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*The North
Shore*

*by Robert
Grant*





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*The North
Shore of
Massachusetts*

*American
Summer
Resorts*

The North Shore. By ROBERT
GRANT.

With Illustrations by W. T. SMED-
LEY.

Newport. By W. C. BROWNELL.

With Illustrations by W. S. VAN-
DERBILT ALLEN.

Bar Harbor. By F. MARION CRAW-
FORD.

With Illustrations by C. S. REIN-
HART.

Lenox. By GEORGE A. HIBBARD.

With Illustrations by W. S. VAN-
DERBILT ALLEN.

* * * Each 12mo. Cloth. Price, 75 cents



The Pleasure of Handling the Tiller

AMERICAN SUMMER RESORTS

*THE NORTH SHORE OF
MASSACHUSETTS*

BY

ROBERT GRANT



ILLUSTRATED BY
W. T. SMEDLEY



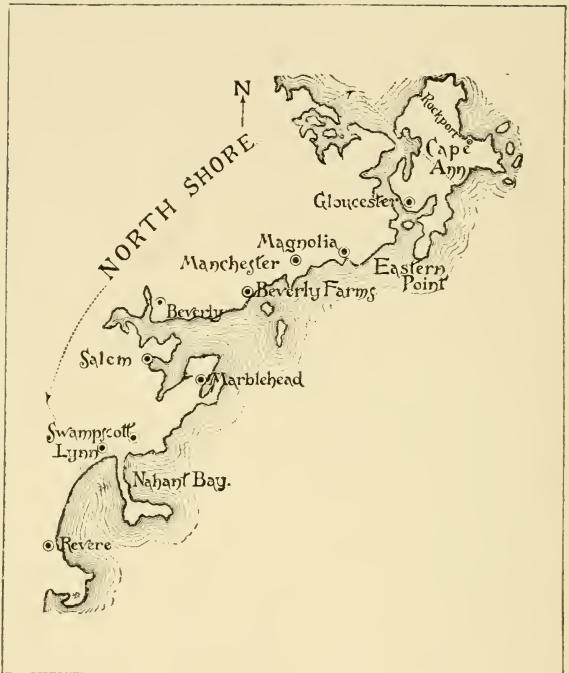
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THE NORTH SHORE

TO those who live in Boston and its vicinity the North Shore of Massachusetts, or The North Shore, as it is always called, has come to have an identity as a summer-resort quite as distinct as that of Bar Harbor, Newport, or Lenox. Even New Yorkers, enlightened as to its advantages by those who go down to the sea in yachts, have learned to think of it respectfully as a very pretty place to which Bostonians who wish to keep cool, and yet be able to see the gilded dome of the State-house through a telescope, hie themselves from June to October. One would suppose that its accessibility, its coolness, its freedom from either democratic or plutocratic crowds, and the unique combination of the seaside and the country

which it affords would have attracted before this the people from large cities who wish to be comfortable without being devoured by mosquitoes, to be cheerful without having to be riotous, to get enough to eat without being obliged to fight for it, and to sit on their piazzas without exposure to kodaks, picnickers, or surf flirtation. And yet the comfort-seeking public still passes it by in favor of abandoned farms, sylvan camps, islands on the coast of Maine, and the various other refuges from the life of the average summer watering-place. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the argument that it is too near Boston, which is a polite way of expressing reluctance to invade the sacred precincts of the most critical society in America for fear of not pleasing. If such be the case, this attitude of caution acts as a two-edged sword, for if there is any plea to be urged against the attractiveness of the North Shore it is that the society is so exclusively Bostonese.

The families from a distance are almost



*Cape
Ann.
“The
end of
every-
thing
except
the
Atlantic
Ocean”*

to be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and you meet in your walks and drives and social intercourse the self-same people with whom you have dined and slummed, or whom you have seen at the Symphony Concerts all winter. If it is meet that man should not live alone, it is almost equally desirable that he should for a month or two in every year lose sight of all his family, excepting his very nearest and dearest, and his entire customary social acquaintance. But this is a privilege which only those who are not tied by business exigencies to the apron-strings of their native city are able to enjoy with any degree of regularity.

By the North Shore is meant the northern coast of Massachusetts Bay, from Nahant and Swampscott on the southwest to Gloucester and Cape Ann on the northeast. Cape Ann is the end of everything except the Atlantic Ocean, and civilization properly ceases before you come to Gloucester, the famous fishing-town of this portion of the world, which

lies thirty-one miles from Boston in a tolerably direct line by rail. Along the borders of this rocky coast, which abounds in marvellous curves and indentations, including several fine harbors, stands a succession of villas, of various types of architecture, and for the most part at sufficient intervals from one another to insure privacy, for a distance of fifteen miles. Swampscott, Phillips Beach, Marblehead Neck, Beverly, Pride's Crossing, Beverly Farms, West Manchester, and Manchester, are among the names by which, for the sake of municipal or railway convenience, one strip of shore is distinguished from the next ; but except for the purposes of taxation the aggregation of villas may be said to be part and parcel of no town, and to be a community unto themselves.

In the same category should also be included Nahant, a watering-place far older than any of these, a rocky promontory stretching out into the sea, nearly at right angles with the coast from Lynn, to which it is joined by a narrow line of sand beach,

*Looking
Toward
Swamp-
scott
from
the
Cliffs
at
Nahant*



three miles long, traversed by a single road. The late Thomas Gold Appleton fastened upon Nahant the epithet of "Cold Roast Boston." It has for several generations been a favorite summer-resort for old Boston families, and its popularity has never waned among those who by descent or purchase have acquired an interest in its limited territory. For invigorating coolness of atmosphere, boldness and picturesqueness of rock effects, and the complete illusion of being at sea which one experiences on many a piazza, Nahant has attractions at least equal to those of the rest of The North Shore. There is indeed a mild rivalry between its cottagers and those of the Beverly coast, whose favorite taunt that Nahant possesses only one drive can never be refuted, and only counterbalanced by the claim that those who sleep at Nahant can enjoy a delicious sail to the city by steamboat, instead of being obliged to undergo a heated, dusty, railway journey. The rapid and luxurious evolution of summer life along the North

Shore has had a marked effect upon the appearance of Nahant, and to some extent upon the manner of life there. Twenty-five years ago Nahant was the aristocratic watering-place of Boston ; but there were few if any trim lawns to be found upon its territory, and there were no trees except an occasional clump of weather-beaten balm of Gileads. White weed, dandelions, and butter-cups, the red honeysuckle, and common prickly roses ran delightful riot in front of every piazza, and the not infrequent cry of "Cows on the place," was a pleasant slogan to the rising generation.

To-day all these primitive beauties have disappeared beneath the harrow of the landscape gardener, and given place to cultivated verdure, æsthetic-looking bushes, and a very respectable number of trees, so that it is no longer possible for the Beverlyites to declare, as formerly, that there is not a reputable piece of foliage on the peninsula. Moreover, a very successful club or casino, organized within

*The
Cliffs
at
Nahant*



the last five years, acts as a central magnet to draw the cottagers from their piazzas and to promote social circulation. And still along the water's edge, especially on the eastern side, stands a splendid array of cliffs which no one has ever attempted to improve, and which are more impressive in their ruggedness and bold beauty than any on the North Shore. There are, indeed, none on the coast, excepting perhaps at Bar Harbor, which surpass them in grandeur. Here is the well-known Pulpit Rock, so named from its shape, to the top of which, in the days of the old hotel—burned more than thirty years ago, and never rebuilt—an adventurous damsel climbed, only to discover that she had to be lowered by ropes.

Tradition tells us that Nahant was originally traded by an Indian for a suit of clothes; and it is probable that the simple savage felt that he got quite as good a bargain as William Blackstone did when he parted with Boston. Where in the world is there such a delightful dormitory

as Nahant, distant by either sea or land only an hour from the city, where the tired business man may refresh his brow and lungs and eyes, and his children may breathe ozone day in day out, and learn to swim like ducks in the coldest of cold waters ?

The North Shore proper, which begins at Swampscott and extends beyond West Manchester, represents, unlike Nahant, the growth of the last twenty years. It is a fringe of aristocracy skirting the coast of the noble County of Essex, whose towns of Salem, Beverly, Marblehead, and Gloucester have, in the past, been such intelligent and honest factors in the welfare of the State and nation. But the once well-known Ocean Street, Lynn, should not be passed over in any itinerary of this shore. This short, straight avenue, on the ocean confines of the shoe town of Lynn, was, twenty-five years ago, divided into perhaps a dozen and a half beautiful estates, of from one to three acres in extent, ranged side by side in precise stateliness. The

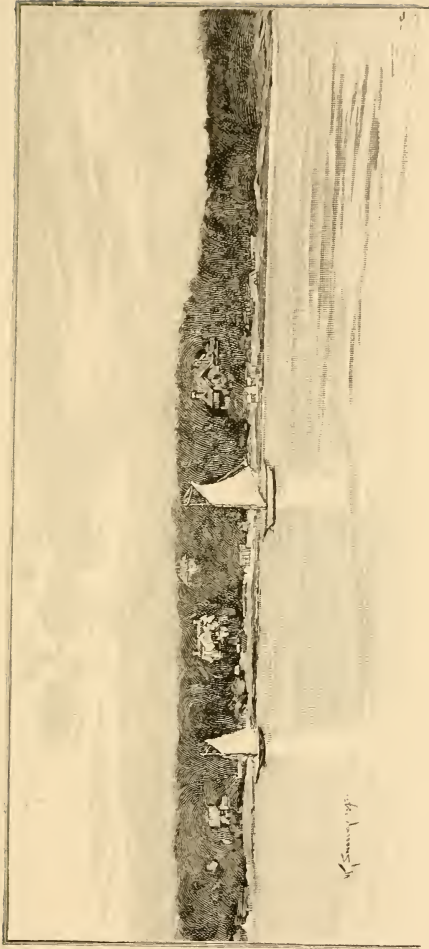
Looking
Toward
Boston
from
Nahant



villas were elaborate for that time, and the places were tended far more carefully than those of Nahant, and made in most instances to display beautiful lawns and fine trees and flowers. They fronted on the avenue, and backed directly on the full expanse of the portion of Massachusetts Bay which lies under the lee of Nahant, and they were owned by Boston people of wealth and social prominence. Under the combined influence of the tide of fashion, which was moving farther along the coast, and the increased demand for summer residences, which suggested to real-estate speculators the possibilities of subdivision, these fine estates began to drop into the market about twenty years ago, and have since been cut up into smaller building lots and traversed by connecting streets.

The old villas have been pulled down, and in one or two cases have been superseded by much more elaborate structures, the homes chiefly of the wealthy manufacturers of Lynn. But the greater portion of the new cottages are of the every-day

Queen Anne pattern, and, though they command the same beautiful ocean outlook as formerly, they are too much commanded by the windows of their next-door neighbors. In short, Ocean Street has become more like its next-door neighbor, Swampscott, a community of small estates on the edge of the sea, grouped closely together with an eye only to keeping cool and to looking seaward in summer. Ocean Street, however, as has been stated, has been appropriated chiefly by the rich shoemakers of Lynn, who live there the year round, whereas Swampscott's single shore road, which runs out of Ocean Street, has for years and years been the camping-ground of people from Boston and its vicinity, who have been content to allow its fishing-village aspect to remain unaltered except in a very few instances. Here are two large hotels, and a host of boarding-houses, and a sand beach, and a railroad station within easy driving distance to accommodate the business men who wish to live at the sea-side with as little



*The
Beverly
Shore*

W. S. Avery

trouble and expense as possible, and at the same time to be close to town. This simplicity of architectural and social effects is true, particularly of the village proper.

Beyond it the shore, which stretches to Marblehead, has become occupied by more elaborate cottages, some conspicuously ugly and others of very tasteful design. Many fine water-views are obtained from these, notably from the beautiful Galoupe's Point, which is shut out from the dust of the high road and other suggestions of urban proximity. In brief, it may be stated that the last twenty years have seen the erection, along the hitherto unoccupied shore from Swampscott to Marblehead, of colonies of cottages inviting the proprietorship of the increasing class of well-to-do people who desire to live comfortably in summer, interspersed with an occasional hotel of ample dimensions, the prices of which terrify the democratic beachcomber whose ambition is bounded by a fishing-pole, clams, and pink lemonade.

In an indenture of the coast formed by the harbors of Marblehead and Salem, and on a smaller harbor of its own, is situated the ancient village, but modern shoe town, of Beverly, from which the picturesque strip of shore which stretches thence to Cape Ann takes its name. For almost a generation there has been a nucleus of beautiful estates on the shore, beyond the street limits of the town, where the same class of people who went summer after summer to Nahant lived in peaceful enjoyment of broad acres of woods, marsh, and beach, undisturbed by thrifty cogitations as to their market price. The houses, like the original houses at Nahant, were square, comfortable-looking, dull-colored edifices, surrounded by broad piazzas protected by sloping roofs unenlivened by the modern shingle stain, and the landscape wore a rougher appearance than at present. To the northeast, as far as the eye could see, lay a marvellous coast, with here a curving beach and there a wooded point, and here again a superb

*On the
Piazza
of the
Eastern
Yacht
Club*



reach of cliffs, each and all provided with a background of undulating fields and rich dark foliage. All this edge of ocean, with its wealth of country behind, was practically unoccupied, and large tracts of it could be purchased at what now seem pitiful figures from the fishermen farmers who held it in fee.

To the south-southwest, across the water, the Beverly cottagers looked at the queer old town of Marblehead without a suspicion that there was a handsome fortune staring them in the face in the shape of the spit of land which forms the outer bulwark of the harbor, where to-day the white-winged yachts almost outnumber the white-winged gulls. Twenty years ago and less, Marblehead Neck, as it is called, was in the general estimation a bleak headland which no one cared to build upon. Now it fairly bristles with small habitations, which have sprung up in such close proximity to one another, and on such primitive lines, architecturally speaking, as almost to suggest a camp-meeting settlement.

A little apart from these stands the club-house of the Eastern Yacht Club, the meeting-place on shore of the yachting brotherhood, whither, at the time of the sojourn of the New York or Eastern squadrons, comes all the fashionable Shore to dine and dance and visit the racing machines and the graceful floating bou-doirs which fairly crowd the tranquil waters of the snug harbor below. Outside this same harbor, where the pleasure yachts of two friendly countries contend for silver cups in eager emulation, the Chesapeake and the Shannon fired broadsides at each other in the same summer weather not far from a hundred years ago.

It is at and beyond Beverly, however, that the true grandeur of the North Shore begins. Marblehead Neck is bold and reaches out to sea, and the old town of Marblehead, which lies directly across the narrow harbor, provides, by its quaint streets and its legend of Skipper Ireson with the hard heart, abundant material for the edification of those who take an after-

*A
Yacht
Race
at
Marble-
head*



W. T. RANNEY 1932

noon drive in that direction. But the true glory of the North Shore, that uniquely picturesque and ever-varying combination of sea-side and country which distinguishes it from the rest of this shore and from other shores, begins at Beverly. It sounds like a paradox to state that you may there look out from rugged cliffs over a summer sea and inhale its salt fragrance, and yet by a turn of your heel find yourself face to face with a landscape of rustic meadows and stately woods. Yet such is exactly the case. The dweller in this paradise scents on his piazza the mingled aroma of brine and pine, of storm-tossed sea-weed and new-mown hay ; and, moreover, in this instance man has joined hands with nature to preserve the beauties of the scene, in that he has refused to subdivide his lands.

A succession of magnificent estates follows the shore, but almost invariably the houses stand in the midst of several acres, and are frequently sheltered by woods or surrounded by a more or less cultivated park. This gives an elegance to the land-

scape which serves to heighten the effect of the splendid scenery, and these conditions have been maintained in the rapid development of the shore which has taken place during the last ten or fifteen years.

The sudden increased demand for seaside residences, and the rapid and extraordinary trebling and quadrupling of values consequent thereon, which has been a part of the recent history of the entire New England coast, has been more remarkable in the case of the Beverly shore than in that of any other resort except Bar Harbor. Large tracts of wooded lands along the sea's edge, and strikingly beautiful points which had been suffered to remain unoccupied for generations save by local farmers, have changed ownership at fancy prices and been made the sites for villas of the most improved modern architecture.

From Beverly you come to Pride's Crossing and Beverly Farms, beyond which lies West Manchester, Manchester and the Masconomo House—the one hotel of that immediate shore—and Magnolia ;

*Pavilion
at "The
Masco-
nomo"*



and everywhere the same class of habitation is to be seen, more elaborate and luxurious, perhaps, the farther you proceed. The eager purchaser has occupied every available piece of shore, and in many cases has bought it from poetic but far-sighted individuals who anticipated the demand. It sometimes happens in this wicked world, though perhaps too infrequently, that the practised acumen of the real-estate speculator is put to the blush by the more discerning wisdom of the seer.

Unlike Newport, Lenox, and Bar Harbor, the North Shore is first of all a dormitory. The busy men of affairs, who spend the summer at Beverly Farms or Manchester, go to Boston every day and return home in the early afternoon, content to sit on the piazzas enjoying the breezes from the ocean, or to drive or ride. Until within the last few years the evening meal was a high tea, at which the rising generation could entertain their contemporaries without compelling *paterfamilias* to do more than brush his hair, or depriving him of

his evening paper. Many people on the Beverly shore now have late dinner; consequently there is more formality and circumstance, and he who would fain lie in a hammock and listen to the trembling of the sea may have to choose between green mint, curaçoa, and benedictine, and try to forget that he is to take the early train in the morning. But, after all, the entertaining of this kind is not expensive. *Paterfamilias* is a long-suffering biped, but his good nature is apt to give way after missing once or twice the A.M. train, which he had hoped would be later than he; and even the most energetic spirits in the family—naturally the unmarried daughters who need do nothing all day but breathe ozone—prefer to spend the evenings in their hammocks. A ball or evening reception such as we know at Lenox or Bar Harbor, or even the hotel hop, which is common enough at the hotels along the Swampscott-Marblehead coast and at the Masconomo, is unheard of on the Beverly shore. Occasionally small parties drive

*Residences
on the
Point at
Manches-
ter-by-the-
Sea*



through the woods to Chebacco Lake to sup on broiled chickens, thin fried potatoes and champagne, to dance a gay waltz or polka or two, and drive home by moonlight; but apart from occasional dinner-parties, this is the limit of the social gayety.

A few of the younger matrons complain, as a consequence, that the Shore is dull and needs awakening; but the sentiment of the busy men, that rest after a warm summer's day in town is the best form of recreation, appeals to most wives and daughters, who indeed on their own account are delighted to make the most of the out-of-door life, to look after their lawns and shrubbery, to drive and walk, to go yachting if there is a yacht in the family, and in general to break away from the social diversions of life in town. There is some calling, and women invite other women from Nahant and elsewhere to stay with them in order to give them women luncheons—sometimes rather elaborate luncheons—where the conversation may be about art and literature, or may be

about yachts and hunting, according to the aspirations of the hostess.

Three afternoons a week, during July, August, and September, there is the opportunity, of which many avail themselves, to see the members of the Myopia Hunt Club play polo on the club grounds at Wenham, four or five miles inland to the north from Beverly. This is a favorite meeting-ground. To reach it you enjoy a delightful drive, and while there you are afforded a panorama of the toilettes and equipages of the Shore while watching the antics of the players. During the summer of 1893 the Essex County Club, a casino situated a little inland from Manchester, was completed. This has proved a convenient uniting point for those who craved greater social activity, though, owing to the fact that its patrons are scattered along ten miles of shore, it is occasionally empty. A cynic might be disposed to suggest that the success of the Club at Nahant was the controlling reason why it was built; but the sudden popularity of the game of golf

*Entrance
to the
Grounds
of the
Essex
County
Club*



is a new and convincing argument in favor of its existence.

*The
Beverly
Shore*

The New England gentleman of fifty years ago, if he could see the way we live now, would open his eyes at the importance which the horse and his accoutrements have acquired in the eye of the present generation, and undoubtedly would come to the conclusion, on the whole, that our ancestors were bigoted in their association of a semblance of sin with a free use of the quadruped in question. Certainly the gay vehicles, bright harnesses, and sleek, stylish animals which are to be encountered nowadays along the country roads of the strict old county of Essex, are a vast improvement, from an æsthetic point of view, over the sombre chaises and inelegant nags by means of which our fore-fathers endangered their chances of salvation.

The charms of out-door life on the North Shore have fostered a taste for riding and driving which has proved, alike in a hygienic and a liberalizing sense, of great benefit to both the sexes. Riding, at

which most young ladies and many men in the North used to shy, has become, in several sections of the country, and conspicuously on the Beverly shore, a favorite form of exercise and recreation. Under the conduct of the Myopia Hunt Club, fox-hunts after the English pattern engage the enthusiastic attention of a considerable number of young and middle-aged people during the early autumn months. The beautiful inland country about Wenham, Hamilton, and Topsfield has become a race-course for this hunting element, many of whom do not hesitate to risk life and limb in their almost hysterical enjoyment of the transplanted ancient sport. The Hunt Club has a modest club-house at Hamilton, where a pack of hounds are kept, and in the course of the last five years a colony of horse-loving spirits has absorbed and settled upon the most attractive of the surrounding farms, some of which possess an old-fashioned picturesque which suggests brass andirons and gilly-flowers.

*The
Hounds—
Myopia
Hunt Club*



These hunting men and women have succeeded in maintaining friendly relations with the Essex County yeomanry, over whose corn-fields they dash in pursuit of a real or imaginary reynard, and who were inclined at first to resent this new invasion of red-coats as undemocratic impertinence and a legal trespass. But well-mannered tact, especially if it go hand-and-glove with liberal indemnity, will mollify the wounded pride even of a New England farmer. By degrees the hard headed countrymen, who sniffed at fox-hunting as mere Anglomania, have become genuinely, though grimly, enthralled by the pomp and excitement of the show, and take almost as much interest in following the fortunes of the riders as though they themselves were booted and spurred and swathed in pink. To cement mutual good feeling a ball is given every autumn, at which the wives and daughters of the country-side dance with the master of the hounds and his splendid company, who valiantly, if vainly, endeavor to cut

*The
North
Shore*

pigeon-wings in emulation of the country swains.

If the temper of the Beverly-Manchester shore is equine, no less is it nautical. The telescopes on every piazza command the entrance to Marblehead Harbor, and the womenkind unable to distinguish a cutter from a stone sloop or fishing schooner are in the minority. On fine sailing days a bevy of yachts, of every cut and length, is to be seen on the broad sweep of the horizon, and often so close to land that you would seem to be able to toss the traditional biscuit aboard until you made the attempt. And yet the number of vessels owned by the actual owners of the Shore is not so large as might be expected. Not everybody by any means keeps a yacht, and only an intermittent chain of moorings follows the coast. Now and again some cottager of means buys a steam-yacht for a season or two, in which he runs to town when he is not pressed for time, and invites his friends to make the return trip with him at the close of the



*Magnolia,
from
Norman's
Wee
Point*

business day. Others keep a comfortable full-fledged schooner, with a trusty sailing-master, at their doors as a family convenience, to be enjoyed whenever the spirit moves and the elements invite conjointly—which sometimes is not for days at a time, such are the caprices of women and children, the contrariety of weather, and the business obligations of man.

There is, too, a moderate number of small craft—catboats and sloops—in which yachtsmen of sixteen and some of maturer years, who deem the pleasure of handling the tiller superior to that of following the dictates of a sailing-master, tempt the deep. But whether it is that the coast is an exposed one, so that yachts cannot lie there safely in a southeaster, or that the responsibilities of maintaining a white-winged racer seem to the average business man analogous to those of maintaining a white elephant, there is rather a dearth of yachts actually owned along the Beverly shore, in spite of the fact that in the racing season the coast is fairly gay with them. There are

few more beautiful spectacles than the series of races annually conducted under the auspices of the Eastern Yacht Club, when the grand flotilla of visiting New York yachts, in all their high-priced majesty and gracefulness, join the united craft of the New England coast, and spread their wings under a deep blue sky before a rattling breeze. Only second to this display is the captivating spectacle of Marblehead Harbor viewed from the piazza of the Eastern Yacht Club, when the yachts, great and little, lie packed together at night, their wings folded and their sides and rigging aglow with electric lights and lanterns which make them seem like huge fireflies afloat on the dark waters of the basin. Hither to Marblehead Neck come crowds from Boston and the surrounding towns to see the *Mayflower*, the *Volunteer*, and the huge steam-yachts in which some of the conspicuously rich men of Gotham take their summer outings.

A casual observer might suppose that the only live issues on the North Shore



*At Man-
chester-by-
the-Sea*

were horses and yachts. The wave of the discovery that there are many ways of amusing one's self profitably and harmlessly in our vale of tears, the very idea of which was an abomination to those who laid the foundations of the Republic, has not spared this delightful region in its sweep across the country. But surface indications are apt to be deceitful, and it may truthfully be said, that even in the way of surface indications, the life along the North Shore has but few of the purely volatile features which distinguish many of the doings at Newport, for instance. And just as at Newport and Bar Harbor, there are hundreds of delightful people who live apart from the fashionable rout, because it bores them to jump and change feet all the year round, so this class along the North Shore is even larger, partly because of the more conservative spirit of the population, and partly for the reason already referred to, that the cottagers are chiefly active business or professional men who go to Boston every day.

The North Shore is essentially a Paradise for men of comfortable means, who do not wish to be separated from their wives and children in summer, and who wish at the same time to give their families a thorough change of scene and atmosphere. Neither his interest in horses nor yachts, nor the desire to be socially rampant, induces the well-to-do Bostonian to settle along the North Shore. He thinks rather of the comparative ease with which he can exchange the parboiled pavements and the scent of tepid water-melon for the delicious breeze from the sea which greets him on his own piazza, where he can sit through the afternoon on a long cushioned chair and watch the yachts sail by, waxing proud in his belief that he is able to distinguish one from another. He thinks of the delightful and numerous drives in every direction, and of the safe beaches, and shaded groves in the enjoyment of which the hue of health will be deepened in the faces of his children and of his wife and grown-up daughters, provided they do not wear veils.



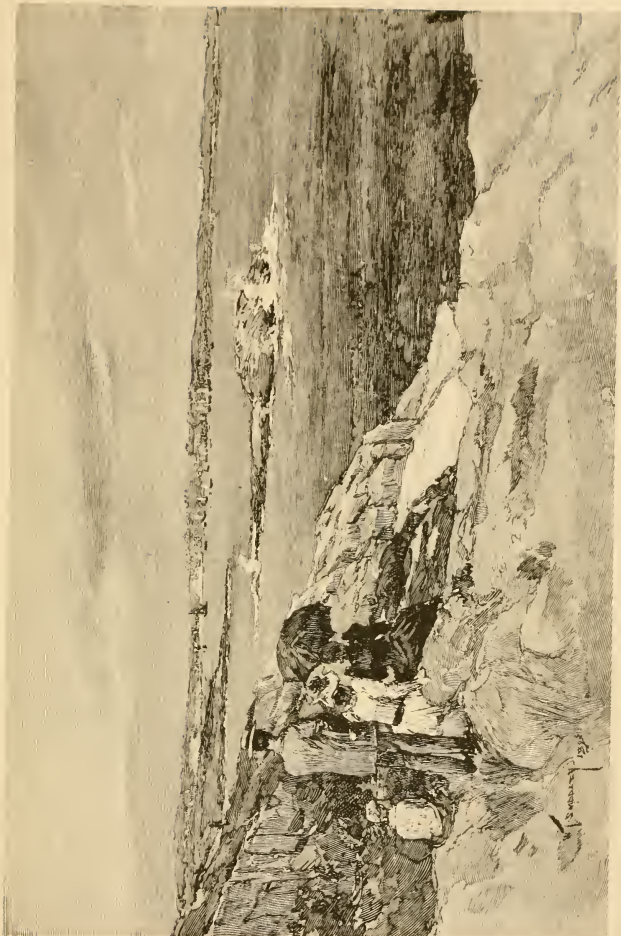
*Avenue
of Pines,
near Man-
chester-by-
the-Sea*

He thinks, in short, that he will be delightfully comfortable ; that his household can be kept amiable by out-of-door amusements, while he enjoys the rest which middle-aged human nature ought to enjoy in the sweltering season, and that if he chances to feel frisky, he can drive over to dine at the Marblehead Club-House, or feast his eyes on the pink-coated pageantry of an aniseseed hunt. And, not to leave the finer sensibilities out in the cold—you may be sure he bears them quietly in mind, this Bostonian cottager—there are unsurpassed and rarely paralleled effects of sky and water, and winds and woods, and sunset and moon-glory, continuously appealing to his love of nature with endless variety.

The ocean on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay possesses a wider range of expression than on the other side, where it begins to woo the sands of Cape Cod and to yield to the milder moods of the Gulf Stream. It is a veritable lion here, and the rugged, rock-bound coast seems to be

a necessary bulwark to stay the fury of the elements. The very temperature of the water, and the fresh, bracing vigor of the winds, suggest a strength and majesty which is sometimes trying to human constitutions which lack vitality. But though a lion when roused, this northern sea has a nobleness of disposition which makes you forget its cruelty on the very morrow after it has strewn the beach with salvage, and dashed in gorgeous spray well-nigh up to your chamber window. Then there is a depth of blue in the sky and water, and a life-giving, life-stirring warmth in the sun which fills the soul with gladness; and when at nightfall the breeze dies away, and the pink and saffron clouds paint themselves upon the peaceful deep and the silent landscape, what a joy it is to sit and watch the twilight fade into night, the stars appear, and the light-house beacons come out like other stars along the horizon. How still, refreshing, and soothing is the night! You only just catch the refrain of the automatic buoy-whistle guarding

*The Reef
of Nor-
man's
Woe*



the Graves, appropriately known as the Melancholy Bull, telling, from across the Bay, that the storm has been ; and once and again a cool, salty puff announces the advent of the night-breeze. Now rides the moon, and far away across her glittering wake glides some coaster like a phantom ship. Can this be the ocean which yesterday seemed so cold and cruel and revengeful, as you listened to the roar of the wind upon the roof? Even the "Reef of Norman's Woe," that poetic sorrow of the coast, the Mecca of the tourist who visits Gloucester, has lost its treacherous leer, and suggests for a moment to the ever-hopeful soul that nature has become the slave of man. Such days, such nights are the frequent recurring boon of the dweller by the North Shore.

Those who regard the continued individual ownership of large tracts of land, or even of an acreage sufficient to keep one's neighbor at a respectful distance, as inconsistent with true democratic development, will be likely to look askance at the


beautiful estates along the North Shore. It may be that in a few generations we shall all live cheek by jowl with one another in houses built and painted after a stereotyped model, with exactly the same number of square feet of land in our front-yards, and under limitations as to the number of flowers we may grow in our pitiful little gardens, for fear of seeming to outstrip the luxury of those who are too indolent to grow any. Such a period may become necessary in the process of giving all men an opportunity to enjoy equally the fruits of the earth and the fullness thereof. But whatever the dim future may bring to pass in this regard by dint of positive law or ethical argument, there is no doubt that, at present, the beautiful seaside estates which have been cut out of the coast-line from farthest Maine to the limits of the shore of Buzzard's Bay, during the last twenty years, are among the most precious of human possession, and that the class of people seeking for them is increasing in direct

ratio to the growth of refined civilization over the country.

*The
North
Shore*

More and more do we realize that a residence at a summer watering place hotel is apt to leave soul, mind and body jaded, and that to bang about in the hot weather at fashionable beaches and promiscuous springs may amuse for a fortnight, but suggests by the close of a season the atmosphere of the *corps de ballet* or a circus. We are learning as a nation to rest in summer, instead of to gad, and those who have been the fortunate pioneers in the movement are indeed to be envied, for though the sands of the sea are said to be unnumbered, the coast of New England has its limitations. *Beati possidentes!*





*The North
Shore*

*by Robert
Grant*