorus:

"My father was a corrier some
ears afore I was born;
He always rose at daybreak to go
his rounds in the morn;
He used to take me with him,
so early in the spring,
I loved to sit up' the corrt and
hear my father sing.
Cr-rack! snap! goes the whip;
I whistle and I sing!

I sit upon the wagon, I am happy as a king;
My horse is always willing; as for me, I'm never
sad,
There's no one leads an 'appier life than Jemmy,
the corrt'er's lad!"



THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME." (FROM BASS-RELIEF, MODELED IN CLAY.)

The roads hereabout are full of legends of the Indians,—those powerful Montauketts, "tall, proud, straight, warlike," who used to fight the Narragansetts and all the red legions from the main-land. A little to the north of Easthampton, on the Sag Harbor road, our tourists had visited a spot called "Whooping Boy's Hollow." Here, in the old times, an Indian chief's son was murdered. The road just here passes through a pine wood, and this grove is vocal after night-fall with childish screams, to the discomposure of stage-drivers and belated urchins. The artists, determined not to destroy the illusion, refrained from staying until the hour when the manifestations take place.

Midway between Easthampton and Montauk our travelers passed the terrible Lebanon cedar, thrusting up its flat, table-like top on the wide, sandy heath, whose closely knit and tufted twigs can sustain the ominous number of thirteen persons as on a platform. "It is immortalized," says Payne, "by a wild tale of Indian massacre and miraculous escape." This is another form of the legend of Fort Pond (otherwise Kongonock), or the event may have happened at both localities. A little to the west of Kongonock, at any rate, is the old Indian burial-ground. Near it is one of the legendary foot-prints in the rock. In the early ages of the Montauketts, one of the tribe, whose reputation was ruined and whose life forfeited by some act of crime, fled to this spot, and, placing his foot upon the rock, sprang forward into the valley, which opened to receive him, while a spring gushed forth for the first time. The other story of a leaper's foot-prints, and which may be

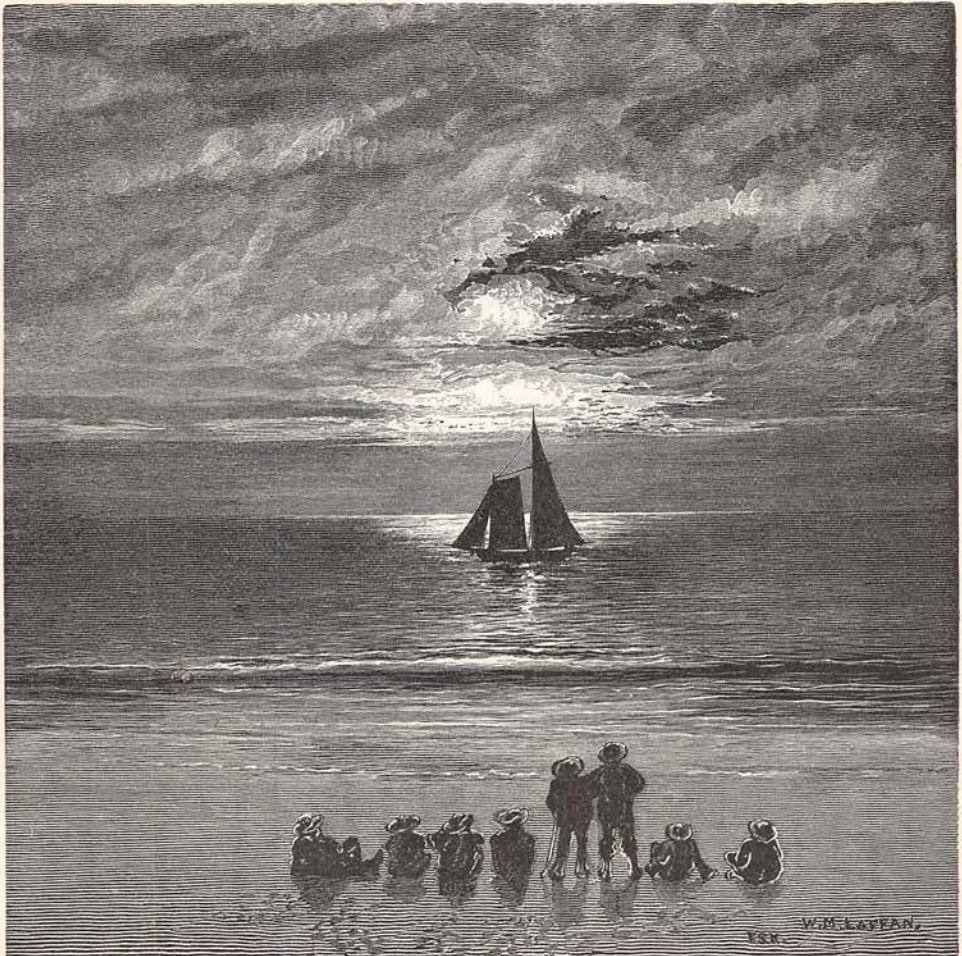
either located at Fort Pond, as a *variorum* edition, or, if the reader prefer, by Whooping Boy's Hollow, is of darker omen still. The hero is the devil. At a "pow-wow," at which a renegade Puritan or two assisted, the devil was driven from the feast in time for the salvation of these white spectators' souls, and marked his horrid foot-print in his three several leaps; whether cloven or not (the foot being presented simply in an Indian translation of the devil, as it were), the traces are hardly distinct enough to show.

The youthful driver dutifully pointed out the Enchanted Cedar, and he knew all about Whooping Boy's Hollow. But his remembrances of the various indentations—sachem's head-rests, devil's prints, or what not—were all resolved into one legendary

impression, of a painfully unpoetic character.

"Old Teeny's Hole," said Tradition, in the person of this lad, "is here, just by Flat Top Tree; it is a little before you get to the tree. Old people at Montauk remember Teeny. He was an Indian, and he fell down drunk here, and drowned in six inches of water."

The carriages passed the long, close, thicket-bordered beach of Napeague, with its swarms of mosquitoes. To the left were the Nommonock hills; before them, Hither Wood. Emerging from the inclosed region and the pressure of damp, tropical vegetation, our tourists came out upon a scene of freshness and uncontaminated splendor, such as they had no idea existed a hundred miles from New York. The woods rolled glo-



"FROM THE, SUBLIME TO THE ———."

riously over the hills, wild as those around the Scotch lakes; noble amphitheaters of tree-tufted mountains, raked by roaring winds, caught the changing light from a cloud-swept heaven; all was pure nature, fresh from creation. The beach they skirted was wild and stern, with magnificent precipices. From the steep cliffs they often afterward dug out the nests of the sand-martins, occasionally disclosing a delicate egg, or a timid fledgeling, lying *perdu* in his gallery, two feet back from his little round vestibule. And so, resting alternately at "Stratton's" and at the house of the light-keeper, they finally made the extremity of Montauk Point, and the great Fresnel lantern, against which the sea-birds and the giant dragonflies often dash out their little lives.

The convex table-land at Montauk Cape is set with two great, gem-like lakes, miles in extent, and named respectively Great Pond and Fort Pond. Fort Pond was the scene of a mighty battle in the Narragansetts' campaign against the Montauketts. The latter, staunch allies as they were of the neighboring white family of Gardiner, on the island of that name, were on the point of being beaten, and the Saxon settlers left to the cruelty of hostile tribes, when a friendly rally was made by the Fire Island Indians, who drove off the Narragansetts to their canoes.

This friendly, and once valorous Montauk tribe is reduced to a pitiful handful. The tourists found them, however, still herding the cattle for their old neighbors of Easthampton, around the fresh banks of Kongonock Lake. The last king, Pharaoh, was dying in a wind-swept cabin, all alone by the pond-side. Our tourists invaded this royal residence.

They thought little of the intrusion at first; the majesty of Indian kingship does not produce unmixed awe. So they trooped up to the house of unpainted clapboards, under whose eaves salted eels, and *chequit* or weak-fish, were fastened up to dry. "Queen Amelia," a pleasant faced



A SCHOOL IN SIGHT.

mulatress, was on her knees in the entry, scrubbing. To pass into the presence of the chief was no more than to step into the unfastened common-room. Here, on a clean bed, lay an invalid figure that compelled them to reverence.

King David Pharaoh was lying as still as a marble image, on the outside of the bed-clothes; only his eyes moved around, quick and brilliant. He had on a bright striped sporting-shirt; his legs were stretched out



MONTAUK LIGHT.



SKETCHING AT EASTHAMPTON.

parallel with each other; seeming just as thin as their bones, in the clean trowsers of jute bagging. His neat, small, arched feet were bare, pointing lightly to left and right. His hollow face was of pure Indian type, but reduced almost to a skull. There was a small looking-glass, with a picture painted in the upper part of the frame. A colored lithographic head of "Clara" (recalling, if you choose, the heroine of Payne's lyric) decorated a frame near by, and there was

another of a ship on fire. Over the dying man's head was a great colored lithographic broadside of cricketing costumes, pinned to the wall.

The quietude, the ancestral type, of the moribund chief gave the intruders a shock, and the faith in its own privacy promulgated by the unguarded sick-bed made them feel like brutes. Off went the hats, we remember, for the first thing. Then one or two drew to the bed-head, and opened a low-



FLAT TOP TREE.

voiced conversation. Suffering reduces the distinctions of caste, and this composed sufferer seemed far the superior, at that moment, of any man in the room.

The tourists thought of the extinction of the Montauks, and rather brutally asked King Pharaoh if he had children. He rolled his glittering eyes from one to another, and slowly delivered an answer fraught with the gloomy considerations that must have been occupying his life.

"Yes, yes. The boys don't all go out to sea. Some of them are left and get married. They'll keep us up a while longer."

His voice here sank into an inaudible murmur; but his self-possession remained. An eager artist had taken out a sketch-book.

"Would you object to having your portrait taken, for us to remember you by?"

The answer was a withering criticism on the work of some previous artist.

"Yes," he drawled slowly (with his senile deliberation at the age of forty). "I wouldn't like to. There was an insulting sketch of me made some time ago. But there are all the photographs."

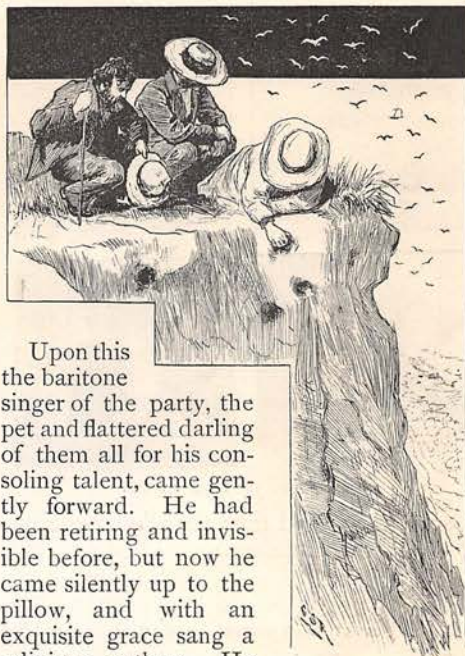
And he looked toward the pictured group at the bed's foot, representing himself and quadroom wife and several male children.

It seemed to be a happy inspiration when somebody suggested a hymn. Two or three voices joined in a low litany, in Latin, and very beautiful. The man looked up when it was done, and said:

"Thank you. But I don't understand it very well."



PHARAOH, THE KING OF THE MONTAUKS. (FROM
BASS-RELIEF MODELED IN CLAY FROM LIFE.)



RECKLESS
EXPLORATIONS.

Upon this the baritone singer of the party, the pet and flattered darling of them all for his consoling talent, came gently forward. He had been retiring and invisible before, but now he came silently up to the pillow, and with an exquisite grace sang a religious anthem. He began in a low but controlled tone. The dying Indian looked startled at the thrilling music of the murmuring voice—a voice that has often held thronging congregations spell-bound with its solitary melody. The song was Faure's "Les Rameaux." The expiring chief listened to the musical combinations invented by France's incomparable "Mephistopheles," her versatile "Masaniello," her sublime "Hamlet." Whatever of merely operatic or borrowed character the music might have inherited from Faure, it had nothing but sincerity in it now, sung in English, with genuine and freshly awakened feeling. As the "Rameaux" hymn proceeded to invoke all heathen nations to swell the triumph of the Conqueror of Peace, the red child of these western isles raised his eyes, bright and liquid. The invocation to "Humanity" in Faure's words was the first thing to attract his close attention:

"Around our way the palm-trees and the flowers
Send forth their perfume on our festal day,
His voice is heard, and nations at the sound
Have now regained that freedom sought in vain;
Humanity shall everywhere abound,
For light to all the world is given again."

The propaganda of this world-compelling song was probably never so exerted before. The Indian, a man of no mean natural capacity, understood it, with a swift intuition.



IMPRESSIONS OF LONG ISLAND.

A soft choir joined from the other musicians at the triumphal refrain:

“Hosanna!
Glory to God!
Blessed is he who comes bearing Salvation!”

It was music's invocation to those heathen *protégés* of Christianity whom Columbus found on our shores, and who have never since been perfectly at one with our religion. Its significance was perfectly felt by the listener, and melody, by its own eloquence, was acting as no mean missionary. Few

Christian churches, we fancy, have heard the song sung with such breadth, nobility and inspiration, as this lonely Indian on the windy, sea-washed moor. His eyes closed as the delicious persuasion concluded, and the visitors filed silently and respectfully out of his house.

The king died a few days after the visit of the Tile Painters. His title was worn not quite in vain, since the tribe he governed have really a right of occupancy on their promontory,—a right which Judge Dykman decides must be looked upon as an incumbrance to real title. The late king expressed a wish to see Sag Harbor before he died, was driven thither while in an expiring state, and succumbed on his return that evening. His cousin, Stephen Pharaoh, the sportsman, soldier, and finest pedestrian on Long Island, succeeds him.

The tourists, soon after this visit, resumed the habits of civilization at the great hotel on Shelter Island. The “Owl” threw his London walking shoes away, and it was noticed that a diamond on his hand, carefully worn inward to the palm through the trip, now sparkled on a knuckle. The “Gaul” enriched a boot-black; and “Sirius” was suspected of putting on bear's-grease. The Tilers were re-absorbed into the relentless tide of commonplace.

THE GLACIER MEADOWS OF THE SIERRA.

WHAT I regard as the typical glacier meadow, is formed by the filling in of a glacier lake, and is found only in the alpine region of the Sierra, at a height of from about eight thousand to nine thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea.

The general surface is nearly as level as the lake which it has replaced, and is perfectly free from rock-heaps and the frowsy roughness of rank, coarse-leaved, weedy, or shrubby vegetation. The sod is close and silky, and so complete that you cannot see the ground; warm also, and everywhere free from mossy bogginess; and so brilliantly enameled with flowers and butterflies that it may well be called a garden-meadow, or meadow-garden; for the plushy sod is in many places so crowded with gentians, daisies, ivesias, and various species of orthocarpus that the grass is scarce noticea-

ble, while in others the flowers are only pricked in here and there singly, or in small ornamental rosettes.

The most influential of the grasses composing the sod is a delicate calamagrostis, with fine filiform leaves, and loose airy panicles that seem to float above the flowery lawn like a purple mist. But, write as I may, I cannot give anything like an adequate idea of the exquisite beauty of these mountain carpets as they lie smoothly outspread in the savage wilderness. What words are fine enough to picture them?—to what shall we liken them? The flowery levels of the prairies of the old West, the luxuriant savannahs of the South, and the finest of cultivated meadows are coarse in comparison. One may at first sight compare them with the carefully tended lawns of pleasure-grounds; for they are as free