



Picturesque America; or, the land we live in

a delineation by pen and pencil of the mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, water-falls, shores, cañons, valleys, cities, and other picturesque features of our country ; with illustrations on steel and wood, by eminent American artists

Bryant, William Cullen

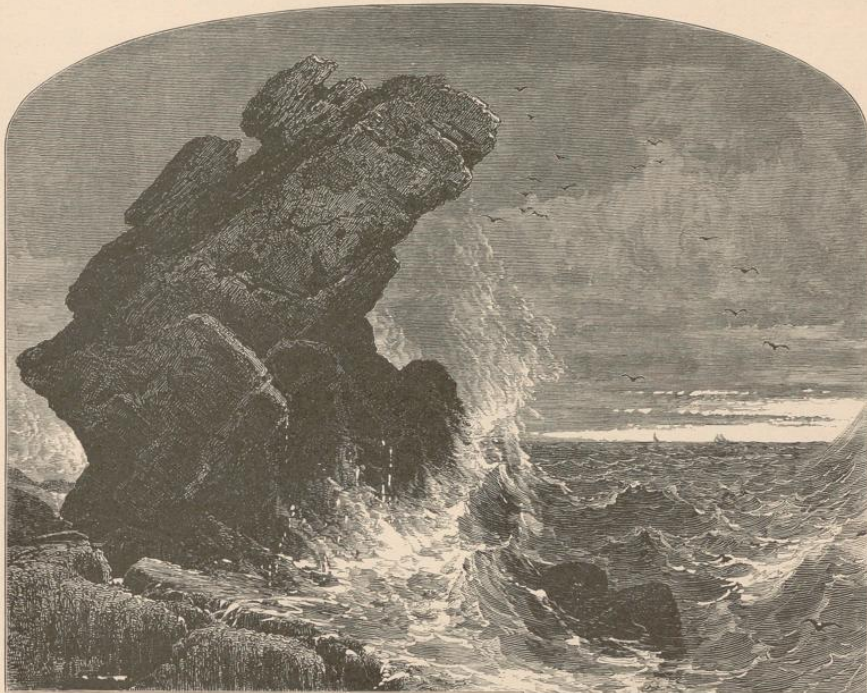
New York, 1874

Eastern Shore.

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THE EASTERN SHORE, FROM BOSTON TO PORTLAND.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. DOUGLAS WOODWARD.

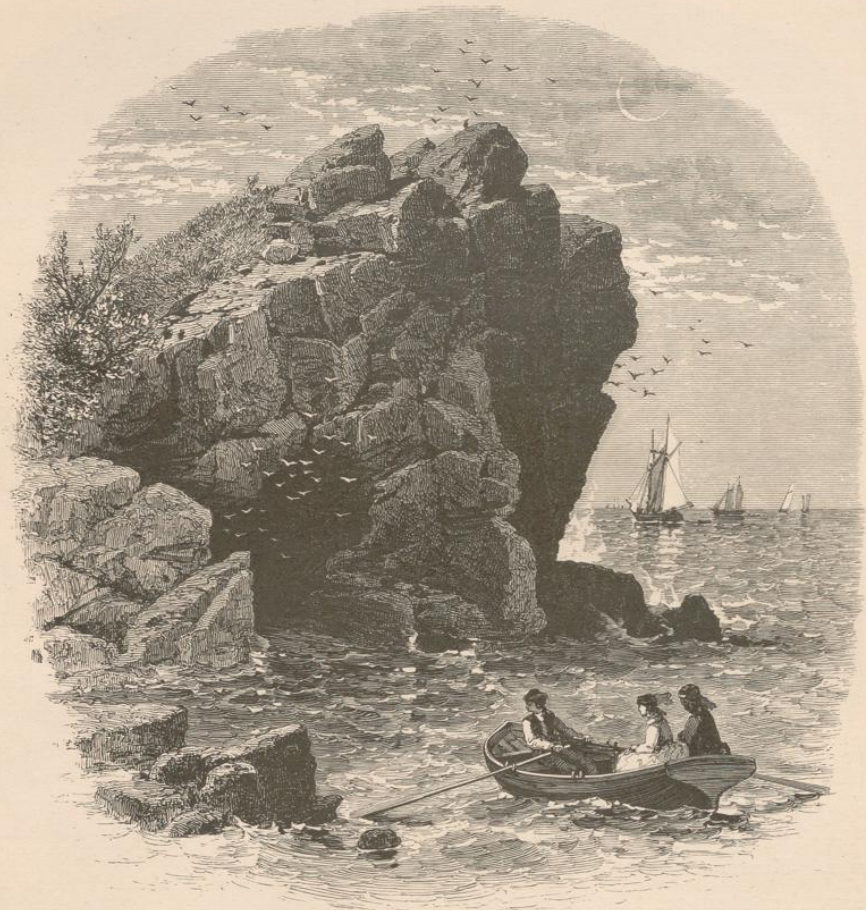


Pulpit Rock, Nahant.

THE coast of New England between Boston and Portland is for the most part irregular and rocky, and in many spots picturesque. Nature seems to have supplied it with every variety of sea-coast aspect and beauty, from the jagged mass of frowning and rough-worn rock overhanging the waters to the long, smooth reach of broad, curving beaches, and the duller landscape of green morass extending unbroken to the water's edge. There is no coast on the Atlantic seaboard which presents a wider choice for the lover of marine pleasures; for the rich city-man and his family who seek in proximity to the ocean their summer recreation from the cares and excitements of the year; for the artist searching to reproduce on canvas the visible romance of Nature;



for the gay camping-out parties of students, of youths, and maidens; and for those whose health is supposed to derive benefit from the fresh ocean-breezes, the bathings, and the pastimes offered by the salt-water expanse. Thus, Bostonians and Portlanders have no need to go far from home to find delightful spots for the summer holidays. Within convenient distance of either place are spots where *paterfamilias* may deposit his family



Swallows' Cave, Nahant.

for the summer in a long-porched hotel, or build for them a cosy, picturesque cottage, quite within daily access from his business haunts, whither he may go and repose overnight, and each morning return invigorated to the labors of office or counting-room.

The picturesqueness of the Eastern shore betrays itself as soon as you have steamed away from the Boston docks. Eccentric and irregular peninsulas of land, abruptly widen-

ing and narrowing, now a mere thread between water and water, now a wide, hilly space, are encountered at once. East Boston stands upon one of these, and presents a crowded, rather smoky aspect, with its many chimneys, its well-filled docks, and its elevation at the extremity, crowned with the quarter of private residences. The steamboat is forced to make many a curve and winding, and, shortly after leaving East Boston, passes through a straitened channel between the sharp, narrow Point Shirley, a mere needle of a peninsula, and the irregularly-shaped Deer Island, with its spacious Almshouse, shaped like a Latin cross, and its ample accommodation for the paupers of the neighboring city. As you proceed through the harbor, the eye catches sight of many islands of various dimension and contour—some green with lawns, others bleak and arid with herbless sand and rock; here surmounted by a fort, there a hospital or house of correction, sometimes an hotel whither excursions are made in the summer at popular prices. The

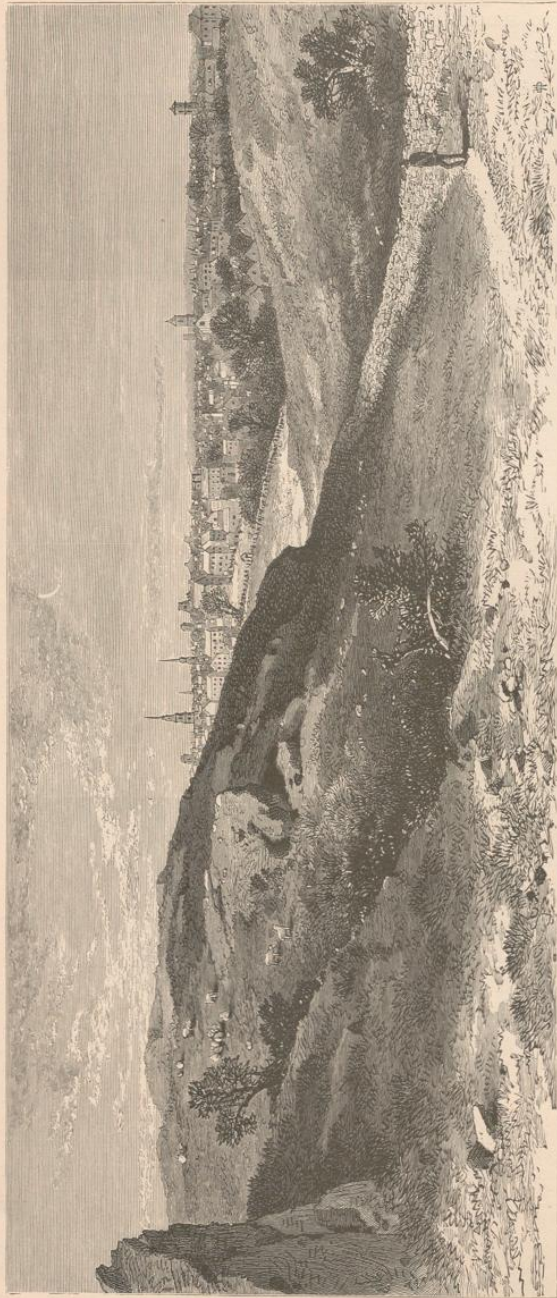


The Old Fort, Marblehead.

southern coast looms irregular and sometimes imposing behind, while a glimpse is had of similar eccentricities and rough beauties of Nature in the direction whither you are proceeding.

After passing around Point Shirley, the broad stretch of Chelsea Beach comes into view, extending from the lower part of the peninsula to Lynn Bar. This is the favorite resort of the less well-to-do classes of Boston, while here and there are sea-side residences which betray the taste of a wealthier social class for this neighborhood. There are convenient and cosy hostelries, furnishing refreshment to the merry-makers, and ample provision for the sea-bathing, which is so refreshing to the denizen of the busy and dusty city.

Beyond Pine's Point, which is the strip of land at the northern end of Chelsea Beach, the sea makes one of its abrupt invasions into the line of coast, and has scooped



Salem, from the Lookout on Witches' Hill.

out there a miniature harbor, with uneven coast borderings, called Lynn Bar. This is the inlet to the thrifty "leather-city," which stands just by, intent on supplying mankind with shoes. Lynn Bar is bounded on its eastern side by the long and slightly curved western side of the peninsula of Nahant. From this point of view, you form no conception of the noble picturesque beauties and architectural decorations which this bold and strangely-shaped promontory affords. It is only when you have landed, and advanced to an elevated position, that one of the most, if not the most striking landscape on the Eastern shore presents itself to the sight.

Nahant is about eight miles northeast from Boston, and is easily reached, in less than an hour, from the city by boat. Of all the sea-side resorts of the vicinity, it is justly the most sought; for neither Cohasset, Nantasket, nor Scituate, on the southern shore, can compare with it, as combining each several variety of marine scenery and pleasure advantages. The

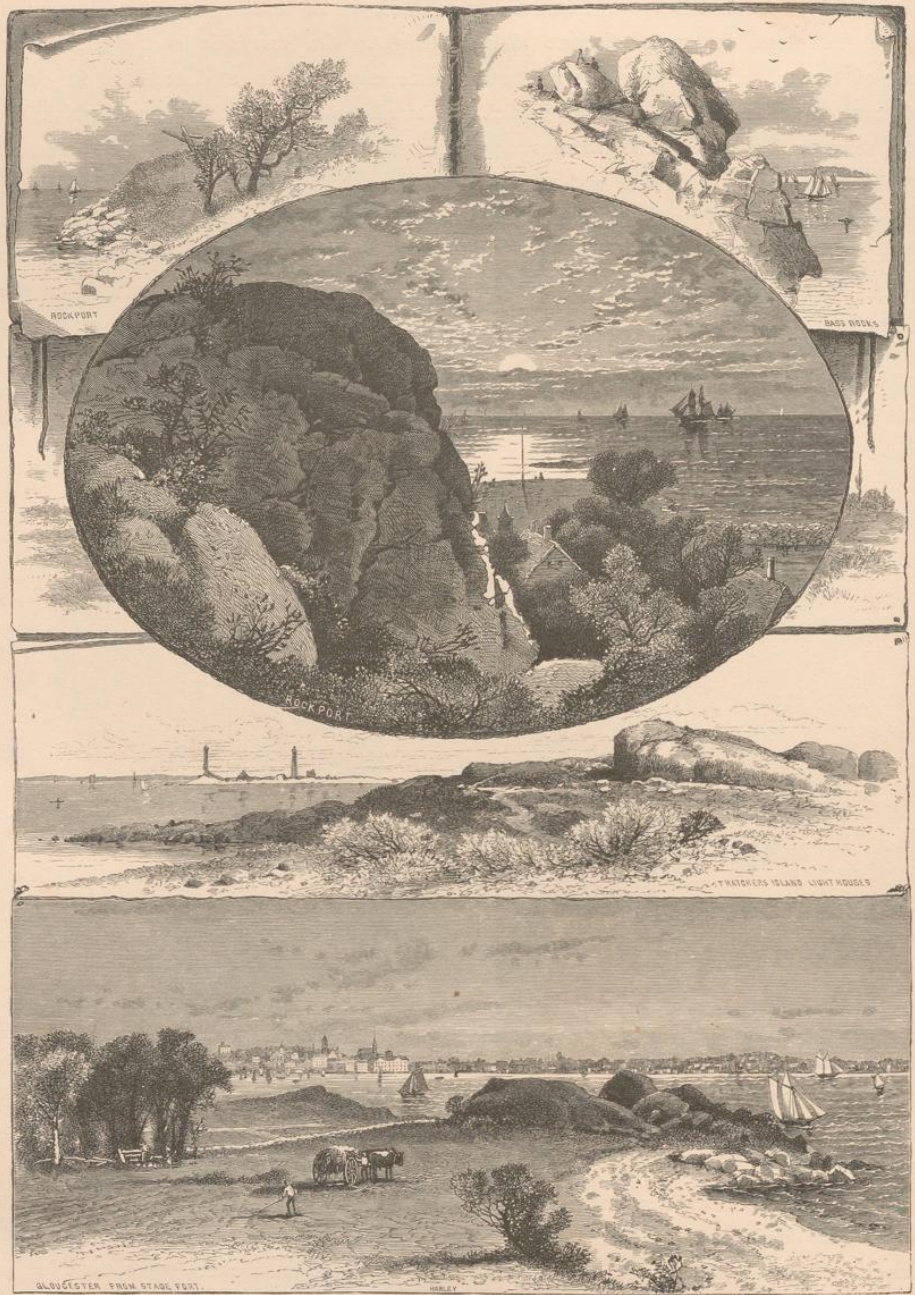
peninsula, as it stretches out from the main-land, is at first a narrow neck, crossed by a few steps, for some distance almost straight. On one side is the pretty harbor of Lynn; on the other a noble, wide beach, sweeping in a direct line for some distance, then curving, in a short semicircle, round the rocky cliffs beyond which lies the scarcely less lovely and famous Swampscott. This narrow neck begins anon to thicken irregularly, with here and there a sudden eruption of rugged rock, and finally broadens into a rocky, uneven eminence. This promontory is shaped like a horse-shoe. On the two sides the shore is rocky, with its Black Rocks, West Cliff, Castle Rock, Saunders's Ledge, Natural Bridge, and so on; while in the convex side of the horseshoe are several exquisite diminutive beaches, lying below the jagged eminences.



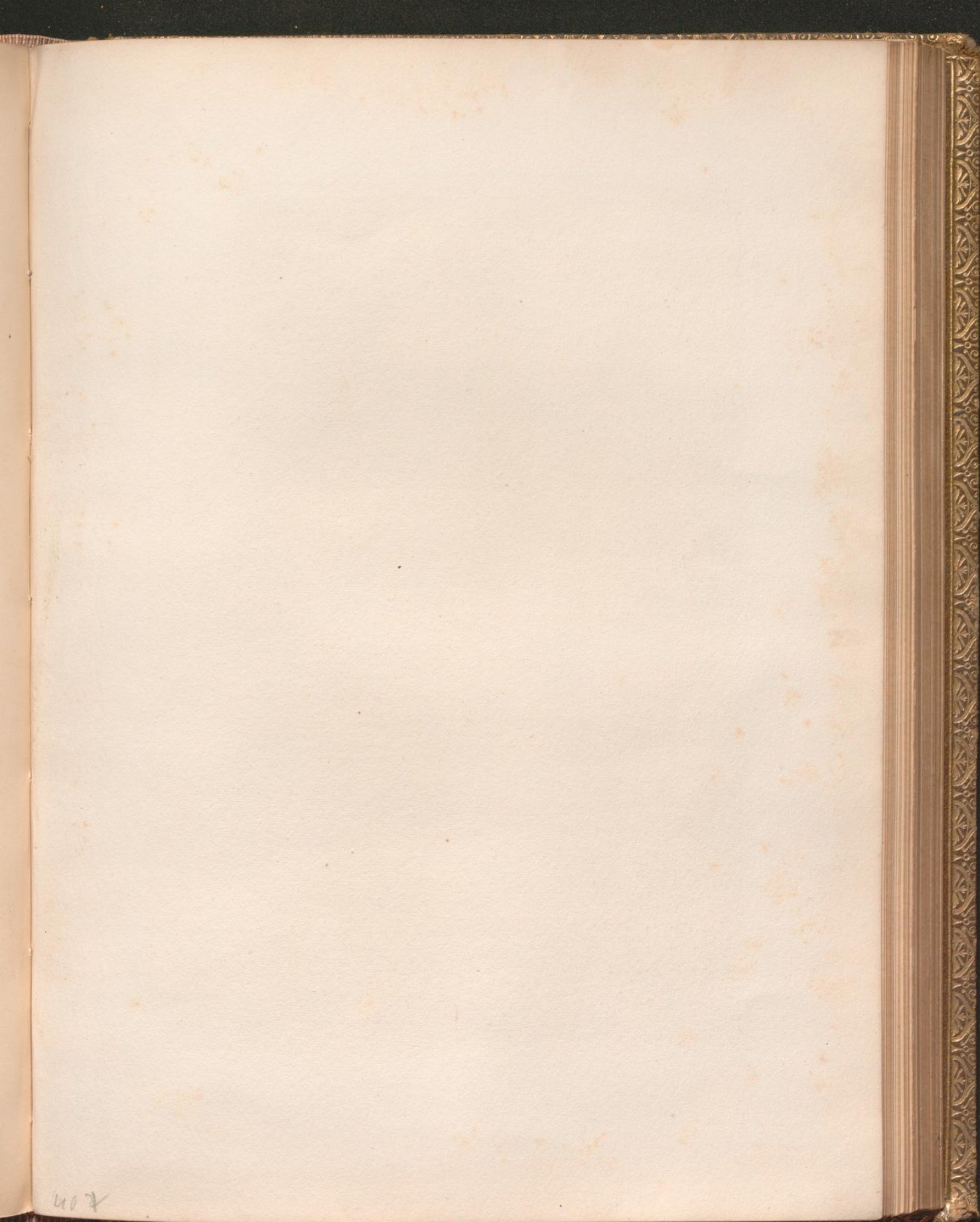
Norman's Woe, Gloucester.

A writer, describing the rocky beauty of Nahant, says: "The rocks are torn into such varieties of form, and the beaches are so hard and smooth, that all the beauty of wave-motion and the whole gamut of ocean-eloquence are here offered to eye and ear. All the loveliness and majesty of the ocean are displayed around the jagged and savage-browed cliffs of Nahant."

Few marine localities, moreover, have been so elegantly adorned by the wealth which calls forth the best efforts of the architectural art. Here are noble sea-side residences—of granite, brick, and wood—Swiss cottages and French villas, some shrouded in ivies and parasites, nearly all having, in spacious bay-windows and broad, sheltered piazzas, delightful outlooks upon the ocean. Nor has the naturally bleak and craggy peninsula



GLOUCESTER AND ROCKPORT.



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Engraved according to a drawing by D. Applegate & from the office of the Librarian, Washington.

Over the Beverly Coast, Massachusetts

FROM A PAINTING BY J. F. KENNETH
New York: D. Appleton & Co.

refused to nourish beautiful lawns and gardens, amply sprinkled with flower-parterres, betraying the artistic care which riches are able to procure.

The artist has reproduced two of the most striking of the many natural wonders which the eternal lashing of the waves has wrought out of the obstinate rock-masses about Nahant. Pulpit Rock lies just by the lower eastern shore of the horseshoe, between the Natural Bridge and Sappho's Rock. It is a huge, jagged mass, rising some thirty feet above the water, with roughly-square sides, broad and heavy below, but projecting abruptly into an angle of forty-five degrees at the top. At a little distance, the upper part appears like a pulpit, upon which some Titan preacher's Bible and prayer-book have been laid ready for service—hence the name; and here, if one is bold enough to venture up the slippery, moss-grown sides, is a famous eyry, whence to contemplate the sea, sitting in the midst of its wash and roar. The Swallows' Cave is farther on, at the lower end of the eastern curve of the horseshoe, between the steamboat-wharf and Pea Island. It is a long, gloomy cavern, overhung by a dome of irregular strata, heaved together in strange, shelving layers. The cave is eight feet high and seventy long, and derives its name from its having long been occupied by colonies of swallows, which built their nests in its sombre crevices, and flew in and out in fluttering multitudes. But the invasion of their retreat by curiosity-seekers has expelled them thence. The cave may be entered for some distance by a row-boat; and here is a favorite cool haunt in the hot summer days, when the beaches are insufferable. Nahant presents other wonders, but none more striking. There are John's Peril, a great, yawning fissure in one of the cliffs; the huge, oval-shaped mass called Egg Rock; a beautiful natural structure, which might almost be taken for a savage fortress, Castle Rock, with battlements, embrasures, buttresses, and turrets, the only kind of counterpart to the castle-ruins which so richly deck European scenes that our new America affords; a boiling and seething Caldron Cliff; a deep-bass Roaring Cavern; and a most grotesque yet noble natural arch, with a cone-like top, and leading to a natural room in the rock, which is known as Irene's Grotto.

Beyond the broad Long Beach, which sweeps from the promontory of Nahant in almost a straight line to Red Rock, is the not less beautiful and fashionable sea-side resort of Swampscott, with its Dread Ledge, and pretty beach, and clusters of charming and lavishly-adorned marine villas; while just northeastward of Swampscott juts out far into the sea the rude and uneven and historic peninsula of Marblehead. This spot was one of the first settled in New England, the town of Marblehead having been incorporated by the Puritan colony just fifteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. So bleak and bare are the Marblehead rocks that Whitefield asked, in wonder, "Where do they bury their dead?" It is a quaint old settlement, with many queer houses still standing which were built and occupied before the Revolution. The sea penetrates the peninsula with a narrow and deep little harbor; and it is around this that



Bass Rocks, Gloucester.

the town has clustered. Once on a time Marblehead was famous for its fishermen; and it is the scene of Whittier's poem, "Skipper Ireson's Ride." A hundred years ago it was, next to Boston, the most populous town in Massachusetts. Now its character has almost wholly changed from the olden time, for it has become a brisk centre of the shoe-manufacture. The Old Fort is a plain, hoary-looking edifice, standing on the rugged slope of the promontory looking toward the sea.

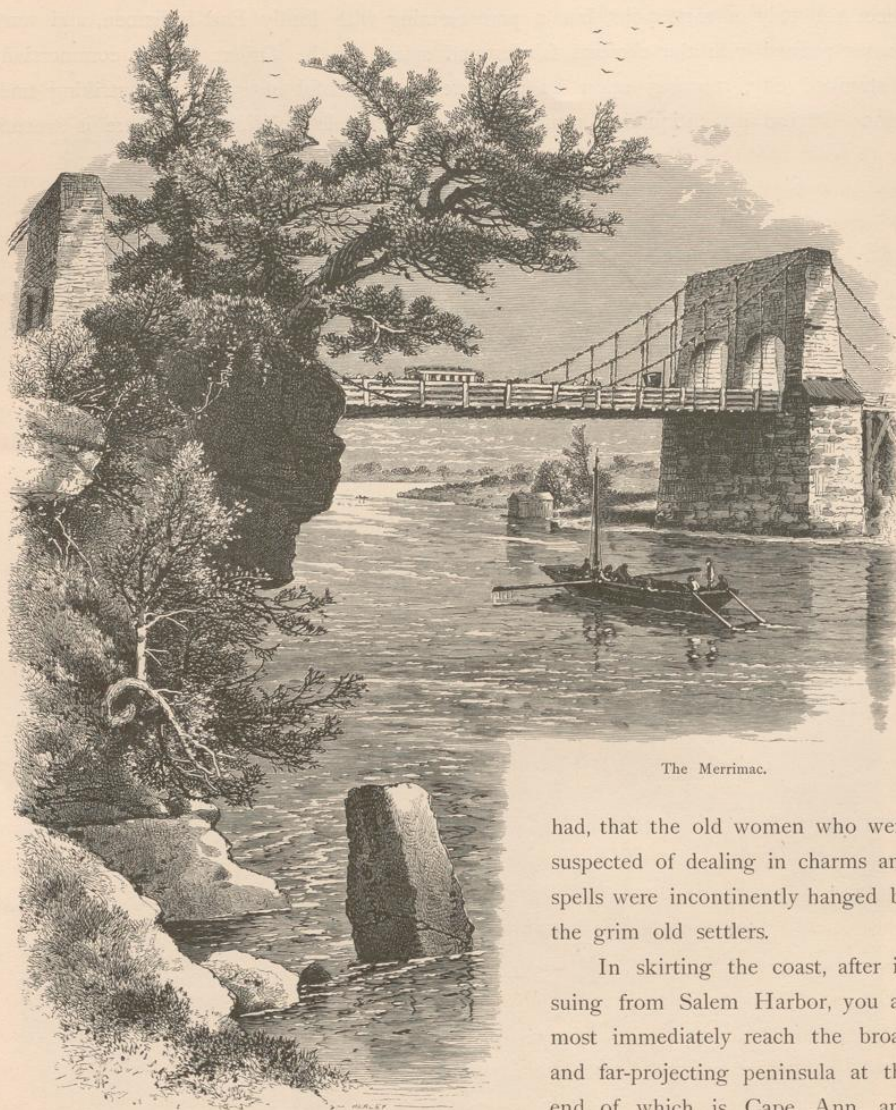
Just around the extremity of Marblehead are the harbor and the still more ancient Puritan settlement of Salem. Seven years after the landing at Plymouth, the district between the "great river called Merrimac" and the Charles was set off as a separate colony; and the year afterward Endicott selected Salem as the capital of this colony. It was called Salem, "from the peace which they had and hoped in it." Of all New-England towns, it bears most plainly the stamp of a venerable antiquity. It is a grave and staid place, and there are still streets largely composed of the stately mansions of the colonial and marine aristocracy; for Salem was

once not only a metropolis, but a port teeming with lordly East-Indiamen, and warehouses packed with the choicest fabrics and spices of the Orient. It is, commercially, a stranded city, reposing upon its memories, and brimful of quaint and striking traditions. It has its antiquarian museums and its historic buildings, and here is sacredly



Point of Cape Ann, from Cedar Avenue, Pigeon Cove.

preserved the original charter granted by Charles I. to Massachusetts Bay. Here, too, is the oldest church still standing in New England, erected in 1634, and whose first pastor was Roger Williams. Salem was the town of witches; and it was on the hill represented by the artist, from which a fine view of the picturesque and drowsy town is



The Merrimac.

had, that the old women who were suspected of dealing in charms and spells were incontinently hanged by the grim old settlers.

In skirting the coast, after issuing from Salem Harbor, you almost immediately reach the broad and far-projecting peninsula at the end of which is Cape Ann, and which forms the northern boundary of Massachusetts Bay. Included between this and Scituate, on the south, is the great, semicircular basin which narrows into the spacious harbor of Boston. The coast between Salem and Gloucester is studded with spots at once naturally attractive and historically interesting. The rocky Lowell's Island, a famous destination for summer excursions, appears in full view from Salem. Opposite to it, on the mainland, is Beverley Beach, with the old town of Beverley, but a few years younger

than Salem, in the near background. From one of the promenades here a fine view is had of the sea, with its sprinkling of forts and islands. A little to the north, inland, is Wenham, noted for a charming lake, and the spot of which an old English traveller of two centuries ago said, "Wenham is a delicious paradise;" while beyond is Ipswich, with its "healthy hills," and its ancient female seminary, where the Andover students, says a venerable writer, "are wont to take to themselves wives of the daughters of the Puritans." The quaint village of Manchester lies on the rugged shore; and, soon after passing it, the harbor of Gloucester is entered.

Gloucester is a characteristic New-England sea-coast town. It is the metropolis of the Northern fisheries. Its harbor is one of the most picturesque and attractive on the coast; and the town rises gradually from the wharves, presenting at once the aspect of venerable age and of present activity. All around it are fine points of view seaward, beaches, and rocky cliffs, with a more generous share of the relief of verdure than along the more southerly coast. Interspersed with the residences of the retired captains and well-to-do fishermen, who form a large portion of the population, are fine mansions used as summer residences; for Gloucester, as well as its vicinity, is a favorite resort. Many and various are the scenes in the neighborhood, which curiosity, wonder, and love of the beautiful, have sought out among the rocks and inlets. Of one of these Longfellow has written in "The Wreck of the Hesperus:"

"And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe."

Norman's Woe is, indeed, a drear and sombre mass of rocks, lying just beyond the shrub-fringed shore, where many a vessel has struck against the ragged reefs in the northeast storms, though on a calm summer's day it adds one of the elements of a beautiful marine landscape. Near by are other curiosities, attractive to the sight-seers who make their headquarters in the vicinity. Among them, perhaps the most notable is Rafe's Chasm, an enormous fissure in the irregular and high-piled ledge, which yawns into the rock a hundred feet, and pierces it to a depth of fifty feet. Here the imprisoned waves at times struggle with fierce and sonorous fury, the noise of their roar, heard long before the spot is reached, endowing them, in the fancy, with the reality of living though insensate savagery. Not far off is another marvellous fissure in the trap-rock; and beyond is the bright and cheerful colony of summer villas which have clustered around Goldsmith's Point.

Cape Ann is really an island, being separated from the main-land by Squam River and a canal called the Cut. Its general appearance is rugged and rocky, with granite hills and ledges, in some places craggy and bald, in others grown over with wild and



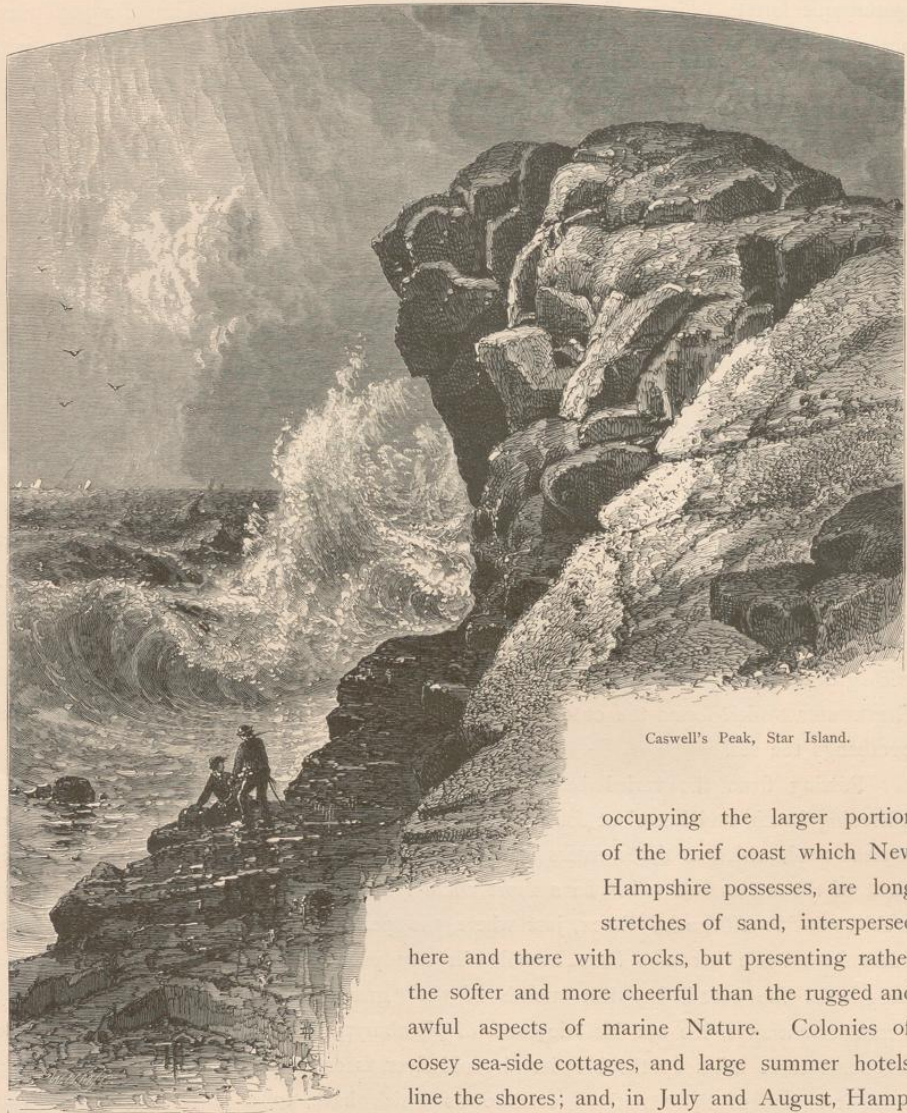
PORTSMOUTH AND ISLES OF SHOALS.

picturesque forests. From Tompson's Mountain the excursionist obtains a superb view, not only of the sea and immediate coast, but of Massachusetts Bay and Boston, with the yellow dome of the State-House looming in the distance, on the south, and Mount Monadnock, in New Hampshire, in the northwest. Below may be seen broad marshes, beautified by an abundance of magnolias and water-lilies, with wild, entangled dells and winding brooks, orchards and meadows, and waving fields of grain. Cape Ann is noted for its trees and flora. Here grow picturesque tracts of woodland, contrasting pleasantly with the great gray rocks and the azure sea; there are the oak, the birch, the maple, and the yellow-pine, red-cedars, and the beautiful red-gum tree; while the wealth of wild-flowers—masses of roses perfuming the air, the trailing arbutus, dog's-tooth violets, tender wind-flowers, innocents and sassafras, columbines and wake-robins—makes the marshy fields and ledge-crevices glow with a kaleidoscope of color and exquisite botanic textures.

Only less romantic than Nahant are the outermost shores of Cape Ann, while the ample foliage adds a feature which even the gardening-art cannot impart to the more southerly resort. Pigeon Cove, especially, has in these later days become a noted watering-place; for here is not only a noble view of the waters, but the opportunity to enjoy many a delightful excursion amid the lovely scenes and marvellous sculpture which Nature has provided. The little place has been provided with wide avenues and promenades, with groves of oak and pine, which lead to striking landscape-views—among them the Breakwater, which forms the outer wall of the snug little cove, and Singer's Bluff, which overhangs the sea.

Passing from the varied beauties of Pigeon Cove, with its alternate ruggedness, glistening beach, and luxuriant foliage, the northern side of Cape Ann is crossed by an ancient road, which at times enters beneath an arching of willows, and again emerges in sight of the waves and sails. In a short while Annisquam is reached, and then the venerable sea-side village of Essex, just where the peninsula rejoins the main-land. The coast for a while becomes little notable for any peculiar characteristics of picturesqueness, until the broad, bay-like mouth of the "great" river Merrimac is approached. From its entrance, the old, historic town of Newburyport, surmounting an abrupt declivity, some three miles up the broad and rapid river, is espied. Like Salem and Marblehead, it is one of those antique coast-towns which have, to a large degree, lost their maritime importance, while preserving the relics and mementos of a former commercial prosperity. Few places more abound with old traditions and family histories, and few inspire more pride in their annals and past glories in the breasts of the natives.

The shore between Newburyport and Portsmouth is almost continuously straight and even. The abrupt eccentricities of boulder and storm-hewed rock-masses have nearly disappeared. Long and sunny beaches have taken the place of craggy peninsulas and yawning fissures, sinuous inlets and shapeless projections. Salisbury, Hampton, and Rye,



Caswell's Peak, Star Island.

occupying the larger portion of the brief coast which New Hampshire possesses, are long stretches of sand, interspersed here and there with rocks, but presenting rather the softer and more cheerful than the rugged and awful aspects of marine Nature. Colonies of cosy sea-side cottages, and large summer hotels, line the shores; and, in July and August, Hampton and Rye Beaches are alive with carriages, bathers, and saunterers on the long, surf-washed reaches.

Portsmouth, like Newburyport, is situated on a river-bank, some three miles from the open sea, there being a spacious bay between it and the Maine shore, with an island directly in its mouth. "There are more quaint houses and interesting traditions in Portsmouth," says one writer, "than in any other town of New England"—a proposition, however, which the townsmen of Newburyport and Salem would eagerly dispute. It is,

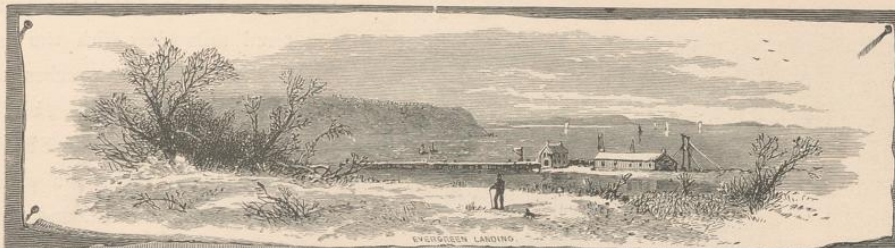
indeed, a singularly venerable and tranquil-looking old place, with many irregular, shaded streets, which look as if they had been quietly slumbering for many generations. Its history is full of incident, and connected with many of the stirring events of colonial and Revolutionary days. Indeed, Portsmouth was settled as long ago as 1623, and was first called "Strawberry Bank," from the exceeding quantity of strawberries which were found growing in its vicinity. It was at first fortified with palisades, to secure it from Indian depredations; and many were the perils through which it passed in the early days. After the Revolution, a French traveller found it with "a thin population, many houses in ruins, women and children in rags, and every thing announcing decline." But, speedily, Portsmouth revived, and became a busy and thrifty port; and so it continues to this day.

The chief natural attraction in the vicinity of Portsmouth is the Isles of Shoals, a



Portland, from Peak's Island.

group of eight bare and rugged islands, lying about nine miles off the coast, communicated with by a comfortable little steamboat, and provided with hotels and cottages for summer visitors. The isles are small in extent, the largest—Appledore—only containing about three hundred and fifty acres. From the main-land they appear shadowy, almost fairy-like, in their dim outline. As the steamboat approaches, they separate into distinct elevations of rock, all having a bleak and barren aspect, with little vegetation, and having jagged reefs running far out in all directions among the waves. Appledore, the principal island of the group, rises in the shape of a hog's back, and is the least irregular in appearance. Its ledges rise some seventy-five feet above the sea, and it is divided by a narrow, picturesque little valley, wherein are here and there timid scraps of shrubbery, and where are situated the hotel and its *chalets*, the only buildings on the island. The solitude and grandeur of the sea are to be enjoyed to the fullest on these gaunt rocks, in whose interstices many a lonely nook may be discovered where, fanned by cool breezes of pure sea-air, the marine landscape may be contemplated amid a surrounding stillness broken only by the lash, murmur, and trickling in and out of the waves. Just by Appledore is Smutty-Nose Island, low, flat, and insidious, on whose black reefs many a stalwart vessel has been torn to destruction. A quarter of a mile off is the most picturesque of the island-cluster, Star Island, with its odd little village of Gosport, the quaint towered and steepled church of which crowns the crest of its highest point; and just by is Scavey's Island. On the west, toward the main-land, is Londoner's, jagged and shapeless, with a diminutive beach; while two miles away is the most forbidding and dangerous of all these islands, Duck Island, many of whose ledges are hidden insidiously beneath the water at high tide, and at low tide are often seen covered with the big, white sea-gulls, which shun the inhabited isles. Mrs. Thaxter, a native of Appledore, and well known as a poetess, thus charmingly describes this fantastic and fascinating group of ledge and trap dike: "Swept by every wind that blows, and beaten by the bitter brine, for unknown ages, well may the Isles of Shoals be barren, bleak, and bare. At first sight, nothing can be more rough and inhospitable than they appear. The incessant influences of wind and sun, rain, snow, frost, and spray, have so bleached the tops of the rocks that they look hoary as if with age, though in the summer-time a gracious greenness of vegetation breaks, here and there, the stern outlines, and softens somewhat their rugged aspect. Yet, so forbidding are their shores, it seems scarcely worth while to land upon them—mere heaps of tumbling granite in the wide and lonely sea—when all the smiling, 'sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of the land' lies ready to woo the voyager back again, and welcome his returning prow with pleasant sounds, and sights, and scents, that the wild waters never know. But to the human creature who has eyes that will see, and ears that will hear, Nature appeals with such a novel charm that the luxurious beauty of the land is half forgotten before he is aware. The very wildness and desolation reveal a strange beauty to him. In the early morning the sea is rosy, and the sky; the line



PORTLAND HARBOR, AND ISLANDS.



Cashing's Island.

of land is radiant; the scattered sails glow with the delicious color that touches so tenderly the bare, bleak rocks." The Isles of Shoals have latterly become a place of popular resort, and on Appledore and Star Islands are comfortable hotels and cottages, which in summer are filled to overflowing with lovers of the subtile charms of the sea.

Beyond Portsmouth the coast runs tolerably even for some distance northward; then, from Wells Harbor, bends gradually to the northeast, until the isle-crowded entrance of Saco River is reached. It is dotted all along with marine hamlets and fishing-villages, here and there a bit of broken beach, and now and then a slight promontory overlooking the sea. York Beach is the principal sand-expanse between Portsmouth and Portland, and slopes gently to the water from the eminences behind. The coast increases in variegated beauty north of York, and affords ample opportunities for fishermen, bathers, and loungers by the ocean.

Nothing could be more strikingly picturesque, however, than the marine scenery

about Portland, or than that most rural of New-England cities itself, as it perches on its high cliffs above bay, valley, island, and sea. It was settled very early in the colonial history, but the great fire of 1868 caused its renovation, and it now bears a fresh and modern as well as otherwise bright and thrifty aspect. Well may the citizens of Portland be proud of its superb site; its exquisite surroundings; its fine, deep, and well-sheltered harbor; its cheerful, shaded streets; its handsome public buildings, and its tasteful environs. The peculiarity of the Portland landscape is that it presents Nature rather in her softer and more cheerful than in her grand and rugged aspects. The many islands which dot Casco Bay are bright, in summer, with the softest and richest verdure and foliage, and are so numerous that, like Lake Winnepiseogee, they are said to equal the number of days in the year. The bay itself is one of the most beautiful on the Atlantic coast, and has been compared to the bay of Naples, so broad and circular its expanse, and so imposingly is it enframed in ranges of green and undulating hills. Cape Elizabeth, which forms the outermost southern point of the bay, is the nearest approach in this vicinity to the rude and jagged eminences already described as lying farther to the south. It is a series of lofty, jutting cliffs, rising abruptly from the ocean, and crowned with wood and shrubbery, which relieve its gauntness. The Twin-Sisters Light-houses stand on the end of the cape; and from these an inspiring view of the bay and harbor, of the distant city rising above its ledges, of the many islands lying close and irregularly between shore and shore, and, in the distance, of the torn and stormy promontories which stretch out north of Portland, is obtained. Nearer Portland is Peak's Island, luxuriant in foliage, and varied with natural bowers and lovely retreats. Here, too, is a favorable stand-point whence to look upon the genial and varied landscape; while Diamond Island, the pet spot for "down-East" picnics, is famous the country round for its groves of noble trees, its occasionally rocky shore interspersed with narrow bits of beach, and its natural lawns of deep-green turf.

One of the largest and most attractive spots in Portland Harbor is Cushing's Island, the edges of which are bordered by high bluffs crowned with shrubs and turf, with here and there a low, rocky shore or a graceful inlet. The island is one of the largest, comprising two hundred and fifty acres, and is provided with a single building, an hotel for summer sojourners. The view from here is perhaps more various and extensive than from any other point, for it includes the harbor, ship-channel, and city, on the one hand, and the towering ledges of Cape Elizabeth on the other. Forts Preble, Scammel, Gorges, and Portland Light, loom in the near distance; the busy wharves of Portland are seen crowded with their craft of many climes; the neighboring islands present each a novel and contrasted aspect of shape and color; the heavy sea-breakers may be seen settling themselves into the smooth, blue ripple of the bay; and sometimes a glimpse is had of the snowy summit of Mount Washington, and its sister eminences, dimly outlined on the far northwestern horizon.