

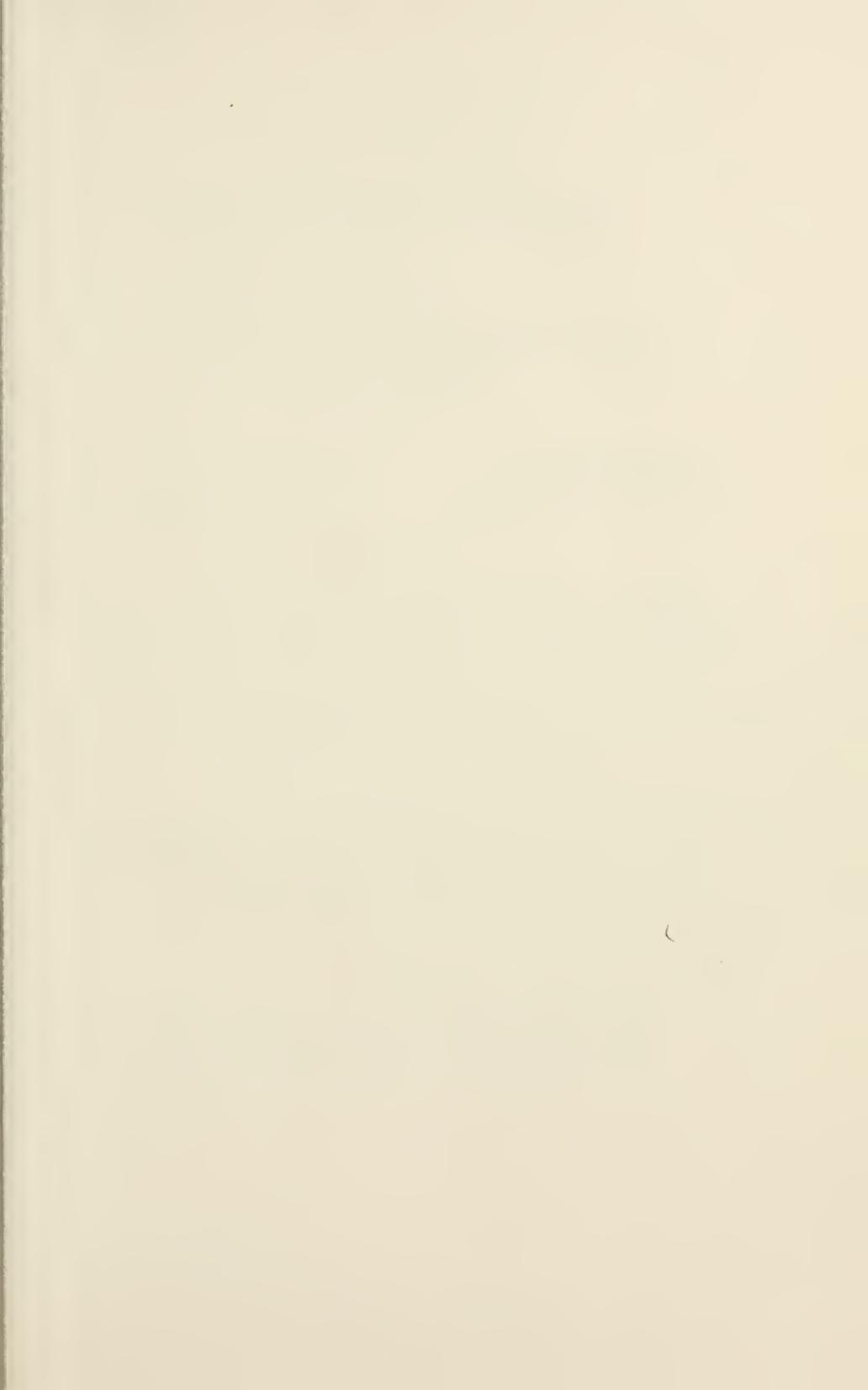
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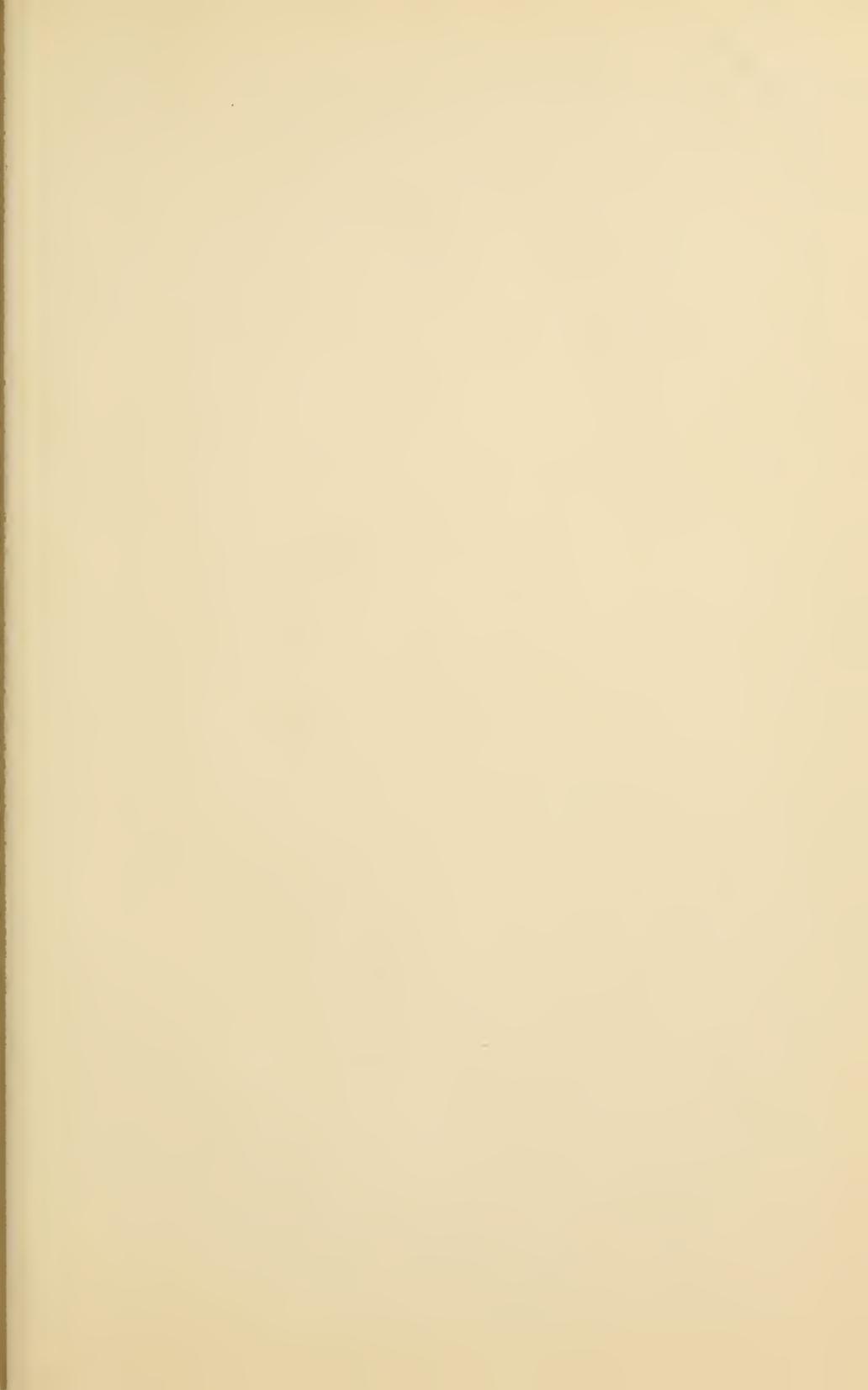
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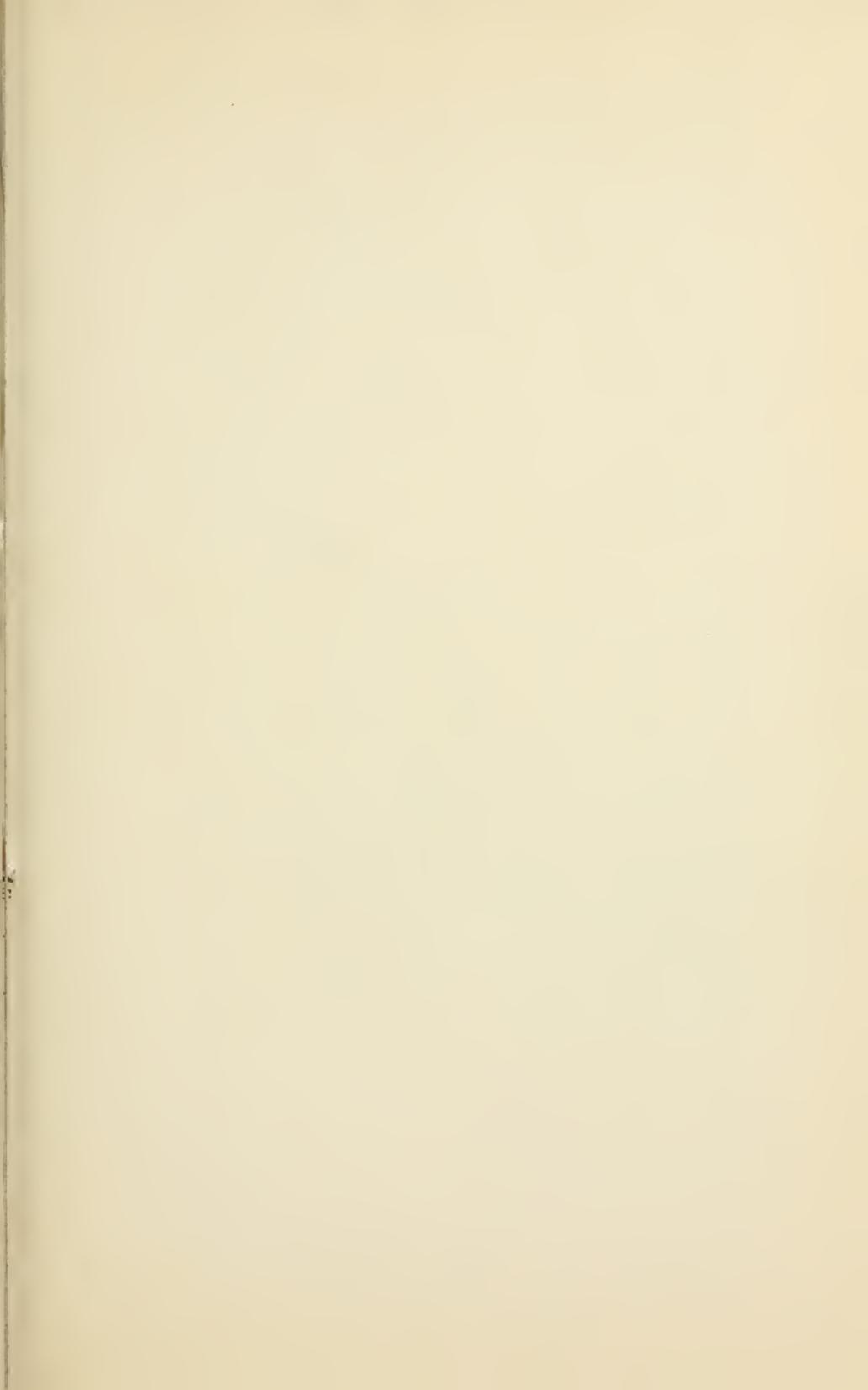
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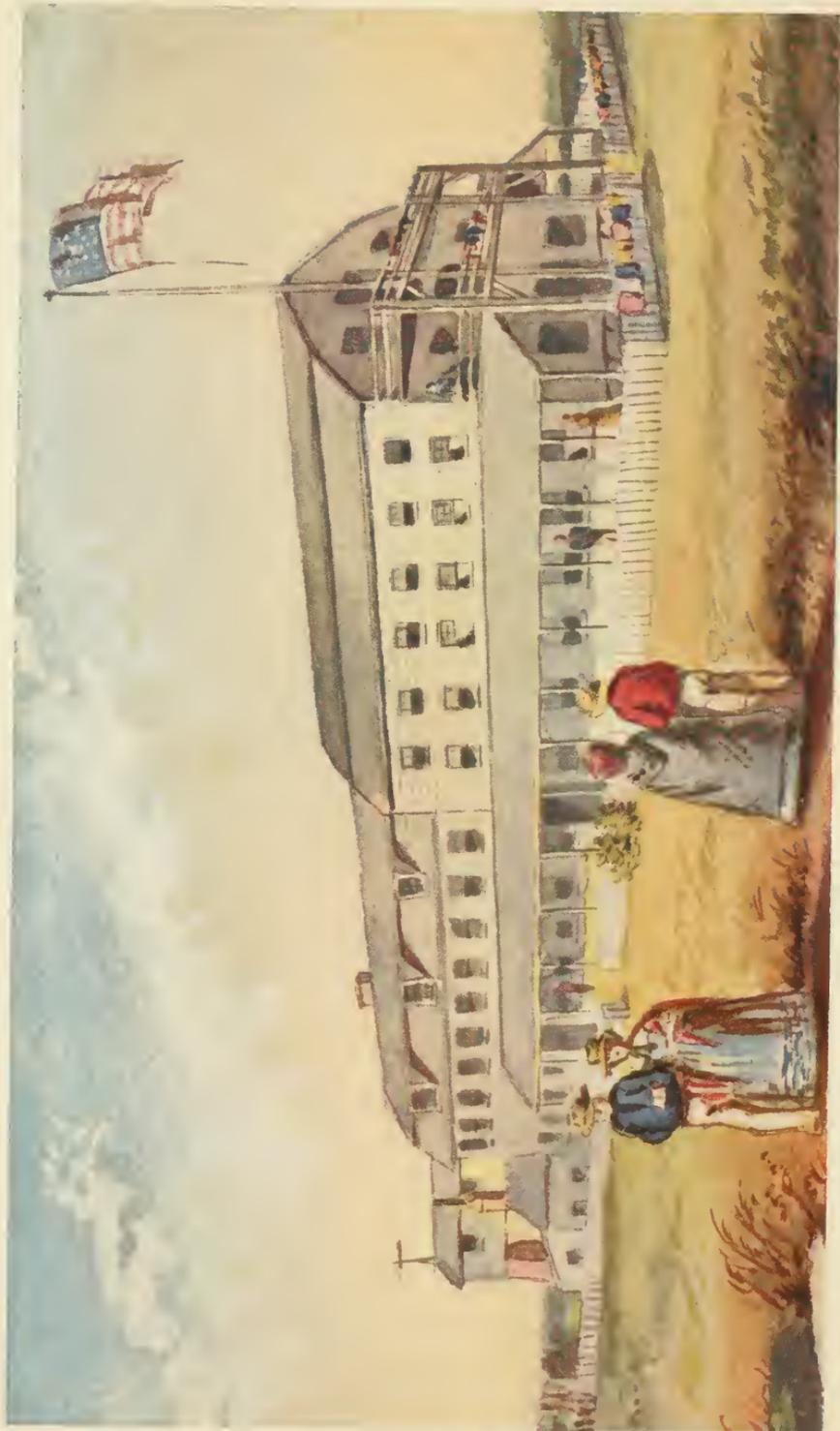
Send for a copy of our handsome new booklet,  
"On to Beach Haven." It's free and contains  
some valuable information. Write at once.





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From a Water-color Sketch by Stewart in 1858.

Thomas Bond's Long Beach House

# THE LURE *of* LONG BEACH

By GEORGE B. SOMERVILLE

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PUBLISHED, 1914, BY  
THE LONG BEACH BOARD OF TRADE

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That the people of these United States may have opportunity to decide intelligently upon the important question of a summer seashore rest and playground for themselves the following brief resume of Long Beach Island is given to the world.

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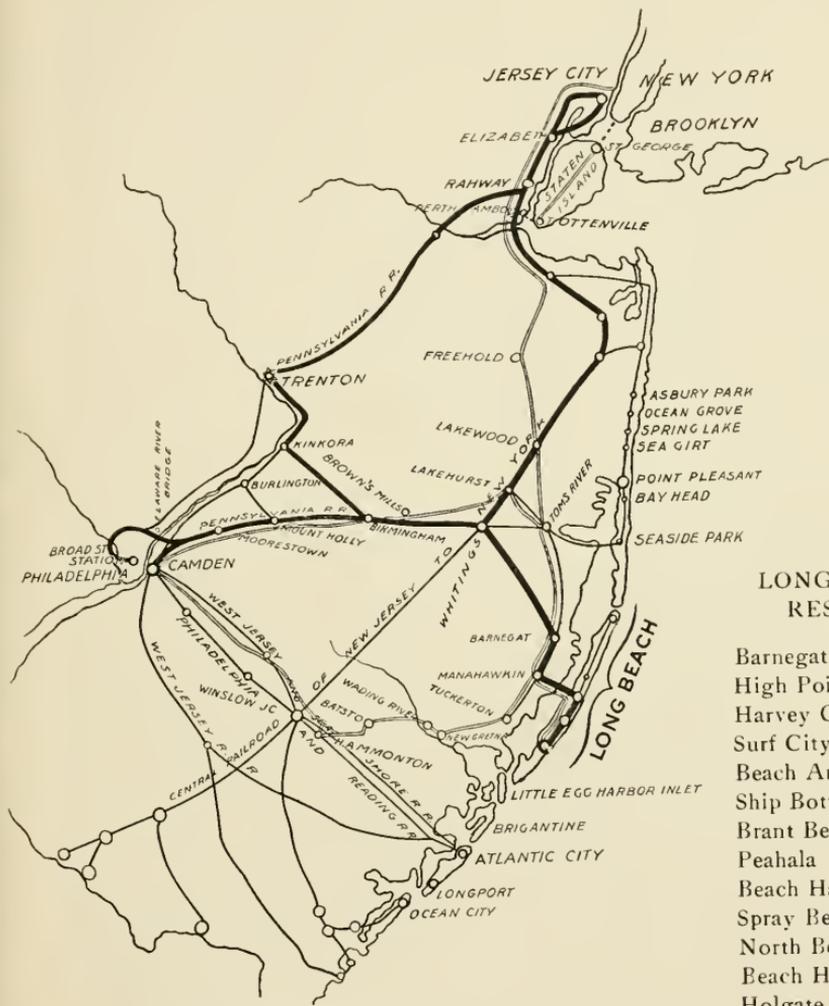
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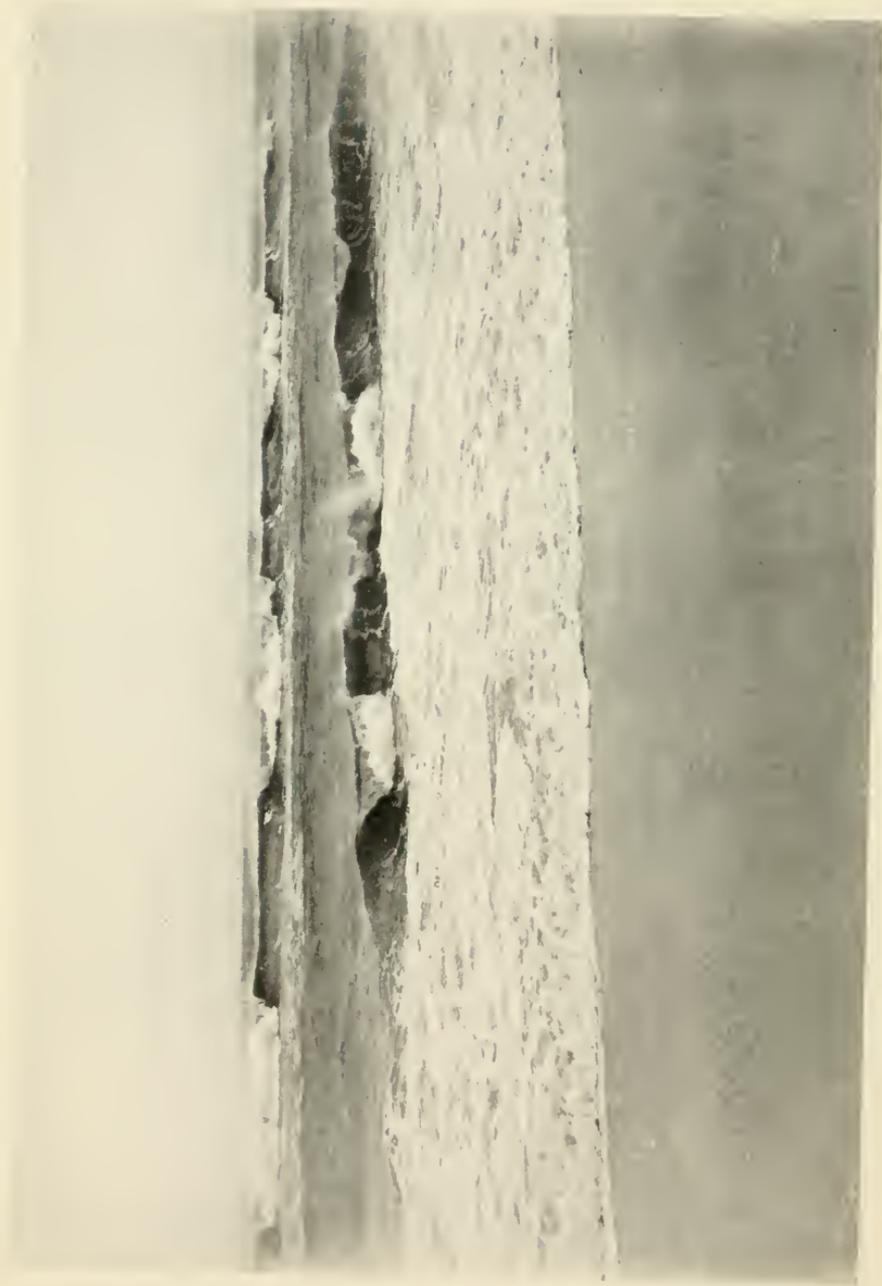
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### LONG BEACH RESORTS

- Barnegat City
- High Point
- Harvey Cedars
- Surf City
- Beach Arlington
- Ship Bottom
- Brant Beach
- Peahala
- Beach Haven Terrace
- Spray Beach
- North Beach Haven
- Beach Haven
- Holgate
- Sea Haven



The Surf off Long Beach

*Photo by R. F. Engle*

## I

## THE LURE OF THE SEA

**T**HE lure of the sea has been calling irresistibly to the sons and daughters of men since the pre-Adam days. Its mysteriousness, its vastness, its vagueness, its incomprehensibility, its sublimity and its cruelty alike have been sung, and almost worshiped, for ages.

No man may place his finger upon the particular attribute of old ocean that most appeals to mankind—its lure is a combination of all its wonders. A sunrise on the sea has kept the artists of the world distracted since paint and palettes were invented; and a flaming, blood-red, golden-gloried sunset is beyond the depiction of finite mind; indeed, almost beyond finite comprehension, so majestic, so sublime is its superterrestrial grandeur.

From time immemorial legend and history tell of the people journeying toward the sea. Its call has been potent in all ages and in every latitude, and men have risked their lives upon its fluid, cold and pitiless bosom since anthropic animals first learned the rudiments of navigation by paddling a log with arms and hands.

“Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.”

The human mind is all but blank in the presence of old ocean's majesty, and there is one predominating

thought that at some time or other has flitted through the mind of every loiterer by the sea: "I am here today; this wonderful waste of water was here yesterday, will be here tomorrow; rolled for æons before I came, and will roll on and on when I am gone. Why?"

In addition to bearing upon its tireless bosom the rich argosies of the ancient and modern world, the sea has contributed much toward the sustenance of the race since man has lived upon this earth; and it is still contributing, still inviting men to come and take freely.

But gathering one's food from the caverns of the deep is not an avocation suitable for weaklings. It is a stern occupation, and requires the mental and physical prowess of the adventurer. In seafaring life among men, as among the denizens of the deep themselves, the doctrine of the survival of the fittest is the supreme law. The weakling riding upon the crests of the waves and the weakling in the mysterious depths of the waters are alike the victims of the unrelenting life.

And the contemplation of the terrible submarine tragedies that have been enacted beneath its mute and sun-kissed surface—indeed, that may even be in progress as one gazes across the placid waters—adds to the appalling grandeur of it all. And the dreamer turns from the battles of the deep to the strivings among the children of men.

Fortunately, however, the morbid is not the dominant note in the music of the sea. In its serious moods its exhibitions of irresistible power are awe-inspiring; but the summer visitor rarely sees the ocean in mighty travail with the storm king.

It is in summer as though the majestic ocean were tamed for the season. For a distance of five to ten miles seaward the stroller may view a passive, quiet, sunlit field of seemingly endless blue water. Here and there a sail may be descried far out upon the rim of the visible world of waters. It passes slowly, so slowly to the watcher on shore that he is almost persuaded it rests at anchor, onward along that vague penumbral line where sky and waters seem to meet, and that we call the horizon.

And the ship may be bound for China; indeed, most people like to imagine passing ships as bound for China; there is something so subtly oriental and poetic in the thought—and China is as good a country as any for dream ships outward bound.

And the slowly passing sail goes on and on, across the blue, world-wide stage, while the inland restler sits quietly on the beach or in the cooling shade of some columned seashore hotel porch and drinks in the quiet and rest and peacefulness and inspiration of the wonderful scene. And these serene moments by the edge of the sea—coupled, of course, with the seasons of gayety and care-free life—are the peak-tops of the land dweller's enjoyment during his annual visit to the shore. And an annual jaunt down where,

“Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forests,”

is more and more becoming a national institution among the American people as the years roll by. American business life is conducted at so high a pressure that com-

plete relaxation—which means absolute rest amid soothing environments; in short, getting back to nature undisturbed—for at least two weeks in the year is imperative if the work-a-day man or woman hopes to maintain himself or herself at a worth-while standard of efficiency.

There are, of course, prominent voices that decry vacations; but these voices are the servants of minds so obsessed with work and dollar-making that to them a period of rest is so much time wasted. We are told that insanity is but a matter of degree, and these minds are so dollar-insane that the poetry of the restless sea has no appeal. Life to such as these is one continual dollar-hunt, and their hours on earth are regulated by a golden time-clock.

But to the normal man and woman to whom life is something more than an expedition in discovery of bacteria-covered bills, the calmness of a rest by the heaving sea is as the crooning of a mother to her frightened babe.

It oftentimes takes years for the simplest fact—the ideal seashore resort suited to one's individual needs, for instance—to get through the skulls of men and women. Like the pursuit of a suitable hair tonic for one's own particular scalp, the inland dweller is prone to choose successively, and to flit annually from one shore spot to another. But it may be accepted as an indisputable fact that the resort offering the greatest opportunity for real seaside rest, with the minimum of annoyance, is the best spot for the man or woman really desirous of giving assistance to imposed-upon nature.

Nor does it follow that the seashore resort using the greatest newspaper space to herald its merits to the world is the most desirable for the rest-seeking man, woman, or family. The choicest scenic spots in the United States are not pictured in the railroad guides or blazoned in the newspapers or books of travel. But they are known to perhaps one, perhaps a coterie of appreciative artists who also have the adventure bacilli in their veins.

The old order changeth and the American people are rapidly coming to realize that the purpose of a summer vacation by the cooling, health-restoring sea is simply to rehabilitate their minds and bodies for efficient performance of their share of the world's work throughout the remainder of the year.

That the people of these United States may have opportunity to decide intelligently upon the important question of a summer seashore rest and playground for themselves the following brief résumé of Long Beach Island is given to the world.

## II

## THE LENNI LENAPE

**N**EXT to the true sea lover's delight in the majestic beauties of the boundless ocean comes his sympathy and fellow-feeling for those who have preceded him in the enjoyment of its marvels. The loiterer on the white beach sands turns backward along his mental pathway as he gazes meditatively out across the heaving billows, and almost unconsciously transports himself into the days of the long ago. He mingles with those shadowy hosts who have sighed and dreamed beside this same flood of waters, and, like Hamlet, he speculates upon the utility and the wherefore of it all.

If the beach stroller happens to be of a scientific turn of mind he will remind himself of his studies of ancient man, what he was, how he lived, and where. He will recall to mind his wanderings through the mazes of archaeology and will hold quiet discourse with himself. Perhaps it is these quiet communings one has with one's self by the mighty and peace-inspiring sea that draws mankind to its moaning shore.

"How long have men wandered along this coast?" is his sentimental and unscientific method of questioning himself. He is aware that science has advanced some claim that man was in America during a paleolithic age, and that his implements, principally of argillaceous substances, have been found in the Trenton (New Jersey) gravels; that the remains of vanished animals similar to

those in like gravels in Europe have been unearthed, and, lastly, the remains of prehistoric man himself have been found.

But this rumination is altogether too misty and irksome for a summer day by the waves, and the restler trips mentally and airily down the ages until he finds himself making wampum from clam shells in company with the Lenni Lenape Indians who once roamed the beaches.

“Ah!” he sighs; “this is something like. Here is Romance. Here are the heroic braves; the dark-eyed Indian maidens!”

But the Red Man’s history in New Jersey, especially after the arrival of the white man and his fire-water, is anything but heroic.

The Lenni Lenape, or Delawares, were of the great Algonkin family of Indians whose many tribal branches were scattered along the Atlantic seaboard from the bleak reaches of Labrador to the Everglades of Florida.

The name Lenni Lenape signified, according to the different translations, “Our Men,” the “Original” or “Pure Indian.” The Delaware (Lenni Lenape) nation occupied the territory now comprising the State of New Jersey, and lived along the river valleys because of the abundance of easily acquired and nature-provided food.

But before the seashore dreamer invests the early Lenni Lenape with the implied qualities of the valiant Hiawatha and the winsome Minnehaha he will recall that these original Jerseymen were dark-eyed, black-haired, with the all too well-known scalp-lock, and that their bodies were usually smeared with animal oils and

stained in fantastic and symbolical designs with mineral or vegetable dyes.

William Penn, writing of the Indian houses, speaks of their being fashioned like English barns, and Pastorius sets forth that young trees were bent to a common center and a shelter formed by the branches being fastened together and covered with bark. All the early writers agree that the interior of these Indian houses were intolerably dirty, and that scarcely any attention was paid to the most elementary laws of sanitation.

But the Lenni Lenape was generous, and until he left New Jersey he invariably motioned his guest to the mat in the center of his wigwam—the seat of honor. The Indians of New Jersey, if they did nothing else worth while, have earned a place on the menu cards of America in that they invented that succulent dish of boiled corn and beans now known as “succotash.”

Polygamy was permitted, but the Lenni Lenape was a wiser man than Solomon in this, for, “owing to the trouble and annoyance of a plurality of women, polygamy was but little practiced.”

The Indian boys had a Spartan time of it until their sixteenth or eighteenth year, when, if found to be proficient in all manner of tribal physical exercises, fishing and hunting included, they were “initiated” into the tribe. But there were no suffragettes in those days, and the women bore the brunt of daily life in the wilds. Theirs it was to toil and plant and reap and carry the burdens.

But such were the customs, and rebellion against the



The Sayonara, Owned by Dr. E. H. Williams,  
the First Herreshoff Boat in Little Egg Harbor Bay  
Shell Mounds of the Indians, Tuckerton Creek



Sand Dunes, Long Beach

*Photo by R. F. Engle*

conventions was unknown. Indeed, it would have been considered a violent breach of etiquette for a gentleman Indian to beg a lady Indian's pardon and relieve her of her stone hoe.

And the Indian maidens of those days, when they attained to the age of sixteen and began casting about for a beau, were not driven to the expedients of raiment and deportment sometimes affected by their modern white sisters on the summer boardwalks of today. Nor were matrimonial bureaus necessary. When the Indian maiden decided to marry she advertised the fact, simply but effectively, by donning a crown of red or blue bay leaves.

Then the throng of young braves stood aside and looked over the living, walking advertisement columns, selected the "Want Ad" that suited, and arranged with the families and the Medicine Man.

The wedding ceremony was a simple and unostentatious event, with no church splurge, no taxicabs, and no huge caterer's bill coming in afterward to provoke pa Indian's profanity. When the relatives had all gathered around and the howling had ceased for a moment, the young brave handed a bone to his lady love, and she in turn handed him an ear of corn. This exchange signified that the gentlemen would provide the meat and the lady the bread necessary to maintain the newly established family. It was beautifully, artistically simple, with no clergyman to fee.

New Jersey was called Scheyecbi in the Lenni Lenape tongue; Philadelphia was known as Coaquanock, and Trenton was Chickohacki.

The original Lenni Lenape was described by the early writers as being almost lovable in his hospitable simplicity, but when a half century had given the white man's liquors and the intermixture of bloods a chance to show what they could do it developed that the red man was not what he once had been; he was not possessed of the white man's mental power to resist temptation and overindulgence. As an act of charity he was placed beyond beckoning temptation, upon a reservation—the first in the United States. This tract of land consisted of three thousand acres near Edgepeleck, or Brotherton, now known as Indian Mills. The Lenni Lenape remained on this reservation until 1802, when they joined their fortunes with the Mohegans and removed to the State of New York. They removed again at a later date to Green Bay, Wisconsin, and ultimately to Indian Territory.

The last act of the Lenni Lenape drama—or tragedy—occurred when the New Jersey Legislature appropriated the sum of two thousand dollars in 1832 to extinguish all the right, title and interest which the Lenni Lenape held or might hold against the colony or State.

Vale, Aborigine!

“On the shores of Gitche-Gumee,  
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
O'er the water pointing westward,  
To the purple clouds of sunset.”

## III

## JERSEY DISCOVERED

**C**HRISTOPHER COLUMBUS discovered America on October 12, 1492, but it was not until a century had passed that New Jersey entered upon its New World history.

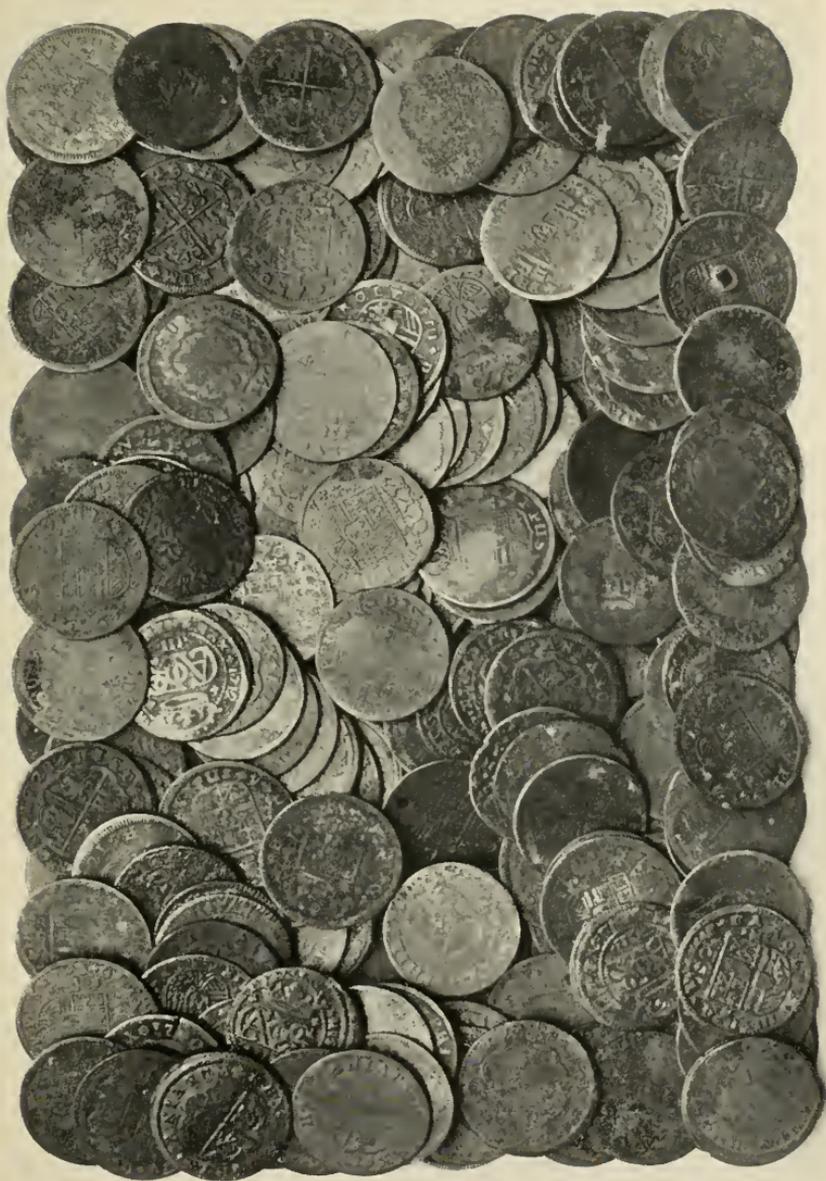
Henry Hudson, sailing up-coast from the Delaware Bay on or about the first of September, A. D. 1609, was the first Englishman to make note of the seashore that has since become famous the world over. And it was only because of a change of plan in Hudson's mind while in mid-ocean that New Jersey was sighted then. The navigator had set out upon his voyage of discovery for the purpose of finding a northeast passage to India, but bethought himself otherwise while at sea and determined to seek a northwest passage at 40° N. latitude. He failed to find this and spent a week cruising in the Delaware Bay and River, then proceeded up the coast now known as New Jersey and landed from the "Half Moon" upon Sandy Hook.

From early sketches and from the navigator's own diary it appears that the "Half Moon" kept well within sight of land during the voyage from the Delaware Capes to Sandy Hook, and if the bathers of the Jersey seashore resorts had been spending their 1609 September vacations on the sands of Long Beach they would have been accorded a passing review of the ship of original discovery. But about the best the modern bather can

do is to gaze upon the *place* where the "Half Moon" passed some three hundred and five years ago.

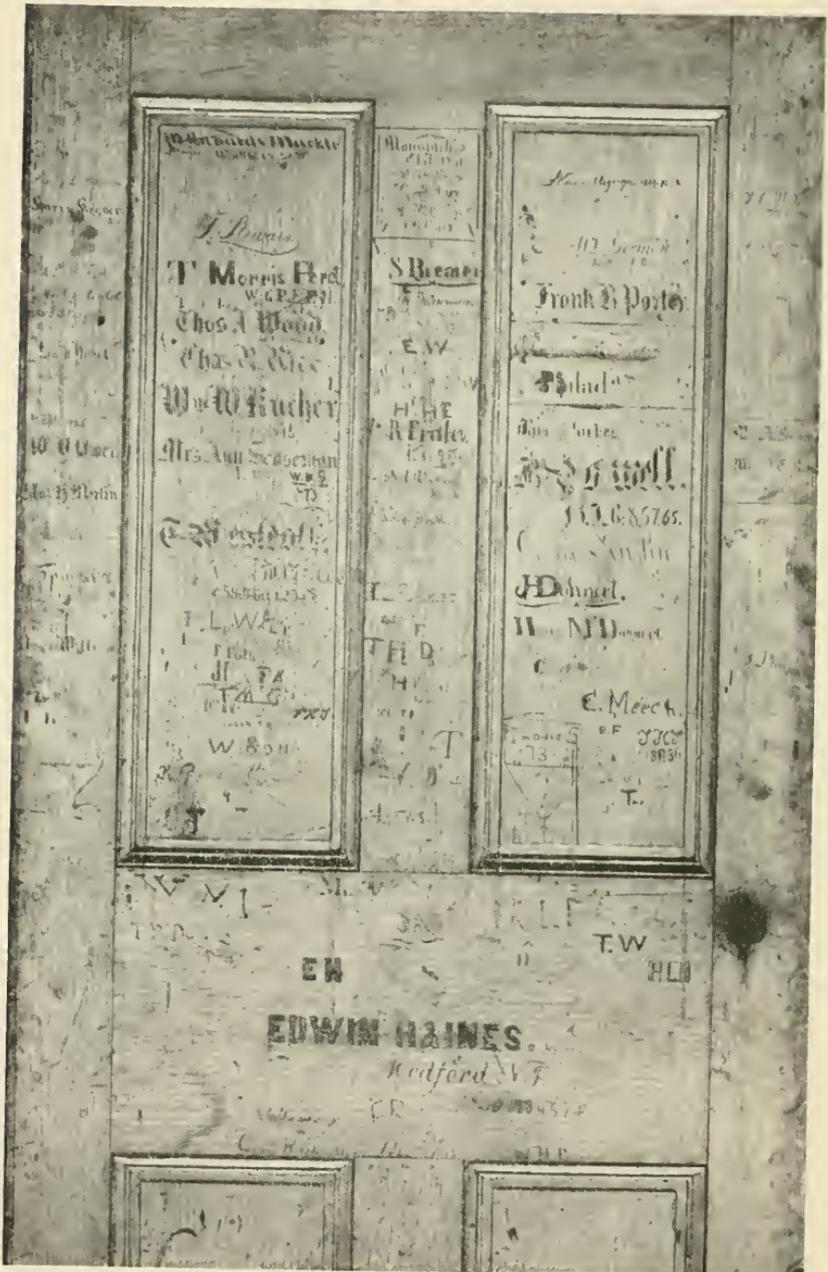
The next adventurer to view the Jersey Coast was Captain Cornelius Jacobson Mey, and the captain's name is well spread out over South Jersey to this day, particularly in Cape May County, Cape May Court House, Cape May City, and Mays Landing on the Great Egg Harbor River. The names of two South Jersey county seats have fallen to the honor of this Dutch sailor—Cape May Court House, being the county seat of Cape May County, and Mays Landing, being the county seat of Atlantic County.

It was some time in June, A. D. 1614, that Captain Mey sailed up the Jersey coast and explored Great Egg Harbor Bay and River, just below Atlantic City, and Little Egg Harbor Bay and River, just above that resort. Captain Mey sent some of his crew ashore in the ship's longboat, and they landed on the marshes and began prowling about much as seashore visitors do today. But they were unable to walk fast or far without stepping on the nests and eggs of all manner of shore birds, and the air above them was filled to blackness with thousands upon thousands of frightened, screaming waterfowl. And it was because of this novel and interesting incident that Captain Mey named the adjacent county "Eyren Haven," which, translated from the Dutch, means "Harbor of Eggs." Hence the prevalence in the vicinity of Long Beach of names embracing the words "Egg Harbor," including Little Egg Harbor (now Tuckerton), Little Egg Harbor Inlet (the best and deepest ocean



Spanish Coins, 1682-1795

Found in the sand near Beach Haven, from collection of Chas. W. Beck



Dining Room Door, Bond's Long Beach House

inlet from Sandy Hook to the Delaware Breakwater), Egg Harbor City, etc.

In the year 1632 Sir Edmund Plowden, of Ireland, together with eight associates, petitioned King Charles I for a grant of the land, "Manitie or Long Isle, and thirty miles square of the coast next adjoining, to be erected into a County Palatine called Syon."

This petition did not receive the stamp of royal approval, but it was re-presented, the second prayer designating Long Island as "Isle Plowden" and the county palatine "New Albion," with forty leagues square of the adjoining continent.

Sir Edmund and his associates agreed to "settle five hundred inhabitants for the planting and civilizing thereof."

Upon the presentation of this petition a patent was granted and Sir Edmund Plowden was appointed Governor over the area of New Albion, which embraced the land now comprising the States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, as well as Long Island. The grant included Maryland, notwithstanding the fact that this territory had been granted to Lord Baltimore some years earlier.

After a succession of misadventures in and pertaining to New Albion there appeared, in December, 1648, a "Description" of the new territory, written by Beauchamp Plantagenet, a relative of the far-famed Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England. And in this "Description" may be found, in seventeenth century verbiage, the beginnings of the literary art of exploiting seashore real estate.

New Albion was likened unto Lombardy, with "a rich, fat soil, plain and having 34 rivers on the main land, 17 great Isles, and partaketh of the healthiest aire and most excellent commodities of Europe." Forest woods of every kind were abundant, with fowl, fish, salt, corn, good mines of minerals, dyer's ware, "5 sorts of deer, buffes and huge elks to plow and work, all bringing 3 young at once." In the uplands were "hogges and turkeys 500 in a flock, and having near the colony of Manteses 400,000 acres of plain mead land and meer levell to be flowed and fludded by that river for corn, rice, rapes, flax and hemp."

"I saw there," writes Master Evelin, in his letter to "Madam" Plowden, "an infinite quantity of bustards, swans, geese and fowl." Turkeys there were, one which weighed forty-six pounds. Whales and grampus swam the sea, while on land were "cedars, cypresse, sassafras, pine apples and the dainty parsemenas."

All through New Albion, according to these early writers, were scattered the seats of Kings, that near Trenton being called Kildorpy, "neer 200 miles up from the ocean, it hath clear fields to plant and sow and neer it is sweet large meads of clover or honeysuckle . . . a ship of 140 tuns may come up to these fals which is the best seat for health, and a trading house to be built on the rocks and ten leagues higher up are lead mines in stony hills."

But the high-water mark of early New Jersey grandiloquence is the description of Mount Plowden, "the seat of the Raritan King . . . twenty miles from Sandhay sea and ninety from the ocean, next to Amara hill, the

retired paradise of the children of the Ethiopian Emperor, a wonder, for it is a rock, two miles compass, 150 foot high, a wall like precipice, a strait entrance easily made invincible, where he keeps two hundred for his guard, and under it is a flat valley all ready to plant and sow.”

Wake! Wake! my Jersey Muse, and sing  
The glories of thine Albion King!

## IV

## BERKELEY AND CARTERET

SIR EDMUND PLOWDEN died in 1659, but even before his death the Plowden title to New Albion became hazy. In 1659 Philip Calvert, of Maryland, set forth the claim that Plowden had never obtained title from the King, but had received his patent from the Viceroy of Ireland, and that consequently it was valueless. In 1784 one Charles Varlo, an Englishman, came with his family to America to assert his title to the one-third part of the charter which he had purchased from the Plowden heirs. While in New Albion he traveled from place to place distributing a pamphlet setting forth the abstract of his title, and gave out also, in 1785, "A Caution to the Good People of New Albion *alias*, corruptly called, at present, The Jerseys," warning them against contracting for or buying any land in the province. Varlo failed to obtain redress by suit in Chancery and returned to England. With his departure died the claims of the Plowden interests to New Albion.

On June 23 and 24, A. D. 1664, James, Duke of York, signed deeds conveying the land now known as New Jersey to two faithful House of Stuart men, Lord John Berkeley, Baron of Stratton, and Sir George Carteret, of Saltrum, "to be called by the name or names of New Cæsarea or New Jersey." The name thus designated was in honor of the defense in 1649 by Sir George Carteret of his native Isle of Jersey when attacked by the army and navy of the parliamentarians.

In order to secure the colonization of their new and vast property, Berkeley and Carteret, on February 10, 1664-65, signed and published "Concessions and Agreements of the Lords Proprietors of the Province of New Cæsarea or New Jersey to and with all and every the Adventurers and all such as shall settle or plant there." Under the terms of "the Magna Charta of New Jersey," the government of the province became vested in a governor, a council of not less than six or more than twelve men to be by him chosen, and an assembly of twelve members chosen annually by the "freemen."

As a further inducement to those in late rebellion against the Crown to cast their lot in the New World, one hundred and fifty acres of land was promised to such as embarked with the first governor, provided the immigrant had furnished himself with "a good musket, . . . bandiliers, and match convenient." To slaves over fourteen years of age a plot of seventy-five acres was promised, and a similar acreage to every Christian servant when he had completed the service of his "time."

According to a recognized authority, John Whitehead, the title to the soil of New Jersey was derived through four great sources—first, through the Indian; then the Dutch; through Governor Nicolls, who received the "articles of surrender" from the Dutch in 1664; and lastly through the Lords Proprietors, Berkeley and Carteret. But behind all was the grant from King Charles, who claimed paramount title by virtue of discovery.

On March 18, 1673-74, John Fenwick, formerly a major in Cromwell's army, and later a Quaker, pur-

chased from Lord Berkeley his half interest in New Jersey. Associated with Fenwick was Edward Byllynge, and their purpose was somewhat utopian, in that they planned in the New World an asylum where perfect religious and political freedom would be established—the first such spot on earth. But the great bugaboo of titles that had “run with the land” from the Indian down arose between Fenwick and Byllynge, and William Penn, who had but recently joined the Society of Friends, was called in to arbitrate. Penn awarded Fenwick one-tenth of the land and a sum of money, and to Byllynge nine-tenths. Shortly afterward Byllynge became involved financially and assigned his interest in trust to William Penn, Gawen Lawry, and Nicholas Lucas, February 10, 1674. Fenwick’s tenth eventually passed also into their control.

After the transfer of title by Berkeley the Duke of York released to Sir George Carteret his individual moiety of the province, which included all of New Jersey north of a line drawn from Barnegat Creek, “about the middle between Sandy Point and Cape May” (the seacoast terminus of said line being at a point on Long Beach near Bond’s), to another creek “next adjoyneing to and below a certaine Creek in Delaware River called Rankokus Kill.” But this attempt at adjustment merely served to complicate matters, and was promptly abandoned.

The actual separation of the province into East and West Jersey occurred on the 1st day of July, 1676—just one hundred years before the Declaration of Indepen-

dence—when a “Quintipartite Deed” was executed by Sir George Carteret, William Penn, et al., partitioning the territory. This deed’s famous line, long known as the “Province Line,” extended from Little Egg Harbor at a point two miles below Beach Haven, crossing Long Beach to 41° 40’ north latitude to the Delaware River. Carteret was awarded East Jersey, and West Jersey was awarded to Penn and his associates.

The reader will never know the strength of the temptation resisted at this point—the temptation to write of New Jersey as “the battle-ground of the Revolution,”—for no State suffered more in that hardship-filled struggle for freedom except, perhaps, South Carolina. But the present chapter is a backward glance merely, not a history.

But a word will be permitted. When the clouds of gloom had settled over the country at the close of that terrible winter spent by General Washington and his depleted and impoverished army of four thousand famished men at Valley Forge, the sun of hope beamed once more after the skillful maneuvers at the Battle of Trenton on December 26, 1776, and followed a week later by the victory at Princeton.

Of two British expeditions sent out in 1778, one was directed against Little Egg Harbor. This expedition, after burning considerable shipping at Chestnut Neck, on the mainland near Long Beach, landed on Osborne’s Island during the silence of night and compelled an innocent citizen, under threat of instant death, to guide the soldiers to Count Pulaski’s encampment, near Tuckerton. The advancing British encountered an outpost

of thirty Americans, and so quiet had been their march that the Continental troops were taken completely by surprise and butchered almost to a man, some of them even when crying for quarter. A monument was erected at Tuckerton a few years ago by the State of New Jersey to Count Pulaski and his heroic soldiers.

A glimpse of the strenuousness of this early life in the colonies is had in the heroic, fearless conduct of the bravest woman in New Jersey's history—Molly Pitcher—before whose monument in the Old Graveyard at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, the writer has often stood in respectful awe and admiration.

It was in a blood-drenched New Jersey ravine near Monmouth that Molly Pitcher won enduring glory.

"Molly Pitcher, rightly Mary Ludwig; daughter of John George Ludwig, a German Palatine; born in Pennsylvania, probably at Carlisle, October 13, 1744; married John Hays 1769, a gunner in Proctor's 1st Pennsylvania Artillery; she followed him to the field, and when he was shot at Monmouth she took his place; served nearly eight years in the army; placed on list of half-pay officers; married Sergeant George McCauley; died January 22, 1823, and was buried with military honors."

Much more could be said of the valiant service rendered by the patriotic residents of the mainland of New Jersey in the vicinity of Long Beach, and of their transportation across the sandy roads in huge, broad-tired wains, after nightfall and in muffled silence to escape attracting the attention of British sentinels, of many articles needed in Philadelphia and proclaimed contraband. To be caught meant an unceremonious "short shrift," but the sturdy Jerseymen "took a chance," in the vernacular of today.



Captain Thomas Bond

Thompson Westcott  
Historian of Philadelphia,  
"Governor" of Long Beach

Ye Olden Times at Bond's Long Beach House

Long Beach House July 1 1851

C. Sampkins Dr			
To 3 Pints Whiskey	3/8	37	
" 2 Sops Tobacco	6	6	
" 1 lb Coffee	40	16	
" 1/2 lb Whiskey	6	6	
" 1 " "	9	6	
" 1 " "	7	13	
" 1 " "	7	13	
" 2 lb Lard	7	25	
" 1 lb Sugar	7	9	
" 1 lb Tobacco	1/1	13	
" 1/2		25	169

By Am  
11

LONG BEACH HOUSE  
LUMBER HOUSE



LITTLE EGG HARBOUR.  
THE BOND.



Sam Shourds

Leaf from Bond's Cash Book

Caleb Parker

Gideon's Band

"Twixt you and I, I really think  
It's pretty neat time we had a drink,  
If you belong to Gideon's Band, &c."

The three lower pictures were painted by William F. Read in 1859, now hanging in Mr. Read's Cottage.

## V

## EARLY LIFE ON THE BEACHES

**M**ANKIND aforetime has been accustomed to look upon the sea from an elevated point on land, and it was not until well beyond the middle of the nineteenth century that the low-lying seacoast of New Jersey began to attract the inland city dweller's attention. Early life on the mainland and beaches of New Jersey was prosaic, colorless, and uninteresting. Indeed, today nothing more monotonous than isolated life on a barren beach, wind-swept, wave-washed and neighborless, can well be imagined.

But in the early days the beaches were as an unknown land to the inlander. They were devoid of artistic beauty, a seemingly hopeless waste, and were the terror of coastwise trading mariners. The wrecks that have been strewn upon New Jersey's sands since the beginnings of things in the New World would fill many modern argosies with untold riches, and will be referred to later.

The beaches marked the shore lines of the old counties of Monmouth, Burlington, Gloucester and Cape May, with the mainland extending to the sea only in that portion of Monmouth County lying between Deal and Point Pleasant. Southward the ocean was shut out by long, narrow strips of islands composed of sand, and between these and the mainland lay innumerable salt meadow marshes, lagoons, channels and bays.

Each generation has its own problems, and the working out of these problems constitutes the history of a people. The problem of turning the beaches to some account presented itself to the pioneer, and when he saw them covered with coarse grasses he determined to utilize them as pasturage. Accordingly he built flat-bottomed scows and transported his cattle across the bays from his mainland farm. After branding them he turned them loose to graze and roam at will. Frequently at the "round-up" "strays" were missing from the flock, and these strays in time became the progenitors of the "wild cattle" that have been hunted and shot on Long Beach even within the memory of men still living.

The apparently mysterious has always been a lure for mankind's speculation, and the presence of these "wild cattle" upon the beaches has given rise to many weird and fanciful tales. Indeed, it is almost an offense against tradition to explain away so simple a legend that has been the source of much learned disputation, not only among shore Jerseymen who have "shot 'em and seen 'em," but among visitors of culture eager to find an uncommon topic on which to while away a seashore holiday.

Upon Long Beach in the early days was a luxuriant growth of red cedar. Oak, gum, holly and other woods grew on the beaches and were utilized in shipbuilding, the manufacture of chests, casks and furniture.

But especially were these beaches the terrestrial "happy hunting ground" of the white hunter, accompanied by his half-breed or negro guide. Wild fowl were so abundant that had Baron von Münchhausen laid

the scene of his rather marvelous duck shooting adventure on Long Beach the tale might have "got by." Indeed, there were so many shore birds that even the apparent exaggerations of the early writers did not do the matter justice.

In the waters were fish of all sorts "in prodigious shoals," and oysters, clams and crustacea were abundant at all seasons. No matter how poor a shore dweller might be, he was unafraid of the lone wolf, starvation, for nature provided prodigally, and it was but for him to reach forth his hand and take.

Whaling was one of the principal industries along the Jersey coast in the early days, and this industry, now abandoned, was extremely profitable. The discovery of whales in New Jersey waters brought many New England and Long Island whalers to the colony. And indeed, even today when a sick whale becomes stranded on the Jersey coast the first impulse of the finder is to lash it firmly to the edge of the United States, and his second to wire some New England whaleman.

Many of the early whalers settled permanently near Tuckerton, and their small but stanch boats patrolled the Jersey coast from Sandy Hook to Cape May on the lookout for the valuable leviathans of the deep. An evidence of the importance of the industry may be cited in the instructions sent from London July 20, 1683, to Governor Gawen Lawry commanding him to "take particular inspection into the conveniency of fishing . . . especially as to the whale fishing, which we (the Proprietaries) desire may be encouraged lest the fisher-

men be drawn elsewhere for want of due encouragement." And in West Jersey an Act was passed in 1693, providing that all persons "who shall kill or bring to shore any whale or whales . . . shall pay one full and entire tenth of all the oyle and bone made out of the said whale or whales unto the present Governor of this Province for the time being."

Subsequently, with the introduction of steel and celluloid in lieu of whalebone, and the substitution of mineral oils, and for the reason, too, that the whales were being exterminated, this industry along the New Jersey coast was abandoned.

The tiller of the soil early became the dominant figure both socially and politically in the Colonial days, and everyone, male and female, had some knowledge of the science of agriculture.

But comforts as we know them today were unknown. Perhaps in all New Jersey there was not a bathtub, save those provided by nature in the form of rivers and the ocean. Stoves were unknown, and the boiling, frying and stewing were done over and in front of the cavern-like fireplace, with the smoke and odors filling the rafter-grimed kitchens. Screens were unknown, and the now detested fly and the festive mosquito as well revelled in the persecution of mankind. Tallow dips and wax candles were the luxuries of the rich, while pine knots aglow served the poor as means of night-time illumination.

The food was of the plainest—salted meats, fish and pork, with fresh deer and bear. Beans, potatoes, carrots, turnips and cabbages were the staples, together with rye

bread and milk. A few luxurious families preserved small quantities of peaches and apples in stone jugs, but otherwise fruits were to be had only "in season."

Work upon the farms was performed largely by three classes of laborers—slaves, both Indian and negro; apprentices, and redemptioners. These last were men and women who had agreed to sell their labor for a term of years in payment of their transportation from the Old World to the New.

## VI

## OLD BOND'S

**F**OLLOWING the Revolutionary "days that tried men's souls" an era of comparative peace settled over the new United States, and nature set about her long-deferred experiment of molding from every specimen of immigrant from Europe a distinctive nation. And this new nation—this modern world-experiment—has proved itself successful, and has developed aggressive and forceful characteristics in the dwellers of the United States that for want of a better name we term American. Thus we have American shrewdness, American humor, American slang, American unconventionality, American democracy. And in no one place is American democracy more potent than at the seashore during the height of the summer season.

John Bull makes almost a religious rite of it when he a-bathing goes, and his solemn ponderosity as he emerges from his bathing machine and enters the water at any of the Old World watering places brings the wrinkles of a smile to the face of a real American. But on the New Jersey coast snobbery is almost unknown among lovers of the sea, and especially on the Long Beach section has the true spirit of cosmopolitanism maintained its sway from the earliest days.

Seashore life in midsummer began in a small way—as all great things do—on Tucker's Beach or Short Beach, which is now a part of Long Beach, although

formerly separated from that long-drawn-out island by the old inlet, which filled up entirely in 1874, so that men and women walked across dryshod from Long to Short Beach. When it is recalled that even as late as 1848 this old inlet was two miles wide, and that it was navigable for the smaller coasting vessels even up to the year 1866, the changes wrought in the configuration of the New Jersey coast by old ocean will be faintly realized.

Tradition has it that in the year 1800 an inlet broke through a wooded, swampy section of Short Beach, or Tucker's Beach, during a wild and stormy night, and the portion thus separated from Short Beach has since been known as Little Beach. The inlet this created is now known as the New Inlet, and is the best and deepest exit to and ingress from the Atlantic Ocean between Sandy Hook and the Delaware Capes, being now two miles wide and with a depth of fourteen feet of water at low tide.

The earliest migration of seashore visitors from the Delaware Valley was to Long Beach, and it was on Tucker's Beach, then a part of this island, that the seashore life of the State began.

Little Egg Harbor (Tuckerton) was settled by members of the Society of Friends in 1699. In 1704 a Friends' Meeting was established, and beach parties on the shore, participated in by the Quakers, their visiting kindred and friends, began to become popular. At this period the section of the island known as Long Beach was devoted to the raising of horses, and the beach parties seemed to prefer Tucker's Beach for their outings.

Reuben Tucker lived on this beach, and, after 1765, gradually began to entertain summer guests.

About 1815 Joseph Horner, who for some years had kept the Tucker House on Short Beach, removed to Long Beach and built a house at the spot which later became known as Bond's. This house was afterward kept by Thomas Ivins, who was in turn succeeded by Lloyd Jones. Jones conducted the house for a number of years until 1844 or later. James W. Kelley, of Tuckerton, now 77 years of age, visited Jones' house on Long Beach some seventy years ago, and saw scattered about there great quantities of tea and silks salvaged from wrecks thrown up on the coast.

Lloyd Jones built a new house, which he subsequently sold to Captain Thomas Bond. The old house was still standing during the boyhood days of Theophilus T. Price, of Tuckerton, and was used as a shelter for Bond's flock of sheep. Someone had painted the letters Y. M. C. A. on the end of the old building.

Thomas Bond was a bachelor and was originally attracted to Long Beach by the excellence of the gunning and fishing. After purchasing the boarding house from Lloyd Jones, Bond brought a manager from New York. Later Lewis Stewart, of Tuckerton, who also kept the hostelry at Tuckerton, became the manager of Bond's house. Stewart died in 1862, after which date Mr. Bond procured the services of a housekeeper.

The old Bond's boarding house faced the bay, at a distance of three hundred yards. The beach at this point was a mile wide, and bathers were conveyed across from bay to ocean in a stage wagon driven by "Billy" Carr, and after his death by "Billy" Crane. The young



Charles T. Parry

Dr. Samuel Ashhurst

Archelaus R. Pharo



The Engleside  
The Parry House

Robert B. Engle

people were compelled to walk because there was not room in the stage for all of Bond's guests. The pathway to the ocean led over two sloughs crossed by rude bridges, but these bridges were used by the pedestrians only—the teams waded through.

Immediately back of the center of the boarding house Captain Bond kept a great eagle, caged, and this eagle screamed protest and defiance at the curious guests. Hard by the eagle's cage was the billiard room and bowling alley. Captain Bond himself was exceedingly fond of euchre, and, according to Captain John Marshall, who now lives and has lived for fifty years in Beach Haven, and who knew and served under Captain Bond in the Life-Saving Service for ten years, euchre was the constant amusement of venerable Thomas Bond when fishing or shooting could not be indulged. "Euch" was Captain Bond's abbreviation for euchre, and, in Mr. Marshall's words, it was "' Euch, euch, euch' all the time, and many thousands of games we have played together."

The life of the guests was free and easy at Bond's house in the old days, as became such an out-of-the-way resort. Fishing, bathing and shooting filled the daylight hours, but the evenings laid something of a tax upon the ingenuity of the guests, and occasionally a donkey's head mask, attached to a shawl-covered quadruped, appeared in the halls and brayed, greatly to the consternation of the feminine guests, who by this sign were enabled to guess that "the boys" were becoming hilarious.

Mr. George G. Pierie, of Philadelphia, first visited Bond's Long Beach House in August of the year 1858,

leaving Camden on the morning train of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, and arriving at the Little Egg Harbor Inlet at eleven o'clock A. M. The sloop "Lewis Senat," commanded by Captain "Billie" Gaskill, of Tuckerton, was then boarded and the voyage across the bay began. Bond's house was reached at three in the afternoon.

Good, plain food was served, with milk and vegetables raised on the island. Board at Bond's cost seven dollars per week in those early days—one dollar a day. Tallow candles furnished light at night, and no man dared appear in a "biled shirt." For his first offense he was tried summarily by an improvised court—and was invariably convicted. Jersey justice was speedy indeed in those days, and the sentence usually meted out was "settin' 'em up to the house." Flannel shirts were the correct thing for the male guests at Bond's, and milady was wont to be more comfortable socially when she appeared in nothing more expensive or elaborate than a calico or gingham wrapper.

The guests constituted a "happy family," with the "kickers" and "growlers" soon finding it convenient to seek other quarters. An informal "election" was held and Thompson Westcott, of Philadelphia, was elected "Governor of the Island." His mandates were scrupulously obeyed by the guests as long as Bond's house remained open.

From the earliest days of Colonial history this section of the Jersey seashore has been the paradise of the Nimrods and Ike Waltons of the eastern United States.

It was the wonderful fishing and gunning that lured the genial Bond away from his fortune-making watch-

case business in New York City to the nature-blessed shores of Long Beach about the middle of the nineteenth century, and it was this same lure, coupled with the "healthful aire and good climate of the Longe Beaches," that brought his varied assortment of guests.

And well-known names appear in the array of those who in bygone times partook of Bond's hospitality. Indeed, at this point might be set down a list of the pioneers of that section of Long Beach now known as Beach Haven, and that list would be but the nucleus of those ancient frequenters of Old Bond's.

Numbered among those honored pioneers are :

Archelaus R. Pharo	Philip Dunn
Charles T. Parry	Samuel Ashhurst
Dr. Edward H. Williams	Walter W. Pharo
John H. Converse	Thomas Sherborne
William F. Read	William Burnham
John B. Parsons	George G. Pierie
Charles Gibbons	Dr. Albert H. Smith

And many other bearers of notable names were guests at Bond's house in the early seashore days. Registered there in the '40's were Bisphams, of Philadelphia, Alex. Harper and Lady, Lewis Blaylock (hatter) and Jos. Budd (farmer), all of whom came to hunt and fish, and even earlier names no less familiar are found.

If the compass of this work permitted, many interesting incidents could be cited concerning members of the "honor roll" above set forth; but for the present the mere mention of their names must suffice; at least until

a proper history of this romance-filled and historically rich section of the New Jersey coast is undertaken.

In 1871, after the completion of the Tuckerton Railroad, many well-known Philadelphians came to enjoy the place, including the aforementioned pioneers. Among them may be mentioned John Dovey, William H. Hoskins, J. Altemus, Jos. B. Ridge, H. A. Potter and Thomas P. Parry.

The old Bond House is gone and its relics scattered. The dining room door was found in an old barn near the site of the house and photographed for this book. On it are carved, in school-boy manner but improved style, many well-known names.

Mr. George G. Pierie, of Philadelphia, who has been a faithful and constant summer visitor at Bond's and Beach Haven since 1858—a Long Beach Patriarch indeed—while in a reminiscent mood one day early in May, 1914, said: "The fishing in the old days at Bond's was great. Sheepshead were abundant, and on many days I have caught fifteen and twenty in a morning. I consider the fishing today at Beach Haven the surest and best on the Jersey coast."

This is further confirmed by the following:

*Extracts from The American Angler's Book, by Thad. Norris  
Philadelphia, 1864*

Of all places within easy distance of our city, commend me to Long Beach, where the accommodations are good (barring the butter), mosquitoes few (if the wind is not off land), and the landlord one of the most obliging and appreciative men in the world, as to the requirements of the angler or shooter. And, moreover, where Sammy Shourds is always on



42-Pound Drum Fish

Weak Fish

72 Pounds of Sheepshead



The Wreck of the John A. McKee, Summer of 1899

*Photo by R. F. Engle*

hand. Sammy can find soft crabs when no other man can; besides, he knows all the fishing grounds, and when the tides suit at each; when to go on the flats for weakfish, when in the Cove for barb, when in the channel for sheepshead, when to the flat, sedgy islands for rockfish, and when to squid for bluefish. Here, according to the adjudication of the aforesaid Sammy, a friend and myself caught with our rods in three mornings (fishing four hours at each time) over five hundred pounds of weakfish and barb, and touched up the rockfish in the afternoon at the islands. Page 278.

When on a visit to Long Beach in August, 1855, a brother angler and myself had great sport with barb in the cove just below the hotel. They had not been taken in numbers for some years, and had become comparatively a rare fish until we met them. In a few hours on the ebb we took upward of three hundredweight with two rods and left off from mere satiety, for the certainty of hooking them as fast as our bait found the bottom ceased to be sport. Page 288.

“I have heard stories of ‘wild cattle’ on the Beach,” Mr. Pierie continued, “but that was before 1858; and also weird stories of ‘Pirates’ living on the Beach and enticing vessels ashore and wrecking them. There was a curious old man by the name of Caleb Parker living at Barnegat Light House in those days, and every summer he came to Bond’s to fish for sheepshead. We called him the ‘Barnegat Pirate,’ and he certainly looked the part. Rumor had it that he was the only and last descendant of the ‘Pirates’ that lived on the island in 1770.”

An episode of these times, known as *The Massacre of Long Beach*, follows:

The Long Beach Massacre took place about a mile south of where Barnegat lighthouse now stands. October 25, 1782, a cutter from Ostend, bound for St. Thomas,

grounded on Barnegat Shoals. She was found there by the American privateering galley, or whaleboat, "Alligator," Captain Steelman, of Cape May, who started to wreck her cargo and land it on the beach. It is assumed that the residents about Barnegat and Waretown joined in this wrecking crew, as Reuben Soper, living at Soper's Landing, between the two villages mentioned, according to tradition, was murdered a mile below Barnegat Inlet on the beach by the notorious Refugee, John Bacon, in October, 1782.

The wrecking crew had got a lot of tea and other valuable cargo ashore and had camped out for the night on the beach. While they were all asleep, after their strenuous day's work in the surf, Captain John Bacon, the Refugee leader, landed on the beach, surrounded their camp and fired on them. Steelman was killed, and a Tory account printed soon after claims that Bacon killed or wounded all but four or five of the Americans. Bacon was killed in a fight on April 3d, the next year, 1783, at a small tavern kept by William Rose, between Westecunck (West Creek) and Clamtown (Tuckerton) by Captain John Stewart, of Arneytown, Burlington County, Joel Cook, an unnamed man, John Brown, Thomas Smith and John Jones, who had come from near Mount Holly to the shore with the express purpose of capturing Bacon if possible.

Two ancient pencil sketches hung in the hall at the old Bond House, both made by Thompson Westcott, "Governor of Long Beach Island" and editor of the Sunday Dispatch. One of the sketches illustrated the

old method of reaching the Beach before the Atlantic City Railroad was built. At that time a stage was used from Camden to Tuckerton, and then a sailboat conveyed the passengers to Long Beach. As there was no dock, the state of the tide frequently made it necessary to use a garvie in landing, and the male passengers were compelled to wade ashore, carrying the women on their backs. The drawing represented this episode.

The other drawing was called "Preparing for the Season," and showed two mosquitoes, one turning a grindstone, on which the other was sharpening its bill.

At this period there were no large boats used at the Beach generally, and few larger than the present-day sneak-boxes. Mr. Louis D. Senat, who was an ardent gentleman sailor, designed a model for a new type of catboat, named it the "Clam Shell," and had it built by John Cranmer, on Liberty's Thoroughfare. When the boat was ready the guests at Bond's were invited to go there and paint it, and a water-color sketch was made of the incident, and it hung for years in the hall. Liberty's Thoroughfare was named in honor of Liberty Price, who lived on it, and Margery's Bar, opposite the thoroughfare, was named in honor of his wife Margery, so simple was the nomenclature of the times.

During the Revolutionary days vast quantities of sea water were evaporated on Long Beach to obtain salt, this being long before the discovery of salt mines in the interior.

There were no regularly organized life-saving crews on Long Beach in the old Bond House days, but the

Government had erected boathouses along the beach, in the vicinities of hotels and private residences. These boathouses were equipped with lifeboats and life-saving paraphernalia, but their use in time of need depended upon volunteer life-savers living near by.

The key of one of these boathouses located near Bond's house was kept hanging up in the bar-room. When a ship was discovered in distress someone ran to the bar-room, took the key from the wall, aroused the guests and attendants into activity, and the whole company trooped to the Government boathouse. Here the amateur life-savers procured the equipment and proceeded toward the beach, everybody telling everybody else just how to set about rescuing passengers and crew.

In the early fifties a vessel named "The Georgia," with about four hundred immigrants on board, came ashore opposite Bond's, and Captain Bond afterward told Mr. William F. Read that the immigrants were so famished he was compelled to stand at the dining room door armed with an axe to keep them out until the meal was ready. This feeding of the ship's crew and passengers was an unrewarded bit of generosity on Captain Bond's part, for he was unable to recover the expense from the vessel's owners, and the libel of the wreck produced but little.

In describing a wreck near Bond's in 1860, William F. Read, in an interview in May, 1914, said: "In the latter part of June of that year a hurricane came up one afternoon and drove everybody into the hotel. You could fairly see the wind itself, and while the guests

were huddled together a report came from the upper porches on the south end that a schooner was aground about three miles off the beach.

“A rescue corps was immediately formed, the key to the lifeboat house was secured, and the party ran as fast as possible to the boathouse. The excitement was so great that without waiting for the horses the volunteer corps dragged the boat by hand, launched it, and stood in the tumbling surf until the crew could be shipped.

“The boat reached the wreck, which was on its beam ends with the sea breaking over it, and the crew were in the crosstrees. All were saved, but with only the clothes they had on their backs, and the guests hunted out for them what other articles were required when they reached the hotel. There was also a water-color sketch hanging in Bond’s that showed this incident, but it has disappeared.

“About this time one of the visitors, who had been in the South for his health, brought to the Beach the song of ‘Gideon’s Band,’ which became quite popular there. The words and air were given to Mr. Dodworth, a visitor, who was leader of the orchestra of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and he brought it out there in the following autumn and popularized it generally.

“I remember that for two years at least a prominent factor in Bond’s menu was prunes in every shape and form. A ship loaded with them came ashore and it took several years to consume the cargo.”

Old Captain Bond was one of the pioneer Life-Saving Service captains on Long Beach, and even before the

organization of regular life-saving crews by the Government, Captain Bond was in the federal service, receiving a stipend of \$200 per year for looking after the Government boathouse and life-saving equipment hard by his hotel.

A verbatim report of a wreck on the Long Beach coast, written by Captain Bond himself, is herewith given:

“March 11, 1876.

“The Ship Ontario came on shore at 1.30 A. M., March 8, 1876. Weather was foggy and dark. Took boat and mortar to scene of vessel with team. We were obliged to wait until daylight, as we could not make out her exact position. Answered her night signals.

“The sea was very high and tide running across the beach. Shot one ball to ship and parted two wires; just as we fired mortar three boats left the ship with all her crew.

“They could not land and went up the beach before the wind. We fired a second ball and got a line aboard, but crew had all left. The crew landed two miles above, upsetting one of their boats, but all were saved. We boarded ship at 6 A. M., 10 A. M., and at noon.

“Ship Ontario, Captain F. Patterson, hails from New York. Age twenty-one years. Number of persons in crew twenty-seven. No passengers. Bound from London to New York with general cargo. Estimated value of cargo, \$200,000. Estimated value of ship, \$140,000.

“Stranded vessel lies about two miles above Little Egg Harbor Inlet. Mistaking of lights is supposed cause of

wreck. Vessel has nine feet of water in hold. Amount of insurance on vessel, \$50,000.

“The morning was foggy and dark and we discovered ship about 3 A. M. Taking with us mortar, lines and all the apparatus needed, went to the scene of wreck assisted by team of horses. We located the wreck by lantern which had been left on beach by patrol. Nothing could be seen of vessel except her lights and distress signals. We were obliged to wait for the sea to run down, so that we could launch a boat. We had to build a platform to coil our line on so as to keep it out of the water. We saw, soon as daylight made, three boats leaving the ship.

“The mortar was fired and a line put aboard, but the ship was deserted; they said all left in the three boats; so we launched a boat and started to her, through a very rough sea. We boarded her, but found her deserted. The ship’s boats finding they could not land drifted up the beach and landed at a point opposite Beach Haven. One of the boats upset while landing, but all were rescued.

(Signed) THOMAS BOND

Keeper Bond’s L. S. S.”

## VII

## EARLY DAYS OF BEACH HAVEN

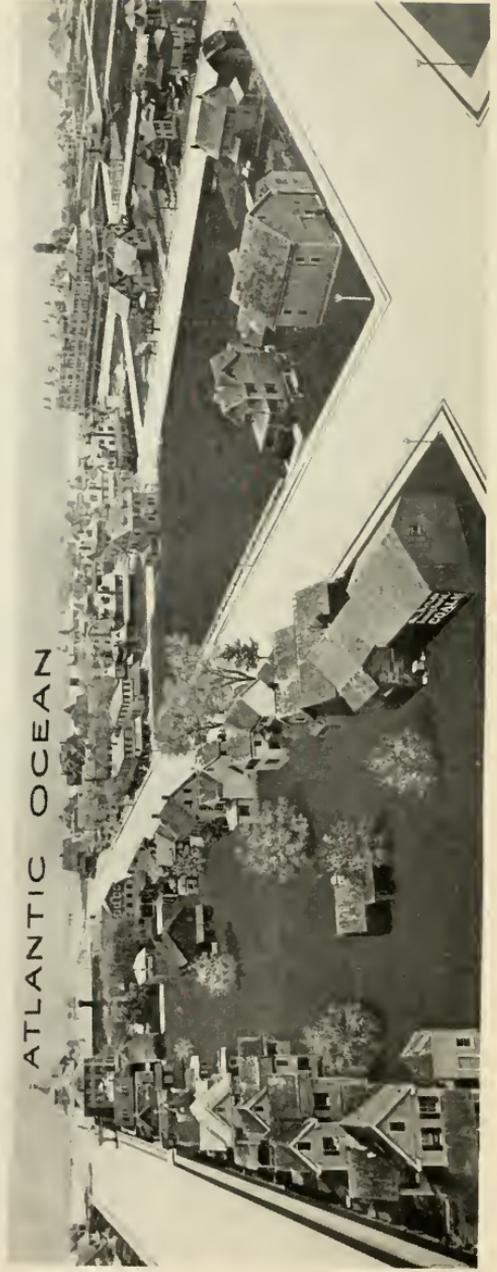
**B**EACH HAVEN, which is but two miles up the beach from old Bond's, came into being because of its being a spot particularly suited to those suffering from that annoying late summer malady known as "hay fever."

Mr. Archelaus R. Pharo, of Tuckerton, had become a regular summer guest at Bond's on Long Beach because of the suffering endured by his wife in her mainland home during each successive "hay fever" season. From long acquaintance Mr. Pharo knew Little Egg Harbor Bay thoroughly, and his choicest rock-fishing ground was at the points of the sedges adjoining the channel where now stands the Beach Haven Dock. He knew the advantages which the smaller channel behind the islands offered as a harbor for boats, and when, largely by his personal sacrifices and efforts, the Tuckerton Railroad was opened in November, 1871, his earnest desire, in which he was faithfully seconded by his brother-in-law, Theophilus T. Price, was to bring the railroad to the bay shore and to have established a steamboat line to Long Beach.

In the minutes of the Tuckerton Railroad's meeting held June 5, 1872, appears the following: "The Committee appointed—on the subject of extension to the Bay—reported that Messrs. Pharo and Stuyvesant having agreed to lend the Company \$5000 toward building the extension, they have felt warranted in commencing the work, which was begun on Monday, 3d inst."



Beach Haven Wharf  
Hotel De Crab  
Captain Tilt Fox, Proprietor  
One of the Original Life-Saving Stations



The Engleside

A Portion of the Residence and Hotel Section

New Hotel Baldwin

The steamboat "Barclay," which had previously run up Rancocas Creek, was bought, but later a new steamboat named the "Pohatcong" was built. When the Tuckerton Railroad purchased locomotives in 1871 they bought them from Burnham, Parry, Williams & Company (Baldwin Locomotive Works), and immediately thereafter Charles T. Parry's name appeared as a member of the Tuckerton Railroad Board of Directors. Mr. Parry subsequently became greatly interested in Beach Haven.

The naming of Beach Haven was brought about in the following manner. When Mr. Archelaus R. Pharo had purchased the beach lots and had organized the land company, a suitable name was sought for the new town-to-be. Various persons racked their brains without hitting upon just the suitable name until Mrs. Samuel Ashhurst—a daughter of Mr. Pharo—thought of the two words, Beach Haven. The combination was at once recognized as appropriate and the name bestowed. The comment of Dr. A. A. Willitts, a strong partisan of this section of Long Beach, was that an "e" should be inserted in Haven, making the new name Beach *Heaven*.

The actual beginning of Beach Haven as a resort came about in 1874. In the spring of that year, following the construction of a dock and road whereon material could be landed and hauled, the Parry House was built and two cottages were erected by A. R. Pharo, one cottage for Dr. Albert Smith, of Philadelphia, and the other for his own family.

The first patrons of the new resort happened to be

five young men from Haverford College, who, just after the Commencement in June, 1874, occupied the Pharo cottage for a week while the carpenters were still putting the finishing touches to the two cottages, and while the Parry House was being rushed toward completion ready for its public opening.

Lloyd Jones, upon removing from Bond's, built the Bay View House at Beach Haven, and this hotel is now known as the Beach Haven House. The Long Beach Land and Improvement Company, composed largely of pioneers heretofore named, erected the Parry House, naming it in honor of Mr. Charles T. Parry, who was active in the interests of the company. After the destruction of the Parry House by fire the present Hotel Baldwin was constructed, and this hotel was named in honor of Matthias W. Baldwin, the builder of the first effective steam locomotive in Pennsylvania, and the founder of the great Baldwin Locomotive Works.

Robert B. Engle operated the Parry House for the Land Company during the first year, and became the lessee during the second. In 1875, together with his cousin, Samuel T. Engle, he purchased a square of land near by, and on the first of January, 1876, began the erection of the Engleside Hotel. In 1884 Robert B. Engle bought out Samuel T. Engle's interest and operated the Hotel alone until 1890, when his son, Robert F. Engle, began taking an active part in the management. Robert B. Engle died in May, 1901, and the following year the Hotel property was incorporated under the

title of "The Engleside Company," of which Robert F. Engle is manager.

Both the New Hotel Baldwin and the Engleside are numbered among the high-class hotels—in newspaper parlance, "Beach-front Palaces"—along the New Jersey coast.

And, indeed, at any of the resorts scattered from end to end of Long Beach the inland toiler will find absolute change of scene, the comforts of home, and an atmosphere imbued with coolness and restfulness.

True seashore rest is the antithesis of the fatigue and weariness produced by man's or woman's participation in the toil and stress of his or her own particular phase of the world's work. And the truly restful bit of seashore is that where the flippant, tantalizing and fictitious so-called "amusements" are absent. Ancient merry-go-rounds with wheezy organs are out of place beside the majestic solitudes of old ocean; screeching vaudeville "queens" should be voiceless within sound of the breakers' roar, and claptrap "shows" and mendicant "fakirs" are out of place where men and women gather for rest from year-round work and city "attractions." "Back to nature!"—and nature unspoiled welcomes the sons and daughters of men to Long Beach.

Hotels inferior to none on the New Jersey coast are scattered along this magnificent beach, and the every-day comforts and luxuries of life are immediately at hand; but it is in the wonderfully lavish array of nature-provided seashore diversions that Long Beach excels.

As previously set forth early in this sketch, it takes

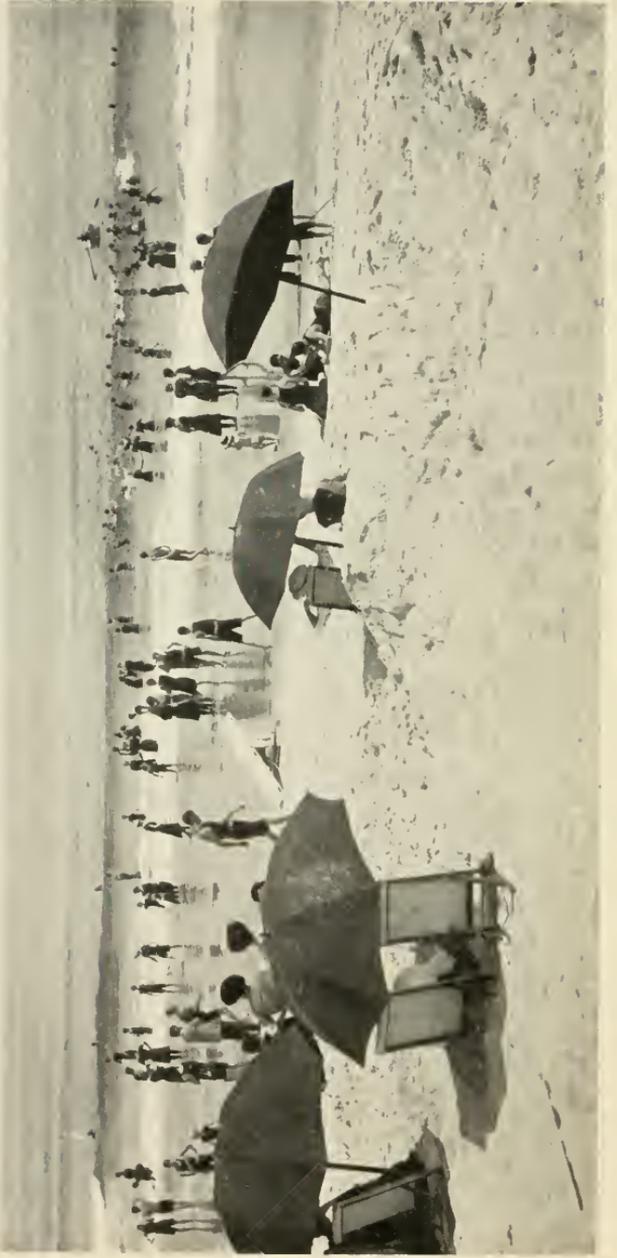
a long time for a new idea to break through the craniums of human beings, and the selection of a good summer fishing ground seems to be one of those slow-moving ideas that mankind finds hard to assimilate. This may be due in large part to the false advertisements spread broadcast about marvelous fishing to be found here and there—in the Canadian Lakes, in the Maine woods, and other distant spots—by companies having transportation to sell. Consequently the summerite, having tried many of these much-advertised spots, is skeptical about real fishing grounds nearer to Philadelphia even than Atlantic City. But old Captain Bond knew; George G. Pierie knows; and many other well-known Philadelphians, including J. S. Ivins, who spends practically the entire summer of every year aboard his yacht in Beach Haven waters, know. If space permitted, their personal and enthusiastic testimonials would be printed here.

Long Beach is indisputably New Jersey's Mecca for fishermen, and the lover of Spanish mackerel, the Bluefish, the Butterfish, the Striped Bass, the Weakfish, or the Croaker, will find himself on ideal fishing grounds along this section of the coast.



New Hotel Baldwin  
Harvey Cedars Hotel  
Spray Beach Hotel

The Engleside  
The Breakers



Bathing Scene at Beach Haven

## VIII

## LONG BEACH RESORTS

**I**N the early days, after the opening of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad in 1857, it was the custom of the Long Beach pioneers to visit their favorite seashore spot by way of Atlantic City. In 1857 a favorite rendezvous for these "old-timers" was Bedloe's Hotel in Atlantic City, and a boat running from there had Captain William (Billie) Gaskill for skipper. A few years afterward a small steamer called "The Wave" was tried, but was soon abandoned on account of its being unable to use salt water. Captain Gaskill then re-commissioned his sloop and maintained communication between the resorts for many years.

Old-timers agree that the first spot settled on Long Beach was at the "Great Swamp" (now Harvey Cedars), which was well sheltered and wooded a hundred years ago. A number of families removed to this lonely section just after the closing of the war of 1812, but no record is to be found of the time at which the first house was erected. These families lived principally by the whaling industry then carried on along the New Jersey coast.

James Cranmer's house at Great Swamp was the house of entertainment, and remained such until the Mansion of Health was built in 1822. The "Mansion" is described as having been "a large house one hundred and twenty feet long, and about one-tenth of a mile from

the sea, well kept, and supported by a goodly number of inmates." As this description was written in the year 1823, the twentieth century reader will accept the word "inmates" in its originally intended signification.

A short distance from the Mansion of Health, and nearer the beach, stood a pole or mast with many holes. Through these holes round sticks had been driven, and the protruding ends served as a ladder. The "whale-watch" mounted this mast in order to descry whales swimming along the coast. When one was discovered the whaling crews were hastily summoned and great excitement and bustle prevailed in the little settlement, especially among the wives and daughters and sweethearts of the crews.

When captured the whale was towed ashore and cut up on the beach, while the great streams of its blood flowed down to the water and reddened the surf for hundreds of yards up and down the coast. The news traveled fast, and curious men and women from all the shore villages hastened to the strand to view the monster and to sniff and hold their noses as the cutting-up process proceeded.

In 1857 the Mansion of Health was a ruin and the sand had drifted all around it, but Harvey Cedars was quite a resort in those days. Samuel Perrine, an old-time beacher, kept the house of entertainment at Harvey Cedars, and on one occasion William F. Read visited Perrine's house in company with a sailing party from Bond's. One of the visitors asked the old man whether he had any good brandy—he generally had, from French wrecks—but in this case the host answered: "Yes, Josie,

some of the best thee ever dranked.” “Where did you get it, Sammy?” “I bought it in New York and paid seven shillings the gallon.” “All right, Sammy, give me some of your apple whisky,” said Josie.

Barnegat City, which is at the extreme northern end of Long Beach, is seven feet higher above tide level than the other portions of the island, and is noted for its majestic bay and ocean views. A sunset on Barnegat alone is worth traveling many miles to see.

Barnegat City is a borough, and the municipal limits extend southward about two miles from the inlet. It was founded in 1881 by the Barnegat City Beach Association. The company sold a number of lots, and two hotels and about twenty cottages were erected. In recent years, because of the increase in automobile travel among seashore tourists and because no direct automobile road led to the resort, there has been little improvement save in the grading of streets and general preparation for the new life that is being infused into all Long Beach resorts due to the building of the new bridge from the mainland to the island.

Immediately south of Barnegat City is Harvey Cedars, and in the olden days Harvey Cedars was quite famous in its way. High Point is included within the limits of the borough of Harvey Cedars, and is a new and growing settlement. Near the Harvey Cedars Hotel is located the big bungalow owned by Mr. W. H. Sayen, of Philadelphia. This bungalow is almost as well known today as was Brigantine Beach in its palmy days, and for a like reason—Pennsylvania politicians. The Sayen

bungalow at Harvey Cedars is the rendezvous of many notables in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania politics of the present time.

Tradition has it that there was a whaling station at Harvey Cedars in the good old days, and one descendant of a whaler tells today of his father having helped to kill two whales in one day at this point.

The first beginnings of a house of entertainment at Harvey Cedars was the boarding house built by Samuel Perrine some years before 1873. It was this Sammy Perrine Mr. William F. Read had in mind in connection with the "best brandy thee has ever dranked" story earlier in this sketch.

Next down the beach from Harvey Cedars is Surf City. The original name of this resort, founded in 1873, was Long Beach City, but the similarity of the name with that of Long Branch caused much confusion in mails, freights and express, and the name was changed to Surf City.

The old Mansion of Health, the pioneer of Long Beach hostelryes, was located near the present site of Surf City, and was built there in the early days because the founders decided the location—which is the point of land farthest east on the island—was the most healthful.

The resort has some fine cottages, a good hotel, an ocean boulevard eighty feet in width, and an artesian well 564 feet deep. The municipality has been incorporated into a borough, and has a Town Hall, with school rooms and offices, and a large pavilion equipped with bathrooms. The water from the artesian well is

devoid of all minerals prejudicial to health, and has been reported by the State Board of Health as being one of the purest waters analyzed in the State of New Jersey.

At Barnegat Junction the railroad line from the mainland divides, one spur extending northward through Surf City, Harvey Cedars, High Point and Club House to Barnegat City, while the southern spur runs through Arlington Beach, Ship Bottom—the Siasconsett of Long Beach Island—Brant Beach, Beach Haven Crest, Peahala, Beach Haven Terrace, Spray Beach and North Beach Haven to Beach Haven, the terminus.

The new boulevard, upon entering Long Beach, first strikes Arlington Beach, one of the newer settlements, lying immediately south of Barnegat City Junction and adjoining Ship Bottom on the south.

During a severe storm in the early days a clipper ship, steering her course by the Barnegat light, ran ashore on the sands of Long Beach, and, tossed by giant billows, was cast bottom upward upon the beach near a small hamlet. And thus it was that Ship Bottom received its name. Here, too, the gallant Italian sailing vessel "Fortuna" was driven ashore in a terrific storm during the winter of 1909-10, but the life-savers of the Ship Bottom Station rescued all on board, including even a pig and a cat, after a desperate struggle. Long Beach Island at Ship Bottom is no wider than the length of two or three city blocks, with the Atlantic Ocean on the east and magnificent Barnegat Bay a stone's throw toward the west.

Many interesting yarns could be spun—indeed, many have already been spun, some of them highly colored—

about Ship Bottom and the wrecks and salvages of its romance and tragedy filled history, but space limits preclude.

Brant Beach is the resort immediately south of Ship Bottom, and today is a tidy, dainty cottaged little resort set out upon the clean white sands beside the boundless sea, and within a gunshot of both the Atlantic Ocean and Manahawkin Bay. Hard by are great sand dunes that cause the admirer of the well-beloved Robert Louis Stevenson to turn mentally to his weird and rather sad tale of the Pavilion on the Links. Remarkable development has been made at Brant Beach within the last few years, and it possesses all the attributes of a real seashore resort.

Next below Brant Beach is Beach Haven Crest, a summer resort partaking of the good things in store for all Long Beach towns.

Peahala, the site of the famous clubhouse, is the next station down the beach. The Peahala Club of Long Beach was organized on April 10, 1882. The greater part of the property, which is now owned by the Peahala Club, was formerly owned by Captain Tommy Jones, of Long Beach. Since the Club purchased the land the present clubhouse has been erected. The old house, which was used as a haven for hunters during the time of Captain Jones, has been demolished.

Beach Haven Terrace is an energetic, hustling young municipality on old Long Beach, and boasts of a permanent winter population, two cottage hotels—the “Clearview” and the “Chalfonte”—a bakery, stores, waterworks and post office.

Beach Haven Terrace is famous in that it was the home for many years of Captain "Billy" Crane, who was captain, during a long and useful life, of the U. S. Life-Saving Station located here.

All seaside resorts have one natural and inevitable center of interest—the ocean front. But Beach Haven Terrace, and, indeed, every resort on the twenty-three miles of Long Beach Island, is doubly favored in that it has the broad expanse of Barnegat Bay behind, with all that this implies in fishing, safe sailing, bathing and every form of real seashore recreation.

Below Beach Haven Terrace is Spray Beach, the summer home of John Luther Long, playwright and author of *Madame Butterfly*. Spray Beach was originally part of Waverly Beach, and was formerly known as Cranberry Hill, because here the luscious cranberry once grew in riotous profusion. In 1890 this tract of land was purchased by W. S. Ringgold and J. L. Long. The same year the tract was graded and three cottages were built, one of which was the modest beginning of Spray Beach Hotel.

In 1891 the hotel was opened under the management of Cornelius Dubois, and in 1893 it passed into the hands of William L. Ringgold. In 1894 it became the property of William S. Ringgold. In 1903 the hotel was greatly enlarged, and in 1908, after Mr. Ringgold's death, was sold to the present owner, Augustus L. Keil, under whose management the hostelry was completely renovated, while the service has been steadily improved.

A number of attractive and substantial cottages have

been erected and the thriving little community has a bright future. Long Beach Island is very narrow at this point—but a pebble's cast from the ocean boulevard to either ocean or bay.

North Beach Haven is the next resort down the beach, and is virtually a part of Beach Haven proper. It partakes of all the lavish endowments nature has bestowed upon Long Beach Island, and is the thriving nucleus of a rapidly growing community. It is bounded on two sides by the Atlantic Ocean and Manahawkin Bay, and abounds in every sane facility for the real enjoyment of summer life by the edge of the sea.

“The Breakers,” a large hotel formerly known as “Dolphin Inn,” is located at North Beach Haven, and this hostelry caters to a large and growing clientele of summer residents. Many modern cottages have been erected here in recent years, and the resort is but entering upon its real era of prosperity and growth.

At the extreme southern terminus of the railroad line lies Beach Haven—the hay-feverless resort of the Jersey coast. The borough of Beach Haven is progressive and modern in its tendencies and alert to the advancement of the times. A huge gas plant supplies the illumination at the present time, and an electric lighting franchise has been granted by the municipal authorities.

The purest of water is supplied for domestic purposes from an artesian well 575 feet in depth. The resort has graded schools, broad, graded streets, and a great number of magnificent seashore cottage homes. It has, in addition, the largest motor car garage on the seacoast of New Jersey.



Board Walk, Beach Haven

Surf Fishing, Spray Beach

Sports on the Beach



Maryland Avenue, Beach Haven Terrace, with Life-Saving Station  
Ship Bottom Life-Saving Station  
Pennsylvania Railroad Station, Brant Beach

The fleet of pleasure yachts for hire at the Beach Haven Yacht Club is greater in number than the Atlantic City fleet, although not including boats as large as some of the latter resort's pleasure craft.

Two magnificent beach-front hotels—the New Hotel Baldwin and the Engleside—afford the best of appointments and cuisine, and both are built within a short hundred yards of the breeze-swept, tumbling ocean. There are, in addition, a number of desirable and well-conducted smaller hotels.

Beach Haven is the modern Ike Walton's paradise par excellence, and its merits as the choice hook-and-line fishing ground of the Eastern United States are becoming better known with each succeeding season.

Lawn tennis is a favorite sport at Beach Haven, and many professional and amateur matches are played on the well-kept courts of both the Engleside and the New Hotel Baldwin every summer.

The surf bathing here is unexcelled at any New Jersey seashore resort, and with the combination of ocean and bay, bathing and fishing, and land and aquatic sports, Beach Haven takes rank as the leading real seashore resort of the Atlantic seaboard.

## IX

## LONG BEACH RECREATIONS

**I**N these prolific newspaper advertising days, when laws commanding advertisers to tell only the truth are being passed, the average reader is skeptical, very skeptical. He is much harder to impress than was that delightfully credulous old lady who vowed that anything appearing in print must be true. And oftentimes, to his own loss, he becomes so utterly distrustful that simple truth can find no lodgment in his mind. This reader has gone to the opposite extreme and is hopeless. But the great majority of the reading public are able to discern the stamp of truth, and to these, with their open and unprejudiced minds, the following brief sketch of modern seashore attractions to be found on Long Beach Island is addressed.

The bathing beach at Beach Haven and other Long Beach resorts differs from the beaches of all other Jersey coast watering places, and is a happy "combination between the steep, dangerous beaches of northern New Jersey and the low, shelving shores of Cape May." Bathing here is as safe as it is exhilarating.

Barnegat Bay extends southward between Long Beach Island and the mainland and joins Manahawkin and Little Egg Harbor Bays, making a complete chain of salt water bays along the entire length of the island. This inland body of ever-changing tidal salt water is the protection against the torrid mainland winds of summer, and

is the direct cause of the lower temperature enjoyed on Long Beach the summer through. The bay here is some six miles wide, and with Beach Haven "six miles at sea," the reader can readily understand the reason for its coolness. No body of water along the Atlantic seaboard is so well known for its advantages and wonderful resources as Barnegat Bay.

The name Barnegat is of Dutch origin, and from the Dutch word Barendegat, signifying Breakers Inlet. The Barnegat Inlet has always been noted for the dangerous breakers on its bar.

But the bay itself is calm, and the most timid can enjoy sailing and boating. The yachting course here is excelled by no other in the country, and steady, safe breezes always blow. With the opening of the new automobile bridge across the bay the sport of yachting in this section will spread rapidly and will draw many gentleman sailors from all parts of the United States and Canada. The magnificent cruisers and pleasure yachts from New York and New England, and from Atlantic City and the Southern States, will be able to sail down or up the safe Inland Waterway to the best yachting rendezvous on the coast, and into the very heart of the realm of fishdom at the same time.

To the angler Barnegat Bay is the fisherman's paradise. Thousands upon thousands of toothsome weakfish are caught here daily. The gamey bluefish is abundant in these waters and many other varieties of scrappy, fishermen-fighting fish.

Oysters, clams, crabs and all manner of shellfish

abound on the shores, and in the fall and winter wild ducks, geese, brant and other waterfowl gather here in great profusion. In short, this section of Long Beach is the sportsman's paradise.

But to some anglers the thrilling delights of surf fishing are the peak-points of seashore happiness. Surf fishing was introduced to Beach Haven in 1907 by Mr. Charles E. Gerhard and his wife, who, by the way, takes almost as active a part in this most delightful of sports as does Mr. Gerhard himself.

Beach Haven stood aghast one summer morning in 1907 to see Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard, attired in bathing suits and armed with rods and reels, wade out into the surf and cast. But when, after a hard thirty-minute fight, a huge twenty-pound channel bass (or drum fish) was brought ashore by Mrs. Gerhard, Beach Haven awoke to the possibilities of its surf fishing.

The surf anglers have increased in number every summer since 1907, and in 1913 the rod and reel offered as a prize for the largest channel bass caught in the surf was won by Mr. Holt, who landed a monster weighing fifty-six pounds.

Since surf fishing has been introduced in Beach Haven Mr. Gerhard has caught, among hundreds of other fish, one pompano, a warm water, Florida coast denizen, that apparently journeyed northward in the current of the Gulf Stream. The pompano constitutes the pièce de résistance among Florida table fish.

Visitors who have fished for the leaping tuna near Santa Catalina Island contend that such a journey is

useless merely to indulge in tuna fishing, for the leaping tuna abound in Beach Haven waters just off shore a mile or more. Tuna weighing as much as one thousand pounds have been caught in pound nets at this resort, but the heaviest ever taken by hook and line weighed 680 pounds. The local fishermen call the leaping tuna "horse mackerel," and because of this confusion of names the tuna has not been recognized nor fished for in Beach Haven waters to any great extent. But he is attracting attention now, and the present and future summers will find numbers of leaping tuna fishermen in the waters of the resort.

The Little Egg Harbor Yacht Club is one of the most flourishing of the present-day Beach Haven social and yachting organizations. This club started from very humble beginnings on July 13, 1912. Elmer Widener, the founder, started to build a miniature dock for his 12-foot sneak-box, "The Tonik." A few boys gathered about and wanted to share the dock. A club was informally formed, and it grew. Now it has a roster of sixty-five boats, some of them costing ten thousand dollars and over, has one hundred and ten members, is still growing, and is about to build a fine new clubhouse.

The Club has a Ladies' Auxiliary, and in getting up its racing meets does not slight the ladies. Always when sneak-box races are arranged for the boys a similar event is carded for the girls, and the sight of a breeze-bent sneak-box, manned by a school girl, cutting through the choppy waves toward the stake boat on a blowy afternoon is one of the inspiring sights of Beach Haven aquatic activity.

The Beach Haven Yacht Club is an organization composed of men who make a business of hiring out their boats and their skill, and their knowledge of the fishing grounds, to visitors. And here the inland visitor who loves the sport of old Ike Walton, but who has not had time to develop himself as a navigator, will find careful, courteous men always ready to take him for a sail or on a fishing expedition.

This club is composed of some seventy sail, and was organized by Charles Gibbons, Jr., about 1880. The required qualifications for membership are competency, temperate habits, and pride and industry enough to keep yachts in seaworthy condition, the hulls neatly painted, sails trim, and proper facilities for the accommodation and comfort of tourists, fishers and pleasure seekers. The boats average 25 to 35 feet over all, and draw enough water to keep them steady in all kinds of weather. Not an accident has happened to any of the boats since the club's organization—an amazing and wonderful record.

The launches running from Atlantic City land their passengers at the Beach Haven Club's dock, and these boats run on regular schedules during the summer months. Such schedules were impossible before the deepening of the inside channels by the New Jersey Waterways Commission, but much progress has been made since the work was started in 1907, and now boats of moderate draught may run at any stage of tide from Beach Haven southward to Cape May, or northward to Barnegat City and Bay Head.

The Parker Brothers, of Tuckerton, are the pioneers

of the present boat line service between Beach Haven and Atlantic City, and later Captain John L. Bailey, of Atlantic City, established a passenger line between the two resorts, immediately after the completion of the Inland Waterway. This line affords comfortable service between the two resorts, leaving Atlantic City in the morning, and leaving Beach Haven, on the return trip, in the afternoon. The other line completes the present-day waterway transportation facilities by leaving Beach Haven for Atlantic City in the morning, and, returning, leaving Atlantic City in the afternoon.

These boats traverse Little Egg Harbor Bay, Great Bay, Little Bay, Grassy Bay, and the different old-time and new Inland Waterway channels en route, and pass close by the great wireless tower of the German government—the tallest structure of its kind in the world—on the mainland near Tuckerton. This is a delightful and safe inland water trip, and is becoming more and more popular as a summer day recreation for both Atlantic City and Beach Haven visitors as the years go by.

## X

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

**S**TRONGER and stronger become man's indolence and desire to ride as civilization advances, until in the present day of the human race it is found necessary to have medical men and physical culturists advise us when to play and exercise. The man who can run a hundred yards in anything like a reasonable time in the year 1914 is a hero, and the wonderful speed machines given to men and women by nature are permitted to rest in a rocking chair, to loll on a piazza, or to recline lazily in a shaded hammock.

Walking was man's first and surest means of locomotion, and in the early days of Long Beach the Indians of the interior walked with their squaws and families from Coaquanock (Philadelphia) and other inland points to the shore at Long Beach for their seashore summer excursions; feasted, fished and hunted the summer through; and returned once more on foot in the fall. That they feasted upon the clams, oysters and other crustacea of the seashore is evidenced by the huge deposits of clam and other shells found in different sections of the adjacent shore today, notably near the site of the great wireless tower at Tuckerton.

Great piles of clam shells ten to twelve feet deep, many of the individual shells chipped and worn in the process of making wampum, are found today at Tuckerton and other nearby spots, marking the places where the red man banqueted and coined his money.



Gunning on the Beach



Barnegat Light

*Photo by R. F. Engle*

The Indian's visits marked the first beginnings of seashore travel. First, he walked. Eventually he attached two poles to a pony, their ends dragging on the ground, and with this rude means of transportation his offspring were provided for. But Madam Indian, as well as the brave himself, still walked, and, hanging from the squaw's shoulders and arms as she marched with the single-filed procession through the Jersey pines and across the white sands to their inland winter quarters, were great strings of dried clams. This homeward march marked the close of the summer's seashore outing, and the squaw bore the burden of the winter edibles.

Then came the white man to the shore, and his civilization had advanced him to the use of wains, and then stage coaches; and this form of transportation continued until the year 1857.

Then for the first time in the history of the New Jersey coast a locomotive whistle shrieked to the accompaniment of the breakers' roar, bringing terror to the waterfowl and other wild natives of the salt water marshes. Man advanced his method and his speed, and presently was being whirled from city to shore at the rate of sixty miles an hour in the soothing luxury of a Pullman car.

But the seashore visitor has gone beyond even the luxury of a Pullman. Trains are too democratic in these days and too many people, merely because they are able to purchase transportation, are permitted to ride. For seclusion and for comfort the motorcar is the thing, and today the tourist to the sea sits restfully back against

the deeply upholstered cushions while the chauffeur peers ahead through his goggles and hopes no careless Jerseyman will wander into the road to mar the paint or leave a dent in the shining body of the car. A whirr, a whizz, and milady has been transported from her luxurious city home to an equally luxurious Long Beach hotel. And this has been made possible by the completion and opening to the world of the new automobile bridge across the Bay from Manahawkin to Long Beach Island.

In the days of the long ago Spanish galleons, laden with the bullion, gold, silver and other wealth contributed by the Mexican and South American colonies, passed along the Jersey Coast on their way home to Spain. These large, old-time sailing vessels were armed, usually had three or four decks, with bulwarks three to four feet thick, and with stem and stern built up high like castles. They were the choice prey of Drake and other rovers of the Elizabethan age, and many richly laden galleons setting out from the New World never reached the Old.

Some were cast away on the shoals of Barnegat, and many specimens of ancient coins have been washed ashore and found on the sands of Long Beach, particularly in the Old Inlet section, below the old Bond House. Indeed, for the past fifty years, down to the present, visitors to Long Beach have been finding these ancient coins on the sands. When discovered they are black in color, and are usually elevated upon a tiny mound of sand like a golf tee, the winds having blown the loose sand grains away, leaving only those retained

in place by the pressure of the coin. As many as 500 different pieces have been found in one day along the Long Beach shore, with dates ranging from 1682 to 1795. But the coins seem to be found only after a storm and hard blow in some particular direction, the theory being that a given direction of the ocean current stirs up the bottom of the sea where the ancient wealth lies and, the wind being right, washes the coins ashore.

Ancient piastres, or pieces of eight in the Romance languages, have been washed up on the sands, particularly at the Old Inlet and at Ship Bottom near Barnegat City Junction. The piastre was an old Spanish coin worth about four English shillings, and was divided into eight silver reals, hence was termed a *piece of eight*, the name invariably applied to it on the Spanish Main.

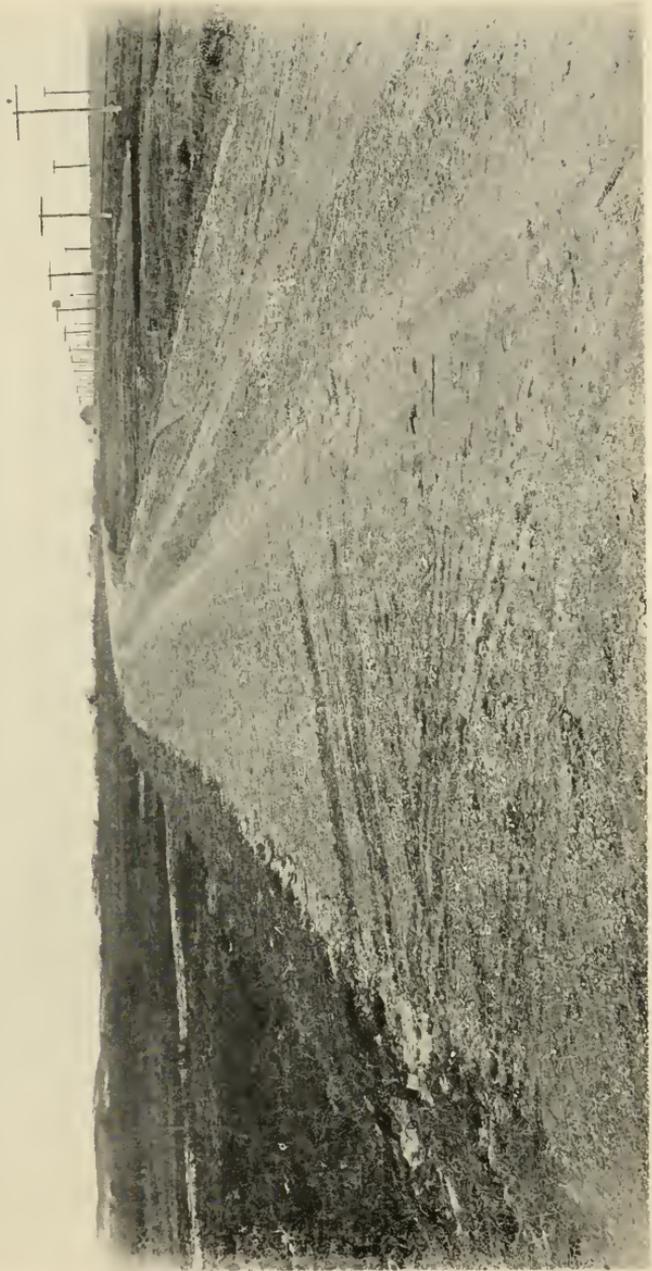
Old-timers on Long Beach maintain stoutly that Captain Kidd or some other and worthy "captain of industry" of those early days once visited Long Beach for the purpose of depositing treasure. And this legend has a gleam of truth thrown over it by the accounts of Captains S. E. Holdzkom and John Marshall, both of Beach Haven.

The story runs that about twenty-five or thirty years ago two lone mariners came in from the sea in a sloop. Anchoring a mile or more from shore, they proceeded toward the Little Egg Harbor Inlet in their yawlboat. They hailed the life-saving crew at the Little Egg Harbor Life-Saving Station, and were taken in and fed. During the conversation the strangers casually asked the location of "The Two Cedars," and whether the Old

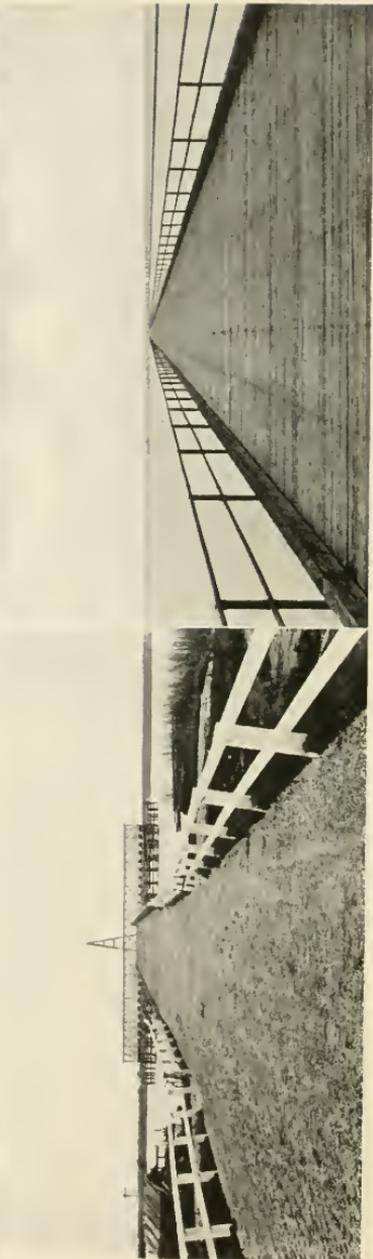
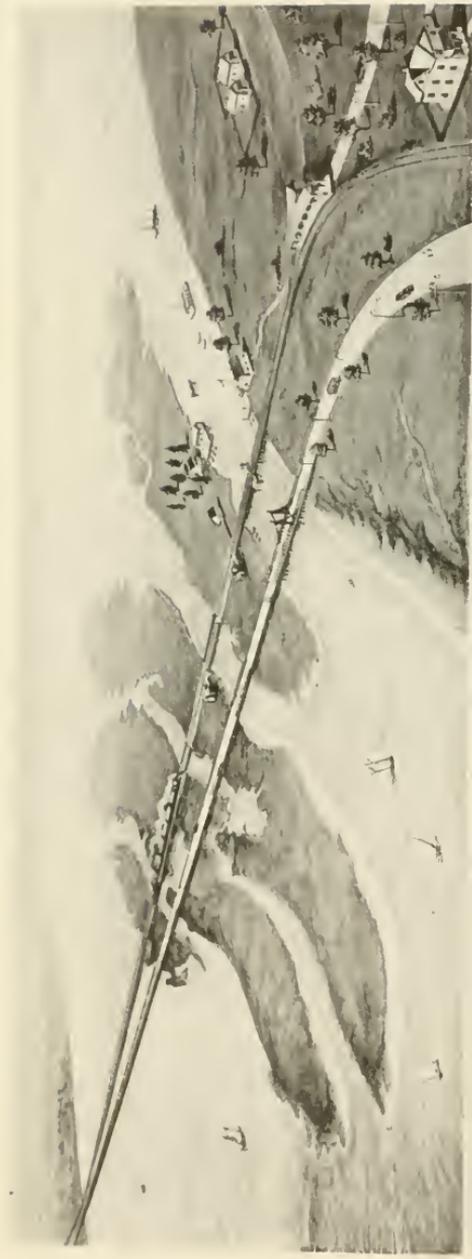
Lighthouse near by was still standing. When the life-saving crew left the station for the night beach patrol the two sailors betook themselves to a point between "the two cedars" and the lighthouse site, and were descried by the lookout at dawn the next morning. When first seen through the glasses they were digging furiously, and had uncovered a huge iron-bound chest of ancient make. The alarm was given and the crew started for the scene. But the two men of the sea bundled their find and themselves into the yawl and made off for the sloop. Making sail at once, they stood out to sea and were soon beyond sight and pursuit.

Upon arriving at "the two cedars," the now observant beach guards discovered letters and ancient markings cut deep into the bark of both trees. They also found the iron chest, an old and rusted cutlass the wayfaring mariners had unearthed, and some ancient coins. The cutlass was preserved and is now kept as a relic of bygone days in the office of the Superintendent of Life-Saving Stations at Asbury Park.

In the early days, before the great steamships of modern times plied between the Old and the New World in comparative safety, travel was mainly in the clipper ships of our forefathers, and these ships, becoming unmanageable in a storm, frequently came ashore on Barnegat Shoals—the ships' graveyard of the Atlantic Coast—or farther down the line of Long Beach. These shoals have long been recognized by the Government as most dangerous to shipping, and a lighthouse 184 feet high maintains near Barnegat City a



Long Beach Boulevard, 1914



Bird's-eye View of Bridge  
Long Beach Turnpike Co.'s Bridge Over Little Egg Harbor Bay

white flash light whose beams can be seen many miles at sea.

Indeed, the necessity for lighthouses, which are tall and substantial buildings erected on conspicuous parts of the coast from which a light is shown at night to guard mariners, and which serve as landmarks by day, was the real beginning of the modern settlements on Long Beach Island. Keepers of the lighthouses were obliged to reside on the island; friends came to visit them from time to time; the resources of Long Beach became known; men established summer homes there, and finally many removed to the island to live throughout the year.

There are seven Government Life-Saving Stations on the Long Beach Island coast at the present time, as follows :

No. 17, at Barnegat Inlet.

No. 18, at Lovelady's.

No. 19, at Harvey Cedars.

No. 20, at Ship Bottom.

No. 21, at Beach Haven Terrace.

No. 22, at Bond's.

No. 23, at Little Egg Harbor Inlet.

These Life-Saving Stations, manned by the pick of skillful and brave seafaring men, save many lives and much valuable shipping annually, and the records of their stations are filled with material rich in literary, romantic and dramatic value. And the yarns these worthies can and do spin would fill many readable and worth-while volumes.

## XI

## RETROSPECTION AND CONCLUSION

**T**HE first patent granted for Long Beach lands at Harvey Cedars was issued in 1690, and included the area from the Great Swamp to the Club House, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Main Bay Channel. Here whalers and their families established themselves and named the settlement Harvey's Whaling Quarters. Early names of the settlement were Inman, Rutter, Mullin, Cranmer and Stevens.

During the summer they brought their fleet of vessels through Cranberry Inlet (Barnegat Inlet was not then opened through to the sea) and down the bay to Harvey's Whaling Quarters. Each vessel was manned by a crew of eight to ten men, and the decks were covered with barrels. Finally the whaling business assumed such proportions that the crews and their families remained on the island throughout the year, and when this transpired the name was changed to Harvey's Hommock.

Ninety-nine years ago Sylvanus Cox, a squatter, built a house at Harvey's Hommock, and the name was again changed, this time to Harvey Cedars. Cox later sold the house to Samuel Perrine, with whom the reader is already acquainted. Perrine built some additional rooms, called his place the Harvey Cedars Hotel, and conducted it for a number of years. He sold it eventually to Granville Stokes, Newell Ridgway and Isaac Jennings. The hotel's clientele increased rapidly under Jennings' man-

agement, and upon his death David M. White was installed as manager. Several years after Jennings' death the hotel property was transferred to the late William J. Thompson, "The Duke of Gloucester," of Gloucester, N. J.

In 1877 William and John Smith, of Brown's Mills, N. J., built the Atlantic House at Harvey Cedars, and this hostelry was managed by Howard Lukens for a number of years until destroyed by fire.

Many tales of the "Barnegat Pirates" have attained the antiquity of legends on Long Beach, but their verification is another matter. One of the favorite stories is to the effect that in the "good old days," when legitimate wrecks along Long Beach were too few, the "pirates" would hang a lantern to a mule's neck and parade the animal along the beach in the darkness of midnight. Mariners at sea, seeing the slowly moving light, would assume it to be that of a ship, and would deem it safe to venture nearer shore. The result would be a wreck, and loot for the "pirates." It is a beautifully simple old legend, and important if true.

Another pirate tale is that of a number of these beach-combers rowing out to the wreck of the sloop "Adelaide," owned and captained by James Lamson, of Cedar Run. The craft was overturned, and when the pirates reached the hull they heard a noise within. With an axe they cut a hole through the bottom and rescued the captain's little daughter Edith. The child had been caught in a partition in the cabin and hung

with her head barely above water. All the rest of the ship's company were lost.

The Hotel De Crab, a Beach Haven landmark, formerly one of the first U. S. Life-Saving Stations on the Island of Long Beach, was erected in the early days of that resort by Captain Tilt Fox and James Kelly, and the new house of entertainment was given the name "Hotel De Crab" by Colonel Gray and George C. Pierie, who happened to visit the island at the time, having sailed up the bay from Toad Hall, a small shanty near Bond's.

The original Parry House at Beach Haven was located on Center Street, northward from the present site of the Hotel Engleside. Soon after the Parry House burned down Mr. Parry erected a small hotel known as the "Arlington Inn." At the expiration of a year he enlarged the Arlington Inn and changed the name to the "Baldwin Hotel," now known as the "New Hotel Baldwin." Subsequently the Engleside Hotel was built, and this was followed by the Beach Haven House, the Ocean House, the Dolphin Inn and the Spray Beach House.

On July 7, 1874, Captain "Billie" Gaskill, of Tuckerton, inaugurated and maintained for thirteen summers the first boat line between Tuckerton and Long Beach. During these years the boats "Pohatcong," "Avabell" and "Berkeley" were in commission, and an old-time Tuckerton resident named John Smith drove a stage-coach from the Tuckerton wharf to Camden, transporting Philadelphians to and from the shore.

The stoutest heart would quail before the tales of terrible shipwreck along the Long Beach coast if these stories could be inserted here. Some 400 or 500 ships have gone down near this beach since the early days, and perhaps many more of which no record was ever made.

Notable among the catastrophes was the wreck of the "Powhatan," a clipper immigrant ship, which went down in a terrific snow storm off the Long Beach coast, about two miles above Little Egg Harbor (old) Inlet, on April 16, 1854, carrying 365 souls to a watery grave. A heavy sea was running when the vessel struck, and she broke up rapidly beneath the terrific pounding of the waves. Many bodies were later washed ashore, and much gold and silver coin was scattered the length of Long Beach Island.

The "Manhattan" was wrecked by the same storm on the same day the "Powhatan" was driven ashore, and only one man was saved from this vessel. He had floated through the tumbling surf and was found in a little hut on the beach, where he had crawled for protection from the elements.

During the war of the Rebellion an English vessel came ashore at Barnegat, and the only survivor of this wreck was a cat with short front legs, long hind legs and no tail. "Uncle" Caleb Parker, a quaint and unique character who "kept" the Barnegat Light, found the cat clinging to some wreckage and took it home. A few days later he found himself the possessor of a family of cats, all with short forelegs, long hind legs and no tails.

These cats were considered nature freaks by the simple-minded shore folk until an Englishman visiting the island explained that they were of a distinct "breed of cats" from the Isle of Man, off the English coast. Although frequently crossed with the common and well-known variety, several good specimens of these Manx cats, with "gait like a rabbit and a hopping lope," are still to be found on Long Beach.

But the wreck of the good ship "Francis" on the Long Beach coast is the occurrence from which all local historical events take their dates, at least in the conversation of the old-timers. The "Francis" had sailed around the Horn from California, and was laden with salmon and with the finest of wines, liquors and brandies. To this day the old salts and ancient mariners living on Long Beach wrinkle their faces in smiles and smack their lips involuntarily when the "Francis" is even named.

When the ship started to break up under the pounding of the waves the cases of salmon floated ashore and were picked up by the frugal shore folk against a fishless winter. Then the casks of port, madeira, sherry, champagne, burgundy, claret, moselle and tokay began coming ashore, together with many barrels of brandy and liquors. The news spread wildfire-like, and soon in Beach Haven, along the island, and from the mainland farms and villages, good, staid Quakers, Methodists, Presbyterians, and free lances alike were running back and forth along the beach waiting for a cask. Wheelbarrows, wagons, anything with running gear, were

pressed into service, and some of the natives even rolled their barrels home.

The cellars of Beach Haven resembled those of some ancient baronial castle or medieval abbey, and temperance advocates looked sheepishly downward when meeting inquisitive neighbors eye to eye. "I guess pretty much everybody was a-feelin' pretty good," one Beach Haven pioneer put it, and smiled at the recollection.

Men became cronies, and dated their friendship from the wreck of the "Francis," and sentiments similar to those entertained by Tam O'Shanter were engendered:

"Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;  
They had been fou for weeks thegither."

And not only the men but the women folks partook, and became blithesome and gay. One eye witness states that a resident who had never known the taste of port smashed in the head of a cask, baled the fluid out into tin pails with a dipper, and offered a pailful to anyone who passed. Everybody who had no cask had at least a five-quart pail full of the wine, and it was swallowed like so much red lemonade on circus day.

Two demure young ladies, strangers to "the cup that cheers," sipped a little sherry, and, liking the taste, sipped a little more. Then they sampled the port. The claret came next, and by the time their scandalized mammas had tucked them into bed the maidens had lost track of the different brands.

And even today a glass of the good ship "Francis'"

brandy might be had in Beach Haven if one but went about the matter carefully enough, and very, very tactfully.

And now, June 20, Anno Domini 1914, Long Beach Island, after many years of strenuous endeavor, at last is connected with the New Jersey mainland and with the United States of America by an automobile and wagon bridge. The bridge proper was built by private capital at a cost of \$90,000. The Long Beach approach cost about \$8000 and the Long Beach road about \$63,000. The mainland approach and road cost about \$18,000, and Beach Haven Borough alone spent \$18,000 on Bay Avenue, within the corporate limits, bringing the lowest figure of cost of the improvement up to \$197,000.

Beach Haven occupies a unique position among South Jersey seashore resorts in that it lies, to use a favorite Long Beach expression, "six miles at sea." In other words, it is separated from the mainland villages of Tuckerton and West Creek by five miles or more of open water of the Little Egg Harbor Bay.

The methods of reaching the island are, first, by rail. Frequent trains from Philadelphia, Camden and New York carry the visitor in comfort and with speed to the wave-washed, breeze-swept shores of Long Beach. And here it may be noted that Weather Bureau reports show the temperature at Beach Haven to range from five to ten degrees cooler throughout the summer months than at other New Jersey resorts not located on Long Beach. This low temperature is due largely to



Children's Paradise



Sunset on Little Egg Harbor Bay off Beach Haven Terrace

the fact that Long Beach Island never has a "land breeze" in the seashore meaning of the word, because it is situated six miles out at sea and the "land breeze" is converted to coolness before it reaches the Island.

The second method of reaching points on Long Beach is by boat. During the summer months two lines of boats ply between Atlantic City and Beach Haven, using the New Jersey Inland Waterway route. A boat line, too, is in contemplation between Beach Haven and Barnegat City, and another between Barnegat City and Bay Head. These lines will enable the New York and New England visitor to leave the land at the northern end of Barnegat Bay and to follow the cool and safe inland water channels southward, touching at any of the Long Beach towns desired.

And from now (June 20, A. D. 1914) on, the popularity of Long Beach and its resorts, including Barnegat City, High Point, Harvey Cedars, Surf City, Barnegat City Junction, Arlington Beach, Ship Bottom, Brant Beach, Beach Haven Crest, Peahala, Beach Haven Terrace, Spray Beach, North Beach Haven and Beach Haven, will increase by leaps and bounds. And thus it is that in the year Anno Domini 1914 the long dormant but nature-favored section of the New Jersey seacoast known as Long Beach is at last coming into her own.

Heretofore there have been but two ways of getting an automobile into Beach Haven—on a freight car or on a flatboat. But this is now changed and Beach Haven and every resort on Long Beach has been placed on the automobile roads of the country, and can be

reached on one's own rubber-tired wheels from Philadelphia, New York, Atlantic City, or from any point in the land. The new road and bridge tap the State's Ocean Boulevard at Manahawkin, and thus put Beach Haven on the road twenty-five miles nearer New York than is Atlantic City.

The bridge proper has been completed for some time and was built by private capital. The new improvement had its origin in a conversation on a train between Charles W. Beck and Judge Maja Leon Berry, when Judge Berry suggested the incorporation of a Turnpike Company. As a result of this conversation a meeting of Long Beach property owners was called, and this first meeting was attended by Charles W. Beck, Robert F. Engle, W. Mercer Baird, James Baird, Henry B. McLaughlin, Joseph Schonder, Herbert Willis, Rev. Thomas J. Whelan, H. Earle McConnell and Samuel S. Andrews. These gentlemen formed themselves into a committee known as the Organization Committee of the Long Beach Turnpike Company, and made an agreement with Judge Berry by which he was authorized to raise the funds necessary for building the bridge. Subsequently the Long Beach Turnpike Company was organized with the following directors: Charles W. Beck, W. Mercer Baird, Robert F. Engle, Henry B. McLaughlin, Ezra Parker, George E. Paul and Thomas S. Sprague. The officers were: Charles W. Beck, President; Ezra Parker, Vice-President; Henry B. McLaughlin, Secretary, and W. Mercer Baird, Treasurer.

The contract was awarded and the bridge was built,

but the bridge was useless without some means of getting to it at either end. At the mainland end the bridge began in a meadow and was separated from the uplands by a great swamp. At the beach end the bridge ended six miles from Beach Haven, with no road between. Having the bridge built, the energetic men of Long Beach still had this unsolved road problem before them, but it, too, has been solved.

The history of the bridge from the birth of the idea until the driving of the last spike would fill a volume, and the difficulties and obstacles overcome in procuring the building of the connecting roads would fill another, but, as in every emergency the man for the place arises, so it was in the case of the Manahawkin-Long Beach Bridge and roads. And to the Hon. Maja Leon Berry, ex-Judge of Ocean County, is due in large measure the credit for the successful completion of this magnificent improvement that now connects historic Long Beach with the terra firma of America.

The bridge is a solid structure, twenty feet in width and approximately two miles in length. The first span from the mainland across the bay is one mile long.

Great preparations have been made in contemplation of the vital changes to be made upon Long Beach Island because of the opening of the new bridge and roads. On the mainland the farmers are tilling more land to vegetables because they will be able to market their produce on the beaches. The dairymen are enlarging their herds for a like reason. Heretofore all comestibles were shipped to the beach resorts by train, but now a

ready access will be had by the teams of the mainland farmer.

And in order to keep step with the onward march of things the residents and investors in Long Beach have organized the Long Beach Board of Trade. It is this body of aggressive and progressive men that have made possible the country-wide celebration incident to the opening to the nation of the solid roads and substantial bridge—a mending of nature's oversight—that are today, June 20, A. D. 1914, thrown open to the world.

And like the arid deserts watered of old by the River Euphrates until they "blossomed as the rose," so will Long Beach Island, wind-swept and sand-waste since the beginning of things, take from now on its proper rank as the premier seashore pleasure ground of that long sweep of ocean-washed beach-front between the Maine and the Florida coasts.

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