

AMERICAN CANOES AND CANOEISTS.

*The speedy and beautiful little craft which the white man copied from the Indian—
The canoe clubs of the United States and Canada, their camps, their
cruises, and their champions.*

By Frank W. Crane.

EVER since the American Indian was discovered, the benign influences of civilization have been steadily relegating him to more limited quarters. At the same time they have laid hold upon some of the more desirable products of his handicraft, and by judicious improvements have made them attractive to the highly cultured mortals of this modern age. This is particularly true of the canoe. The Indian may die without being able to shake off the load of curses which has been heaped upon his name, but his canoe will live, honored and admired by those who now cheerily paddle their frail bark down quiet streams, once his, and bordered by refreshing woods and meadows, which were once his hunting grounds.

The early travelers to these shores all had something to say about the peculiar boats used by the natives. That redoubtable explorer, Captain John Smith, gives us a very interesting description of the canoes he saw among the Indians of Virginia. "These," he says, "they make of one tree, by burning and scratching away the coales with stones and shels, till they have made it in forme of a trough. Some of them are an elne deep and fortie or fiftie foote in length, and some will beare 40 men, but the most ordinary are smaller, and will beare 10, 20, or 30, according to their bignesse. Instead of Oares, they use Paddles and sticks, with which they will rowe faster than our Barges."

Purchas, also, in his quaint book of "Pilgrimages," mentions several varieties of canoes, all built on the same plan. Those seen by James Hall,

who was killed by the Indians in 1612, while attempting to find a northwest passage to Asia, were twenty feet long and two and a half feet broad, "so light that one may carry many of them at once; so swift that no ship is able with any wind to hold way with them, and yet use but one oare, which they hold by the middle, in the midst of their boat, broad at both ends, wherewith they row forwards and backwards at pleasure."

The canoe being essentially an American craft, it is fitting that in this country its use should meet with heartiest favor. But it is only within the past few years that its possibilities for enjoyment and sport have been generally recognized. Those who might justly be called the fathers of canoeing may yet be seen at the annual encampments, and although they may not be as active in racing as in their earlier years, their enthusiasm is not a whit less keen.

Whatever else canoeists may be, they are loyal to their sport. It has sometimes been said that canoeing is but the stepping stone to yachting. That may be true, but it is also a truer fact that very few canoeists ever entirely renounce their first love for their graceful little boats. There is a certain freedom and romantic fascination about the sport which is irresistible. Among its devotees are numbered not only hundreds of energetic young men, but the middle aged, and even those verging toward the point which the world calls old. And the ladies must not be forgotten, for many of the fair sex have learned to paddle their own canoes as

easily, and perhaps more gracefully, if not quite as rapidly, as their brethren who strive for the dainty silken banners awarded to the victors in the races.

As an organized sport, canoeing may be said to date from the birth of the American Canoe Association in 1880. The founders of that body have lived to see their work meet with a success of which, fourteen years ago, they could hardly have dreamed. They met at Crosbyside, Lake George, at the home of Mr. N. H. Bishop, and at the first meet, held a few days later, barely a score of canoeists were present. William L. Alden of New York City, one of the original members of the New York Canoe Club, was the first commodore.

The association now numbers over a thousand members, including representatives from hundreds of canoe clubs. Its growth was so rapid that within a few years it was found necessary to subdivide it. There are now four divisions—the Northern, taking in all of Canada; the Eastern, which covers New England; the Atlantic, including all the Atlantic seaboard south of the New York and Connecticut boundary line, together with the principal rivers; and the Central, taking in those portions of New York State and Pennsylvania back from the coast line, and practically all the rest of the United States outside of the other divisions. There is, however, a Western Canoe Association, which is a separate organization.

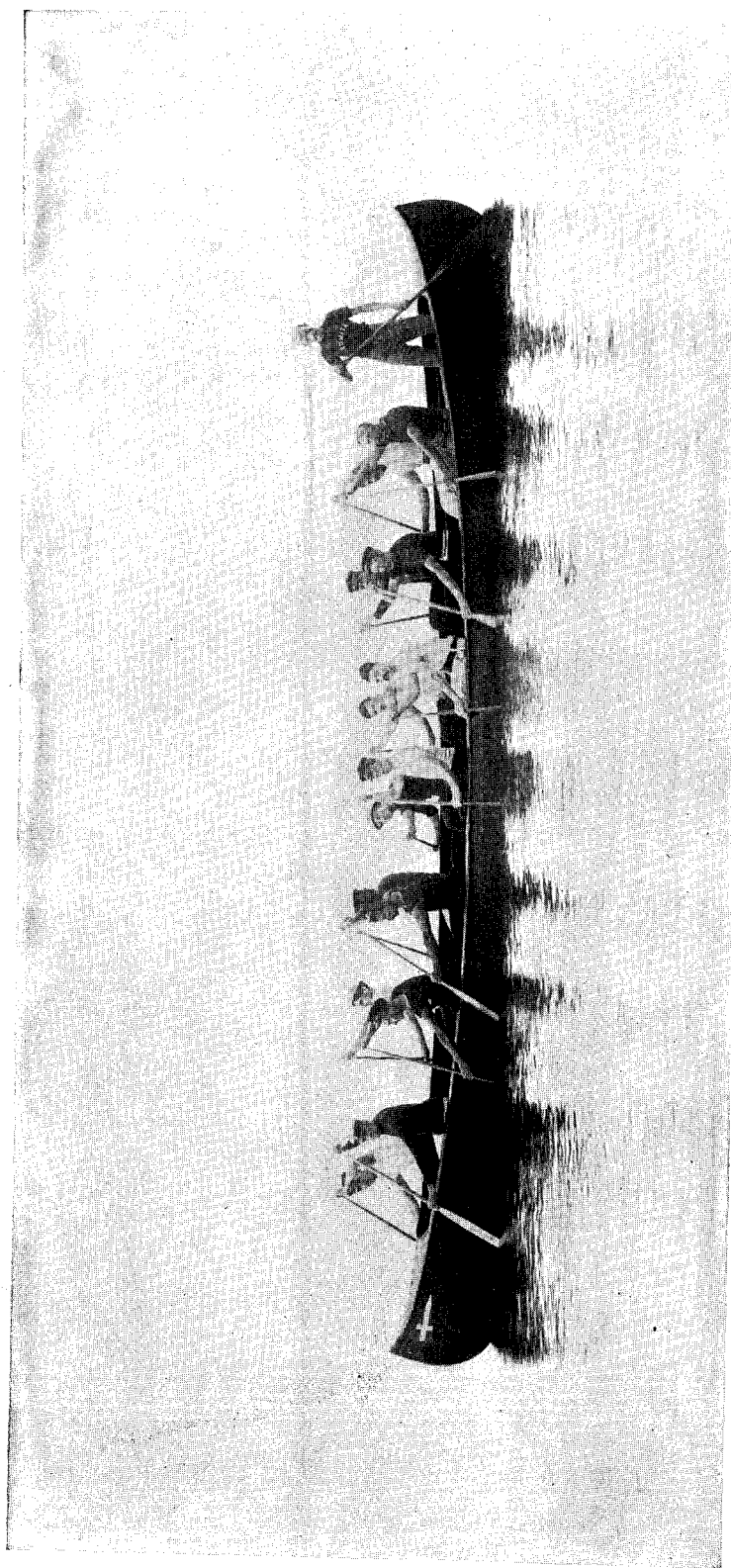
Every year the association holds a grand meet. Some of the localities where the canoeists have pitched their camps in the past have been among the Thousand Islands, at Lake George and Lake Champlain, at Stony Lake in Ontario, and on Jessup's Neck on Peconic Bay, Long Island. The meet was held at this latter place in 1890, and it was essentially different from all others in that it was the first salt water meet. The tides, and the ocean breezes, which were occasionally almost too strong for the tiny craft, were a little perplexing at first to many of the canoeists who came from inland districts. This year's meet, which has just closed, was at Croton Point, on the Hudson.

It is not the racing interest alone that sustains the popularity of these yearly canoe encampments. Of course, racing is a very prominent feature, as all of the crack sailors and paddlers are brought together on common ground to try for the coveted prizes. That which really appeals most powerfully to the majority, however, is the hearty, whole souled fellowship pervading the entire camp life. There is an absolute freedom which permits every man to do just about as he pleases; and there are many pleasant meetings of old friends who perhaps have not seen each other since the last gathering of canoeists. These, with the racing, the cruising, and the varied amusements that each day brings forth, give the canoe camp a charm of its own which cannot be found elsewhere.

The camp would be far less perfect without the presence of ladies; and so, at a short distance from the main camp, the tents of the canoeists' wives and sisters are set up. The ladies' camp, to retain the Indian's idea, if not his exact mode of life, is always dubbed Squaw Point. There, however, the similarity ends, for the squaws of the white canoeists enjoy a much more cheerful existence than did those of the primitive red men.

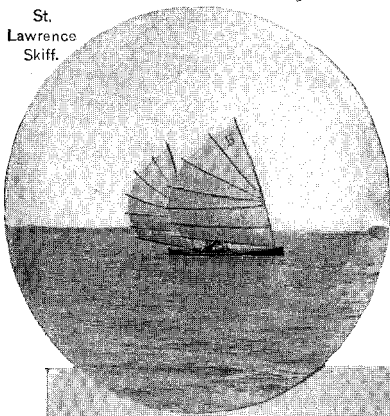
Most of the ladies have their own dainty canoes. Frequently a ladies' paddling race is arranged, and this is a sight which no one who has any respect for himself would lose. At the word "go," as each fair contestant dips her long paddle into the water, first on one side of her little boat and then on the other, a loud shout of approval and encouragement goes up from the spectators on the shore, and the applause given the winner would fill some of our shining political dignitaries with pangs of jealousy.

Then, in the evening, there are the camp fires, perhaps the pleasantest features of the entire camp life. These are held in different parts of the camp, as given by various clubs, and by the commodore and officers of the association. Here the men and women, clad in their picturesque summer costumes, range themselves upon the grass around the

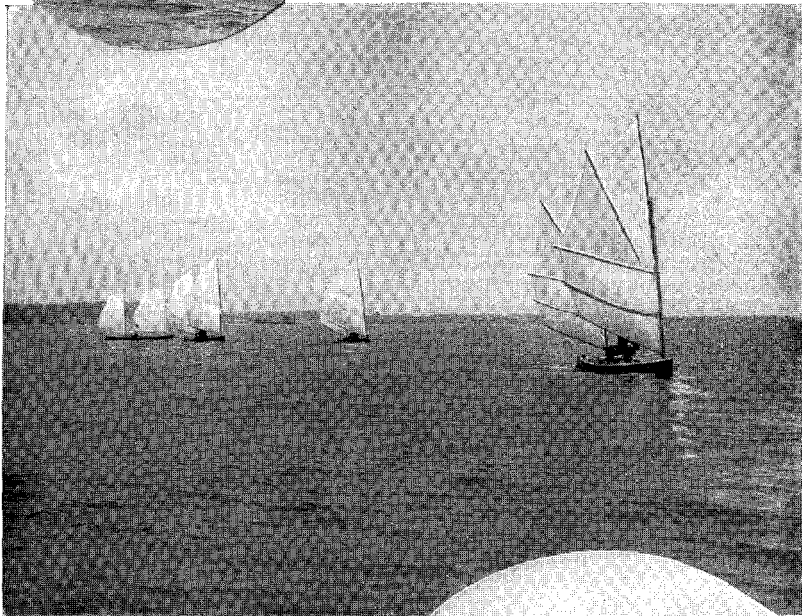


War Canoe of the Pointe Claire Canoe Club, Canada.

A
St.
Lawrence
Skiff.



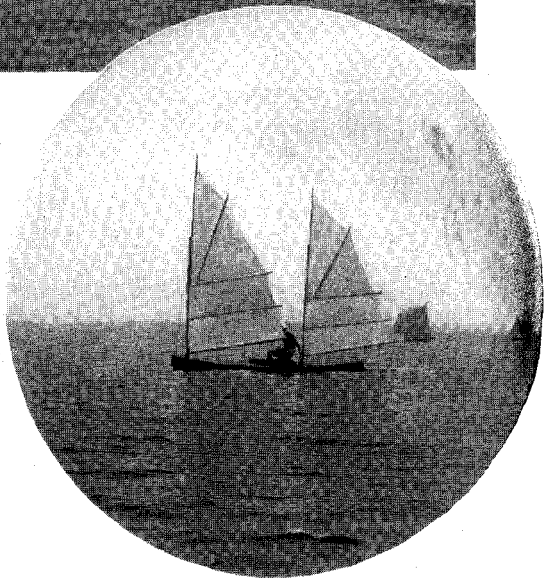
sleeping, the parting good nights are said. Then, singly or in pairs, the group breaks up, as each goes off into the darkness to seek the repose of his own tent. Another delightful day has run its course, and all is still—all but the water whose splashing on the pebbles never ceases, and the glowing embers of the fire, which occasionally crackle and flare up into a temporary brightness, as though loath to die and leave the memory of recent scenes in darkness. Is it any wonder that the canoeist loves his



Maneuvering for a Start.

blazing logs and devote the waning hours of the evening to singing familiar songs, to telling stories of famous canoeists and their deeds, and to listening to the soft music of banjos and mandolins. The stars shed their radiance upon no happier group, and the rippling water on the shore hears no more cheerful sounds than those which come as echoes from the merry party around the canoe camp fire.

As the hour of eleven approaches, when lights must be out, and all are supposed to be



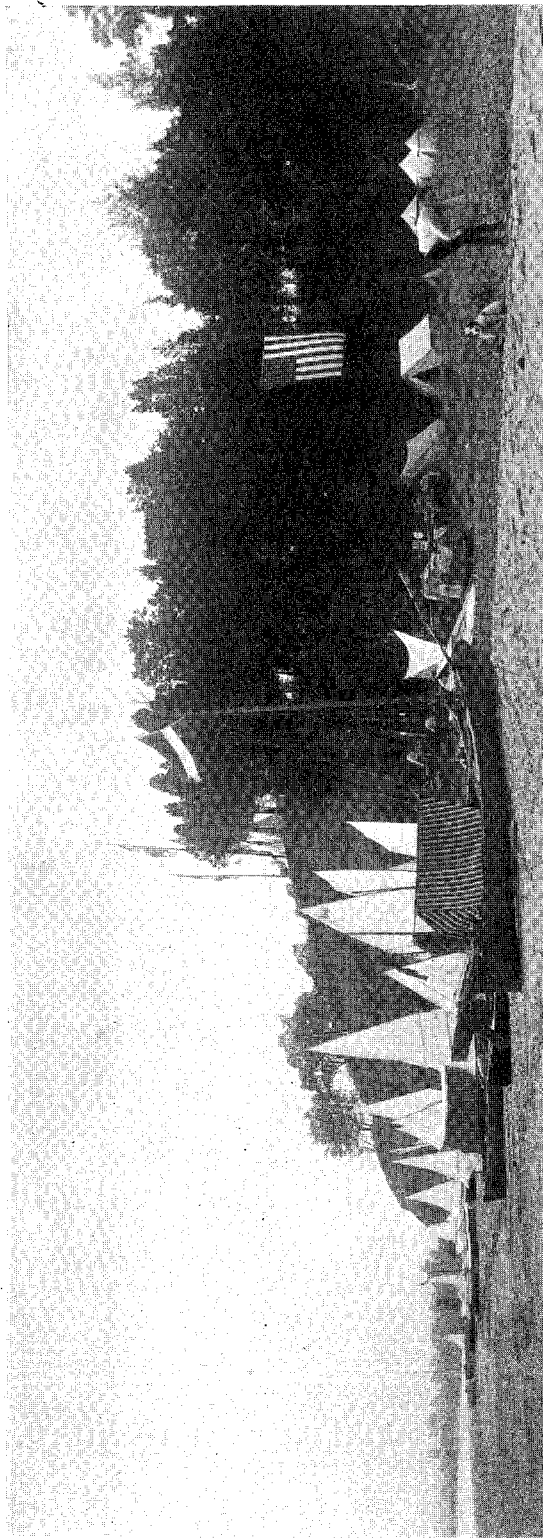
Howard Gray and his Canoe, the V.

sport, so filled as it is with healthful activity and delightful recreation?

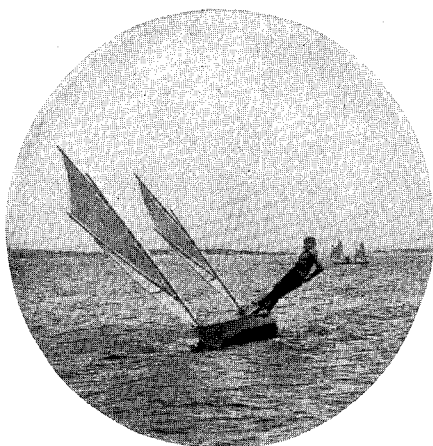
It would not do, even in a very brief article, to omit a word about canoe races and those who have covered themselves with honor in hard fought contests. One who has never had the pleasure of seeing a genuine canoe regatta can have little idea of the variety and excitement which characterize such an event. It takes a high degree of skill to sail a canoe successfully.

The greatest event at the annual meets is the trophy sailing race. During the past two years—that is, in 1892 and 1893—this has been won by Paul Butler, a son of the late General Benjamin F. Butler, and one of the most experienced canoeists in the association. Paul Butler now owns the famous yacht *America*, but he devotes far more attention to his speedy canoe, *Wasp*, than to the large craft. He is the inventor of the sliding seat, now universally used, and has made many other noteworthy improvements. He is a member of the Vesper Canoe Club, of Lowell, Massachusetts. D. S. Goddard and Howard Gray, members of the same club, also stand in the first rank.

In paddling, the Canadians are the recognized leaders, but they have also produced some fine sailors, among whom Ford Jones, of the Brockville Club, Toronto, stands undeniably at the top. For three successive years—in 1889, 1890, and 1891—he won the sailing trophy. It is, however, a singular fact in his case



Canoe Camp at Cheesquake Creek, New Jersey.



Paul Butler Sailing the Wasp.

England, and he was also defeated by Reginald S. Blake, of the Brooklyn Canoe Club.

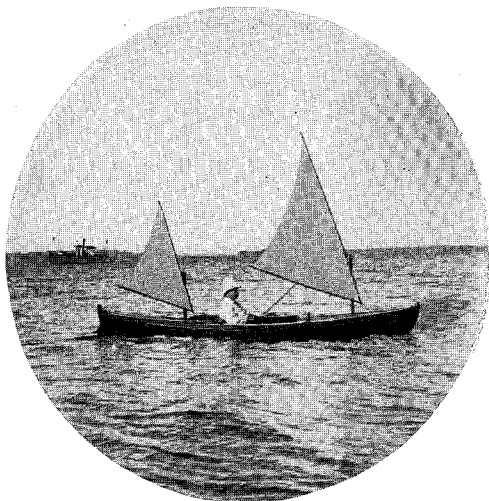
One of the youngest as well as ablest all round canoeists in the association is George P. Douglass, of the Ianthe Club, New Jersey. Last season he divided honors with Charles E. Archbald of the Montreal Canoe Club, who has come rapidly to the front within the past few years.

Mention should also be made of Lafayette W. Seavey and M. T. Bennett as prominent canoeists. The latter and his staunch cruising canoe, Ghost, have been familiar sights at nearly all the association meets.



that, although he vanquished many of the ablest sailors with his famous boat Canuck, he met defeat when he came down into New York waters to race for the International Canoe Challenge Cup. The first year he was beaten by H. Lansing Quick, of the Yonkers Club, and in his second attempt by T. E. H. Barrington, or the New York Canoe Club.

The cup was offered by the latter club for the purpose of encouraging international racing, and the first contest took place in 1887, when Warrington Baden-Powell, of the Royal Canoe Club, England, came over to this country. He was beaten by C. Bowyer Vaux. The following year, Walter Stewart came over from



M. T. Bennett's Cruising Canoe, The Ghost.

JONATHAN SCOTT HARTLEY.

One of the leaders of plastic art in America—His remarkable "Whirlwind," his clever figures of children, and his skill in portraiture—How a successful sculptor lives and works.

By Rupert Hughes.

WHEN Sydney Smith proposed to some friends, met by chance in Jeffreys' rooms—eight flights up—that they should found the *Edinburgh Review*, he suggested that the motto should be a Latin quotation, which he translated: "We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal." A stranger visiting Mr. Hartley at his luncheon hour might think a fit inscription for his gloomy portal would be: "I cultivate sculpture upon a boiled egg;" for he would probably find that worthy hugging a dry goods box whereon appeared a few tell tale eggshells and a disconsolate tea cup orphaned of handle or saucer, while a crust of dry bread would complete the pathetic story. A casual visitor would carry away a very false impression from such a spectacle, for this sculptor believes that a crust of bread among his statues is better than a stalled ox at a far away restaurant, and his monk-like fare is not a penalty for his devotion to art, for she has given him not only fame but a goodly home and an unflattened purse.

There is an unusual charm about a sculptor's studio. There is nothing startlingly novel in a painter's workshop, but the sculptor is in a world of



"The First Sitting"—Mr. Hartley Modeling a Portrait Bust.