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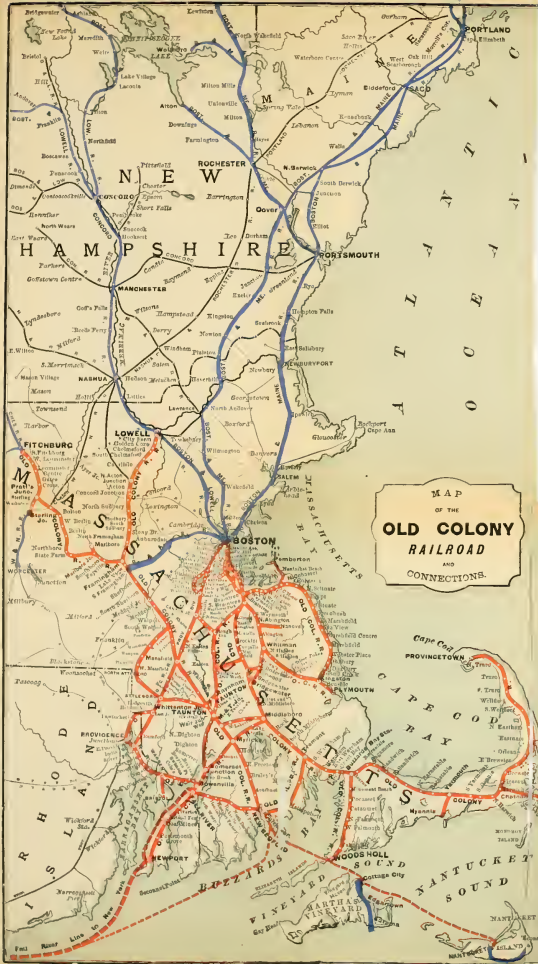
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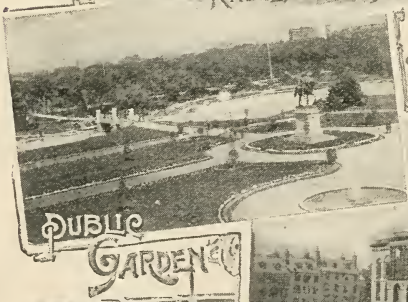
PARK SQUARE  
STATION  
Providence  
Division  
Old Colony  
R.R.

Statue in front of  
PARK SQUARE  
STATION



KNEELAND ST. STATION

Old Colony R.R.



PUBLIC  
GARDENS

STATE  
HOUSE



BOSTON

*July 91.*

In . . .

Brightest

Summer Land.

FROM THE PEN OF

E. L. ROBBINS.

1

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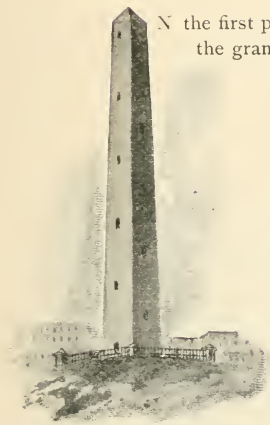
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# IN BRIGHTEST SUMMER LAND.

## CHAPTER I.



N the first place, it ought to be fairly understood that the grand headquarters in New England for summering is the good old city of Boston. Especially will this truth commend itself to persons visiting the seacoast of this part of the world for the first time; for within the limits and the neighborhood of Boston are to be found all the characteristics that make up the attractions of the ocean and its shores in the New-England region, and also the peculiar conditions of situation, scenery and varying departments of animate existence that constitute the charms of New-England life and country inland. One of the greatest and most intelligent travellers of modern times thus

writes: 'As you approach Boston, the roughest region is yet a region of houses. Man may sometimes deform, but he oftenest improves, Nature: it is mere cant to assert the contrary; and I know no better illustration of the fact than the environs of Boston. The approach to Boston is almost the only picturesque city view we have on the Atlantic coast. New York, from the Bay, suggests commercial activity only; Philadelphia, from the Delaware, is the tamest of cities; but Boston, from any side, owing to her elevation, has a stately charm which her prouder sisters do not possess.' And another and even more distinguished author has written: 'In her southern suburbs, however, Boston may challenge comparison with almost any city in the world. This undulating region, dotted with crystal ponds, superbly wooded, and covered for miles with country-seats in every conceivable style of architecture, is a portfolio crammed with delicious pictures. It is not only in the Harvard precincts that the oldness of New England is to be remarked. Although her people are everywhere in the vanguard of all progress, their country has a look of gable-ends and steeple hats, while their laws seem fresh from the

hands of Alfred. In all England there is no city which has suburbs so gray and venerable as the elm-shaded towns about Boston.' A titled Englishman of today is this last writer, and one who knows whereof he affirms by his own experiences, and whom much travel and study have made broad and catholic."

The speaker quoted above had a quiet (for the moment) but attentive audience of two persons, the one a man approaching middle age, with air and dress which betokened a long residence in the far inland sections of the country, the other a spruce, natty youngster in the middle twenties, sharp-eyed, nervous, and apparently disdainful of rest or any suspicion of repose during waking moments. As a matter of fact, the couple were uncle and nephew, the former a dweller in Central Missouri, the last-named a new-fledged citizen of inland New York, fresh from college, ardent in every pursuit, eager to test whatever the world had to offer in the way of entertainment and amusement, — and, withal, instruction, when this could be reached *via* the paths just indicated, — especially when natural scenes and situations were presented as the theatre of performance and the medium of communication.

The remarks above recorded have just fallen from the lips of a third gentleman, at whose breakfast-table in a cosy dwelling in one of the southern suburbs of Boston the trio were now sitting, the repast finished and the order of the day evidently the matter under consideration. It may facilitate an understanding of the situation to hereby set forth that the host was the proprietor of a snug business in Boston, and lived in his own house; that he was distantly related to the uncle and nephew aforesaid, and in age about half way between the two; that he had received a fair New-England education, was fond of his books, and especially enamored of Massachusetts history, whether contained in "ancient tomes," the traditions of the elders, or the venerable pates of such men and women as he met during his summer travels about the coasts or among the hills and vales of his native State; and that his infrequent vacations, more or less extended, according to the exigencies or vicissitudes of business, were almost sure to be passed in rambling about the Old-Colony and "Bay" sections, here being the centres towards which his historic proclivities and interests gravitated.

His present guests had arrived at his home the evening before, and in thus visiting him had only entered upon a plan long since matured, that the three would pass a summer vacation together in Eastern Massachusetts and upon the seacoast. The Missourian had never as yet looked upon ocean waters; and, while the nephew had no such lack of experience in this direction, he really knew but little of ocean shores, his entire acquaintance with salt water and its belongings having been attained through less than half a dozen brief winter visits to the cities of New York and Boston.



And now, with cares and responsibilities thrown aside, or shifted temporarily to other shoulders, and with that eager longing for natural scenes and for intimate connection with new localities and events out of doors which every mortal experiences with the advent of summer, these (for the time being) emancipated slaves, the one from his mines, the other from his studies, and the third from his counting-room, were ready to come down to the level of nature,—to scrape and scratch in the sand; to roam and dawdle in the woods: to wallow in the swamps; to paddle in the creeks or on the bays and harbors; to turn Indian and live in the open air, and upon food wrested by their own hands and ingenuity from woods and waters and gravelly shores; to wander up and down exploring, investigating, discovering, noting, and, above all, enjoying. Each had a standpoint from which he proposed to act, and each an object which he proposed to attain; and, although these objects aggregated may have been alike only in being equally intangible, there was nothing in their differences which prevented perfect harmony in the pursuits of the actors.



As Mr. Malcolm closed his half-explanatory, half-eulogistic reference to the merits of Boston, the Missourian cast a hasty and somewhat impatient glance out at window, in the direction where the outspread waters of Dorchester Bay were shimmering in the clear sunlight, the green and gray island and mainland shores forming most beautiful setting for this gem of ocean views.

“What I want to know for myself is,” he declared, “whether that water, which looks for all the world like any other water, so far as I can see, is really salt—salt to the taste, salt like brine, or like the water in the vats near your father’s house, Fritz.”

“Of course it’s salt, Uncle Gyp,” hastily interposed the nephew, or “Fritz,” as he had been addressed. “Can’t you accept testimony? However, that riddle is easily solved. Give him a taste of Old Ocean, Cousin Malcolm, and set his doubts at rest; only you will have to draw the sample at least a mile from shore, or he’ll swear you’ve salted the marsh for his benefit.”

“All in good time,” returned Malcolm; “or, rather, since you seem to have a real anxiety in the matter, Uncle Gyp, you shall test the ocean water by your own palate presently. But first come with me for a moment! The top of this hill is better than its slope for outlook, though the side-hill makes the best home site.”

A few minutes sufficed to take the party to the summit of the elevation upon which the residence of Mr. Malcolm was built. Countless dwellings and estates, representing every degree of means and taste on the part of their owners and occupants, were within sight on every hand; and the evidences of wealth and culture, which had seized upon this matchless situation and turned it to best account, were profusely exhibited. The day was in early July, and the morning as faultless as Dame Nature could furnish in her handiwork, even in so favored a locality as the neighborhood of Massachusetts Bay.

The light breezes which swept the Dorchester hilltops were just beginning to ruffle the gleaming waters of the harbor, deadening slightly the surfaces which had glittered like silver patches among the islands and about the headlands, and causing the foliage of the orchards and great shade-trees far and near to wave and rustle in the clear sunlight. So clear was the air that for miles in every direction, and especially seaward, the views were revealed in magnificent outline, and with sufficiency of detail to give character and distinctness to every situation. The islands stood out like pictures painted upon the grandest scale, superb illustrations of Nature in miniature. The dancing wavelets could be discerned far beyond Minot’s and the Cohasset shores. The harbor passes and roadsteads were crowded with marine craft of every description, from the enormous bulk of the ocean “liner” to the diminutive “pumpkin-seed” dory of the lobster-catcher, floating like a dark bubble on the island waters. Cityward, tall chimney-stacks rolled out thick clouds of blackest smoke, or successive lighter puffs of fleecy steam, these melting picturesquely in mid-air. On all sides the scenes were animate, fresh, and superlatively attractive, justifying at the first glance the encomiums of Malcolm, and fascinating the beholders as they gazed.

The trio stood as though entranced, and for a short time looked

silently upon the fair scenes before them. The Missourian broke the spell with a sententious —

“Well done!”

And then, as though making comparisons for his own conviction, he added :—

“Neither the prairies, nor the mountains, nor yet the great lakes”—

“Can present the equal of this lay-out. You are right, Uncle Gyp,” excitedly interrupted Fritz, while Malcolm watched with lively interest for evidences of the impressions made upon his guests by their present experiences.

“One might pass a whole summer in visiting and becoming acquainted with only that which is in sight from this spot, and still not half exhaust the resources of the place,” continued Fritz. “I can see a score of points at this moment, any one of which must pay a thousand-fold for the trouble taken in making its nearer acquaintance. Look at those islands! And fancy the driveways along those shores; and the fishing, and the bathing, and the boating, and”—

“Do whales swim in among those islands?” broke in Uncle Gyp, his eyes gleaming with fast-awakening enthusiasm. “There was a great splash in the water thereabouts just now” (he pointed out the spot), “and there is something that looks a good deal like the pictures I have seen of whales.”

“Whales? Hear the man!” retorted his impetuous nephew. “I verily believe, Cousin Malcolm, that he thinks whales are taken from the shore with a dip-net, as minnows are caught in a brook. Whales, indeed! Why, Uncle Gyp, they send whaling-vessels from this part of the world fifteen thousand miles in search for whales, and then they don’t always find them. Do you suppose whales come up to the shores to be fed by hand, like tame trout in a pond?”

“Nevertheless,” said Malcolm, “you may, and doubtless both of you will, before you are many days older, see whales of goodly proportions sporting and spouting in the waters now within sight before you, if not exactly so near the shore as you indicate, Uncle Gyp. What you now see, however, is a raft, and the splashing and flashing are from the oars with which the two men upon it are trying to work against the current, which sometimes sets quite strongly among the islands.”

“Look all about you,” he continued, abruptly turning the attention of both from the passing attractions. “Since the time of the landing of the Pilgrims in Plymouth, every square mile of the land and water surfaces before you, from the hills upon which we stand outward in all directions, has been hallowed and re-hallowed by associations which together make up the very fascination of history. Indeed, long before the arrival of the Pilgrims human history had begun in these sections. The Puritan rivals of the Pilgrim Fathers were less than

a half-dozen years behind their Plymouth brother emigrants, and overrun all the neighborhood to the east and southeast, hereaway, just beyond our present view. Some of the darkest Indian tragedies of the early days took place in the vicinity of those woods and islands, and along the shores which we shall soon visit together.

"The islands were all wooded in those days, and, indeed, for many decades afterwards; and the beaches and headlands beyond, and the hills away round to Wollaston, now all so fair to look upon, have heard the voices of whites and Indians in council, and have rung with the yells of red men in warfare, or with the orgies of the English settlers, turning these spots into pandemonium.

"Here, later on, women were seized as witches, and men as their accomplices; and witnesses, who obtained ready credence before the gravest courts of their times, have often in all these localities seen the Devil, or his minions, coursing through the air on a broomstick.

"In the dark days preceding the Revolution, the whole section round about us was the theatre for the most exciting acts which led up to the separation of the colonies from the mother-country. John Hancock was born and lived in Quincy yonder; and the place has been the home of the Adamses for generations, the two presidents of that name now lying buried under one of its church edifices. And when the War of the Revolution at last broke out, not even Lexington and Concord, on the other side of the city, witnessed so much of its operations as did old Dorchester here, a foremost factor in all the sieges, beleaguering, sorties, and campaigns that distinguished that struggle in Massachusetts.

"Look at South Boston yonder, crowded with habitations, and every elevation crowned with massive piles of buildings. That is the historic Dorchester Heights, where in a single night the redoubt was thrown up that frightened the British into evacuating Boston. On the island beyond is Fort Independence, and from the spot it now occupies that redoubt was cannonaded for hours, with no result except to further dishearten the British. You see that apparently narrow channel, wherein the ships and steamers seem to crowd and jostle one another? By the way of that channel the fleet that brought the first fighting British soldiers to this part of the world sailed into Boston's inner harbor, and finally sailed away again. The hills about us were in those days bare and almost tenantless; but doubtless they had their little companies of witnesses, watching those fleets in their coming and going, even as we scan the gleaming sails and dark painted hulls now animating the waters."

"The succession of islands seems endless," said the Missourian. "Is that the usual order of things along the ocean shores, or a peculiarity of the section?"

"It is a feature of the Boston neighborhood," returned Malcolm.

“Very much of that, however, which appears from this standpoint to be island territory is headland, or points of the mainland jutting out in all directions, the bay waters in this region forming indentations more or less deep into the shores. Occasionally a small river empties into one of these ‘pockets’ of the bay, as the Neponset, which you see winding like a silver thread through the deep valley below us. See how grandly the land upon the other side of the river rises into the Blue Hills of Milton, the heights of Wollaston, and the tumbled sections about Quincy! These hilly formations are continued for miles along the bay coast yonder, affording at countless points magnificent outlooks over land and water scenery, and the finest sites for hamlets and villages, to say nothing about individual estates, to be found out of doors. And when it comes to camping,—to tent life on beach or hillside or water-front,—the whole world cannot equal this region. And, best of all, these features are continued in equal degree of excellence and with every variety of presentation for hundreds of miles of seacoast, or away round to grand old Newport.”

“Come, come!” ejaculated Fritz, with characteristic energy; “we’re dallying here. Let’s make a move at once and begin the tramp. Unless I am mistaken, the Nantasket of which you spoke last night must lie hereaway, beyond the islands or headlands yonder. Suppose we make Nantasket the first objective point, taking in Uncle Gyp’s whale on the trip thither. Of course we shall have to make the passage by steamboat, which, I suppose, will necessitate a trip into town to find that conveyance: and the morning is wearing away.”

“Wait a bit,” answered Malcolm. “You are right enough concerning steamboat communication between Boston and points about and beyond the harbor; but, fortunately, we have choice of conveyances. See, down by the shore there, the railroad train whose track seems to float upon the water, so often does it cross the indentations. That is an Old-Colony train; and there is not a square mile of territory within sight from this spot, save only the islands, that is not included within the ministrations of this railroad system; and the same is true of all the country of Southeastern Massachusetts. From Boston all through the Old Colony and Plymouth County, the Bay shores, Cape Cod on both sides, the Buzzard’s-Bay section, Bristol County, and the whole region between that and Newport; and from Newport, *via* Mount Hope and Narragansett Bay shores for their entire length to Providence, you would find it difficult to discover a hamlet in the whole region a half-hour’s carriage drive away from some one of its stations; while all the important towns and villages are directly in the path of its visitations. And even the islands, both here and elsewhere, are cared for by this beneficent system; for, as we shall see, lines of steamers are included within it that supplement

fully its enterprises, and render communication between and among these points and sections most complete."

"And now," continued Malcolm, "do you see, just over the railroad track yonder, a little to the right of that clump of trees on the point, the sailboat floating at anchor a half-dozen rods from the bridge? Not the black craft with a red streak, but the sloop with hull all white and the ribbon at the masthead? You do! Well, that is my boat; and if you feel inclined you shall test her qualities."

Within ten minutes from that time the party stood upon the bridge referred to, and shortly Malcolm was casting off the fasts which held his boat, and making active preparations for a trip. A laugh from Fritz, representing something between a bellow and a roar, interrupted his proceedings, and caused him to look towards the shore in the direction indicated by the extended digit of the youngster. There stood the Missourian, his countenance distorted, his hands extended over his stomach, and his whole frame in the throes of convulsive effort. He had found his way to the water-side, scooped up all that his hollowed hands could contain of the ocean water, and sucked a hearty mouthful from this receptacle, the most of which had passed down his throat.

"Is it salt, Uncle Gyp?" maliciously queried his nephew.

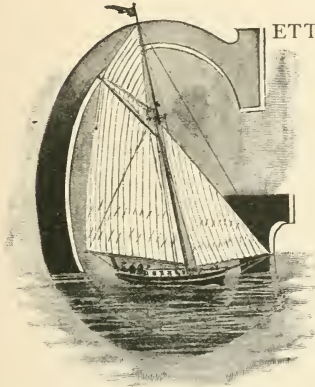
For answer Uncle Gyp only rolled his eyes.





## CHAPTER II.

Boston Harbor and its Scenic Attractions. — A Trip Among the Islands. — Hull and Nantasket. — Twenty Miles of the "South Shore."



GETTING under way was, for such a mill-pond of a place and for so small a craft, a matter requiring no great time or labor; and within a few minutes Malcolm had the boat riding by a single fast, sails loosed and everything in readiness for a flitting. His passengers were embarked and he was just in the act of casting off when a new comer appeared upon the scene, and a musical "Ho, papa; wait for me!" brought operations to a standstill.

"Why, here's Beth!" quoth Fritz excitedly, instantly quitting his quarters in the stern-sheets and placing himself as near the shore as the position of the boat would allow. "Take your daughter on board, Cousin Malcolm," he half counselled, half ordered, in his eagerness; and added quietly to himself, "Won't it be jolly!"

"There's no running away from you, I see," said Malcolm, at the same time drawing his boat near the landing. "It is not altogether a sail that you will have if you make the trip with us this morning, Beth; there will be some walking before we return. You must take the chances."

"As I have many times before, papa," returned the young lady, springing lightly on board as the boat touched the bank. "I ought to know your ways by this time, and I am not to be frightened at the prospect of even a long walk at Nantasket on such a day as this."

Malcolm gave a vigorous push with his boat-hook as he left the landing, and this time the craft was off, sure enough. There seemed to be nothing disagreeable to the party in thus receiving addition to its members. Uncle Gyp smiled benignantly upon the young lady as he welcomed her, while Fritz fidgetted about in his efforts to make everything comfortable for the fair recruit.

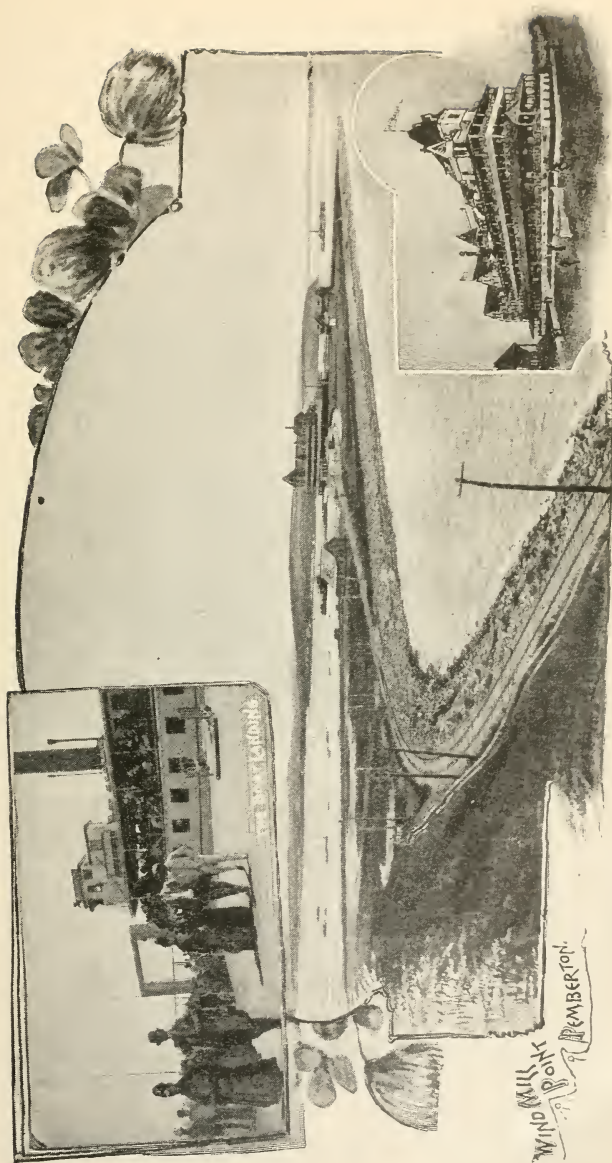
"How did you come upon us so opportunely?" he demanded; "and how did you know we were preparing for a trip?"



"I saw you three together upon the top of the hill," replied the young lady, "and I knew papa would not be satisfied until he had made you more intimately acquainted with the neighborhood. It was easy to suppose that, the day being fair and papa a most devoted yachtsman, this landing would be the next point of your visitation; so I at once made ready to accompany you. But you slipped away so rapidly, and got so far ahead of me, that I came near losing my trip after all."

The sails were set and indifferently filled with the light breeze, and the boat glided seaward. Malcolm discoursed while he managed his craft, his enthusiasm intensifying as the latter gained more and more of headway. The Missourian was all eyes and ears, occupying his seat with the distrust usually manifested by novices upon ocean waters, or as though he were not quite certain of his position and must be prepared for sudden exigencies. Fritz for the moment forgot everything except that he sat by the side of one whose charms of person and conversation were fast enthralling him; and that the young lady was thoroughly satisfied with the situation and surroundings needed no telling.

As vista after vista opened among the islands and headlands, and beautiful situations succeeded each other with equal variety and profusion, the spirits of the party rose correspondingly, and their possession by the influences surrounding was complete. As points of interest were passed or came within sight, Malcolm related bits of history, or tradition, or reminiscence concerning them, which proved entertaining through the present attractiveness of the objects of his descriptions, if for no other reason. The sheltered waters lay about in great calm patches, the light breezes hardly ruffling the surface anywhere, and only serving to temper the heat which the sun, mounting higher and higher, was diffusing. The white shore lines, now thickly strewn with pebbly shingle, and again gleaming with hard-pressed sand crystals, appeared the setting for purest and finest emerald gems, so green were the grassy carpets and foliage masses above them. The great gulls circled in mid-air, or skimmed the surfaces with keen eyes piercing the water depths, occasionally dipping for a capture, or screaming their wild notes as they competed for floating prizes. The whole harbor was alive with sailing-craft, their wings spread to catch the breezes which came in light flaws and conflicting currents. The passenger steamers plying to and from the islands and beaches and pleasure resorts, or freighted with humanity from the outlying shore villages, sped like swift messengers over courses whose smoothness was like that of glass. The water mirrored everything above or upon it; and in the shallow spots darting fishes, big-mouthed sculpins, slow-moving lobsters and crabs, squirming eels, and flounders which appeared like flattened crusts along the bottom,



WINDMILL POINT  
MEMBERTON



animated its depths. Of all that could render a July day superlatively attractive, and that in ways which must seem to a novice the result of enchantment and fairy-land influences, nothing was wanting to the experience.

So thought Fritz, who divided his consciousness between the scenes about him, the descriptions of his host, and the companion at his side. So thought the Missourian, who had become thoroughly alive to the situation, and was beginning to discover that he had changed worlds. So thought Malcolm, who could never resist under any circumstances the charms of the region he knew and loved so well. Of what Miss Elizabeth was thinking the reader can imagine as well as anyone.

The faintest suggestion of a ground-swell heaving in from the open ocean was perceptible as the yacht neared Windmill Point and approached Hull Landing; and this, like other experiences of the day phenomenal to Uncle Gyp, quite puzzled him. During the trip he had more than once half unconsciously lowered a finger tip to the surface of the water alongside, the same to be conveyed a moment later to his lips, as though he still fancied there must be some mistake in the idea that the ocean was all alike salt, and that the fact could be established, to his own satisfaction at least, that it differed in saline qualities according to location. However, upon these points he only cogitated, while he employed his powers of speech in encouraging or directing the descriptions of Malcolm, or in commenting upon what he saw and heard.

"Rather wet lands!" he ejaculated, pointing towards several acres of flats in the distance, not yet covered by the advancing flood. "What kind of crop can you raise upon such a piece as that, now?"

"Clams and oysters," put in Fritz, amused at his uncle's mistake. "And these crops will thrive without either dressing or cultivation."

"But they will do better having both," added Malcolm, who then at once launched into a dissertation upon the tides, and told how the whole section, now so bare in places, would within the hour be hidden from sight by the rising waters, and finally so deeply covered that a vessel of goodly size might easily float over the highest part now exposed. But this proved a "poser" even worse for the Missourian's philosophy than either the salt mixture of the ocean or the ground-swell, and in the midst of his musings the boat drew alongside the wharf.

The party ashore, and the boat moored at sufficient distance from the wharf to insure against the unwelcome visits of youngsters and busybodies, and the scraping of her sides by other craft seeking wharfage —

"Now for a long walk!" cried Fritz, adjusting his step to that of the demure damsel by his side. "Why not the top of yonder hill as

an objective point?" he added, nodding towards the rounded summit of Telegraph Hill as he spoke. For answer all moved in the direction indicated.

The territory that holds the town of Hull (see map) is one of the oldest sections having historic associations in Southeastern Massachusetts, and, although these associations may not possess equal interest with those attaching to Plymouth and the Old Colony, they are even more varied and romantic. Long before the advent of the Pilgrims in Plymouth Bay the headlands and highlands and shores of Hull were visited by adventurers of foreign name and country, and



the Nantasket promontory has not alone traditions, but well-authenticated annals, having connection since the dawning of the eleventh century, or the reign of Macbeth in Scotland. The story of Thorwald is well condensed and told by a recent writer in describing this section. Thus it runs:—

“Many famous antiquaries believe, and make great show of argument to prove, that Point Allerton is the locality called ‘Krossaness’ in the Icelandic sagas, where the viking Thorwald was slain and buried in the year 1004. He was the son of Eric the Red, who sailed from Norway to Iceland, and thence, in 985, to Greenland, where he founded a colony of warriors and heroes. Thence the leaders, in their little galleys, made frequent excursions along the wild and unknown coasts to the southward, seeking some new Drouthian Fiord on which to found a Norway of the West. Thus Thorwold cruised down the present New-England coast, finding there a race of men small in stature and yellow in color, very much like the Esquimaux. The

victorious advance of the powerful red men from the mysterious mountains and prairies of the West had not yet begun. That date takes us well back into history; for it was before the Norman conquest of England, or the First Crusade, or the Guelphs and Ghibelines had been heard of, or Portugal, Bohemia, Switzerland or Turkey had become nations. The Roman Empire still survived in the East, and in the West King Ethelred was vainly trying to beat off Sweyn's fierce Danes. Centuries were to elapse before Dante wrote and Giotto painted, and Rienzi spoke, and Richard Cœur de Lion swung his battleaxe. The Icelandic sagas tell how Thorwald sailed from the point he called Kiarlarness (Cape Cod) towards the mainland, where he came to anchor not far from a hilly promontory overgrown with wood; and he was so much pleased with the place that he exclaimed: 'Here it is beautiful, and here I should like to fix my abode!' He met there nine men of the aborigines, eight of whom they killed, but the ninth escaped in his canoe. Some time after, there arrived a countless number of canoes, laden with Skreallings, as the Scandinavians called the aborigines, as well of Greenland as of Vineland, and a battle ensued. It was the *first bloodshed* between Europeans and the indigenous Americans. The Norse battle-shields were arranged along their bulwarks, but the undaunted Skreallings fired flights of arrows at Thorwald and his men for some time and then quickly retired. After the battle Thorwald asked his sailors whether any of them had been wounded. Upon their denying this he said: 'I am; I have an arrow under my arm, and this will be my death-blow. I now advise you to prepare for your departure as soon as possible. But me you must take to that promontory where I thought to have made my abode. I was a prophet; for now I shall dwell there forever. There you shall bury me, and plant there two crosses, — one at my head and one at my feet, — and call the place Krossanes (the promontory of the crosses) for all time coming.' Thorwald upon this died, and his men did as he had ordered them.

"The place where they buried him and erected the crosses must have been one of the headlands not far south of Cape Ann. It is known that it was near the harbor of Boston, and the only question at issue is whether it was Point Allerton or the Gurnet, near Plymouth. De Costa, Dr. Kohl, Guillot, and others favor Point Allerton. It was surely a worthy burial place for a Scandinavian viking, this noble and lonely height, —

'Islanded in the immeasurable air.'

Whether this story of Thorwald is correct in all particulars as here given or not, it is certain that the Norsemen cruised off these coasts as early as 1007; that they saw and admired the Blue Hills of Quincy and Milton and recorded their impressions; and that adventurers



representing various countries and peoples repeated their experiences in this regard at sundry times following, and before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.

Our modern adventurers had hardly left the wharf and entered upon the pedestrian trip towards Telegraph Hill when an exclamation from one of their number was emphatic of the fact that a new cause of wonderment had arisen; and this time it was the young lady, whose "Oh!" proved even more expressive than had the occasional "Ah!" of the Missourian in the course of the sail just ended. A fisherman stood upon the sandy shore of the beach near at hand, making short excursions between his dory, half afloat and half ashore, and a great cauldron, under which was a blazing fire of driftwood and within which the water was furiously boiling. The lid of the boiling pot was thrown back. After reaching both arms into his boat the man would straighten up, revealing a squirming lobster of the very liveliest kind in each hand. Three or four steps would bring him to the side of the cauldron, whereupon the lobsters were incontinently consigned to its boiling depths. The party were quite near enough to the scene to witness its details and to question the principal actor.



"Bless me!" cried Beth; "what is that man doing? What are those creatures that he is throwing into the pot?"

The question was directed to no one in particular, so the fisherman hastened to answer it.

"These 'ere is lobsters," he explained, as he dropped in two good-sized specimens; "and they was crawlin' along the bottom two hours ago. They've about done crawlin' now, though," he added, philosophically.

"But lobsters are always bright red," replied Beth, "and these are dirty, black, and green."

"You wait half an hour till they're biled," continued the lobsterman, working and walking as he talked. "They'll be red enough when they're done."

"What! Are you boiling them alive?" asked the astonished girl, with most expressive face.

"Sartin!" answered the fisherman. "You wouldn't like to eat 'em. I reck'n, ef they was biled dead."

"Horrid!" ejaculated Beth, who had received a revelation, the immediate result of which was to cause her mentally to forswear lobster salad forever.

The fisherman grinned, as though it were a pleasant experience to be able to excite interest in so fair a questioner.

Leaving the lobsterman to his "bilin," the party trudged onward.

"It seems to me," said Fritz, throwing a glance backward upon the lordly Pemberton, "that hotel life must be popular in this region. Hotels in front of us, hotels in rear of us, hotels little and big on every hand."

"And yet the people of Hull voted in formal town-meeting, in 1721, that no public house should ever exist in the town; and the law has never been repealed, so far as I know," said Malcolm.

Walking and climbing the hillsides, and pausing occasionally to study some local attraction, the forward progress was slowly made. With every step the scenes changed, having always infinite variety as a leading quality. The outlook on every hand and from every standpoint was upon superb water views, but the eye had seldom far to seek for the fairest landscapes of island or main. Malcolm chatted as they walked, giving racy descriptions of buildings, localities, and institutions, near and remote, as these came within notice. At last the summit of the hill was reached, and the trampers disposed themselves to more comprehensive gazing.

"This is one of papa's sacred spots," quietly said Beth to Fritz, as she looked about her; "and evidently he is not alone in his worship," she continued, as her eye fell upon the groups and individuals scattered about the place. "These people cannot be natives, and I suppose, if the truth were known, they represent sections as widely removed as day and night."

"There's a delegate from Mexico," said Fritz, "or he may be a Cuban. The dark, small-featured face is peculiar to both people, but the careful, stylish dress suggests the last-mentioned fatherland."

The outlook from Telegraph Hill, in Hull, is of the grandest conceivable, having no check for miles in any direction. Northward and eastward the horizon forms the only limit to the view, falling upon the waters of Massachusetts Bay, or practically of the grand old Atlantic Ocean. The broken lines, ancient landmarks, and artificial features of the North Shore, from Cape Ann away round to East



Boston, are from this standpoint clearly discerned in fair weather; while the island-dotted, ledge-marked waters that roll in the interval are animate with every description of marine life. Dividing between north and south, the great city lifts its domes and spires and architectural piles in bold relief against the sky, its comparatively lofty elevations, crowned with the evidences of civilization, towering above the immediate surroundings.

Far away in the background, dimly discerned, and clothed with hazy mantle of finest texture, Wachusett stands majestic. Clearly drawn and most substantial in all their suggestions, the Blue Hills of Milton and Quincy dominate the scenery—pleasing landmarks for the navigator approaching the port, objects never failing of interest and attraction for many miles around on land, and giving name to the State that counts them among her natural treasures. In the interval lie the waters of the harbor and Dorchester Bay, seamed into winding channels and straits by the myriad islands, large and small, which, first appearing almost within a stone's throw of the innermost point of the Hull township, occupy and thickly strew the areas between that and the Dorchester and Quincy shores. Gently rising from these shores to the base of the Blue-Hill range, the Quincy territory lies outspread, with Squantum, fair Wollaston Heights, the Quincy hamlets and villages, and the broken and craggy elevations which contain the wondrous granite quarries, all blended in a most diversified yet harmonious scene. Still farther southward, with more islands and water-patches and headlands and tortuous channels in the foreground of the picture, the shores of Weymouth and Hingham are equally discernible, with occasional reminders of Braintree—Quincy's nearest neighbor on the south—in the form of an imposing hilltop or a tall tower. Finally, having made the circuit of the horizon and the survey returned to nearly the point of the compass where the series of views began, rugged Cohasset looms up seaward, its broken outline and rock-scarred features terminating in a scene of beauty close at hand,—Nantasket Beach and its varied belongings.

"We are now," said Malcolm, "in what may be fairly called the very centre of the seashore attractions of Boston and its neighborhood. From this point it is, by steamboat, nine miles to the city yonder, and by railroad twenty-two miles. Either form of transportation is available from early morning until nearly midnight during the summer months, and the service is interchangeable."

"What lovely coloring!" interrupted his daughter, whose gaze had been fixed landward for some minutes. "The blue and white of the water, the grays and browns of the rocks and shores, and the greens,—who ever saw so many shades of green mingled as are shown in yonder pictures?" she continued, reflectively.

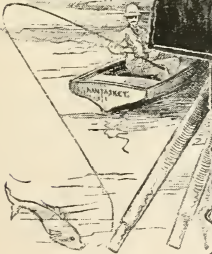
"Therein lies another of the chief attractions of the region," added Malcolm. "How beautifully indeed the dark masses of the savins and fir tribe, the lighter foliage of the oaks and elms and birches, and the green carpets of the marshes and meadows and hillsides are blended! These scenes are full of charms in any light, but with a clear blue sky overhead and the summer air full of sunbeams they are superb."

The Missourian had stood in silence, studying the bay and its horizon, while Beth's gaze had been as intently fixed landward. He now turned impulsively to the right-about and looked back over the course the party had pursued thitherward. His face presented a study. The influences of scenes entirely new in his experience were upon him, and no anticipations excited by his reading or generally received ideas and opinions had prepared him for just what his eyes now looked upon. The ocean shores always prove grandly imposing to him who, born more or less remotely inland, visits them for the first time; and when the visitor is advanced in life, and his first introduction to Old Ocean takes place upon Massachusetts coasts, the effect is likely to prove somewhat exciting.

A little longer he stood in rapt attention; and then, as though his thought had been "switched off" by some sudden process, he exclaimed: "I haven't looked in that direction today without seeing a train of cars rolling inward or outward along the shore! I have heard all sorts of stories about the suburban travel of your Eastern cities, and I have seen already that your ways differ widely from ours in many respects; but is there no let-up to your train-running?"

"Another peculiarity of the region," returned Malcolm. "The Old-Colony Railroad, of which you now and then obtain a glimpse, as you say, continues its ministrations until it has traversed upwards of three hundred miles of ocean shores in Southeastern Massachusetts, and it numbers upwards of six hundred miles of distance in its system; and yet it has only about eleven miles of trunk line, leading from its Boston central station to South Braintree, just beyond the hills yonder. But its branches are found everywhere in this section; and as for trains, on every week-day in summer time it carries more than five hundred passenger-cars over those tracks along the shore into the headquarters station in Boston, and, of course, takes out a corresponding number in the same time. You see the railroad at our feet, running along Nantasket Beach and losing itself among the hills beyond? That is a part of its system, joining the line which winds over the Cohasset, Hingham, Weymouth, Braintree, Quincy, and Dorchester shores in performing its offices."

"There is not one of the towns and villages within sight from where we now stand that has not peculiar advantages as a summering-place," continued Malcolm. "Every bit of the land and water here-



SUMMER AT NANTASKET.

abouts is historic, and, what is more to the purpose, is naturally adapted and fitted for superlative enjoyments in their season. A month later, and these islands and headlands about Weymouth and Hingham will swarm with campers,—parties and individuals,—for whom here is a paradise. Hundreds of wealthy and cultured families from Boston and abroad are already domiciled for the summer in the Cohasset neighborhoods yonder, and all along these shores. And look at Nantasket Beach, stretching along for four or five miles between this hill and the Cohasset elevations. It is alive with summer revellers, engaged in every conceivable pursuit of delights by the seashore. This beach has not its superior in the world as a summer objective point, nor, for that matter, has all this region. Where can you find a finer yacht fleet than has its anchorage off Hull? What fishing-grounds are superior to those in sight from or within easy reach of this spot? Observe the hundreds of bathers in the surf along the beach, and tell me what could be more desirable in this direction. Note the thousands of people dotted about the sands of the beach; the children in their countless occupations upon its broad level; the myriad attractions, natural and artificial, marshalled there for recreation and amusement seekers; the happy abandon, careless freedom, and perfect security of all, however engaged. To breathe this air, to bask in such sunshine, to revel in those multitudinous delights,—what are these experiences but to bid farewell to troubles and to take a new lease of life?"

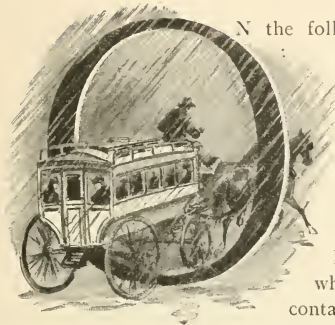
"What's the matter aboard that sailboat?" cried Fritz, jumping to his feet with excitement. "By Jove! there's a man overboard! There's his head now! There it goes under water! He's up again! Ah! they've missed him; the boathook slipped! *He'll* need a new lease of life pretty soon. By the powers, they've got him!" he exulted. "See how they haul him in, for all the world like taking a sturgeon on the Hudson. It's likely he's more than half dead."

"Horrible!" This again from Beth, who found the sight even less pleasing than that of boiling live lobsters.

Three hours later Malcolm and the Missourian were seated together in the little yacht, which was gliding gently up the main ship-channel of Boston Harbor. At the same time Beth and Fritz were rambling over Jerusalem Road, having determined to see Nantasket after nightfall, and to return homeward by evening train.

## CHAPTER III.

## A Storm at Cohasset.



IN the following morning, when the party assembled for breakfast in the hospitable domicile of Malcolm, the rain beat in heavy gusts against the windows, the wind howled dismally about, and out of doors the prospect was cheerless and uninviting. Circumstances like these, however, can hardly prove depressing influences when the humanity exposed to them contains the elements of youth, and of mature age under the excitement of novel and interesting situations. In the "comparing of notes," the discussion of various points and opinions that had arisen out of the experiences of the day before, and the relation or recalling of incidents and reminiscences connected with the same, the morning meal passed with no lack of cheer and the best of feeling among the partakers.

The Missourian was now fairly aroused to the attractions and possibilities of the new world upon which he had entered, or, rather, of the new life in the old world of which he had heard so much but had never before experienced. He was, however, far too philosophical, and too much at ease in his new estate, to be troubled by so trifling a disturbance as a stormy day, or any ordinary interruption of out-door enjoyments, and really found as much satisfaction for the time in the descriptions and expositions of Malcolm, and in living over again the delightful day he just passed, as he might have done in pursuing new lines of knowledge under other circumstances. As for Fritz, as long as there was nothing in the wind and rain and outside gloom to cut him off from the society of Beth, and while that young lady appeared equally agreeable and well disposed to accept his attentions either at home or abroad, he cared little for conditions that did not affect this situation.

"There will be no boating, or walking, or exploring today," quoth Malcolm, coffee-cup in hand, as the storm for the moment made an unusually fierce attack upon the windows. "This gale is a genuine northeaster, and it is here for the day, at least. Wait a little!" he continued, musingly, as though an idea had "struck" him. "If you would like to witness the effects upon the coast of a storm at sea,



here is the opportunity. The wind has been rising all night and there must be a fine surf rolling by this time. Some old clothes, an umbrella or two, and such parts of rubber suits as we can muster, will be all the outfit necessary. What say you?"

"Count me in," laconically answered the Missourian, rising from the table with the others. Of wind and rain, elements which are very much the same in all latitudes and longitudes, he had full knowledge and no fear; but a vision of possible startling revelations in connection with these attributes in an ocean storm was instantly stimulating.

Fritz looked at Beth. "That invitation does not include me," she said, reading his thought, "although there is no good reason why it should not. I have witnessed summer, and even winter, storms from the rocks more than once," she continued; "and,—the fact is, I like the experience too well. I always come home wet and bedraggled, and frighten papa half to death."

"It will be much pleasanter to stay within doors on such a day as this," said Fritz. "One can hardly see a dozen rods distant in such a storm, anyway; and, unless at the call of business, or to relieve suffering, there can be no warrant for long excursions in such weather. Don't you know enough to stay in the house when it rains, Uncle Gyp?" he asked, quizzically.

"Call of business! Relieve suffering!" echoed Uncle Gyp, who appeared to be vastly entertained at his nephew's effort to present a case. "It's my opinion that you've caught the distemper that broke out among the Pilgrim Fathers about the time John Alden was doing errands for Mylès Standish, that Malcolm was telling us about yesterday. It probably has been hanging about this neighborhood ever since, like fever and ague in a river bottom."

Further remarks were cut short by the declaration of Malcolm that no time was to be lost. Disappearing for a moment, his voice was soon heard in the front hall, announcing that all was in readiness, where he was immediately joined by the Missourian; and the two were soon after seen by Fritz plunging through the mud and puddles of the street leading to the railroad station on the lowlands.

An hour afterwards the train pulled into the Cohasset station of the Old-Colony Railroad, and the two "pleasure-seekers" alighted upon the platform. The floods descended and the winds blew as in early morning. Indeed, the "blow" had become a gale worthy of the name in all essentials, and promised excellent illustrations of the vivid descriptions with which Malcolm had entertained the Missourian on the way hither. A young Jehu, clad in oil-clothes and wearing a broad-rimmed "sou'wester" with the air of one thoroughly used to that sort of costume, scenting an opportunity for a double fee, advanced upon the pair and brusquely, though in no way offensively, enquired—

“Carriage wanted?”

As the accommodation he proffered proved to be exactly what was wanted, and as he appeared to be in every way prepared for a drive that could be no other than disagreeable, but the prospect of which did not seem to lessen his good nature, the Jehu aforesaid was at once employed for a shore excursion; which little surprised him, as he well knew that the region had no greater attractions for the novice than the sight of the ocean during a storm.

Spattering and spluttering through the mud, the carriage rolled at goodly pace along the village street, and out upon a fairly-made country road, that wound among rocks and trees and stone walls long after dwellings had become scarce and the sight of humanity was among rare occurrences.

Presently the clouds overhead began to separate into scudding masses, that advanced hurriedly upon one another and sped tumultuously over the shore, as though their mission were far inland and no influence could make them tarry in their courses; but all the while the wind piped merrily, though the rain beat less heavily.

“This town,” began Malcolm, “marks one of the most interesting, most wildly beautiful bits of Nature on any known coasts. In this situation are to be found all the beauties and all the terrors which ocean scenes can compass. The history of Cohasset, for the past two hundred and fifty years, has in it an element personal to every civilized people on the globe, since all have sent their ships and their travellers this way, and added names to the death-roll hereabouts. The crags and ledges along these shores have taken part in ocean tragedies for generations, and have witnessed more of human suffering and the extremity of distress than often falls to the lot of natural scenes. Upon their faces the ocean surges have never ceased to dash themselves since the morning of creation. Here the whiteness never goes out of the line of surf; and often the conditions are of shattered waters flying in the air, of roaring breakers crashing into fragments along the rocks, of great masses of billows lashed into fury, and resistless in their commonest attacks by all except the natural barriers to their progress here set up.

“Yet in the fair and pleasant days, and especially in summer time, no situation is finer than this. Made up of hill and dale, of greenest meadows and pasture lands, of elevations affording most commanding outlooks, and valleys of richest agricultural possibilities; possessing walks and drives that have become famous with all travelled people, and, withal, home and community elements which are far-reaching towards the best society ideals, this section is not only a marvel of natural production but of successful and perfected civilization as well. Without the bustle and glamour and ostentation of Newport or Saratoga, wealth and culture take up their abode here in





ALONG THE SHORE AT CHASSET.

summer time; and the range is from the humblest to the most exalted home life in point of establishment. The sanitary features of the place are excellent. The rugged nature of the situation enters into and is reflected in all the influences it exerts; and, just as people who are born and pass their lives within the shadow of mountains present mountain features in their characters and principles, so even the sojourners on these shores seem to acquire, mentally and physically, something of the spirit of the locality. After all, the well-seasoned, thoroughly equipped man takes the buffetings of the world very much as the Cohasset ledges receive the incessant besieging of the Atlantic waves."

The drive proved not a long one, and Jehu, occupying the post of discomfort, took care that the sinewy horse attached to his vehicle should not dally in performance. Suddenly the carriage was stopped at a point near which the road seemed to end, and the driver, briskly alighting, and throwing open the windowed door, announced the shore at hand.

His passengers appeared entirely willing to expedite matters, and were on the ground in a twinkling, and, leaving him to dispose of his team to best advantage during his wait, which had been provided for, advanced without delay upon the point near which they found themselves.

They were in full view of Old Ocean: but who shall describe the scene outspread before them? The rain had still further ceased and the clouds had become more broken and disorderly. A gray, misty pall, that seemed to hang just over the waters for considerable distance in front of them, tempered the view without really obscuring it. Wherever this gray mass did shut down upon the waters as a horizon, the outlook beyond was as effectually closed as though a wall of lead had been raised from water to sky, the approaches to which were through thickly crowded mists. But the shore for considerable distance, and great rock masses with their glittering surf fringes, were plainly visible, and no material obstruction to the view intervened in these directions.

At once there was interruption to the flow of Malcolm's garrulous recitals. The Missourian appeared as though dazed, and again and again he put out his hands, as though to wave back the body of huge breakers advancing upon the shore. Jehu, bustling about, found for them a half-sheltered position behind a rude barricade on the point, the device of gunners who had at some time occupied the place. From this vantage-ground they surveyed the scene.

The crags along the shore were supplemented by half-sunken ledges and individual rocks in succession seaward, and appeared, the last-named at least, like lines of sentinels, or skirmishers, set to warn the main body behind of what was coming, and to break the force of

attack. Great rolling waves were within view far out from the shore, assuming whited, curling crests as they advanced, and dashing with terrific violence at last upon the rocky obstructions which seemed to madden them. Sometimes these assailants would advance in columns, each division more powerful than its predecessor, and having the support of well-defined reserves, joining forces at critical moments. Again the movement was *en échelon*, and the attack would be delivered in successive blows, the roar of which resounded throughout the region, as though countless thunderbolts were hurling by unseen powers. Near the surf line along the shore the white and gray gulls collected, hovering and alighting as they pursued the spoils provided for them by the storm. Occasionally their hoarse screaming could be heard, when the intervals in the ocean roaring and a momentary lull in the gale happened to occur together. In the sheltered loops and nooks among the crags, and high upon the shore, where the mightier waves occasionally sent their shivered waters in swirling eddies, great heaps of creamy foam were piled, the tops of which were now and then clipped by rampant flaws, which sent the feathery particles at race-horse speed through the air, even to the very spot where Malcolm and his friend were on-looking. The iron-gray rocks were clean and bare of every foreign substance, and shone with a sort of glitter although no ray of sunlight could penetrate the thick mists, as though the process of their polishing had a lustre of its own.

Occasionally a billow larger than its fellows could be discerned rolling inward with a mighty gathering of force as it advanced, and finally precipitating its huge bulk upon some sentinel rock, the apparent object of its attack. For the moment this would be buried out of sight, as though it had been swallowed up; but immediately the floods would roll away from it on every side and its head would again be lifted into view, as if to show that, mighty as were the waters in motion, there were elements mightier than they, which were set to hold them in check. Nearer the shore, after these great breaking billows had passed the outer line of rocks, it was a glorious sight to see how they dashed themselves in long extended lines against the ledges, the shattered waters flying high in air in misty sheets and clouds and columns, which, seized upon by the swift winds, were scattered in volumes of blinding spray that found its way far inland, uniting with the rains which fell from the clouds above in drenching the sandy soil.

Malcolm and the Missourian long watched this terrific strife of the elements, while scarcely a word passed between them.

"It is in just such gales as this," at last said Malcolm, "that the terrible wrecks, of which you have no doubt heard and read, occur upon this coast; only these casualties usually occur in the colder

seasons of the year, when the winds are heavier, or the air for hours is full of blinding snow. The tragedies which have taken place here—about neither tongue nor pen can fairly describe. Upon these very rocks before your eyes more than seven score of human forms out of one ship's company have been cast, bleeding, disfigured, dead. The vessel which becomes involved in the perils here outspread, and touches keel upon the bottom, or hull upon the ledges off this shore, is dashed to splinters within a few moments, and her fragments are cast upon the coast like flecks of foam."

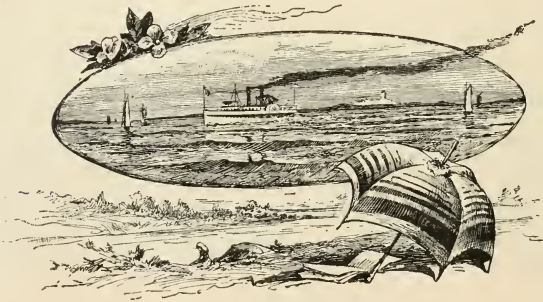
"I would not have missed this sight for anything," said the Missourian. "How different from yesterday's pictures! I have now seen the two extremes of ocean presentation; and I shall certainly remember this, however I may carry back with me my earlier impressions."



"And yet," continued Malcolm, "when the sun shines clearly and the winds have sunk to mere whispers in comparison to what they now are, and the waters have become calm and are scarcely ruffled by the passing puffs, the scene in this neighborhood is enchantingly beautiful. Two miles off this point is Minot's-Ledge lighthouse, in full view, when the day is fair, from this spot. It stands in the midst of the great highway of incoming and outgoing shipping; and day and night their columns never cease to pass in review before that solitary picket guard, set for their preservation. Starting from this shore, if you should sail toward the point from which the wind is now blowing, you must traverse three thousand miles of ocean surface before you can set foot upon the nearest opposite boundary of these waters.

But, come! By leaving now we shall have time to catch a returning train."

Jehu had been waiting, apparently in the most stoical mood, for this point in the proceedings; and, before his passengers had time to wipe the salty crust from their reddened faces, the team was by their side. The station was soon reached, the train boarded, and our tourists were again enjoying the agreeable warmth and shelter of a first-class car. Within the hour they were chatting merrily with the friends they had left behind in the morning in Malcolm's home; and Uncle Gyp was soundly rating his nephew, regardless of the presence of the amused Beth, for his folly in neglecting so grand a spectacle as a storm on the Cohasset coast.







SECTIONAL MAP

OF THE

Old Colony Railroad

South Shore,

Nantasket Beach

AND

PLYMOUTH LINES.





## CHAPTER IV.

## South-Shore Saunterings. — Plymouth and its Attractions.



THE next morning dawned with clear-shining sun and balmy air, and every promise of a glorious summer day. At an early hour the exploring party, this time with every member in place, took train at the station near Malcolm's residence, the destination again being the South Shore.

And now they were passing through the very sections the outlines of which they had viewed from the hilltops in Dorchester and Hull and Nantasket; and Fritz and his uncle, who were comparatively strangers to the whole region, readily became interested in the animated expositions which Malcolm's unfailing knowledge of every point and locality, and his devotion to the subject, prompted him to set forth. The granite quarries, Merry Mount, and such points and historic incidents as the outlook from the car-windows suggested in Quincy; bits of reminiscence of "ye olden time," and the annals of solemn pow-wows, Indian fights and festivals in the neighborhood of the Weymouth villages; the ancient buildings and the beautifully terraced cemetery of Hingham; the ocean glimpses and vistas constantly succeeding; the natural situations and distinctive features by sea and land of Cohasset and its surroundings; — all these, and many other topics suggested, were to the last degree practical, and never became tiresome or commonplace.

As they passed through Cohasset, Malcolm drew a well-worn volume from his gripsack, saying, as he did so, "I have brought along a copy of Thoreau, that you might listen to his account of the wreck of the *St. John*, one of the most notable shipwrecks of the many occurring in this neighborhood, and which took place in October, 1849, in the midst of the very scene that you and I became so interested in yesterday," indicating Uncle Gyp, as he proceeded. "But first, as more in keeping with today and its associations and suggestions, let me read to you what this same Thoreau has recorded regarding the sea-bathing hereabouts. Here it is:—

"The sea-bathing at Cohasset Rocks was perfect. The water was

purer and more transparent than any I had ever seen. There was not a particle of mud or slime about it. The bottom being sandy, I could see the sea-perch swimming about. The smooth and fantastically worn rocks, and the perfectly clean and tress-like rock-weeds falling over you, and attached so firmly to the rocks that you could pull yourself up by them, greatly enhanced the luxury of the bath. The stripe of barnacles just above the weeds reminded me of some vegetable growth,—the buds and petals and seed-vessels of flowers. They lay along the seams of the rocks like buttons on a waistcoat. The tawny rocks were like lions couchant, defying the ocean, whose waves incessantly dashed against and scoured them with vast quantities of gravel. The water held in their little hollows, on the receding of the tide, was so crystalline that I could not believe it salt, but wished to drink it; and higher up were basins of fresh water left by the rain, all which, being also of different depths and temperature, were convenient for different kinds of baths. Also, the large hollows in the smoothed rocks formed the most convenient of seats and dressing-rooms. In these respects it was the most perfect seashore that I had seen.'”



“I declare, I had forgotten the sea-bathing!” said Uncle Gyp, as soon as the reading was finished. “But my bath-tub must not have for its sides those slippery rocks we looked upon yesterday, even though your writer parades them so temptingly. I have drunk all the salt water I care to swallow,” he added, with a shudder of disgust at the remembered experience by the boat-landing.

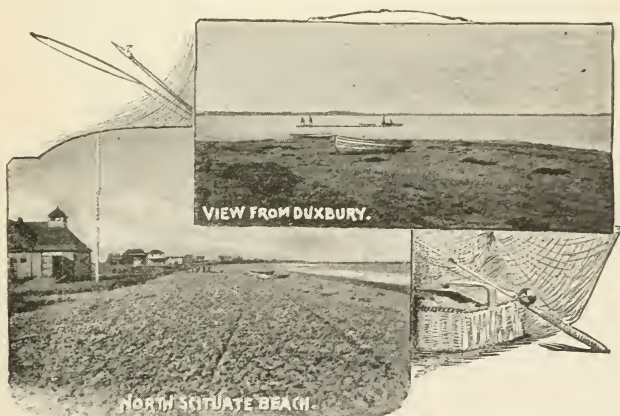
“You would doubtless like Nantasket-harbor shores better than these for your swimming essays,” replied Malcolm, turning over the leaves of his book to find the narrative of the *St. John* shipwreck.

At the station in North Scituate the party disembarked, and proceeded at once shoreward.

"My plan for today's outing," explained Malcolm, "includes a carriage drive, which I trust will not prove uninteresting to any of us. I dropped a line yesterday to an old friend of mine here, and we shall find a team awaiting us when we arrive at his place, a few minutes hence."

The result justified the prophecy. The "friend" and the ready-harnessed team were found together, after a short walk, by the party; and it was also found that the friend was to accompany the party as driver.

"While one may get many very charming views of the bay and its coasts as he passes along the South-Shore branch of the Old-Colony Railroad," said Malcolm, "a much more satisfactory and comprehensive experience is obtained by travelling the region in the good old way in use long before railroads were established. The carriage roads wind nearer the shore, afford opportunity for a much closer study of the sections, and far more varied and delightful witnessings of their beauties and characteristics."



"For the first time since I made the acquaintance of your shores," said the Missourian, "I miss the everlasting rocks. Not that I at all dislike their appearance in the scenery; for I have learned that they are among the grandest features in ocean situations. But their absence along the shores now in sight is conspicuous enough, as the newspaper fellows have it; and I don't believe there is a pebble large enough to throw at a cat on the whole of that beach yonder," he concluded.

"I thought you would notice that feature," replied Malcolm. "The American shores are rocky from points hundreds of miles northward to the line that divides Cohasset and Scituate. South of that line,

and from Scituate away down to the Florida coasts, the shores are as sandy as in the North they are rocky. This change of feature is indeed wonderful; but it needs no scientific apprehension or education to enable one to take cognizance of the fact."

The South Shore, from Cohasset to Plymouth, presents a succession of sandy cliffs and flat beaches, backed by dunes and hommocks for the whole distance. The cliffs, or headlands, rise abruptly from the levels in the midst of which they stand, and have the appearance on their sides next the sea of having been eaten into by the encroachments of the tides, so that their outward faces are almost perpendicular. In fair weather the outlook from these elevations seaward is superb, commanding views for miles in extent across the bay and up and down its shores, and of the finest landscapes inland. On their summits occasional hotels or observatories have been built, while along their bases, and in the immediate vicinity of the intervening beaches, summer residences and establishments in great numbers have been set up, especially attractive through the beauty of their situations by the seaside, the excellent sanitary conditions which characterize their sections, and the restful quiet of their neighborhoods and surroundings. This is the case with the Scituate, Marshfield, and Duxbury villages, these localities being not far from equal in the attributes named. In Scituate and Duxbury to a limited extent, and in the Marshfield territory pre-eminently, the lands lying immediately back from the seashore, and increasingly as the distance grows greater, present the characteristics of fine farming sections. Away from the shore the grounds are gently rolling, with fine patches of natural wood-growth thickly sprinkled, and often a stretch of marsh or nearly flat meadow intervening between the arable lands and the sandy beaches of the bay shore. Occasionally a noble elevation offers a most magnificent outlook.

That this region is a paradise for boating, bathing, fishing, and the popular sports which characterize summer life near the seashore, goes without telling. As everywhere along the coasts of Southeastern Massachusetts, here are ideal localities for summering for women and children; while such are the railroad facilities afforded that business and professional men may bring their families for the entire season, while themselves make daily trips to and from the great city or centres, with Sundays and an occasional short vacation passed with the loved ones, and enjoyment of the restful and recreative qualities of the sections throughout the summer or half-year. And so, indeed, thousands of business and professional men do; while the classes fortunate enough to be independent of business or profession in the battle of life, and who have wealth at command and the power of choice as to where they will dispose themselves in summer or winter, are always liberally represented in this region, which commends itself

to rich and poor, high and low, cultured and indifferent, but especially to the wealthy, and those who have means at command to avail themselves of every provision, natural and artificial, here so lavishly supplied.



As the carriage containing our party rolled slowly along any unusual appearance at once received especial attention, and was sure to excite comment. The foliage and grass areas and wayside shrubbery had been washed clean of every blemish by the heavy rainfall of the day before. The birds, intent upon their business affairs, or wild with the pursuit of wanton pleasure, darted hither and thither, and filled the air with their distinctive songs or social call-notes. The breezes were just sufficient to rustle the leaves upon the boughs and stir up series of ripples or wavelets here and there upon the water surfaces. The farmer was abroad with his teams; the dories and sailboats of the fisherman and pleasure-hunters could be discerned floating idly in the offing, or slowly moving landward and putting the finish to excursions begun before the sun had started on his daily course.

Along the shore, scattered up and down upon the border-land, over which the tides ebbed and flowed, individual or grouped specimens of humanity could be seen scattered at intervals, apparently intent upon a common purpose upon the dripping sands. These toilers by the sea had caught the attention of the sharp-eyed Beth, who, after studying them intently for some time, said:—

“What are those creatures doing down by the water’s edge? They



can't be fishing or clamming, for I see women among them. If they were shell-gathering, they would not stop so long bent over one place, nor work so intently and incessantly."

"Moss-gathering," laconically answered the driver, who had been hard put to it for the last half-hour in answering in the fewest words all the questions of Malcolm. "There isn't another such a place in the world for Irish moss, as along these shores. The moss district extends from Hull to South Plymouth; but it gets to be scanty picking before the Plymouth shores are reached, though there are some good grounds down there in the White-Horse and Cove neighborhoods. Hundreds of people get their entire living by moss-gathering."



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET GREENBUSH.



Malcolm explained now the moss was landed on the beaches by the surf, washed, dried, and bleached, and marketed in immense quantities from these localities. Then, turning to Fritz, he said: —

"You were singing for us last evening a song which I think will have a new meaning for you when you sing it again; for yonder is

the spot and the veritable well which contained the old oaken bucket of which Samuel Woodworth wrote, in the words of your song. You see the house there, on the gentle rise among the trees. The well is just by the porch of that dwelling, but it was not so near it when the poet wrote as it is today. Poor Woodworth! For all his impassioned eulogy of the fine spring-water of that well, he drank far too infrequently of it, and his lips were oftener greeted by the 'full blushing goblet' to which he alludes than by the brim of the iron-bound bucket —

'As, dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.'

However, he has made the locality famous, and has given to the world one of those rare idyls that may be characterized like angels' visits upon the face of the earth."

The day wore on. Querying and discussing, commenting and discovering, and enjoying every moment as it passed, our excursionists rolled along the well-beaten road, and approached the unique hamlet huddled about the sand-dunes on the Marshfield shore, above and near Brant Rock. The sun had some time since passed the meridian and the long afternoon had fairly begun.

"'Tis time we lunched," quoth Malcolm, casting a hasty glance at the basket at his feet. "What better place than near this famous rock, which Daniel Webster so well knew and loved, and from the neighborhood of which he made his bay trips? If Marshfield had no other associations than are connected with the life of Webster in her midst, those alone would render her notable among the towns of this country; but Nature has done too much for her to make it necessary that she should rely even upon so great a qualification as that for her attractiveness."

The picnic dinner was spread and the attack upon it begun with a relish, to which the long ride, perfect health, and excellent spirits of the company gave keen edge. The driver, who seemed to have an intuitive perception of all that was going on; or that was worth looking at, or that could enhance the enjoyment of the occasion, had no sooner released his horses from the carriage and concentrated their attention upon a liberal supply of oats than he started off, omitting any ceremonial of leave-taking, upon an expedition which might mean foraging, or discovery, or that "stretching of legs" which people who have been for hours confined in narrow limits so much appreciate. His return was as hasty as his exit, however, and he appeared upon the scene where the lunch was in progress with the announcement that a "shore dinner" was going forward "over there," indicating the direction by a jerk of his thumb over the shoulder, and that "all hands" were freely invited to take "pot luck."

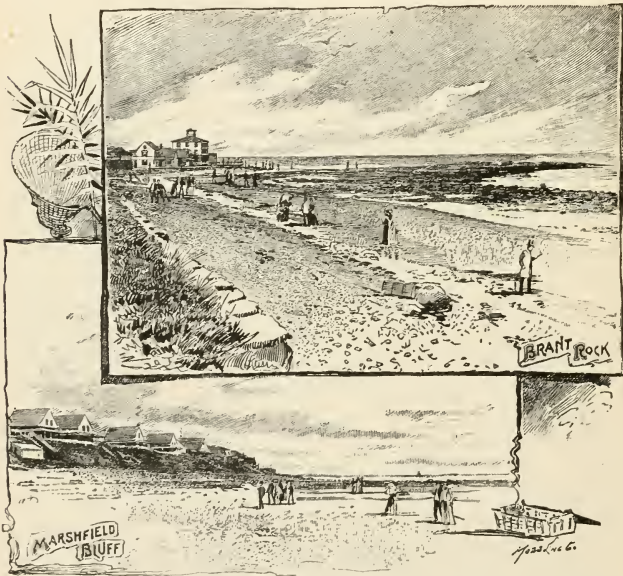
"I know the people who have made this bake," he explained, "and



they're master hands at it. They live in Whitman. This is a great resort for parties from that section, and you'll find plenty of shore dinners goin' on here among 'em at any time after June sets in. You'd better test their livin', 'specially as some of ye may not have known too much about shore dinners."

At once all eyes were turned upon Beth, as though she, being the only lady of the party, ought to have the deciding of this momentous matter.

"The very thing!" quoth that demure damsel. "Uncle Gyp, I think we shall now show you a repast impossible west of the Mississippi River, and hardly to be found even in the neighborhood of Fritz's home, no farther away than York State. Let's take our spread with us and give these people a call."



No sooner said than done. The Missourian gathered the sides of a broad napkin before him within his capacious grasp, and rose to his feet, thus holding out, with arms half extended, numerous bits of carved chicken, slices of ham and bread, and such articles of lunch utensils — knives, forks, spoons, etc. — as happened to be lying in his vicinity when the change was decided upon. Fritz, who entered into the thing enthusiastically, as was his wont, hastily threw doughnuts and cheese and various fancy knick-knacks of cookery into a basket

at his side, and stood ready to depart with his share of the "plunder." Malcolm seized upon sundry bottles standing within reach,—cold coffee, milk, and the like,—and also placed himself in readiness to move. Beth gathered up such trifles as salt-shakers, the mustard-pot, and the like; and the procession, headed by the solemn driver, entered without loss of time upon the new scene of operations.

The feast that ensued, although one of the most ordinary of sea-shore events, will long remain memorable in the experiences of the Missourian and his nephew. A delicious chowder, the codfish that formed the principal ingredient of which had been swimming in the bay an hour or two before; great pans of clams, cooked in their shells, and just as they came from the gravelly mud (another instance of the savage cruelty that had so much disgusted Beth on the beach at Hull); cool salad, of freshest-plucked lettuce, and finest-fleshed lobster that had received no taint of age or travel,—what a repast was here! There were ladies present; and the party, increased by the addition of our excursionists, was such as may be found on any summer or autumn day at myriad points along the South Shore, which is only saying that its social elements were of the best and its enjoyments delightful.

"And is the water of this bay, as you call it, salt like that off Dorchester?" queried Uncle Gyp.

"It is ocean water," returned Malcolm, "and you ought to know how that tastes by this time."

"How in the world, then, is it possible to get perfectly fresh fish out of such infernally salt water?" continued the Missourian. "I suppose you will laugh at me, but I somehow concluded long ago that the salt fish we have at home were naturally seasoned by the ocean water in which they were caught."

"And do the people out West really think that the salt fish sold in the stores have the same shape before they are caught?" asked a blue-eyed Abington matron, who had been chatting cheerily with Beth for some time past.

"No doubt some of them do," replied Uncle Gyp.

"I am sure greater mistakes than that are made by people in various parts of our country," interposed Malcolm, "in estimating the qualities and attributes of sections and regions which may be far removed from them. The ocean, however, is full of mysteries and wonderments, even to those most intimate with its affairs; and these qualifications are greatly enhanced with those who have had no experience of actual contact with it."

A pleasant hour was passed in this interview, when, in response to the driver's repeated intimation that if the Duxbury station was to be reached in time for the last down train the party ought to be moving, the carriage was again occupied and the trip along the shore

resumed. The afternoon was well advanced when our excursionists passed through the main street of the largest Duxbury village. The pleasures of the day were still as keen and the novelties of the situation equally as enjoyable as those of any hour that had preceded; but nerves and eyes long held at tension in sight-seeing and observation were beginning to relax, and the dreamy quiet of the place had its influence upon them, calming enthusiasm and repressing excitement. The trailing Gurnet; Captain's Hill, with its Standish monument, and wealth of associations with the Forefathers and their day; Clark's Island; the succession of fairest beaches and jutting points, bearing the characteristic marks of ocean imprint; and the glimpses of bay and harbor and blue hills beyond;—all these appeared new sources of delight and interest as Malcolm invested them with peculiar charms and attractiveness by his racy descriptions of incidental and historic connection.

The train was almost due at the South-Duxbury station as the party alighted upon its platform, and in fact it arrived before the last articles of excursion equipment had been handed out by the driver. Bidding the last-named worthy a hasty adieu, with assurances that he would soon be called into service again, the party was whisked away by the untiring iron horse now almost within sight of his stabling for the night at Plymouth; while the conveyance which had stood them in so good stead throughout a large part of the day was left to make its way back to the starting-point.

Not many minutes later the party was again disembarked at the station in Plymouth, cosey quarters in a comfortable hotel were secured and taken possession of, and the party disposed itself for rest and preparation for another day of sight-seeing and discovery in such ways as seemed best to its individual members.

Samuel Adams Drake, in one of his many books descriptive of New England, says: "Plymouth is the American Mecca. It does not contain the tomb of the prophet, but the rock of the Forefathers, their traditions and their graves. The first impressions of a stranger are disappointing, for the oldest town in New England looks as fresh as if built within the century. There is not much that is suggestive of the old life to be seen there. Except the hills, the heaven, and the sea, there is nothing antique; save a few carefully cherished relics, nothing that has survived the day of the Pilgrims." And another writer of recent times declares "it would be difficult to name any other place in America with such a profoundly interesting historical event as that which has made the name of Plymouth Rock forever famous in the annals of devotion and freedom.

"Upwards of fifty thousand persons come here every summer, making reverent pilgrimages to the cradle of American civilization. For these, and for all who love the antique and historic, Plymouth

has wellnigh unrivalled attractions. Here is the renowned rock, down by the water-side, overarched by a stately granite canopy, in whose top are the bones of several of the Pilgrims. Up in the village rises the massive structure of Pilgrim Hall, consecrated to relics and memorials of the first colonists. Near this shrine is the court-house, with rare records and documents of the seventeenth century. On a noble hill rises the Pilgrim National Monument, a vast pile of carved granite crowned by a very impressive statue of Faith, forty feet high, and the largest stone figure in the world.



“Burial Hill is one of the most interesting localities in New England. On every side are the tombs and monuments of the founders of the state and their descendants. Above these sacred graves the pleased eye wanders over an exquisite panorama of sea and shore, lonely islands, far-reaching promontories, and distant blue hills, out across the blue sea to where the sandy strand of Cape Cod bounds the view, low down on the horizon. On this bleak summit stood the fortified log church and watch-tower, the former bearing six three-pound cannon on its flat roof, and the latter occupied by vigilant sentinels.

“Of late years Plymouth has attained fame as a summer resort, and handsome modern cottages and villas have been erected on the adjacent shores. The attractions of the neighborhood are certainly

numerous and varied. There is every variety of boating, on salt water and fresh; with perfect facilities for bathing; and all manner of fishing, from the sea-fish of the outer harbor to the pickerel and perch, trout and black bass of the forest brooks and ponds. Hunters find foxes and rabbits, partridges and quail in the woods, black ducks near the inland lakes, and the best wild-fowl shooting in New England out at the Gurnet and down by Manomet. In the adjacent forest scores of deer have been shot in a single season. The floral beauties of the Plymouth woods, the home of the mayflower, have long been famous; and beautiful places for excursions, rambles, and picnics abound among the crystal lakelets, from Billington Sea down to the merest bits of forest tarns sacred to the water-lily and the *fleur-de-lis*. The temperature of all this region is twenty degrees cooler than that of the towns just south of Cape Cod, with cool nights, absence of mosquitos, and great infrequency of thunder-storms and fogs. These delightful climatic peculiarities are accounted for by the theory that a branch of the great oceanic Arctic current from the north is deflected by Cape Cod and thrown in upon the Old-Colony coasts, making the air clear, dry, and cool, with high tonic properties. In this regard Plymouth becomes a great summer sanitarium, whose air is full of invigoration and life-renewing properties. The adjacent forest has been known for many years as the 'Adirondacks of Massachusetts,' and covers hundreds of square miles, extending upon the Cape, and still in a delightfully primitive condition."

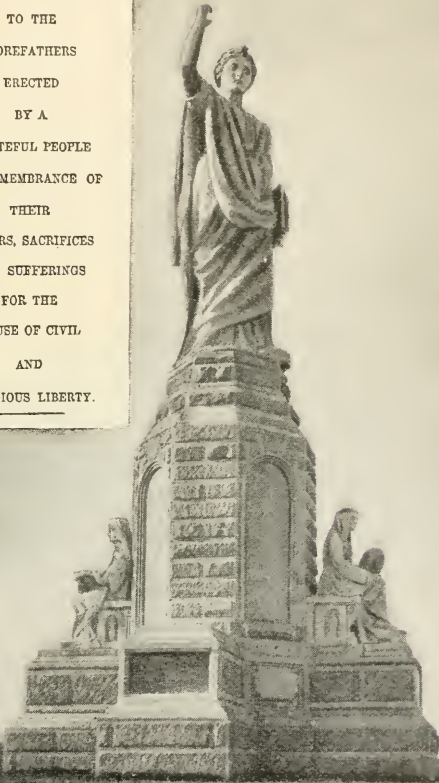
Our excursionists were stirring betimes on the next morning, and, partaking of an early breakfast, started out to "make a day of it" amid the quaint historic scenes of the old Pilgrim town. Almost before the business operations of the day had begun, as indicated by the stir and bustle about the marts and along the streets, they had found their way to the very top of Burial Hill. The fresh morning breezes swept over the place, gratefully cool and exhilarating. The fair sunbeams found no obstruction to their light or heat through the presence in the air of any mists seaward or landward; and the white sand-dunes of Cape Cod, more than a score of miles away across the bay, could be plainly seen, so clear was the air in that direction. The smoke and steam from the chimneys and stacks on every hand were the only seeming blemishes upon the scenery; and these arose in sombre masses or fleecy clouds, suggestive of animate existence where everything otherwise had the appearance of perfect rest.

"If the Pilgrim Fathers tugged their muskets and their burly bodies up this hill every day in ye olden time," declared Fritz, "they had indeed great need of solemn convictions of duty and the consolations of religion. My breath wellnigh left my body during the last few rods of this climbing; although I suppose the pathway was not quite so smooth and slippery in their day."



NATIONAL  
MONUMENT

TO THE  
FOREFATHERS  
ERECTED  
BY A  
GRATEFUL PEOPLE  
IN REMEMBRANCE OF  
THEIR  
LABORS, SACRIFICES  
AND SUFFERINGS  
FOR THE  
CAUSE OF CIVIL  
AND  
RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.



NATIONAL MONUMENT, PLYMOUTH, MASS.

“But what a glorious outlook to reward the exertion!” enthusiastically replied Beth, as she gazed from point to point alternately in every direction.

“The Pilgrim Fathers were not over-sentimental,” replied Malcolm, “and it was not the fine views the place afforded, but its strategic importance, that caused them to make so much of this elevation. The Indians were all about them, and the moods and impulses of the savages were as changeable as the clouds in the sky. Literally, for a long time, no man among the early settlers knew what a day, or night, might bring forth. Here was their fortress; here was their church, which was itself a fortress; and, in full possession of this summit, they commanded the situation. This place was not at first a burial ground. The graves of the Pilgrims and of the Indians were made down yonder by the water-side, upon the plateau overlooking the immortal Rock. You shall visit the places before long.



Landing of the Pilgrims.

“See yonder,” he continued; “there is Captain’s Hill, not far from the point where we finished our carriage drive yesterday; and there are Clark’s Island, the Saquish, the Gurnet, and the blue waters which witnessed the conclusion of their ocean voyage before the Pilgrims landed. We get a more comprehensive view of all these places from this standpoint than was possible yesterday. You see the little ‘slick’ of smooth water lying between the point of that long slender beach and Clark’s Island beyond? That is the ‘Cow-yard,’ and there the *Mayflower* first rode at anchor off the Plymouth shores. Now look away round by sea and land as leisurely and carefully as you



please. There is not a point or centre on land or water upon which your eye will rest which has not its historic, or traditional, or interesting association. See! Here on the right, appearing so near that it seems almost a part of the elevation on which we stand, is Watson's Hill, now crowned with residences, and clustering with the evidences of human occupation, but until within comparatively a few years as bare and free from human encroachments as the pastures which lie open behind us. On that summit were held the grand councils between the Pilgrim Fathers and the savages; and there Massasoit and his gathered chiefs made treaty and concluded lasting peace with the newcomers. No historic events that have taken place among people anywhere upon the earth's surface have had more of significance than attaches to the transactions enacted there and hereabouts."



"The grave of Thomas Clark," slowly read Fritz, his eyes resting upon an object near at hand, or rather near his feet.

"It is beautiful, beautiful!" was the ejaculation of Beth, in tones suppressed; her eyes meanwhile fixed abstractedly in a far-off gaze upon the scene before her.

"Are you applauding your father's remarks or mine?" queried Fritz with mock gravity.

"Neither," returned Beth; "I heard no remarks, and probably should have found nothing to applaud if I had. How can you help appreciating such scenery as this?" she continued, pointing towards the views that had entranced her.

"I do appreciate them, most noble lady," was the retort; "but I must own to having stood here about long enough, considering how fine is the day, and to a longing desire to begin again our excursions, and to move about among these scenes of beauty."

"Come, then; let us descend to the lower world once more," said Malcolm, who had overheard the last part of the dialogue. "We will visit the Rock, the relics and old records; and then for a ride to the nooks and corners of the place to finish out the day."

The programme thus outlined was carried out. After an hour or two, during which the Rock, the monuments and mementos were visited, a carriage was again called into service, and the remaining hours of the day until train-time were spent "upon the road." In this way Billington Sea, Forest Park, and some of the largest lakes and ponds in the woods region received hasty visits, the party flitting from point to point with ever-increasing interest and delight; for the territory of Plymouth is fairly "gridironed" with roads for driving in every direction, intersecting and making accessible shore, hill, and woods scenery, which to the tourist or summer sojourner is sure to prove a pleasurable surprise, and even a greater charm to the place than its matchless historical associations.

In the waning afternoon the party again entered a train for Boston, varying the railroad experience this time by pursuing the original "Old Colony" route, which, running through the centre of Plymouth County, or in the very heart of the ancient region for two centuries past known as the Old Colony, afforded glimpses from car-windows of Kingston, Plympton, Halifax (all once included in Plymouth territory), the Hansons, Whitman, the Abingtons, etc., until the Braintree villages were reached, which have been before described in these papers. The towns and villages here named are typical of New-England life, manners, industries, and situations. Farming and manufacturing centres, in no case more than eight or ten miles from the ocean shores, and usually a much less number, they are contiguous to all the natural provisions which make summer life in this region so desirable, and have quiet, restful, and recreative qualities of their own, superlatively attractive to all who are seeking renewed life to be obtained under the most pleasurable and satisfactory conditions.



## CHAPTER V.

## A Trip to Provincetown.—Cape Cod: Its Attractions and Surroundings.



AFTER the return from Plymouth some days elapsed before our friends entered upon any extended trip. The intervening time was passed in exploring, again and again, the harbor and bay islands described in previous pages; in making short excursions inland into the Blue-Hills neighborhood and among the jutting points and curiously indented lowlands along the shores from Quincy to Hingham; and in frequent visits to Nantasket and its neighborhood, localities that had grown immensely



in their esteem. They had even indulged in a three days' camping, upon a side-hill in the Black-Rock neighborhood of Cohasset, and from this vantage-ground had made rapid progress in the study of the ocean and its accompanying scenes by land. The Missourian's knowledge of salt water, both as a highly seasoned element and as a natural provision affording rich and varied resources of employment and entertainment for humanity, had become greatly enlarged; and

his interest in the region he was visiting grew in rapidly increasing ratio with every hour of his stay.

"Uncle Gyp is no longer a greenhorn," quoth Fritz, on a certain afternoon, as the party was returning from a tour of inspection among the lighthouses, in which Malcolm's yacht had afforded most excellent service; "he should be promoted. Why not take him to sea at once, Cousin Malcolm, and give him an introduction to old Neptune in good earnest?"

"Just what I have been thinking of," returned Malcolm. "I had intended to propose tonight that we start tomorrow morning for the tip-end of Cape Cod, making the trip to that point by a train of the Old-Colony Railroad, and, imitating the sage and philosopher Thoreau, returning to its beginning on foot, observing and discovering at will, and adapting our movements to our inclinations and the circumstances which may befall."

"Again the invitation does not include me," said Beth. "I have no objection to ordinary pedestrianism, but for such performances in foot-travelling as I foresee are likely to take place in this venture I am hardly inclined."

"It is the very opportunity I have been waiting for," said Fritz; "the event of my vacation. We had a Cape Codder in our class at college, and I have never got rid of a longing desire to test some of his descriptions and narrations. Get ready your thickest boots, Uncle Gyp, and prepare to kick sand for the next week. Now, perhaps, you *may* see whales, sure enough; and blackfish, and sea-cows, and seals, and the whole catalogue of wonderful marine animals. Oh, there'll be fun enough down there, be very sure, Uncle Gyp."

By the middle of the next forenoon the three friends were found embarked upon the Cape-Cod Division of the Old-Colony Railroad. The morning ride had been through attractive towns and villages, thickly sprinkled with the evidences of thrift and enterprise, with finest cultivated lands and meadows, pastures sprinkled with flocks and herds, and the fairest homes of ancient and modern establishment on every hand. The first intimation that the character of the scene was about to change was afforded as the train passed through the Wareham villages. Here the white sands distinctive of the Cape-Cod locality began to appear, in low-lying, sharp-browed hills thickly strewn about, and levels of desert plain alternating between. The trees and shrubbery soon began to assume a stunted appearance, the dwarfed pines and scrubby oaks rising out of their sand-beds like toy forests stuck in place by boys in their play. As mile after mile of distance was passed, the scene was interspersed with miniature ponds and lakelets, in whose immediate neighborhood were green meadows and sloping pasture lands, with an occasional hamlet, clean-cut and clear in outline, quiet and sedate in appearance, and as inviting in all

its attractions as white paint and the evidences of thorough attention to cleanliness could make it.

As they advanced the population apparently became more sparse and scattered. Glimpses of the ocean appeared in frequent succession, the outlook invariably being over intervening lowlands or marshes, the latter sometimes spread out over miles in extent and width, and always with a mighty fringe of tumbled sand-hills. Near at hand, as the train sped along, an occasional modern-built cottage, or home establishment of greater or less pretensions, could be seen, crowning a hilltop, or nestling with the most inviting air of summer rest and quietness within some sheltered nook, overlooking the blue waters of the bay.



Numerous cranberry bogs were passed, great plats of made land as level as a house-floor, thick-grown and tangled with the dark foliage and myriad runners of this famous plant,—almost the only valuable growth which can be induced to thrive in the wild sands of the region,—or dotted in clusters at the corners of alternating squares, as carefully aligned as soldiers upon parade. The low hills bordering upon these plats, or stretching away in their neighborhoods, were carefully planted with piney woods' growth, as neatly and straightly growing in its rows as were the diminutive cranberry plants



in their beds. Sometimes the railroad tracks formed crescent curves along the borders of fresh-water sheets, which unexpectedly grew larger and larger as the course down the Cape was pursued.

"By the appearance of the roads we have so far seen and the teams passing over them," said the Missourian, "I judge that the sand forms no great hindrance to locomotion. After what I had heard and read I had expected to find hereabouts highways fairly blocked with sand, and all whose courses and distinguishing marks would be obliterated by every passing breeze or flaw of wind. Instead, these driveways appear excellent—as well made and hard as any I have seen in the East; and, judging from the stylish appearance of the turnouts and the people connected, it would seem that riding and driving constitute a principal attraction of summering in this region."



"You are right," said Malcolm; "the time has long passed when the stage-coaches and teams and pedestrians of this section wallowed through never-varying sands in passing from point to point. From end to end of Cape Cod now the roads are as hard and free from sand impediments as any in the State, excepting, of course, some shore roads and unfrequented ways leading off the main routes. Indeed, it is a pleasure to drive upon Cape Cod; and within some of these villages—Yarmouth, for instance—there are streets bordered with heavy shade-trees, and driveways as inviting as can be found



anywhere. However, shade-trees are the exception and not the rule in this section, as you can readily see."

Farther and farther down the Cape the train pursued its way, until, as the noon-hour approached, the beginning of the end drew near. The villages appeared at greater intervals; the sand-heaps and plain more completely occupied the ground, and the views of ocean and bay were far-reaching and almost uninterrupted. The quaint features and peculiarities of all the surroundings were unmistakable, and the novices of the party were fast becoming used to what at first seemed a transition to another country. As the last minutes of the noon-hour were told, the train rolled in among the clustering sand-hills which mark the outskirts of Provincetown village, and shortly after into the station, in the heart of the town.



"Here we shall tarry for a day or two," said Malcolm, "before we begin our pedestrian trip on the backward course. Now to secure quarters, a bath, a fish dinner, and then — we shall see what we shall see."

Thoreau, who upwards of a quarter of a century ago explored Cape Cod minutely, in its lower sections at least, and whose written descriptions are the best ever yet given to the world of its localities, says: "The time must come when this coast will be a place of resort for those who really wish to visit the seaside. At present it is wholly unknown to the fashionable world, and probably it will never be agree-

able to them. If it is merely a ten-pin alley, or a circular railway, or an ocean of mint-julep, that the visitor is in search of; if he thinks more of the wine than the brine, as I suspect some do at many shore resorts, I trust that for a long time he will be disappointed here. But this shore will never be more attractive than it is now. Such beaches as are fashionable are here made and unmade in a day, I may almost say, by the sea shifting its sands. Lynn and Nantasket! This bare and bended arm it is that makes the bay in which they lie so snugly. What are springs and waterfalls? Here is the spring of springs, the waterfall of waterfalls. A storm in the fall or winter is the time to visit it; a lighthouse or a fisherman's hut the true hotel. A man may stand there and put all America behind him."

Thoreau loved a storm, and, indeed, all that was rough and antagonistic in nature; but no less he loved the beautiful summer days and scenes along our coasts, as a child revels in the midst of its pleasures. Of these same Cape shores he has also said:—

"The place which I have described may seem strange and remote to my townsmen. Indeed, from Boston to Provincetown is twice as far as from England to France; yet step into the cars, and in six hours you may stand on those four planks, and see the cape which Gosnold is said to have discovered, and which I have so poorly described.

"We often love to think now of the life of men on beaches. We went to see the ocean, and that is probably the best place of all our coast to go to. I do not know where there is another beach in the Atlantic States, attached to the mainland, so long, and at the same time so straight, and so completely uninterrupted by creeks or coves or fresh-water rivers or marshes. Certainly there is none where there is a double way, such as I have described,—a beach and a bank,—which at the same time shows you the land and the sea, and part of the time two seas. As for the view, the keeper of the light, with one or more of his family, walks out to the edge of the bank after every meal to look off, just as if they had not lived there all their days. In short, it will wear well. And what picture will you substitute for that, upon your walls?"

Thoreau here made reference to Highland Light and the continuous beach between the tip-end of the Cape and Chatham, on the outside. But the Cape-Cod beaches and shores for their whole length present superlative enjoyments peculiarly their own; and while for the sublime, the grand, the awful in natural scenery, the sections above alluded to must be allowed to stand supreme, the coasts and localities of the upper Cape are finely beautiful and pleasing, and welcome with a thousand attractions that can be found nowhere else in so great perfection.

A later writer than he above just quoted says: "One of the chief attractions in summer of the shore of Cape Cod, both on Buzzard's

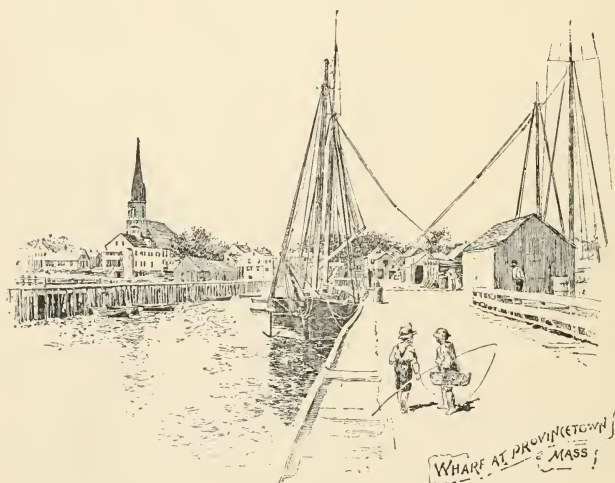
Bay and on the outer southern coast, is the exquisite climate, not particularly bracing, but cool and remarkably equable. The prevailing breeze is from the southwest, from off Vineyard Sound, and the harshness of east winds is seldom felt. The water, too, is warmer by some twenty degrees than at Swampscott or Manchester, for example, and the sea-bathing on that account attracts a great many people; while the landscape has not a little rural beauty, with a wild, peculiar charm which is all its own."

In the streets and among the "institutions" of Provincetown, Fritz discovered rare enjoyments. While Malcolm and the Missourian shared the pleasure arising from these almost equally with himself, the last named was irresistibly attracted by natural situations all around,—the outlooks from High-Pole Hill and the elevations immediately in rear of the principal street; the outer shores, with their terrible reminiscences of wrecks and sea tragedies; the life-saving stations and the performances of their heroic crews; the grand old ocean, which now indeed appeared outspread without limits. He never tired of watching the stately ships and steamers, the swift-gliding pilot-boats and smaller sailing-craft, and the animation which everywhere appeared through natural and artificial influences upon the water surfaces. Almost equally he became interested in the harbor views inside; the curving finger of the Cape, bended until the point seemed almost to touch the Truro shores, thus making a great circular basin in which the navies of the world might float. The fishermen and their operations mightily pleased him; and when, on the second day, a great "finback" whale did actually enter the mouth of the harbor, chased by relentless pursuers from the outside bay waters, and the whale-boats were manned and sped away like magic from the wharf neighborhoods, and their glistening oar-strokes could be seen by scores as they were hurried to the scene, of all of which he chanced to be a witness from a sand-dune overlooking, he became as excited as an Indian on the trail, or a moose-hunter in forest wilds in full view of his game. The whale was killed and captured while he gazed, and landed upon the southern shores of the harbor, where, at their leisure, the party could visit and study the monster. But Uncle Gyp could not forgive himself that he had not been near one of the pursuing boats at the time of its starting, and thus possibly have become a participant in the capture.

"You will have to compromise the matter by giving Uncle Gyp a fishing-trip," said Fritz. "He'll not be satisfied now until he has caught with his own hands a mighty codfish, or a halibut as long as himself. Ship him as a green hand in one of those dories yonder, Cousin Malcolm, and make an old salt of him, out of hand. Come; heave ahead, my hearty; get on your tarry trousers and prepare for a cruise! Borrow a big jack-knife, stow away a chaw of tobacco in your

starboard cheek, and be off!" he added, apostrophizing his Western relative.

In point of fact, a trip had already been arranged for the Missourian, by which he was to join the crew of a fishing-boat on their excursion the following morning to the fishing-grounds, and thus add a new experience to the stores of knowledge he was so rapidly acquiring. The boat would leave an hour or two before dawn, and return as soon as the fishing-hours were over and the sun had begun to mount high in his course. This programme was exactly carried out, Uncle Gyp's principal good luck in the voyage being in escaping sea-sickness, except in its very mildest form; though he did succeed in catching a brace of haddock, and might have hauled in the very grandfather of all codfishes had not his line parted in the struggle, with no better result than to land him sprawling in the bottom of the boat.



WHARF AT PROVINCETOWN  
MASS.

However, in Uncle Gyp's estimation, this adventure was an enormous success; and one would suppose, upon hearing him relate the matter afterwards, that the suggestion of Fritz had been literally taken, and that the Missourian had in truth become an "old salt."

For the remainder of that day only did our excursionists continue the tarry at Provincetown. The next morning, "bright and early," they bid farewell to the "tip-end" and its myriad attractions, and took up the line of march towards the mainland, having sent their baggage forward to Wellfleet by rail. Their walk was little better than a ramble; for they made short halts at every new point of observation offering, and these were constantly suggesting themselves. Pursuing

the line of cliff along the outer shore, conversing with every individual or party they met, fraternizing with campers, and anon gathering in solemn conclave to decide the merits of some apparent phenomenon, the hours wore lightly on, and in due course of time they reached Highland Light. When this situation and Wellfleet had been explored and studied, and they had rested from their somewhat unusual feats in pedestrianism, again they sent their baggage forward, this time to Hyannis, while themselves followed it in their slow and easy journey up-Cape, occasionally securing a ride with some servant of the public who plied his team from village to village, or making short trips from station to station upon the railroad, but usually trudging along on foot. They passed in zigzag course from side to side of the Cape, according as the hamlets and villages were built upon the inside or outside shores, or as inclination influenced them to direct their routes. Having little shelter from the sun, their hands and faces became darkly bronzed, while their necks were reddened to the color of dark mahogany. But they soon became indurated to the exercise, and could continue the trip all day after their manner, the only serious result being an alarming increase in appetite, Fritz declaring, with half-meant disgust, that his capacity for food grew smaller and smaller as his desire to eat became greater and greater. They tested the water at various points in bathing; made shrewd observations in cranberry culture; asked questions and compared notes with everybody within and without the villages; and made calls, often keenly interesting, at farmers' houses or fishermen's huts.

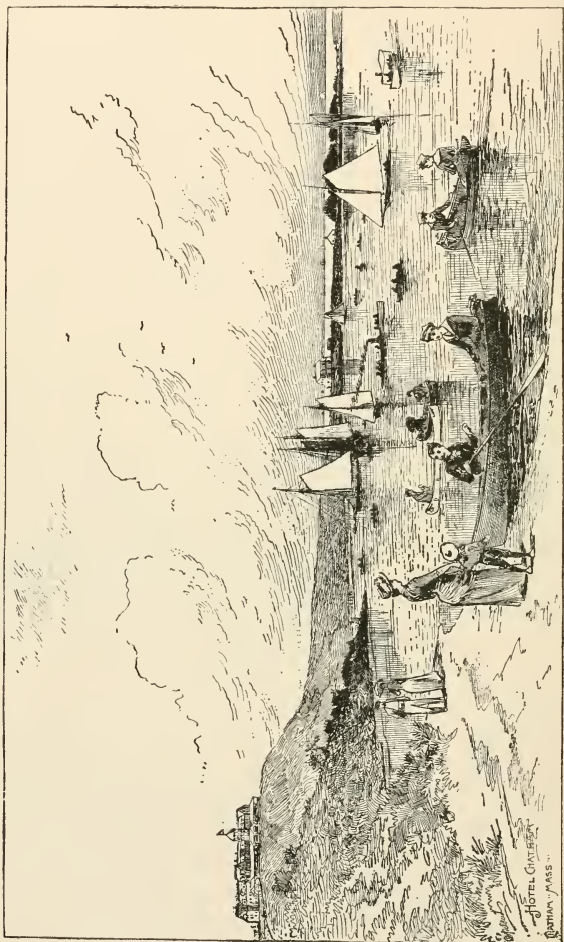
At Harwich, or about mid-Cape with regard to its length, and near the inner, or bay, side, our adventurers were made aware that a short branch of the railroad stretched itself across the land to the outer shores,—a spur of only six or seven miles in length, but which offered agreeable variety for their investigations, and a notable situation at its farthest terminus for ocean study.

“We must not omit the trip to Chatham,” said Malcolm, “the ancient Monomoy of the Cape Indians, who had known the place and its attractions for nobody knows how long before the Pilgrims found it. Chatham occupies the elbow of the bended arm that this cape so fairly represents, and is indeed beautiful for situation. Should we experience a northeaster in this locality, Uncle Gyp, you would certainly find the place no mean rival of the Cohasset shores; and, in the matters of rolling surf and far-extended lines of mighty waves, you would possibly conclude that here is the superior of anything of the kind to be found on the coast. The broad Atlantic rolls and roars upon the bars and shores of Chatham; and the impetus of its waves is gathered hundreds, sometimes thousands, of miles away, over towards the other continent.”

The trip by train across-Cape occupied but little time, and was, to



say the truth, interesting chiefly through the illustrations it furnished of what the winds of heaven, blowing for all time, can do with sand, found originally in volumes unmeasured and unstinted, and provided



by Dame Nature in the early days apparently for no other purpose than for the breezes to exercise themselves upon. The short successions of hill and plain, of the composition just above indicated, but of greenest verdure and most inviting situations, and the sparse groves



and clumps of stunted wood-growths of the section, were soon passed, and the party found itself sauntering through the main street of Chat-ham town, a white gleaming light-tower at its far end irresistibly attracting their roving fancies.

Some time before this object was reached, our trampers emerged upon a high-lifted plateau, or cliff formation, overlooking the contracted harbor, and sand-spits and islands, and from which glimpses, more or less extended, were obtained of Old Ocean.

Arrived in the neighborhood of the lighthouse, they advanced to the edge of the plateau, leaving buildings and all artificial obstructions to the outward view behind, and stood for a time silent and absorbed in the scene spread out before them.

"Your western country can present nothing in the way of scenery to equal this," said Fritz, in a tone of suppressed enthusiasm, his eyes entranced with gazing. "What a grand sweep of ocean view! and what a study for an artist!"

The tortuous shores, backed by heights at either end of the town, and preserving their cliff formation in almost every part, stretched away in full view from where they stood, serrated and indented by numerous miniature bays and inlets, bounded by sand-spits and "flats" and shoals scattered in admirable disorder on every side.

The white-painted buildings of the principal village and its outlying hamlets appeared an appropriate and ornamental fringe, artificially adorning the handiwork of Nature. Seaward, long lines and successions of beaches of cleanest sands were displayed in every direction, upon which the delicate surf of the perfect summer day was cast incessantly, tracing fantastic and constantly changing lines that glittered and feathered in the sunlight. The white-towered lighthouses appeared like coast-guard sentinels posted at prominent points. The sea-birds floated lazily over their feeding-places, or wheeled rapidly in great spirals as they descended upon their prey. But the grandest artificial feature of the scene was the stately procession of the passing shipping. Too far away to render it possible to observe the effects upon them of the heaving swell, the individuals of the fleet were still near enough to reveal their peculiarities and attributes of form and bulk to the gazers from the cliff; and each, under full sail, appeared an animated picture, drawn by master-hand, and reflecting a skill in art beyond human conception. Fleet of keel, and appearing like swift-moving railway trains gliding through the midst of a wide-spread tented encampment, some dusky ocean steamers were flitting, the red and black of their hulls and stacks in sharp contrast to the expanses of snowy canvas they were successively passing; while on the shore a similar effect was produced by the occasional turnout traversing the driveways that wound among the hills in the distance or the nearer village streets. The fleet numbered hundreds of vessels, and stretched

its columns far away, northward and southward, until at both extremes the forms of its members were lost by intervening headlands or wood-crowned islands. On all sides, so pure was the air and so fair the day, the horizon appeared countless miles away.

"It was to this place," explained Malcolm, who was never at a loss for historic reminiscences or associations connected with any place they visited, "that Governor Bradford came for corn during the first voyage of the Pilgrims around Cape Cod. It was then called Monomoy, and did not, in fact, become Chatham until nearly a century later. There are some quaint old records in this town, and"—

"There are some grand old situations here," interrupted Uncle Gyp, "that I propose to see more of. But look at yonder fine hotel building, the only one of its kind that we have seen on the Cape thus far. Indeed, a locality like this cannot be without accommodations for travellers."

"As to that," returned Malcolm, "the possibilities of shortcoming are infinite in every part of this section; but Chatham, with her branch railroad and unequalled natural attractions, will undoubtedly 'make up for lost time' in the near future. Her interests in this direction are now in the hands of men who have both the capital and the energy necessary to their development. Her light will no longer 'be hidden under a bushel.'"

"Her government light, do you mean?" queried Fritz, who had come back to earth again and had noted the last sentence of Malcolm's reply. "In this case I should say the bushel is under the light, instead of the light being under the bushel," he continued, pointing toward the "squatty" form of the lighthouse as he spoke.

Geographically, Chatham is the most easterly territory of Massachusetts, or indeed of the United-States coasts south of Maine, lying some miles farther in that direction than Nantucket. The shores of Chatham are consequently well extended toward the passing Gulf Stream, and sensibly feel the influence of that remarkable current, the waters of the vicinity and the air being softened by its proximity. The finest bathing is to be found within the semi-inland waters enclosed between the outlying sand-bars and islands and the harbor shores. Pleasant Bay, as this inland sheet of salt water is called, is indeed a pleasant bay under all circumstances or conditions, and affords a continuous sailing-course of upwards of twenty-two miles. Its connection with the ocean waters "outside" is by openings, or channels, between the bars, or by the broader pathways of the roadsteads. The ocean fishing hereabouts is of the finest, bluefish, striped bass, turbot, flounders, eels, perch, tautog, etc., with native beds of oysters and the finest clams, abounding. Boating and sailing are available pastimes at any time of day or tide, and the whole round of summer employments is complete and unfailing.

As Uncle Gyp had concluded would be the case, the tarry of a day hereabouts afforded the trio unbounded satisfaction; and the trip up-Cape was resumed twenty-four hours later with even increased enthusiasm.

And so always, and under all circumstances, they found a zest of summer life in every nook and corner of the charmed region which held them captive.

In every section they discovered individuals and parties—visitors like themselves—sojourning here now for the first time, or veterans in summering on these shores, who could no more be persuaded to pass a vacation elsewhere than they could be made to believe that ocean water is poisonous to humanity. The cottages were full to overflowing; and troops of women and children, men and maidens, in tasteful though negligent costumes, and with that air and tone of good breeding which sufficiently proclaimed their association with wealthy and cultured homes, appeared along the favorite beaches, or strolled in the piney woods or among the sand-hills, or cruised in diminutive crafts in the waters of the bay or ocean. The villages showed numberless forms and faces, evidently not belonging to the resident population, but representing pilgrims and strangers making happy acquaintance with new scenes and delights. Each day and railway train brought accession to the scenes; and the representatives were of every American region, with a fair proportion from over seas.

The trip from Hyannis—the largest village of Barnstable on the ocean side, and the point geographically nearest to Nantucket—to Falmouth and Wood's Holl was made by our party in a carriage on a most delightful day.

Nothing in natural scenery can exceed the beauty of this trip along-shore on southern Cape Cod. The ocean views here are across the Vineyard Sound and the waters which lay between the mainland and the island of Nantucket, a roadstead almost always crowded with shipping, it being the great highway for all vessels sailing between northern and southern ports. When the sun shines brightly and the breezes blow lightly over these waters, the sea views in all directions are enchantingly beautiful. The shore between Hyannis and Wood's Holl is broken, and for a large part rugged and ledgy, picturesque points and headlands and cliffy formations alternating with frequent deep indentations, whose green banks slope backward and upward on either side in fairest summer array. The road, which closely follows the conformation of the shore, is laid sometimes through finest wood-growths, or winds over hills, from whose sides and summits long stretches of landscape, or reaches of ocean, may be seen; or it passes through quiet hamlets of summer cottages or ancient residences, or within the very shadow of modern-built hotels, sheltering great companies of summer guests. In all these parts is the very paradise

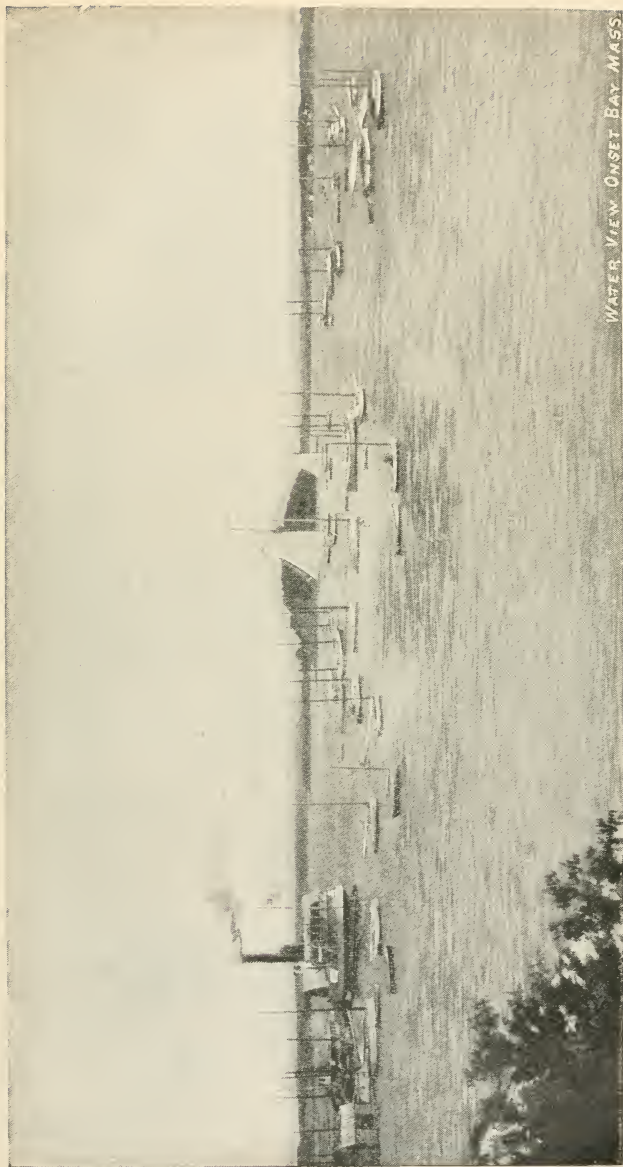
of the tourist and summer traveller, and as well of the city denizen and his family, whose escape from the brick-and-mortar home of the crowded metropolis or centre, and whose changed life in these healthful recreative resorts, are experiences which go far towards glorifying existence.

*Nobska Light, near Wood's Holl.*



*Fog Bell, near Wood's Holl.*

“I must own to a strong feeling of regret,” said the Missourian next morning, as the train bound for Boston rolled out of the station at Wood’s Holl, “at leaving Cape Cod. I always thought that I should be astonished, and perhaps disagreeably so, at the sight and experience of the ocean; but I never supposed for a moment that I should learn to love it, or to find in its scenes and surroundings the most delightful experiences of my life. Yet such is the case, and, for all I can see, you may rivet the chains still stronger upon me, before we have finished our wanderings and explorations.”



WATER VIEW ONSET BAY MASS.



"Uncle Gyp is a true convert," put in Fritz; "he allows all the influences to work directly upon his make-up, and confidently believes that there are more and better in reserve. I am afraid he would backslide, however, if you should keep him over until December, and then bring him down here in a tough northeaster, with the thermometer at freeze, and the snow gathering at the rate of a foot an hour on the levels."

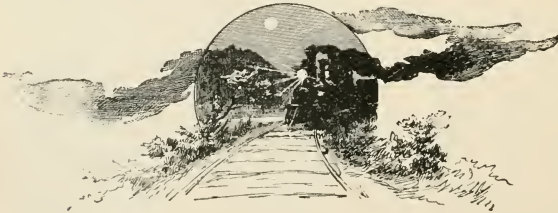
"That there are more of beauties and novelties in scenery and situation yet in store for us is true enough," said Malcolm; "and it is more than likely that of some of them you will say, 'The half has not been told.' The Buzzard's-Bay section, which invites just before us, with Onset waters and Marion woods and shores outlying, is a perfect fairy region, enchanting to all within their borders, and especially to those who make long pilgrimage thither, and whose eyes are used to far different scenes.

"See! Here on our left Buzzard's Bay is showing now. Did you ever look upon waters lying in such silvery sheets, or witness such a union of shore and ocean as that? No wonder the Indians of old loved their wild homes, and gave such picturesque and meaning names to the localities of this region they frequented.

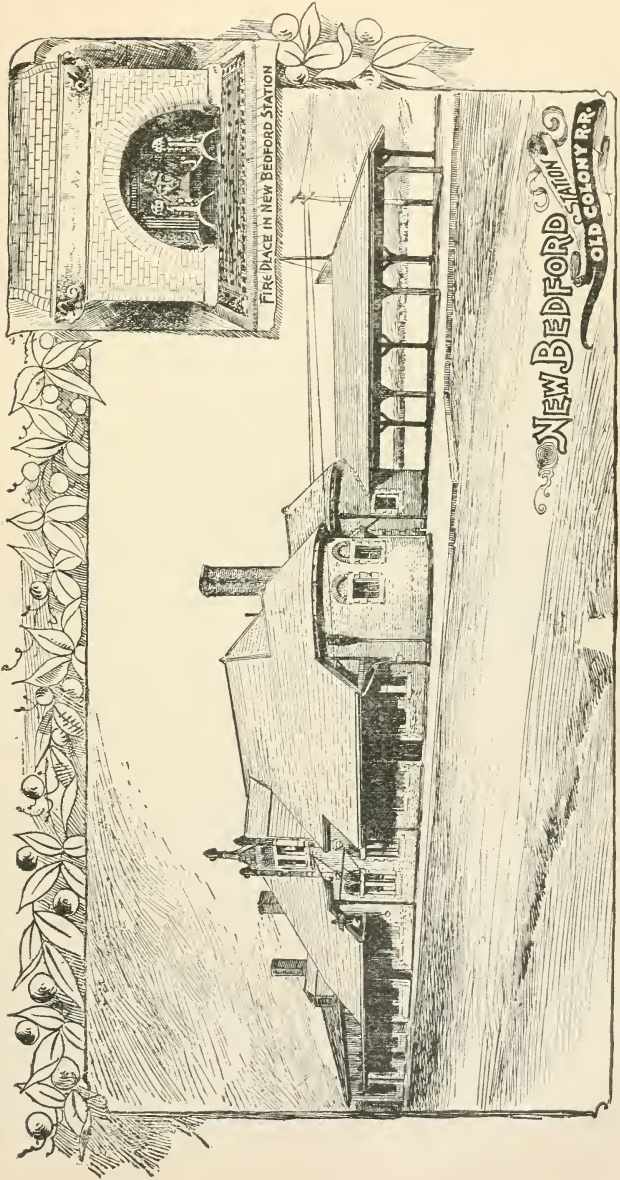
"We are now almost within the limits of Plymouth territory again; and yonder dark line of woods forms the outer boundary of that forest, the other side of which you beheld so near to Plymouth town. A tramp of fifteen miles as the crow flies would not more than take you from the edge of that forest now in sight to Plymouth Rock. But we will not make that trip today."

"No, indeed," said Fritz; "now that we are fairly on board the train, I am impatient to get back to your house, Cousin Malcolm. A day or two of rest, with an occasional ramble about city streets, will put me in prime condition for another pedestrian tour."

"The youngster is very far gone indeed," quietly observed his uncle; whereupon Fritz looked decidedly sheepish, as though he had been detected in premeditating deviltry.







## CHAPTER VI.

Some Inland Old-Colony Situations. — From New Bedford to Nantucket by Steamboat. — Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard.



“**H**OW time flies!” said Fritz, “especially when one is enjoying himself, and is counting the days when he must return to dull routine — to the same ‘demd, horrid grind,’ as Mantilini has it. Here it is nearly mid-summer, and I have just one week longer to tarry in this region. The momentous question to be answered, Cousin Malcolm, is, How shall that week be best employed, so that a fitting ending may be secured for this remarkable vacation?”

“Is the world on your shoulders, young man?” returned Uncle Gyp. “One would suppose,” he continued, addressing Malcolm in a good-natured affectation of sarcasm, “to hear him talk of dull routine and the like, that cares were weighing him into the grave. What notable business venture is grinding the flesh off you?” he asked, again addressing Fritz. “We have not yet heard of your apprenticeship to any very wearisome occupation.”

“Come now, Uncle Gyp, you are too hard,” interposed Beth, instinctively championing the cause of Fritz, even though she knew it was not necessary. “Fritz is a law student, and is soon to be admitted to the bar; and if there is not routine and grinding enough in that occupation, it has been greatly belied.”

“Oh, never mind Uncle Gyp!” retorted Fritz, whose relations with the old gentleman were of the most elastic kind; “an old tar is privileged to growl, and your salt-water cruiser always becomes overbearing in the end. He’ll fancy your house a frigate, and himself an admiral, and command the whole business if he stays here much longer, Cousin Malcolm. Actually, he was looking at a suit of navy-blue in the city yesterday, with trousers-legs a yard wide at the foot, and a broad-collared flannel shirt to match. Sit down, Beth, and teach him ‘Nancy Lee,’ and we’ll send him rolling home by and by.”

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SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

1607 The first settlement by Massachusetts was made at Plymouth, on the spot where the Pilgrims landed in 1620. In 1630 the first permanent settlement was made at Boston, on the spot where the Puritans landed in 1630. In 1633 the first settlement was made at Nantucket, on the spot where the first Nantucketers landed in 1633.

1639 The first settlement by Massachusetts was made at Nantucket, on the spot where the first Nantucketers landed in 1639. In 1640 the first settlement was made at Wampanoag, on the spot where the first Wampanoags landed in 1640. In 1641 the first settlement was made at Wampanoag, on the spot where the first Wampanoags landed in 1641.

1642 The first settlement by Massachusetts was made at Wampanoag, on the spot where the first Wampanoags landed in 1642. In 1643 the first settlement was made at Wampanoag, on the spot where the first Wampanoags landed in 1643. In 1644 the first settlement was made at Wampanoag, on the spot where the first Wampanoags landed in 1644.



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

1703 The first settlement by Massachusetts was made at Nantucket, on the spot where the first Nantucketers landed in 1703. In 1704 the first settlement was made at Nantucket, on the spot where the first Nantucketers landed in 1704. In 1705 the first settlement was made at Nantucket, on the spot where the first Nantucketers landed in 1705.

1706 The first settlement by Massachusetts was made at Nantucket, on the spot where the first Nantucketers landed in 1706. In 1707 the first settlement was made at Nantucket, on the spot where the first Nantucketers landed in 1707. In 1708 the first settlement was made at Nantucket, on the spot where the first Nantucketers landed in 1708.

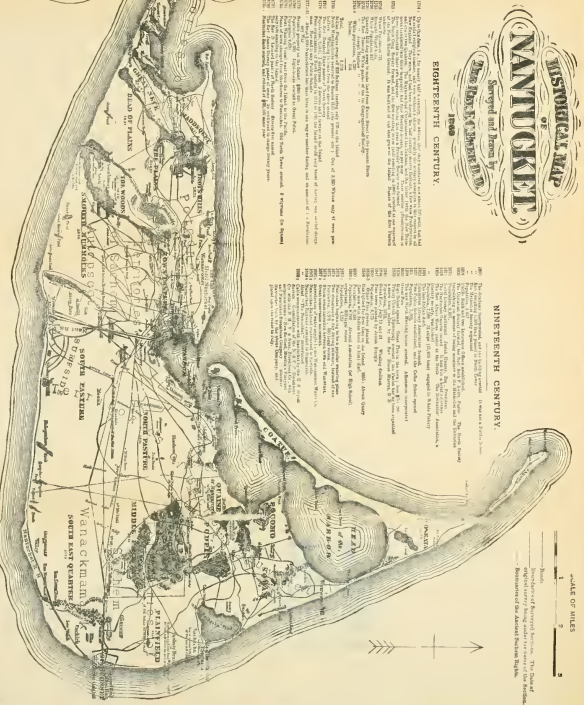
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

1800 The first settlement by Massachusetts was made at Nantucket, on the spot where the first Nantucketers landed in 1800. In 1801 the first settlement was made at Nantucket, on the spot where the first Nantucketers landed in 1801. In 1802 the first settlement was made at Nantucket, on the spot where the first Nantucketers landed in 1802.

1803 The first settlement by Massachusetts was made at Nantucket, on the spot where the first Nantucketers landed in 1803. In 1804 the first settlement was made at Nantucket, on the spot where the first Nantucketers landed in 1804. In 1805 the first settlement was made at Nantucket, on the spot where the first Nantucketers landed in 1805.

**THE OLD COLONY LINE**  
IS THE  
**SHORTEST, QUICKEST, BEST,**  
AND  
**ONLY DIRECT ROUTE**  
BETWEEN  
**BOSTON OR NEW YORK,**  
AND  
**NANTUCKET & MARTHA'S VINEYARD.**

Eastern District  
South and Kent Streets,  
OLD COLONY BLDG.  
NEW YORK DISTRICT  
Fac. 28 North Street,  
FALL RIVER BLDG.



SCALE OF MILES  
1 2 3  
Nantucket  
Wampanoag  
Martha's Vineyard  
Wanackamam  
SOUTH EAST QUARTERS

“So far all our excursions have indeed been flavored with salt water,” said Malcolm. “Perhaps it is time that I showed you what we have to offer in the way of country scenes in New England. We have no farming centres at all like your great plantations in the West, Uncle Gyp; nor can we exhibit wheat-fields and broad acres such as are common enough in the neighborhood of Fritz’s New-York home: but we know something about rural scenes and inland localities which are not entirely destitute of attractions, and which possess characteristics and attributes not altogether unworthy of consideration. I propose to employ a day or two in running about Plymouth and Bristol Counties, away from the seashore,—a short sojourn in neighborhoods that have no coasts to distinguish them. The Old-Colony Railroad here is a universal servant, and has a station in everybody’s back-yard, as the saying is; and we can run about among the inland features of the region by its aid as readily as though behind the fastest trotters on the road.”

As no exceptions were ever taken to Malcolm’s propositions, and as he had proved himself the most entertaining, experienced, and infallible of personal conductors, this project was at once put into execution.

Brockton, with its wonderful industries and breezy enterprise; Bridgewater and Middleboro, with their fine farming districts and country homes of surpassing loveliness; the remarkable manufacturing establishments of Taunton and the Easton and Bridgewater villages; the strawberry fields of Dighton; the picnic and fair grounds scattered so lavishly in the whole region;—all these features were noted, and passed in review, as it were. But especially was attention given to the natural situations, and the attractions growing out of the ancient quality of the community establishments. In this manner nearly the whole of the Old Colony inland and its neighborhoods were visited.

The friends were constrained to admit that the quiet country scenes connected so intimately—and yet not in the slightest degree marred thereby—with so much that was foremost in productive industries could not be surpassed for beauty and situation, and attractiveness for summering, by any localities of their kind to be found elsewhere. There were trout in the streams, black-bass and perch in the ponds and lakes; never-ending successions of hills and elevations presenting the fairest outlooks as varied as their shapes; groves and dense woods through which driveways were laid; and, withal, community and social establishments and institutions representing the highest results of civilization. There was little of absolutely uninteresting country in all the region, historic associations, where no other influences or attributes obtained, proving sufficient to render attractive even the most ordinary and commonplace situations.



A notable feature of revelation which Malcolm thus made of the quality of the country scenes visited was the fact that every town and village through which the party passed, or in the midst of which they sojourned, was found to be the centre of a summer population which had been gathered from far and near, and which enlarged the communities in the midst of which it was found, until, as it would seem, every facility and provision of their establishment were in fullest employment. Not only the hotels, but every private residence, seemed to have its complement of summer visitors; and here, as upon Cape Cod, the "visiting element" appeared to control the administration of affairs, while the natives were simply the obedient servants of the itinerants. Moreover, these "affairs" seemed largely to consist in such employments and engagements as belong principally to recreative, entertaining, and delightful pastimes. In short, the whole region was given over to vacation exercises, and the spirit of relaxation and unrestrained pleasure-seeking ruled the hour.



Historically, the inland sections of Plymouth and Bristol Counties are hardly less interesting than the seacoast neighborhoods, the stirring, often romantic and tragic episodes which characterized the early days of the Old Colony finding frequent location among them. These sections witnessed some of the most exciting events of the Indian wars, and the conflicts with King Philip and his dusky warriors oc-



curred frequently in this locality. The woods of Bridgewater, Middleboro, and the stretch of country lying between the present cities of Taunton and New Bedford have rung with the war-whoop of savages again and again, and the waters of Assawampsett and the rivers and great ponds of the region have assisted in both their attacks and their escapes on almost countless occasions. Great councils as well as great battles have taken place in all these parts, and there is not a town or village anywhere here but can point to its notable localities where transactions or performances of moment occurred.



Upon these trips Beth was again numbered with the party, her enthusiastic participation in its enjoyments, her lively wit, and rallying of her companions, and the evident consideration which her presence won for the excursionists from fellow-travellers and the residents wherever they visited, only supplementing those other personal qualities which would have made her most welcome under any circumstances.

As the afternoon declined on the fourth day out, our excursionists, whose last employments afield had been the study of the hieroglyphics of the Dighton Rock, took train at Weir Junction, and in short course of time found themselves in goodly New Bedford. The hours of daylight that remained after the arrival of the train gave opportunity for an extended drive about the shores and borders on the water side of this beautifully situated city.

About a half-dozen miles below New Bedford, occupying one of the prettiest, most attractive sections of the Buzzard's-Bay shores, they found Nonquitt, a village district of Dartmouth. Possessing the undulating natural formation of the coasts in these neighbor-

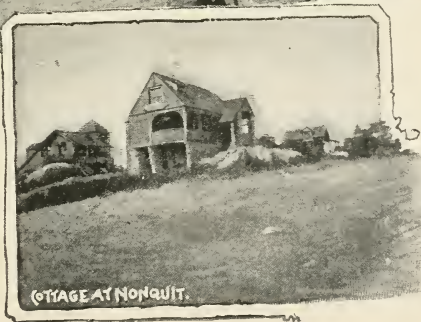
hoods, and overlooking ocean waters for vast extents and in their most beautiful manifestations, Nonquitt is a favorite resort of appreciative people in summer time, and richly repays all those who choose to make sojourn within its borders. Here was the summer home of General Sheridan and his family for the last years of his life; and it was to Nonquitt that the United-States naval vessel, the *Swatara*, carefully brought the dying general in July, 1888; and here, about four weeks later, he breathed his last. The cool, sweet, recreative air of this charming spot cannot, indeed, restore to prolonged life persons already smitten by the last enemy of mankind; but it can ensure revival to the depressed, the weary, and the hard worn, and intense delights to the fairly healthful, seeking in natural situations and surroundings the benefits of vacation seasons more or less prolonged.

It may have been the surpassing loveliness of the scenes oceanward; or perhaps the roving desire was stimulated by the peculiar influence of the hour and the experience of the past two days: at all events, while supper was discussing at the hotel table that evening, Beth proposed that, instead of returning home on the morrow, as had been arranged when the excursion was begun, the party should proceed by boat to Nantucket and finish the trip by a visit to both that island and Martha's Vineyard.

"Beyond some telegraphing necessitated, and the regret that we have not with us a little more baggage for the lengthened stay away, I can see no objection to that proceeding," said Malcolm, upon whom the sight of the Nantucket boat at her dock soon after their arrival had produced about the same effect as would the apparition of a fox to a veteran hunter. "The water trip from this city to Nantucket is one of the finest that is afforded on the coast, the steamer touching at Wood's Holl and the Vineyard, and including every variety of shore and ocean scenery in the experience. We shall have time for a drive to Fairhaven and Mattapoissett and alongshore before the boat starts tomorrow; and, as fair weather can be depended upon for some days now, I—second the motion."

The point was enthusiastically carried, the speeches and comments thereon having a remarkable unanimity of sentiment and feeling. That no time might be lost on the following morning, or, rather, that the morning might be entirely utilized, the party retired early to rest, to dream of the Norsemen and their adventures, or to render still more intricate and puzzling the handwriting upon the rocks on the shores of Taunton Great River.

When on the morrow our excursionists made their appearance upon the deck of the steamer that was to transport them to Nantucket, they were at once strongly impressed with the idea that all other sojourning strangers and pilgrims in New Bedford had been seized with



the same impulse under which they were acting. Upon the arrival of the Fall-River-Line train, the boat was not simply crowded, but literally swarming with humanity,—the passengers from New York contributing a goodly quota,—men, women, and children jostling one another and stirring about in all directions within the spaces which limited their movements. Naturally, the members of our party made



their way to the saloon deck, and sought positions from which outlooks might be most comfortably enjoyed after the vessel had begun the trip, and from which the most comprehensive witnessing of the localities to be traversed might be afforded. As good luck would have it, Malcolm found, in the person of an executive officer of the boat, a long-time acquaintance and friend; and under his direction the

party found excellent abiding-place upon a privileged portion of the vessel, from whence the finest views in every direction could be obtained.

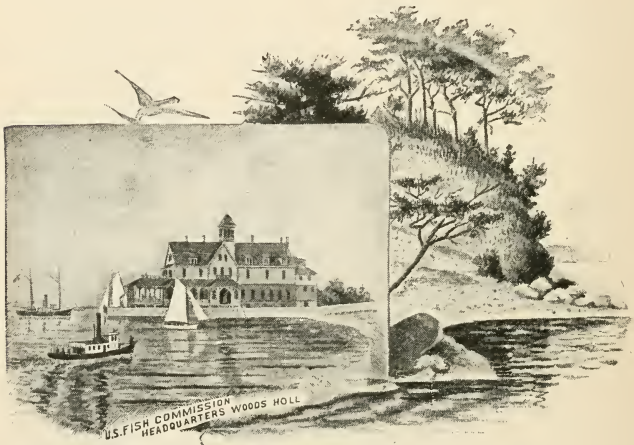
The water trips from New Bedford to Nantucket are among the most delightful experiences in summering afforded along the Atlantic coasts. Stern and rigorous as the New-England shores may be in winter time, there is an air and influence pervading them in summer which more than compensates for all their repulsiveness during the cold months. Nothing like these qualities is observable farther south. The exemplification of the peculiarities of the temperate zone, as presented in New England between Boston and Newport, is worthy of careful study, as among the most interesting and practical of the scientific questions of the day. The modification of climatic, sanitary, and meteorological conditions brought about by the proximity of the Gulf Stream and Arctic currents to the shores included within these areas is remarkable, and as yet quite beyond the bounds of scientific explanation. The variations of temperature, often including a range of many degrees within a few miles of distance; the differing of sanitary conditions, by which the same winds, blowing over districts or sections only a few miles apart, are bracing, or mild and softly beneficent in their influences; the electrical phenomena presented; the absence of tempests and thunder-storms in many localities in the districts above outlined, and their diversion or dissipation when threatening;—the scientific or philosophical observer is equally interested with the pleasure-seeker and the tourist in all these matters, although occupying, it may be, far different standpoints.

“There was a time,” said Malcolm, after the steamer had got well under headway and was gliding rapidly through the smooth waters of the roadstead, “and that not very long ago in the past, when one could hardly have sailed in this neighborhood without sighting the great black hulls or the broad canvas of the ‘whalers,’ whose enterprise made rich and built up these New-Bedford, Fairhaven, and Mattapoisett localities, and laid the foundations for honorable careers, individual and associated, that will not cease for many a year yet to come. The fortunes thus acquired developed and beautified these shores on every hand, supplementing the handiwork of Nature by employing art and inventive genius in occupying, building upon, and ornamenting these headlands, beaches, and overshadowing hills. It was wealth thus accumulated that furnished so many fine estates lying about in all directions among these communities, established and perfected their driveways, planted their institutions and their artistic attractions as well as their prosperity, so far as these depended upon the efforts of man in bettering his condition. But if there were not a building, nor a cultured spot, not any evidence of the cunning work of humanity to be found in all these sections, they would still in



summer attract irresistibly the attention of every visitor, and delight beyond measure every witness of their natural charms. It is a wonderful peculiarity of the Southern New-England region that even the cities dotted along its coasts possess all the qualities requisite to the finest watering-places, as these are recognized by the civilized world. And Boston, New Bedford, Newport,—what are they but centres of summer delights impossible to outvie?”

The steamer sped along the shores. Many islands great and small were now within sight, some presenting bold and rugged features, and others appearing as though floating upon the glassy waters surrounding. Malcolm explained that often these islands were private property, the summer headquarters of wealthy families or individuals, or of club organizations representing the great eastern cities of the country.



They were now fairly upon Buzzard's Bay, which extends from the mouth of the Acushnet River, along which New Bedford is builded, to Wood's Holl,—a water division some thirty miles long by ten miles wide, and which penetrates inland by numerous indentations and openings, thus becoming parts of the most picturesque scenery and situations imaginable.

Passing the rocky gateway off Wood's Holl, at one of whose many wharves the boat makes tarry and connection with the trains of the Old-Colony Railroad, and where many passengers from Boston and beyond, and other points on the Old-Colony system, are added to the company, the steamer soon emerged upon the broader waters beyond, and began the cruise over Vineyard Sound. Thus writes one English



tourist, with the memory of the views hereabouts outspread fresh in his mind:—

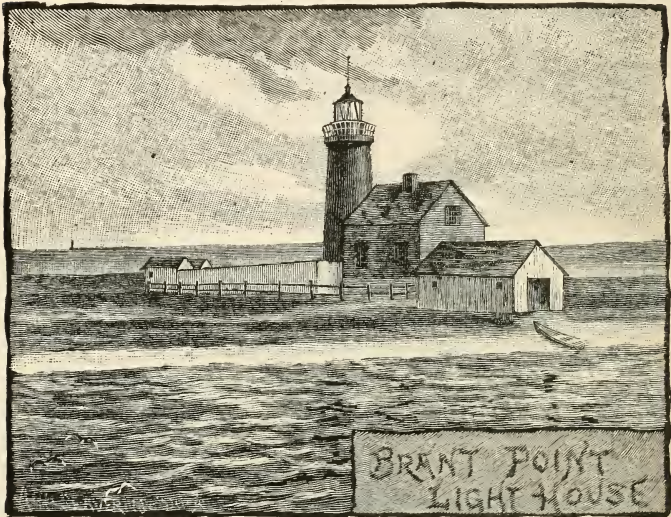
“What scenes can be more refreshing and exalting than an expansive view of the mighty waves, dotted here and there with such beautiful islands as those in the Vineyard Sound? While aquatic birds skim the waves, and the gulls are screaming, dipping, and darting over a shoal of bluefish or menhaden, vessels outward and homeward bound are always passing; for it includes in its range of view the packets and sailing-craft between New York and Boston. We have here a foreground and perspective worthy of the pencil of Claude Lorraine, while the background is formed of the granite shores of Massachusetts.”

The landing-places at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, are eight miles from Wood's Holl. After touching at the wharf and leaving passengers and freight, the steamer proceeded on the trip to Nantucket, distant about thirty miles. This distance comprises an ocean sail, the course being over the broad rolling Atlantic; and the passenger may easily attain the experience upon this voyage of “being out of sight of land.” In winter Nantucket is frequently cut off, by ice and stormy weather, from the mainland, and upon such occasions has been, until recently, when a submarine telegraph cable was laid, as completely isolated from the remainder of the world as though a part of the moon, or some other planet outside the earth.

“So far as outside indications help one to judge,” said the Missourian, as the steamer approached the entrance to the harbor, “Nantucket appears like a liberal section of Cape Cod, sliced off during some natural convulsion, and removed to its present position by a mighty hurricane or cyclone. There are the same sandy beaches and cliff shores rising boldly from the surf-lines, the dunes stretching away in regular lines as on the mainland; and the vegetation in sight presents the same furzy, sage-green appearance which grows so monotonous from Wareham to Provincetown. There is a modern hotel, however,” he continued, as the dark bulk of a great caravansary loomed before them, clearly outlined along the low sand-spit which protects the inner harbor basin.

“And in the neighborhood of that hotel there is the finest sea-bathing along the Atlantic coasts,” said Malcolm, “and perfectly safe under all circumstances for men, women, and children. The beaches here are naturally protected, the tide has large ebb and flow, and the sands are thoroughly heated by the summer sun when the water is out; so that as it rolls back again it is finely tempered in passing over them, and becomes delicious for bathing purposes. On moonlit evenings the bathers are heard rollicking in these waters until night is far advanced; for the darkness is as safe as the light in these parts, which is an unusual condition on ocean shores. On the south side of the

island, away round to the right there, beyond those points and out of sight from here, there is surf-bathing on the "outside," where the water breaks and tumbles on the shore in a line of surf miles in extent, and where, looking outward from the Nantucket bluffs, the nearest opposite shores are hundreds upon hundreds of miles away. Thus this island furnishes every kind of sea-bathing, and under the best conditions. In fact, this is one of the features of its existence as a watering-place, and it stands unrivalled in regard to it."



Inside the breakwater, and as the boat passed the lordly summer hotel above alluded to, and rounded Brant Point, with its uplifted lighthouse, the first ever erected in this country, the water was as smooth as a mill-pond; and when the inner basin was fairly entered upon, with the ancient wharves and docks in full view, the surroundings appeared much more like those of a land-locked lake than of a maritime port that had once been of chief importance as a factor in the commercial industries of the country.

"What queer-looking houses!" said Beth; "and how ancient and venerable everything seems about here!"

"I declare I should think the residents had removed their verandas to the roofs," continued Fritz, in the same strain. "I had no idea Nantucket was so hilly."

"The town is built upon commanding elevations, as you see," explained Malcolm; "and the fenced enclosures upon the roofs of the

houses were designed, when they were put there, to furnish still more lofty lookouts to enable the denizens to see far out on the ocean, and get the first glimpse possible of approaching vessels. In the old times everybody here was in some way interested in the shipping of the port; and often momentous events, affecting fortune, and even life and death, might be hanging upon some arrival or departure. There are, however, rare pleasures awaiting the novice who mounts to those breezy lookouts, even now," he concluded.

The steamboat was made fast to her wharf, the passengers disembarked, and within a few moments the excursionists found themselves investigating their quarters in a hotel, where everything in the surroundings and appearances promised comfort and gratification. To dine and to get upon the streets for a stroll, or "voyage of discovery," as Malcolm termed it, was the work of no long time.



"There is more grass in the streets than on the hillsides!" quoth the Missourian, who had grown wonderfully sharp-eyed of late; "but how quiet, orderly, and serene everything seems hereabouts! Yet nobody we have seen appears in the least sleepy or dull, but quite the contrary. I verily believe, Malcolm, that your sections differ as greatly as do the countries of Europe. You have shown us what might be England, and France, and Norway; and now here is Holland."

"That's right, Uncle Gyp," said Fritz; "don't neglect your opportunities. You see how it is, Beth; he has made a voyage of thirty

miles over the real Atlantic today, and now he is all ready to go home to Missouri to tell his neighbors about England and France and Holland, and to season his talk, no doubt, with grand moral reflections concerning the rise, progress, and degeneration of the Latin races. Salt water works wonders; that's the truth."

"Take care that I don't indulge in some reflections now and here with regard to the degeneracy of the Anglo-Saxon race, as illustrated by American youngsters," retorted his uncle. "Beth, I advise you to beware of a young man who indulges in sarcasm. It is a sure indication of a bad disposition, and may be founded upon bad nature. Unless you can reform this scapegrace, I advise you to have nothing to do with him."

"Indeed, I am the nephew of my uncle," returned Fritz; "and that relationship always turns out well, as all the world knows."

With eyes and all perceptive faculties enlisted in most pleasing service, and with such light badinage as the foregoing enlivening their intercourse, our excursionists passed from point to point in the quaint old town, observing, and questioning, and investigating, as became intelligent visitors to new scenes and localities, as well as sojourners in a most perfect summer-land. The day was far spent before they returned to their hotel; and new avenues of information were explored when, during the evening hours, they mingled with the great companies assembled upon the piazzas and in the public rooms of the caravansary, listening to and taking part in the conversation going forward, in which experiences were freely related, and the sights and scenes afforded in their new sojourning-place were illustrated.

For many years past Nantucket has been the summer resort of people who have understood and appreciated the value of its sanitary features as well as of its unrivalled attractions of natural scenery and surroundings; but of late this island has become popular as a watering-place, and the knowledge of its merits has extended far and wide. As a temporary abiding-place for persons who have been overworked, or prostrated in health and spirits from any cause, it is absolutely unrivalled by any locality on or off the Atlantic coasts; and a tarry here of only a few days will easily demonstrate the quality of the advantages possessed. Here there is no malaria; the air is perfectly pure, coming off the ocean no matter from what quarter the winds blow. The proximity of the Gulf Stream, and certain subtle natural influences that cannot be altogether explained, temper the atmosphere of this locality and impart to it tonic, curative, and invigorating qualities most wonderful in their effects. An eminent physician says: "The experiences of large numbers of visitors have shown it to be highly beneficial in diseases of the throat, lungs, etc., and in cases of malaria, asthma, nervous prostration, dyspepsia, general debility, and scrofulous affections. Patients who have travelled extensively in this





BEACH AT SURF SIDE, NANTUCKET

and foreign countries without special benefit have found in Nantucket the relief they sought." A remarkable sanitary feature is the healthful sleep induced.

The temperature is very even, summer and winter, as the following table will show. It must be remembered, in this connection, that the ocean breezes, constantly blowing across the island, temper the heats; and, even when the thermometer registers the highest, the air is invigorating and pleasing.

TEMPERATURE AT UNITED STATES SIGNAL STATION, NEW YORK, DURING JULY.				TEMPERATURE AT UNITED STATES SIGNAL STATION, NANTUCKET, DURING JULY.			
Date.	Maximum.	Minimum.	Mean.	Date.	Maximum.	Minimum.	Mean.
1	89.6	63.3	78.3	1	76.2	62.7	68.3
2	89.1	69.1	77.3	2	73.5	63.0	68.7
3	86.4	69.3	77.3	3	73.9	63.6	68.7
4	86.0	70.1	75.0	4	77.0	65.0	70.3
5	74.4	68.7	72.3	5	78.9	64.9	72.7
6	80.1	68.3	72.7	6	75.7	66.6	70.7
7	89.1	71.4	78.3	7	74.0	67.0	69.7
8	92.9	73.1	82.0	8	77.9	64.0	69.7
9	83.0	71.3	75.0	9	77.9	62.5	68.0
10	82.6	68.3	73.3	10	74.9	64.9	69.3
11	82.4	66.6	74.3	11	73.0	63.8	66.7
12	89.1	67.5	78.0	12	69.0	62.1	65.3
13	92.1	70.9	83.0	13	85.9	66.6	75.0
14	89.0	75.0	81.0	14	75.2	69.8	73.0
15	81.3	68.4	74.7	15	78.0	66.1	70.7
16	94.0	67.5	79.3	16	74.2	61.6	69.3
17	91.4	73.7	78.7	17	77.7	65.1	72.7
18	83.9	70.0	79.3	18	75.0	61.8	67.7
19	78.2	66.8	70.7	19	71.6	63.1	67.3
20	79.7	65.8	71.7	20	68.7	58.9	63.7
21	73.1	67.4	71.3	21	71.5	58.1	75.3
22	81.7	71.3	76.0	22	71.2	62.6	69.0
23	83.2	71.7	73.7	23	77.6	66.9	73.0
24	77.8	71.0	75.3	24	79.6	68.2	73.9
25	84.0	73.3	77.0	25	80.8	67.0	72.3
26	90.1	72.1	78.3	26	75.0	65.2	71.7
27	86.9	71.7	77.7	27	75.0	66.0	69.3
28	84.9	72.3	78.3	28	77.4	62.9	70.0
29	87.3	72.8	78.0	29	79.3	67.9	74.0
30	86.4	73.9	80.0	30	82.4	70.8	76.9
31	89.5	75.4	79.0	31	81.7	68.9	75.7

The town has excellent water, and its community is in the forefront of New-England civilization, and excels in provision for comfort, con-



venience, and social needs and delights. Points of interest abound in every part of the island, and these are connected or reached by well-made driveways, a railroad connecting the main village with Siasconset ('Sconset) on the south shore, where may be found one of the most unique and charming "settlements" on ocean borders. It goes without telling that here is peculiar provision for summer sporting,—boating, bluefishing on the shoals and in the roadsteads, shark-hunting off Wauwinet, perch-fishing in the fine ponds scattered about inland, the bathing already referred to in preceding pages, and every manner of out-door exercise and pastime. Besides, there is constant association with great companies of the best people from all sections



and centres, only such finding incentive or interest to visit such a quiet and orderly locality as is here to be found. The steamers make two trips between the island and the mainland daily, and the Old-Colony transportation service is perfect as regards the needs of Nantucket and the Vineyard.

Our excursionists remained in Nantucket long enough to become thoroughly delighted with its climate, people, institutions, and all its presentation of delights and enjoyments, and then departed again on the homeward course. At Martha's Vineyard a similar sojourn was entered upon, and what proved to be only another chapter in the experiences so happily begun on the island farther seaward took place. In general, the quaint, peculiar features, natural and artificial,

that render Nantucket so exceptional among places of summer resort are not repeated in its neighbor, the Vineyard, nor, indeed, anywhere else; but the ocean surroundings, the glorious outlooks from elevated points, the facilities afforded for summer sport and recreative exercises and employments, do not differ essentially in the two islands.

As the return steamer drew near the wharf at Cottage City, the great crowd upon the landing, the summer hotel with its accompanying institutions near the head of the wharf, the individual specimens and groups, larger and smaller ornate villas and cottages, and the appearance on every hand of the evidences of the great popular watering-place, were so plainly to be seen that the party could not but note and comment upon them.



“Those do not look like camp-meeting folks,” said Beth, her bright eyes dancing with the excitement caused by the animated features of the scene. “There’s everything but prinness to be seen in that crowd, and I don’t believe there’s an individual among them who has been ‘to meeting’ in a month; that is,” she qualified, “for any really religious purposes. They’re nice-looking people, though — aren’t they?” she continued, as if compromising with herself for having even unintentionally spoken lightly of anybody.

“The camp-meeting grounds are considerably distant from here,” explained Malcolm, “and there isn’t so much camp-meeting here any-way as there used to be. The truth is, this island is so fine in its situation, natural scenery, and attractiveness for all sorts of people in summer, that it was impossible that it should remain practically ‘sealed,’ as the Mormons say, to only one class; and it has gradually

changed the character of its summer life until the latter now includes all the elements that enter into a notable watering-place, like Atlantic City or Cape May. But the Vineyard has great attractions of its own apart from the centre presented immediately before us. One may travel upon this island for miles, and find something new at every advance,—some grand natural presentation, exceptionally fine outlook, or peculiarly marked phenomena which have been discovered nowhere else. Where outside this island can you find Gay Head duplicated; such ocean scenes as those about the ‘Devil’s Bridge,’ the ocean pathways of Holmes Hole and Vineyard Sound, or in sight from the Sea-View Boulevard alongshore?”

By this time, the steamer being fast to the wharf and the gang-plank thrown out, the party were prepared to land, and did so in company with many others, who, like themselves, had made the morning trip from Nantucket.

“One would think that it would be hardly possible to find two islands so near together, and apparently so alike in situation and circumstances, where the conditions of daily life appear so different,” said Fritz, as they walked up the main street. “One is the modern, the other the ancient, watering-place; and I’ll be hanged if I know which makes the larger draft upon my sympathies at first sight. It seems to me that, while the Old-Colony Railroad really covers a few hundreds of miles of seacoast by its system, it practically presents a succession of desirable centres for summering which thousands of miles elsewhere do not include, and which are as wonderful in the variety of their qualities and attractions as in the superiority of their departments.”

“Dame Nature is impartial, my boy,” quietly said the Missourian, “and she gives to each corner of the earth distinctive features that mark spots unique and unrivalled. But I must own that she has distributed her favors liberally hereabouts; though I suppose, from what I have seen and heard and read, that her compensations are apparent enough when it is winter time along these coasts. But for mid-summer — Malcolm, I will never spend a summer in the West again; and next year, should I live to see another, every chick and child of mine must pass their time in this Old-Colony region.” Awakening suddenly to the fact that he was getting enthusiastic in his declarations, he laughingly continued: “For myself, I propose to take command of a bluefish boat and cruise in these waters from June till November.”

Strolling leisurely from point to point, over thoroughfares which opened invitingly at somewhat irregular intervals, the party approached the water-side, the tall tower of the bathing establishment at Oak Bluffs insensibly, perhaps, guiding their footsteps in that direction. The ocean, whose surface they had just quitted, was in

full view for miles of extent before them; and Malcolm waxed more and more eloquent in his descriptions as feature after feature of scenic interest and attractiveness presented itself. At the junction of Ocean and Sea-View Avenues,—the Oak-Bluffs club-house inviting almost irresistibly to its piazzas and hospitalities,—Malcolm, who had espied acquaintances within, led his associates up the broad stairway to the veranda, and they were soon comfortably established in the easiest of easy-chairs, the ocean and island views before and all around them, the sheltering shade and the cool breezes most pleasing in their influences. From this coign of vantage Malcolm continued his relation, while each member of the party became more and more fascinated with the situation.

Cottage City is named in exact accordance with its chief peculiarity as a community establishment: it is a summer city of cottages. Upwards of twelve hundred of these summer dwellings, representing every variety and grade of cottage construction, from the primitive shelter of the sojourner to the ornate villa of the wealthy and the many-gabled home-nest of the permanent resident, are found within its borders. As life at the Vineyard is essentially “out of doors,” all these cottages have piazzas or verandas as absolutely indispensable features; and the effect upon the daily existence of the place is decidedly marked and apparent. As to their utility and the revelations in which they are a most important medium, the visitor to the island will soon put in place these factors.

The Oak-Bluffs Club is an institution of Cottage City, and its club-house occupies one of the finest sites of any building devoted to similar purposes in the world. Perched, as it were, on the very verge of the highest part of the bluffs that have given the club its name, and overlooking Old Ocean for a full semi-circle of horizon, the outlooks in every direction from this club-house are of the grandest and most inspiring possible; while its situation is commanding of all that is desirable in the sanitary, picturesque, and delightful features of this remarkable island.

As becomes a building planted upon such a spot, this club-house has lavish abundance of piazza included within its construction. On every side of the house from which outlooks of any kind are possible, or upon which desirable lights and shades can be obtained, this piazza extends—broad, inviting, secluded. The sun’s rising from the “vasty deep” may be witnessed from this fair vantage-ground, and his setting behind the diminutive elevations of the island may equally be enjoyed by the beholders. In the long summer days there is always abundant shade available on some part of this outdoor flooring; nor was there ever a calm so absolute resting upon Martha’s Vineyard that no breath of cooling breeze could be felt sweeping over at least a portion of its area. The furnishings of



MARTHAS VINEYARD.



this grand piazza are all in keeping with this state of things; and from end to end it is strewn with easy, inviting, luxurious seats of various devices, the homely New-England rocking-chair coming in for a full share in the representation.

Is it not, then, obvious enough that such an establishment, in the midst of such a situation, must exist as an exponent of all that makes Martha's Vineyard attractive from natural standpoints; and that the experiences incident to this piazza may furnish the key to all that renders this island really desirable? Let us look into the matter a little.

Seated in one of the easy arm-chairs of the piazza, one seems to himself to be upon the island, but not of it; to be overlooking the natural and artificial existences surrounding, as though he were gazing from mountain heights. Wherever a large expanse of ocean waters forms part of the view outspread, there need be no great elevation to produce these impressions, since one may sit upon the merest bank of earth beside the shore and gaze upon a horizon miles away. From this piazza how grand, how magnificent indeed are the outlooks over the ocean in front! The waters roll for leagues upon leagues of distance north, east, and south. Now they are piled in tumbling billows, chasing one another madly in confused masses, foaming and breaking and threatening. Again, the clouds hang over them, dark and low and shadowing, pouring down torrents to beat upon their waves or vomiting fierce tempest gusts that still further frenzy them. Anon the clouds disappear and the winds "blow themselves out;" the sun shines over all; and the merest wavelets, just ruffling the slopes of the long heaving swells, alone prevent the succeeding of the perfect calm of summer.

The gleaming of the white sails of vessels is everywhere to be seen. Every form of sailing-craft is included in the fleets that animate these waters. The yachts come and go in flights, like birds, as beautiful and almost as swift, and equally as restless and ambitious of movement. The passenger steamboats arrive and depart with the regularity of mail trains, their crowded decks suggestive always of other thousands, adding to or taking the places of the thousands that have before been a part of the community at hand. The stately government vessel, or the great ocean steamer, passing upward or downward to distant destinations, appears as an incident at frequent intervals. Near the shore the diminutive sailboats and rowboats shoot and scud and pull about, as eccentric in movement as the seabirds that fly about them. Nearer still the bathers sport, splashing and dashing and tumbling, gay in their unique attire, and picturesque beyond compare in their natatorial exercises. Nearer still the long, silvery surf-lines are drawn out, faintly splashing upon shores dotted with human forms, and quaintly attractive with natural peculiarities growing out of the marine situation.

But, while the senses and perceptions are thus attracted and held, something more important is taking place, and most beneficent accompanying influences are at work, their operations masked by all the delightful occupations of witnessing from the piazza. The breezes come up from the ocean laden with their mysterious medicinal qualities, and perform their mission unconsciously to the mortal who so much needs, and who thus receives, their remedial ministrations. There is a beguiling in the scenes that makes one forget troubles of mind and body. There are healing virtues in the winds, the perfumes, the impalpable mists that float about, the sunshine, and, withal, in the *dolce far niente* that so fairly forms an element in the regular routine. There is rest and recreation in the order of things; in the monotonous though ever-varying ocean scenes; in the very temperature, so different from that of the mainland. There is forgetfulness of self; and interest is awakened in new directions: and these conditions take place again and again in new forms, but always beneficent and helpful. But the ocean is not all, although so large a part, of the Martha's-Vineyard situation.

The dreamer upon the piazza, who gazes and takes account of things while he dreams, becomes interested in other than simply ocean scenes, while he puffs curling clouds from his arm-chair. Far away to the southward he notes unconsciously the outlines of old Chappaquiddick and the terminating Cape-Poge point, misty and hazy under the sun, even like his own reveries on the spot. Northward, a blue line of cliffs and half-revealed coast line, he sees the shores of Southern Cape Cod, from which these islands were anciently sliced off and left far out at sea. Contracting his gaze, he sees nearer at hand successions of bluffs and cliffs and shores, with dotting cottages in florid architecture and coloring ornamenting the slopes, crowning the elevations, or nestling in the intervals. He notes fair beaches of hard gleaming sands, curving in lines of beauty, and broken by the artifices of men in their communion with the waters. Nearer at hand buildings multiply and their varieties increase. Church steeples, the gables and domes and towers of fancy-made edifices, red roofs, waves of light reflected from glass and burnished metals, enchanting bits of lawn and flower-patch and ornamental gardening, pagodas, booths, arcades, with paths and drives and roadways winding and circling and serpentine among them,—all these evidences of art and nature combined and supplementing each other confront him, and keep alive within him the impression that here Nature and humanity are working together and are in full accord.

Springing among the red roofs, standing in patches about the ornate cottages in the foreground, waving in groves upon the Highlands, and isolated here and there upon near or distant localities,

the tree growth of Cottage City presents itself, always and at all points the natural leaven that "leaveneth the whole lump."

And now it appears that there are peculiarities of this Martha's-Vineyard situation that are to be found nowhere else. There are currents along her coasts that manifest themselves in few other localities of the northern Atlantic, and bear most important relations to her meteorological and sanitary conditions. There are birds sounding their notes in Martha's-Vineyard trees, and in her by-ways and corners, whose voices are rarely heard in other sections north of the Carolinas. There are influences at work in her groves and upon her undulating hills and plains—the outgrowth of the natural system of tides and currents and streams that surround her shores on every side—that work most beneficent results upon all her sanitary and healthful interests, and are at the root of all her claims as a summering-place of Nature's own providing, and which are the exceeding great reward of all mortals who seek within her limits recreation, divertisement, or enjoyment.

And all these influences—still unconsciously—are at work while the gazer sits upon the piazza, and again and again the eyes engage and employ all the other senses in the purposes that Nature invariably has in view here with regard to humanity.

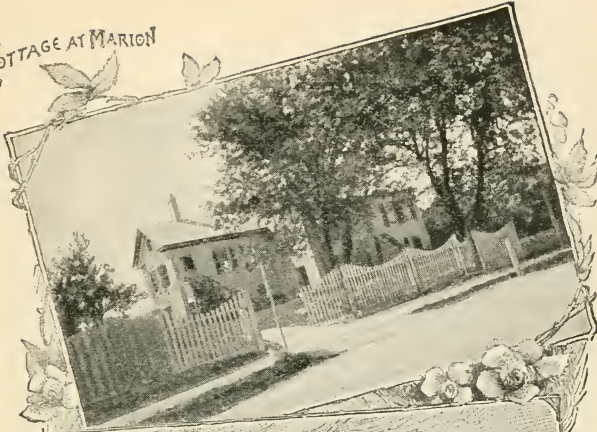
Only this remains to be stated: Hundreds upon hundreds of piazzas in Cottage City possess the same characteristics, and present the same advantages that are above set forth as distinguishing the Oak-Bluffs club-house; each has a possession of its own, while all share in the peculiar virtues and influences that render Cottage-City dwellings desirable. The same ocean, the same beneficent breezes, the same renovating and recreative sunshine, the same outdoor enjoyments and privileges and employments, come to every visitor or sojourner in this glad summer section; and its superior in all these respects cannot be found.

For two days our excursionists devoted themselves to the exploration of the Vineyard, and then departed for the mainland, Wood's Holl being, of course, the first objective point.

"Let us see Onset and Marion before returning," said Beth. "The wife of a president of the United States rendered the Marion neighborhood so famous during her visits there that we cannot go back from our wanderings unable to answer questions as to the locality in which that lady sojourned."

"The place was beautiful before she visited it," returned Malcolm; "and as long as the sun shines and water runs and the winds play about lovely New-England localities, it must always remain so. The time will come when travelled and travelling humanity will see the difference between sham and pretence and the solid, well-backed claims of our natural watering-places. The lady you have referred

COTTAGE AT MARION



VIEW AT MARION MASS.



SIPPICAN HOUSE MARION MASS.

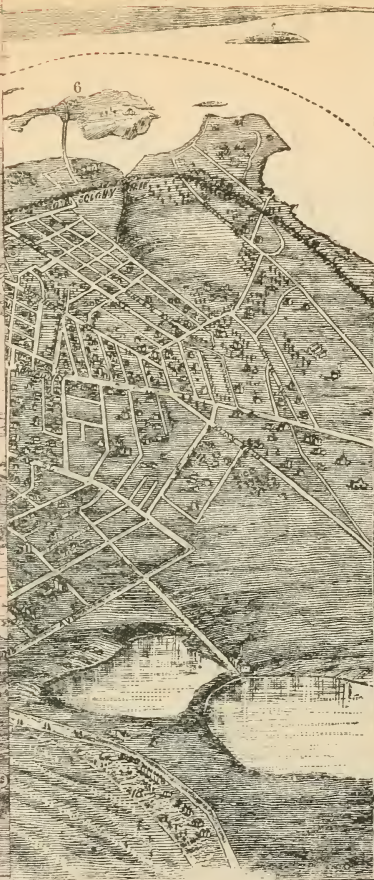
to was a pioneer of her class in this direction, and her example will do much towards opening the eyes of our people to the real wealth of attractions ignored in the past. Marion has not a claim or pretence beyond what Nature has given her. In no respect is the locality a watering-place in the commonly received acceptation of the term; but those who are familiar with its delights, who can tell you all about its walks and drives and wondrous nooks and corners, know very well that the most favored section in the States is not its superior in natural scenes and attractions."

Onset has been preempted, so to speak, by the Spiritualists of New England, and here every summer assembles a colony numbering thousands of that ilk; and, besides these, other thousands seek the place, enamored of its beauties. The waters are inland and sheltered, and the surroundings are of the most fascinating of New-England landscapes. Bathing, boating, fishing, woods-rambling, and all the employments which the pastoral sections of our coasts render possible, are enjoyed in their best development; and multitudes visit this quiet neighborhood yearly, who fully realize that here Nature has performed some of her finest works.





MAP OF  
NEWPORT R.



- |                                   |                           |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 STEAMBOAT LANDING, FALL HOUSE.  | 27 HARTMAN HOUSE.         |
| 2 STEAMBOAT LANDING, NEW HOUSE.   | 28 OCEAN HOUSE.           |
| 3 OLD COLONY RAILROAD S HOUSE.    | 29 BELLEVUE AVENUE HOUSE. |
| 4 COMMERCIAL WHARF. STATES HOTEL. | 30 THE BERKLEV.           |
| 5 GOULD ISLAND. BK HOUSE.         | 31 THE WHITEHALL.         |
| 6 COASTERS' HARBOR ISLAND.        |                           |

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the first city being the  
the last-named the only

port visited by the steamers *en route*. The Old-Colony Railroad

MAP OF  
NEWPORT R.I.



- 1 STRAIGHTWAY LANE N.W. FORT RIVER JAW.
- 2 SUI ANWAY 1/2 W. N. N. STREET LANE.
- 3 DEN COURTOY RAILROAD STATION.
- 4 CONNORRY WYCH.
- 5 COLONEL LANE.
- 6 WATER'S HEAD ISLAND.
- 7 R. OF L. AVENUE.
- 8 C. ST. J. AVENUE.
- 9 LAUREL K. MILL HOUSE.
- 10 FORT ALBANY.
- 11 THE DISTRICTS.
- 12 CANNONRY ISLAND.
- 13 FORT RIVER.
- 14 CANTON WALL.
- 15 THE QUAYS.
- 16 FORT STREET.
- 17 FORT S. N. BARRACK.
- 18 FORT GEORGE'S MANSION.
- 19 OLD STONE HILL AND TOWER.
- 20 STATE HOUSE.
- 21 CLUB HOUSE.
- 22 MARKET HOUSE.
- 23 TERRACE STREET HOUSE.
- 24 AQUEDUCT HOUSE.
- 25 HARRISON HOUSE.
- 26 ORZELL HOUSE.
- 27 BULLOCK AVENUE HOUSE.
- 28 THE BARRACKS.
- 29 THE WATTS.

## CHAPTER VII.

Fall River and its Neighborhood. — A Trip to Newport.  
— The Fall-River Line.



THE time had arrived when the party, that had with so perfect enjoyment explored the Southeastern-Massachusetts region, must break up, the vacations of the members living outside the State being ended, and, in fact, "overdrawn" by many days. Not one of them, however, entertained the idea that the pleasures, the attractions, or the resources of the section had been exhausted, or that there were not myriad points of interest in the localities yet unvisited, many of which might prove even superior to any they had witnessed; but each felt certain that all that mortals can do in developing enjoyments in a given time had been represented in the performances of this little company during the present season.

It had been determined that Fritz and his uncle should begin the homeward journey by a trip to New-York City *via* the Fall-River Line; first, because there were a few places lying on the Massachusetts and Rhode-Island sections of the line that they desired to visit *en route*; and, second, because Malcolm and Beth had declared their intention of accompanying them as far as Newport on the home trip, thus prolonging the enjoyment to the last moment before separation actually took place.

This determination was hailed with delight by the homeward-bound travellers, Fritz rejoicing that he was thus to extend for a little his interviews with Beth, with whom indeed he had made the preliminaries of a partnership that would last long in the future, and the Missourian remembering Malcolm's fine descriptive powers and abilities, and anticipating that these must be called into fullest requisition under such circumstances as would characterize their last trip together for the year.

"Both Fall River and Newport are stopping-places of the Fall-River-Line system," explained Malcolm, "the first city being the eastern terminus of the steamboat line, and the last-named the only port visited by the steamers *en route*. The Old-Colony Railroad

establishment from Boston to Fall River and Newport, and the Old-Colony Steamboat Company's magnificent fleet of steamers traversing Long-Island Sound and Mount-Hope Bay, together constitute the Fall-River Line, the facilities of which, and the experiences connected therewith, you are about to test, by journeying from end to end of the united routes. The service of this line is on a large scale, as befitting an enterprise that has, in a sense, the whole civilized world as a constituency, and which numbers in its lists of patrons representatives from every part of the globe. In fact, the Fall-River Line occupies a highway of travel as marked in the world's enterprises as are the Napoleonic roads of Europe, and its importance as a foundation for transportation is second to none to be found anywhere."

Our travellers, having not yet dropped the characteristics of sight-seeing tourists, took passage upon an afternoon train from Boston for Fall River, at which place they were to take the New-York boat on that evening, and, leaving the same upon arrival at Newport, remain together in the latter city until the next evening, when Fritz and his uncle would pursue their homeward journey by renewing the passage *via* the Fall-River Line, while Malcolm and Beth would return on the following day to their own home.

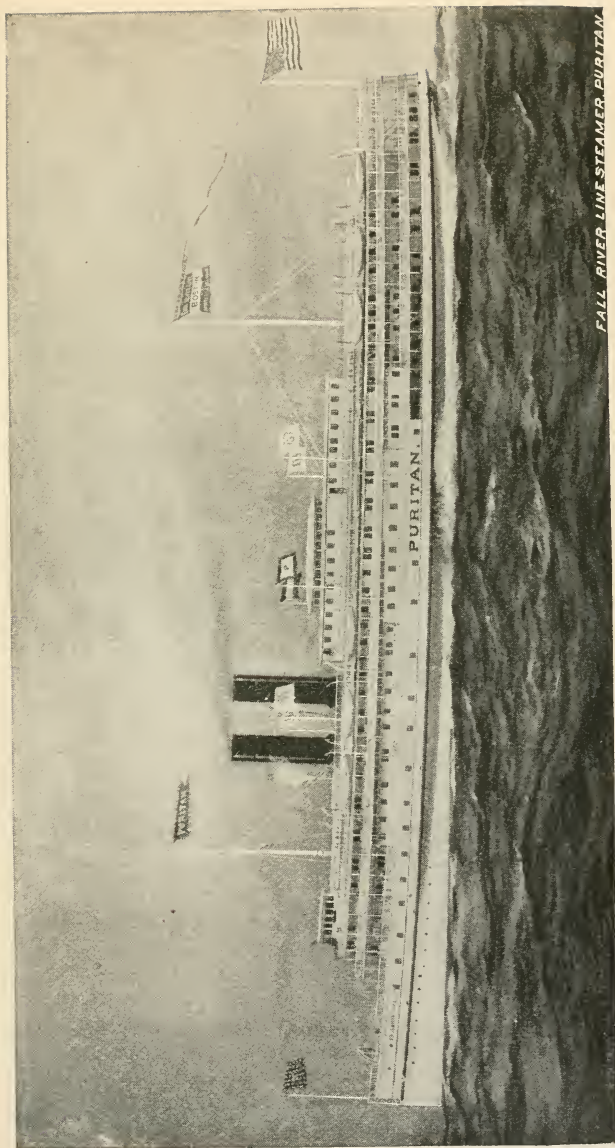
The distance from Boston to Fall River by rail is not great, — only forty-nine miles, — and the steamboat trains of the service usually make the trip without a stop, or at least not more than one. The train upon which our party was embarked, however, anticipated by a few hours the regular evening express to the boats, and there were still some hours remaining before nightfall when the neighborhood of Fall River was reached. The municipality now known as Fall River began its career under the name of Troy, as Malcolm explained when its suburbs had been brought within sight; and the members of the party appeared not to be entirely united in the opinion that there had been large gain by the change in cognomen.

"I declare," said Beth, after they had crossed a long bridge, and were looking upon the waters occupying on every hand around; "the railway trains hereabouts are more like birds of passage than voyagers by land, and fly over the waters fully as often as over the earth. Isn't it grand, though, for summer travelling?"

And, in the course of time, — and not very long time either, — the city came within sight, with its great stone mills of magnificent proportions scattered about, as though to build a mill in this place formed a pastime of the people.

"What a place for fortifications!" quietly remarked Malcolm, soliloquizing.

"What a place for rocks!" added the Missourian, who had caught the import of the short exclamation.



FALL RIVER LINE STEAMER PURITAN



"Not even the mills of Lawrence aggregate so many spindles as are here found in the print-cloth factories," added Malcolm.

"Fall River is the banner weaving locality of the country. How substantial those mills appear!" he continued, as building after building of the kind indicated appeared in place, or stood out against the sky.

"Such cities as this present the marvels of your constructive enterprises," said the Missourian, "and must have done so for many a day, although I have not been used to seeing them. Are we not going to look around here a little?"

"All in good time," said Malcolm; "we have a few hours before us for this very purpose. The principal railroad stations are down there



near the water level; and you may notice the steamer *Pilgrim* in her dock yonder,

waiting to take her fill of passengers for Newport and New York this evening. The Newport passengers may take their choice, going in this direction, between the boat and

the trains; but you should see how they flock from New York at this season; and

you will soon discover how the complementary stream of humanity flows back to New York from Newport.

"Upon the plateau yonder," he continued, pointing toward the elevated part of the city, containing the residences and most of the mills, "there is another railroad station, at the terminus of a branch of the Old-Colony system fourteen miles in length, connecting Fall River with New Bedford. A grand outlet, this, for freight landed here; and you may be sure it is utilized to the utmost. This branch runs not very far away from the shore, which is in this section like the shores back of Newport. The whole Westport region is charming for summering purposes, and is always occupied by companies of sojourners in the season. About fifteen miles westward from here lies Newport, the gem of watering-places, and as far superior to any locality of its kind to be found along the United-States coasts as Lenox is superior to Coney Island in the quality of its visitors."

In the long days of summer, nearly the whole run from Boston by steamboat train is by daylight. In the morning hours New York passengers for the north—for Lowell, Fitchburg, and the White Mountains—have special provision made for them *via* the Northern Division of the Old-Colony system; while for "Down East," and all the sections indicated by that term from Boston to Bar Harbor, and

even the more distant watering-places of the Provinces, the trains from the boat reach Boston and make connection with every line running in these directions. For Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, Cape Cod and "all along shore," as the saying is, boat passengers have special connections with New Bedford and Wood's Holl. In short, the best of train service is provided both ways for passengers patronizing the boats of the Fall-River Line.

"And now," said Malcolm, some hours afterwards, "having seen Fall River, we will go on to Newport, and pass a night and a day within its charmed and charming limits. The time is short indeed for all we would like to do, and it is more than probable that much will be left undone; but we will see all that is possible of the place under the circumstances, and begin next year where we leave off on this occasion."



They had prolonged their experiences of Fall-River scenes and localities until there was just time enough left them to board the New-York boat before it left the dock. Knowing that the passage down Mount-Hope Bay, from Fall River to Newport, would occupy but little more than an hour, and the evening being beautifully moonlight and in every way pleasant, they found seats upon one of the outside decks, where the deliciously cool breezes, the rippling waters, the misty, lumbering forms of the river craft, the shores on either hand bathed in moonlight, the lighthouse establishments on point, or rock, or headland, or island, formed constantly varying incidents in a panorama of surpassing attractiveness. The hour passed quickly indeed, and, seemingly before the trip had been begun, the harbor of Newport was entered, and every evidence that night can afford of a remarkable watering-place establishment presented itself, the moonlight and the strong glare of the electric and gas illuminations uniting to reveal the surroundings in vivid brightness. During the passage from the

opening of the harbor to the wharf a search-light, thrown upon the steamer's decks from a government institution upon one of the outlying islands, and following the movements of the vessel closely, revealed not only the groups and individuals upon her decks, but countless land and water scenes upon every hand, all adding to the animation and pleasing features of the situation.

Our travellers entered upon the enjoyment of Newport the next morning with a zest and interest born of glimpses of the situation obtained the night before, and fed to the point of enthusiasm by the glowing descriptions of Malcolm, added to those which local suggestion offered in conversation, or sojourners held in stock for the delectation of all comers.



YACHTING SCENE AT NEWPORT, R. I.

They made the round of Ocean Drive, which is practically making the circuit of Newport *via* its shores, finishing their tour with a spin along the avenue. Grave's Point, Brenton's Reef, Purgatory, Spouting Rock, Coggleshell Ledge, the "Flints," the "Dumplings," Lime Rock, Eastman's, Green End,—all were inspected and their features noted. The parks, the "Old Mill," the Casino, and the long list of internal attractions great and small, came in for the same attention. The harbor, with its shipping and never-ending variety of marine wonders, proved fascinating to the last degree. The islands, the forts, the men-of-war craft, and especially the yachts and fast-sailing specimens of every name and kind,—it was indeed hard to turn away from these presentations. Besides, there were the quaint old quarters of the town, and the marvellous abodes of wealth, as illustrated by the modern estates and habitations, where dollars were lavished as freely as though to Newport denizens money was the merest drug among earthly possessions.



VIEWS AT NEWPORT R.I.

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But over and pervading and qualifying all were the glorious summer influences of the place,—the air and the sunshine, the matchless outlooks, the verdure, the frequent union of natural and artificial beauties in fine situations, the beaches, the rolling, shifting, ever-new Old Ocean, spread out on every side. Then there was the notable array of summer visitors, representing the wealth and culture and high civilization of humanity under all its best forms and conditions, and sojourning here, the finest exponent of all that society can do to elevate mankind under any circumstances. On the streets the dog-cart followed the cumbrous chariot or the delicate phaeton; the clumsy cob tried in vain to pass the clean-limbed racer of finest strain; the groom and the lackey made room for the lordly “blue-blood;” and every variety of society and all conditions in humanity were illustrated.

Under the excitement of sight-seeing the hours all too quickly passed, and afternoon had taken place and waned almost, as it seemed to our excursionists, before the day had fairly begun.

Once more betaking themselves to an Old-Colony-Railroad train, our party began the short trip back to Fall River, where Fritz and his uncle would again board a Fall-River-Line steamboat, this time to complete the journey to the New-York terminus. The railway line between Newport and Fall River follows closely the winding of Mount-Hope Bay’s south shore, and most beautiful views of the waters and of the islands and mainland beyond are in sight from car-windows all the way. The whole region is rural and pastoral, with land and water scenery in about equal proportions; and over all broods a quiet, a restful calm and peace in the summer season that, united with the healthful and effective sanitary qualities there also existing, render the influences of the sections fairly medicinal to mortals tired, worn, or overwrought in mind or body; while all comers, no matter what may be their bodily or mental condition, cannot be otherwise than charmed with this morsel of the earth.

The run was quickly made, and now the handshakings are concluded, the farewell words spoken; and the party, whose experiences had been for so long continued happily together, separated.

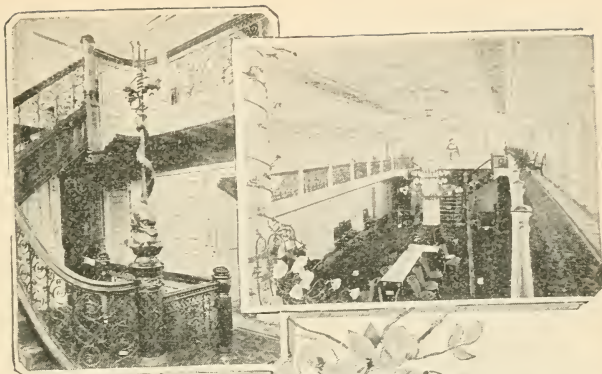
“I suppose, Uncle Gyp,” said Fritz, “that when you make your appearance in the East next year you will be a sailor without a ship.”

“And you will probably appear a lawyer without a brief,” retorted his uncle.

“Take care,” cautioned Beth, “or you will forget how much you have yet to see, in your efforts to get the better of each other. Try not to quarrel on the way home, and—good-by! good-by!”

When, on board the *Puritan*, Uncle Gyp had deposited his well-filled grip-sack on the floor of stateroom No. 972, had hung his summer overcoat upon the ornamental hook behind the door, and “stowed





INTERIORS STEAMER PURITAN.

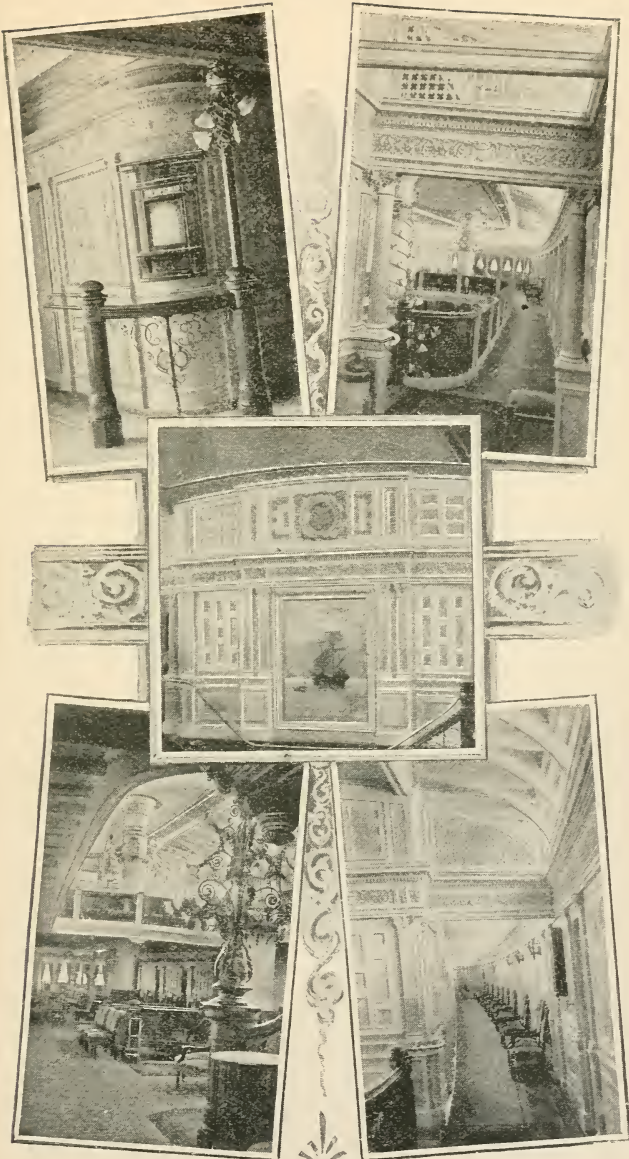
away," as he called it in unsuspected sailor phrase, sundry small packages, the accumulations innumerable of the last days before the breaking up of vacation, he was ready for an investigation of the noble craft to which he had temporarily committed himself and his fortunes — for a "voyage of discovery," as he called it, about the boat and all her nooks and corners, secret or open.

"Come, Fritz," he invited; "there are yet three or four hours of good daylight remaining, and about as many before the boat leaves for New York. I would like to see all that is to be seen about this craft before the passage begins, so that I may feel at home and understand my whereabouts when we leave the wharf."

"All right, Uncle Gyp," his nephew responded. "These steamboats are in more ways than one the wonder of the world; and, as I know little more about them by experience than yourself, and have nothing to do just now but to add to my knowledge in this respect, why, I'm with you for a search after mysteries." And upon this they turned the key in the stateroom door, Fritz pocketing that useful implement, and soon found themselves in the centre of the grand saloon.

The steamboats of the Fall-River Line — if it be not a misnomer to to apply the term "boat" in connection with such vast bulks — are owned and run by the Old-Colony Steamboat Company, a corporation distinct from the Old-Colony Railroad Company, although made up largely of the same owners and officered by the same persons as the last-named corporation. The term "Monarch of Long-Island Sound" is not a misnomer as applied to the *Pilgrim* or the *Puritan*, or, indeed, to the *Plymouth* or *Providence*, since either of these ships is worthy of the designation, and would be a marine monarch, not alone in Long-Island Sound, but in any waters in which it might appear in any part of the world. Their vast proportions, immensely beyond those which characterize steamboats elsewhere to be found; their superb finish and ornamentation; their palatial furnishings and accommodations; the harmony and practical character of all their appointments; the marvellous adaptation of means to an end, found in all their arrangements and devices; the qualities of safety, comfort, and rapid transit found in their service; — all these have never yet been equalled elsewhere, and cannot be surpassed.

For the essentials of public and private rooms, fine table provision and service, and all the requisites of first-class hosteleries upon a grand scale, they are magnificent hotels, lacking in no qualifications as such. As sailing-craft, gliding at rapid speed through the water under all circumstances, and equally safe and available at all seasons of the year, they have no superiors. As wonders of marine architecture, they are models interesting to the ingenious and scientific of all nations. As popular agents for transportation, ministering equally to the highest



•INTERIORS STEAMER PLYMOUTH.

and lowest orders of patrons, and with perfect satisfaction to all, they are universally known.

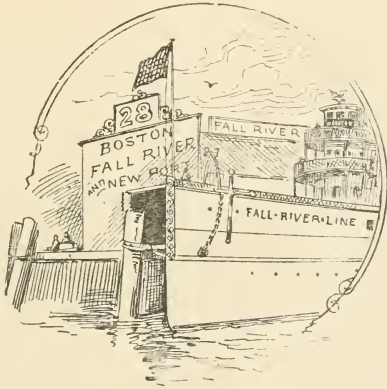
All these qualities and qualifications, and many others, our friends discovered or verified within the next few hours. They were literally everywhere — now listening to the band upon the upper deck, anon aft for a moment, and again peering into the depths of the lower hold, or inspecting the machinery. They enlisted the sympathies of the steward's men, who answered their questions so courteously put. An officer off duty finally took them in hand, and carried them from end to end upon every deck, explaining, revealing, and illustrating; so that Uncle Gyp was fain to admit, at the close of his investigation, that his store of salt-water knowledge had increased more rapidly and more valuably since he had boarded the *Puritan* than during any previous corresponding time since his vacation began.



— Their eyes had seen something of the *Puritan's* make-up; their intellects had been informed concerning her purposes, possibilities, and performances: but when, as dusk deepened into nightfall, the steamboat train from Boston came rattling down upon the wharf, and hundreds of passengers came pouring on board therefrom, and the two friends realized something of the magnitude of the transportation enterprise of which they had for the time being become a part; when, shortly afterwards, the warning bell was rung, the wheels began to



revolve, and the boat moved grandly out upon the waters of the bay; when kindly lights shone from rock, or shore, or headland; when the magnificent saloons of the vessel were thronged with passengers, appearing as though in the great parlors of a caravansary at Saratoga or some notable watering-place,—then the Missourian gave way to the scene, and became lost in wonder and astonishment. It was then he discovered that the trip itself, made under such conditions and circumstances, was the fitting in of a beautiful silken square to the grand patchwork of his New-England summering. Nothing could surpass the wonders of the boat at rest but the boat in motion; and every hour developed situations and delights marvellous indeed in his experiences.



The moon and stars were out in force, and at last fairly paled the lights gleaming now more distantly upon the Sound waters; the moonbeams flashed and glistened in far-reaching columns upon the waters so nearly calm; the white boiling waters of the “wake” stretched away backward, constantly catching up with, but never passing, the craft they so swiftly pursued; the dark-clouded sails of vessels beaten in the race appeared as though hanging over the ghosts of hulls which they shadowed; the night air, blowing softly over the water, had not a vestige of summer heat in it, and was so fresh and cool and grateful that to breathe it seemed to drink it.

And when, the short hours of darkness having quickly flown, uncle and nephew again left their room, and, passing to an almost deserted forward deck, found the steamer sailing swiftly through narrow straits, with land near on either hand and a multitude of islands ahead; when they saw the great red sun come up out of the waters of the Sound they were fast leaving,—here, indeed, the wonderment began anew; nor did it in the least subside until the *Puritan* was



moored fast in her dock, and the two friends had passed to the railroad station, where a waiting train received them and whisked them away in a twinkling from all shore scenes.

"It is like returning from the ideal to the commonplace; from luxury to drudgery; from heaven to earth," musingly uttered Fritz, as the train rolled away.

"Let us count it all as only the beginning of a new life of experiences, my boy," responded his uncle, "to be repeated annually in the future."

"Amen!" was the fervid reply of Fritz, who settled back to memories that kept him silent for many miles of the journey.

Immediately after taking leave of their former companions at the boat, Malcolm and Beth took train for Boston, this time crossing the bay by a lower bridge at Fall River, and proceeding up the Narragansett shores to Providence, designing to proceed from thence, *via* Attleborough and Mansfield, to the "Hub."

The bay scenes opened splendidly, appearing in rapid succession and great variety as the train passed along. There were picturesque islands, near the shores or in mid-waters, sheltering ornate lighthouse establishments or the private abodes or resorts which wealth delights to furnish in these sections. In the Narragansett region, and along the shores that the Providence Division of the Old-Colony Railroad skirts for miles, there were great rock masses, somewhat similar to those the Missourian had looked upon in the Cohasset neighborhood, only here everything had the appearance of being perfectly cared for and utilized, while on the South Shore in Massachusetts the more natural conditions prevailed. Lovely glimpses of the bay waters were again and again afforded, as point and headland and island were passed; and the fair landscapes were often enlivened by fine estates or cottages perched in all sorts of possible and apparently impossible positions among the rocks and cliffs, or occupying grassy knolls sheltered by goodly wood-growths.

The waters were alive with gliding steamers, broad-winged yachts, dignified and stately merchant craft, diminutive sailboats that threaded with graceful ease the narrow passages between the islands and the main, and the sombre-appearing oyster-boats, and dredgers, and rafts that betokened the constant carrying forward of the various operations of labor in the localities. As the train neared Providence the establishments for summering and excursion points multiplied, occupying well-chosen and often rarely beautiful situations along the bay, their grounds and buildings thronged with visitors, numbers of whom were sprawling upon or climbing the rocks, sporting along the water's edge, or navigating, with more or less of skill, the myriad small boats in the vicinity.

And thus the trip passed until the goodly Rhode-Island city of Providence was fairly entered. From the railroad station in this city proceed in either direction the sumptuous passenger trains of the "Shore Line" between Boston and New York, of which the Old-Colony Railroad, through its Providence Division, forms a most important factor; and in and about the station aforesaid was every indication of the place being a transportation centre of no small or stinted enterprise. Evidences of growth and enlargement were on every hand; and when, shortly afterwards, the trip homeward was resumed, Malcolm himself was surprised to find how extensively development had taken place along the line between Providence and Boston, and how attractive seemed the localities through which they passed.

"The Old-Colony is evidently doing a good work along this line," he remarked to Beth.

But Beth was absorbed in her own thoughts, and appeared to be inclined to silence,—a state of things that continued with little interruption until the suburbs of Boston were entered, when the girl, as though in reply to what had been said a half-hour before, said:—

"It appears like magic. Whole villages spring up in a single night. It seems as though we had scarcely shown our guests anything of this region; but we shall have more time for that by and by." And again the fit of musing took possession; while her father, recognizing the situation, left his daughter to dreaming that which was only prophecy of coming events and enhanced happiness.



## HOW TO GET THERE.

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**F**ROM New York, the steamers of the Fall-River Line leave from Pier 28 North River, foot of Murray Street, every afternoon, daily (Sundays included, except from January to April), for Newport and Fall River, connecting at latter point with trains of the Old-Colony Railroad for Boston, Lowell, Fitchburg, Cape Cod, New Bedford, and all points on the Old-Colony system. Passengers for Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket connect at New Bedford with steamer, landing them at the islands same morning.

From Boston and Providence, trains leave week-days (and Sundays in summer) from Old-Colony Railroad station.

From Fitchburg, Lowell, South Framingham, Mansfield, Walpole, etc., daily, Sundays excepted.

For time-tables, passengers are referred for the latest information to the official time-tables and folders of the Fall-River and Old-Colony Lines. The *Pathfinder Railway Guide*, published in Boston; the *Official Guide* and *Knickerbocker Guide*, published in New York; and the *Rand-McNally Guide*, published in Chicago, also contain latest time-tables.

Copies of this book, time-tables, and any particular information desired in regard to the Line, will be cheerfully and promptly furnished on application.

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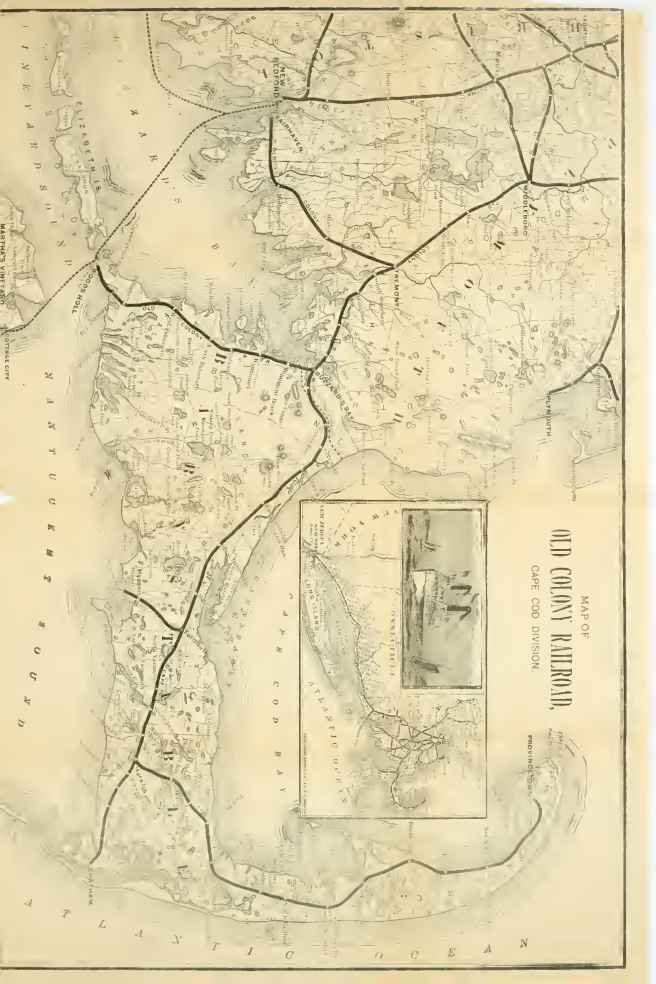
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MAP OF  
**OLD COLONY RAILROAD,**  
 CAPE COD DIVISION.



PROVINCETOWN  
 SANDWICH  
 BOURNE  
 NEW BEDFORD

Map labels include: NEW BEDFORD, BOURNE, SANDWICH, BARNSTABLE, DARTMOUTH, MAULSBOROUGH, WILMOUTH, NANTUCKET, VINEYARD SOUND, ELIZABETHTOWN, DOUGS HOLE, NANTUCKET, BARNSTABLE, SANDWICH, BOURNE, NEW BEDFORD, CAPE COD BAY, ATLANTIC OCEAN, and PROVINCETOWN. The railroad route is shown as a thick black line connecting these locations.





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