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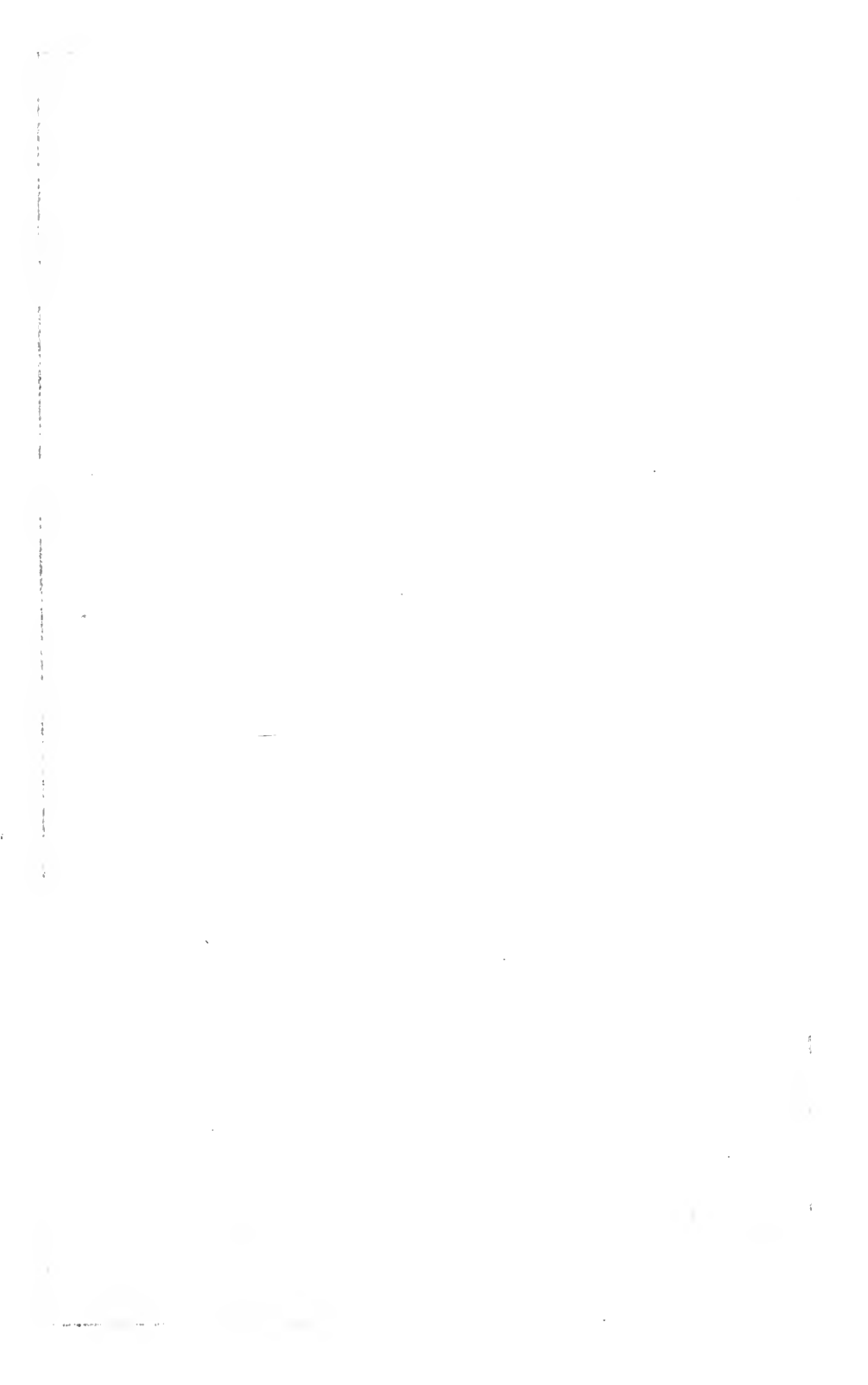
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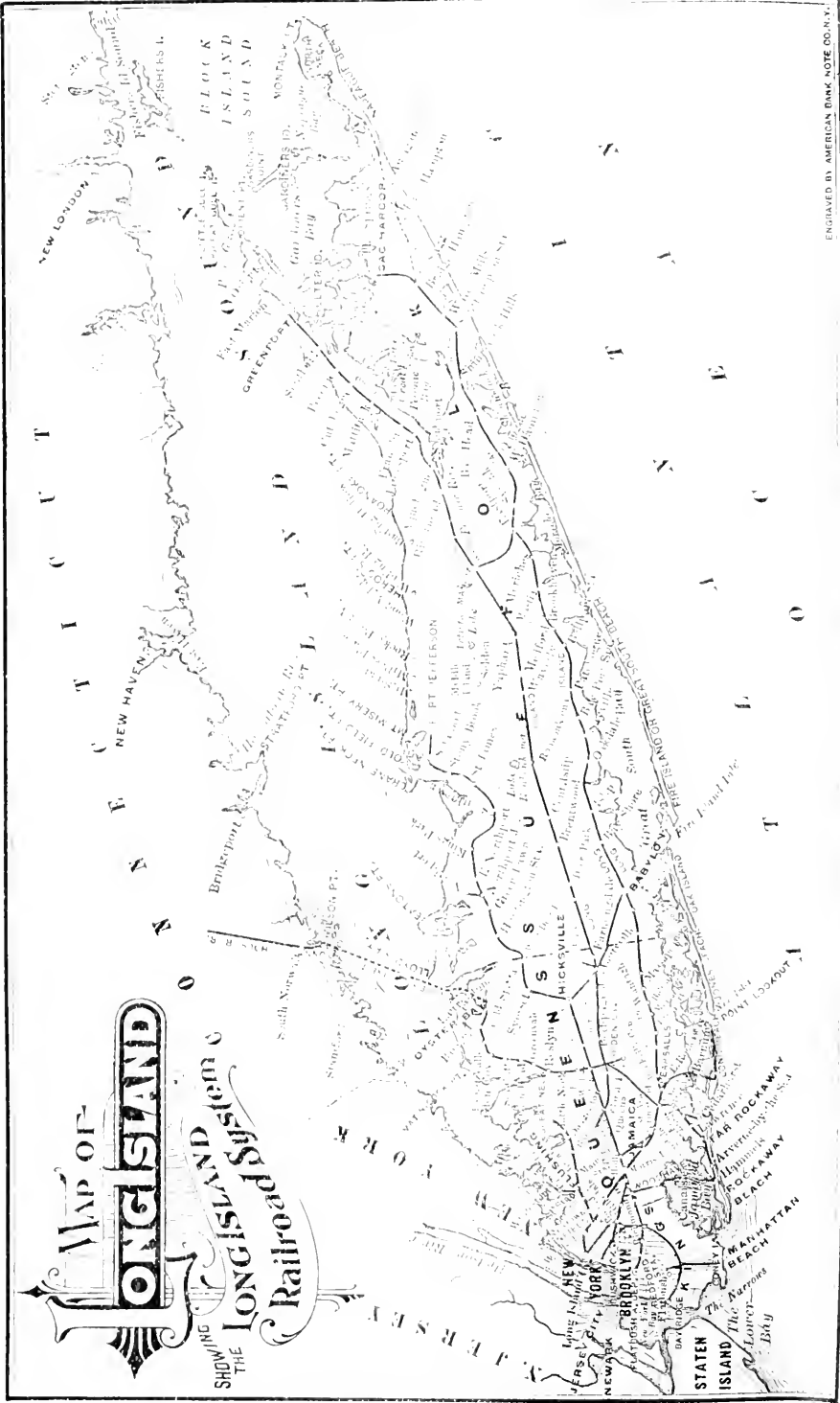






# MAP OF **LONG ISLAND**

SHOWING  
THE **LONG ISLAND** System  
Railroad





# OUT ON LONG ISLAND

IT IS A GOODLY SIGHT TO SEE  
WHAT HEAVEN HATH DONE FOR THIS DELICIOUS LAND

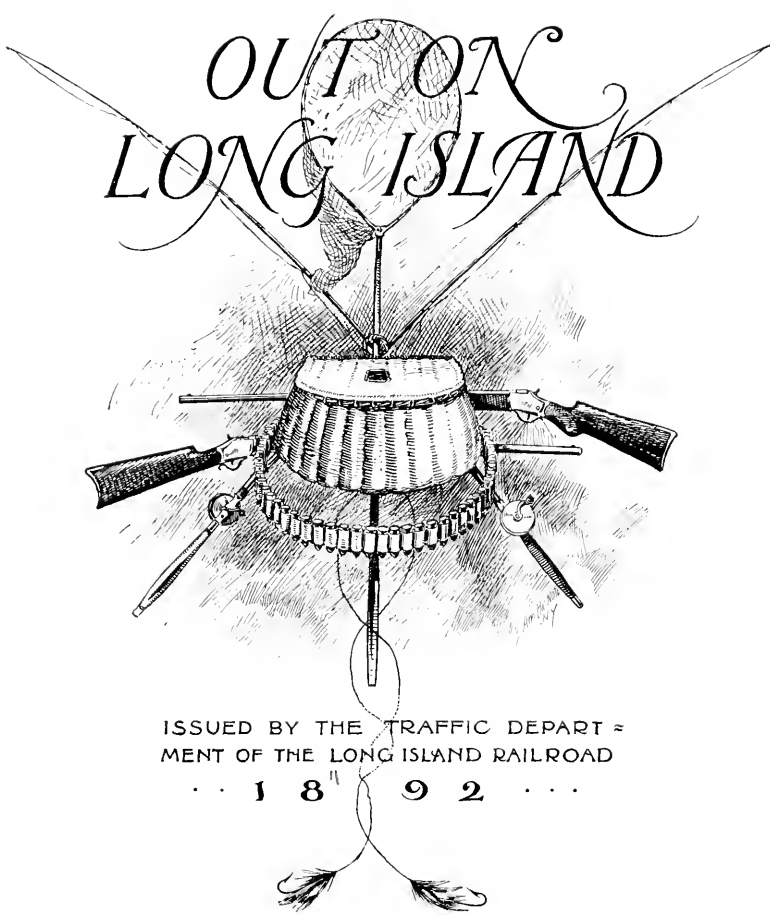
--BYRON

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How much ...

# OUT ON LONG ISLAND



ISSUED BY THE TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT OF THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD

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Fair has as curious masquerades of pleasure seekers as any in the old world.

It is historic ground: battles have here been fought, and great frigates have anchored in its harbors. The Dutch here made early settlements, and left their relics in house and custom. There are old records on church registers of the marriages of those who crossed in the *Mayflower*. Almost every town has its romance of exile and heroism; poets who have sung the songs which echoed round the world had their cradles and their graves here. Favored associates of royalty have selected this spot for their homes, and statesmen who were prominent in the early councils of the nation as well as military leaders in the cause of independence have sprung from the sturdy lineage of its families. The shores are rich with the wreckage of the sea, and superstition has its tale of wonder in every village. There are towns whose streets are quaint with the architecture of the old world, and not



a few natives trace back an unbroken descent from the good old days a round century before the time

“When George the Third was king.”

Long Island is rich in legendary relics of the Indian days. The ashes of the camp-fires are hardly yet cool, and the wild blood of the Indian aborigines has hardly yet fully mingled with that of the “pale face.”

New York has become one of the great cities of the world, because it is the gateway of a continent. The sea has dowried it with riches. And yet Long Island is its only sea-board. There are States not larger than Long Island. One hundred and twenty miles in length, from eight to twenty broad, within this area there is all that heart can wish and industry desire. Through the wise enterprise of the Long Island Railroad Company, with its several hundred trains a day, this wonderland, so long unknown, is taking its rightful place as one of the fairest portions of the Empire State. Great resorts grow populous. The tide of emigration is setting eastward from the metropolis, industry is tickling the swift island with the plough, and it responds with laughing harvests. Wealth is lining the shores with villas, and the great middle classes are finding homes in the pleasant island villages contiguous to the cities. Without any of the artificial excitement of “Western booms,” there has been a phenomenal growth in the towns and villages of the island,

so that "Out on the Island" now is a familiar phrase to the dwellers in the great cities of New York and Brooklyn.

Long Island may be conveniently divided into three divisions. From the same starting-points in Long Island City and Brooklyn the trains leave for the central portion, the south shore and the north shore.

The central part is a plain, and in places, for miles one passes over great prairie-like reaches, dotted with forests of cedar and pine, with soil clean and easily worked. John Randolph said that the soil of Virginia was poor by nature and ruined by cultivation, and so to the casual tourist the soil of Long Island seems unfertile; but turn it with the plough, and throw the seed into it, and it rewards toil with plenty. It seems as if Nature, knowing how tired human brains would get in the great hurrying of the city, had set this great central belt midway here between the sea and the Sound, as a sanitarium for the healing of sick nerves and spent brains; for here are

"The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,"

and in this porous soil there is no feeding-place of malaria, and the air, washed clean with the sweet baptisms of the sea, brings invigoration in every breeze, while there is room enough for the tired thousands who at night would escape the cities' heats, to touch old Mother Nature and rise up strong for the new day's work.

The south side is the sea side of the island; but as if, in her great kindness to this "snug little, tight little island," Nature desired to guard it from the raw, untempered sea, she has made a break-water between the island and the ocean, and behind this outer rampart she has for sixty miles placed the Great South Bay, which is a kind of inner lake, with waters smooth and sunny on summer days, but having in it a touch of the old fury of the sea when occasion calls. Along the shores of this bay there are inlets, bays, and coves; into it the streams run, and along it there are villages which once were filled with those who tilled the land and spread their nets within the waters, who made the town quaint with curious streets and lanes, and kept alive the customs of the good old days. In recent years the summer throngs have filled these villages. The dog-cart and the tally-ho are seen along the streets; the old clocks, spinning-wheels and warming-pans have been bought and are now



"Hung up for ornament;"

the village pastures are cut up into villa lots; great hotels are in the

places where the fishers dried their nets, and land that was once given away by the acre is now sold by the foot. But Nature has been very prodigal of her charms here upon this old island. The Great South Bay is a splendid institution ; but even that would have been overdone if it had bounded the island along its entire length. And so, at either end of it the sea comes up and has direct dealings with the island, and without a foot of intervening sand or island it pours the whole torrent of three thousand miles of surge and swell upon the beaches. And what superb things these beaches are !



As smooth as ivory and almost as white. No quicksands here, nor treacherous undertow of backward sweeping currents, but good, honest, hearty, noisy breakers, pounding on beaches hard as adamant ! Nowhere

on the Atlantic coast are there greater reaches of white sand, and along these magnificent shores there are great hotels and small hotels, every wonderment of summer merriment and pleasure, bands of world-wide fame, a great phantasmagoria, to which half the multitudes of the great cities go, and to whose dazzling brilliancy of scene the tourists of the world come to be amazed. And at the other end Nature gives another turn to her kaleidoscope, and here she has built behind the beaches high hills of sand, as though she knew that the ocean was a treacherous thing, and needed some mighty rampart to keep her back from the great continent. From these one looks down and out upon the sea. Had he but vision strong enough he could look straight across to the old world without one intervening thing. The sea is flecked with sails, and tired watchers on the deck see these white cliffs as the first token of their voyage's end, and on and on these beaches go, eastward and northward, the cliffs broken here and there, until at last the end is reached in Montauk Point, where the island culminates in a great cliff of grandeur.

These things are on the seaward side. Backward the cliffs slope with gentle declivity into fertile fields. There are winding roads leading to pleasant towns, not spoiled by art or fashion, but having a simple life and simple ways, taking just pride in the relics of an honorable past, not anxious for rapid growth, but having the old-time virtues of hospitality and friendliness.

The north side of the island faces Long Island Sound. It is a noted place, and not even the far-famed St. George's Channel is such a waterway as this. The traffic of New England and not a



little of the ocean commerce passes here ; for many years the Sound steamers, at early morn and eve, have passed up and down with their stately beauty. There have been many tragedies on this water-course, and it is famous not only for its exceeding beauty, but for the memorable events that have happened here. Long Island along the north shore is bold and precipitous. The Sound makes many indentations of deep bays or harbors, and on either side of this the land is high and wooded with the finest growth of timber. There are villages and farms, pleasant villas and homes embowered with trees, winding roads skirting the bays with little vessels in the harbors, and along the shore shipyards where once great ships were built. The grandeur here is not of the sea, as it is upon the other side, but is of mingled land and water. Beyond, northward, are the shores of Connecticut, just far enough away to have the misty glamour which Nature loves, with her artless coquetry, to spread before her face. There is the glimmer of city spires, the white gleam of town and village, the upward rising land, which stands like lesser mountains against the sky. And near at hand are the blue waters of the Sound, not always smooth, but having wayward moods of passion when the storm is on. For the lover of beauty the north side is rich. There is grandeur in these high ramparts of land which separate the harbors. The shores are irregular, iron-bound with rock and boulder, on which the sea weeds have hung their draperies, while there are pleasant surprises of woodland nooks, winding paths and roads, with fertile farms such as one sees on New England hills, with soil as warm and rich as Nature ever made. There are staid and prosperous towns here, having all the comforts that years of prosperous industry and enterprise can bring. The invasion of the city is already felt. At morning and night the depots are surrounded with the carriages of those who go daily to the city to their business ; and year by year the summer homes increase, the tide of travel swells, as the incomparable beauties and delights of the island are discovered. At the farther end of the island Shelter Island stands to



“Sentinel enchanted land.”

Beyond is still another island, and both of these have their own legends and traditions. There is no need that citizens of New York and Brooklyn should live within crowded tenements, or waste half their living on expensive rents, when for a small sum a home can be

bought or built in some one of the many towns of Long Island. Summer boarding places can be found within easy distance of the cities at moderate cost, and men can go to and fro at small expense of time and money.

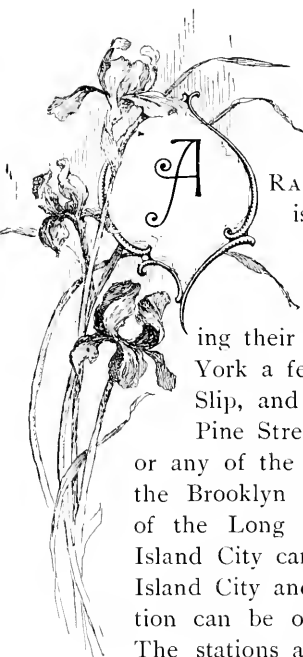
Drawing-room cars are attached to all the principal trains of the Long Island Railroad. They are handsomely appointed and offer the traveler every convenience and comfort. The island, from one end to the other, is well supplied with the daily newspapers and periodicals by the Long Island News Company. New York morning papers are delivered at early hours every day and are sold on all the trains. During the season special Sunday trains are run to insure early distribution of newspapers.

Long Island offers every variety of scenery, an unrivaled climate and easy accessibility to the great cities. The time is not far distant when the entire island will be a suburban New York and Brooklyn, and if one is missed from his accustomed place in the great city the answer to the question, "Where is he?" will bring the response,

"OUT ON LONG ISLAND."



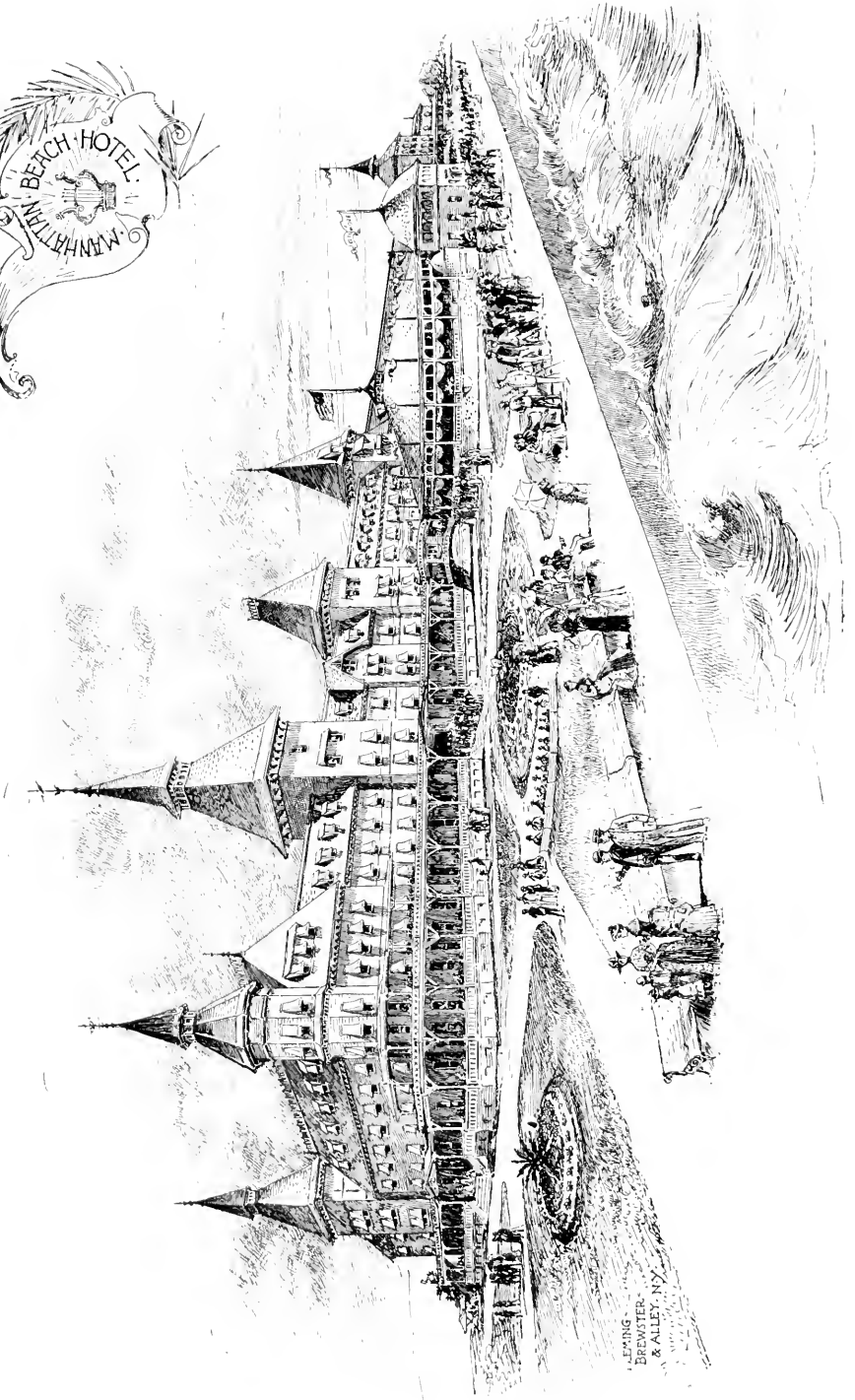
## HOW TO REACH LONG ISLAND.



**A** RAILROAD time-table, while a very necessary document, is not always as "plain as a pike-staff." The genius who is to prepare a table, that those who run may read, has not yet been born, but a few hints may be given that will be of service to strangers making their first visit out on Long Island. From lower New York a ferry boat can be taken every half hour at James Slip, and during the summer months, an annex from foot of Pine Street, to Long Island City; and by way of the Bridge or any of the ferries to Brooklyn, connecting with surface cars or the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad to the Flatbush Avenue station of the Long Island Railroad. From up-town New York, Long Island City can be reached by the ferry at 34th Street. At Long Island City and at the Flatbush Avenue stations complete information can be obtained in regard to the departure of all trains. The stations at these points are new and magnificently appointed for railroad purposes. The one at Long Island City was completed in 1891. It has been built with special reference to the comfort and convenience of the traveling public. The waiting-room is the largest of any in or about New York City. It has been so arranged that passengers can find their respective trains without confusion or crowding. Here are the operating offices of the Long Island Railroad Company. The Flatbush Avenue depot constructed this year has all the modern appointments of a first-class railway station. All trains from Brooklyn stop at the Bedford and East New York stations.

## NEAR-BY SEASIDE RESORTS.

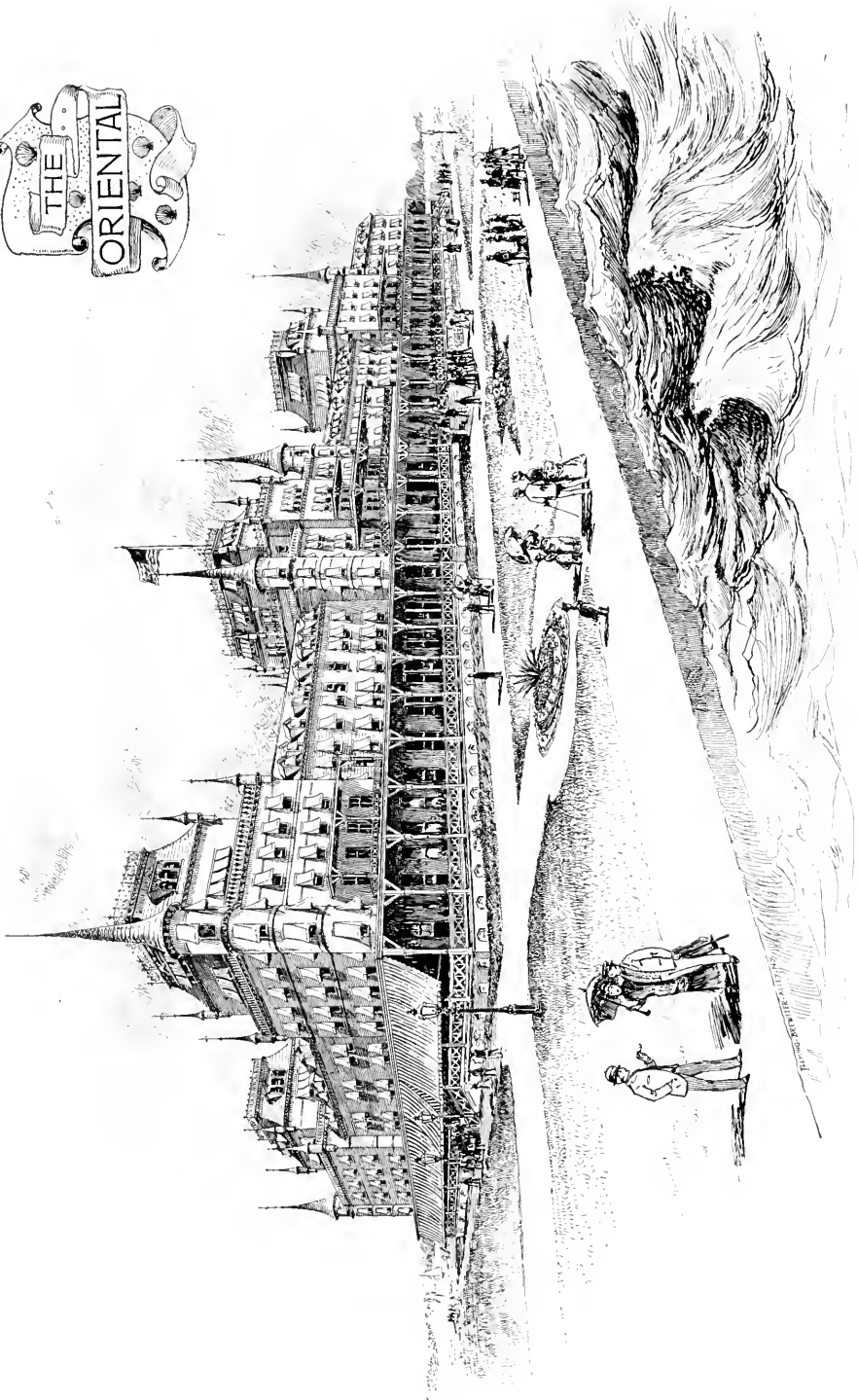
For years after the New Jersey ocean resorts were in the full tide of prosperity the broad, inviting beaches of southern Long Island were unpopulated, and, with few exceptions, almost unvisited. But in the seventies it dawned on the mind of Mr. Austin Corbin that right here, within a half-hour's ride of New York, was a series of the finest beaches in America—yes, in the world—and he resolved to develop them into watering-places, with what degree of success



E. BREWSTER  
& ALLEY N.Y.

the world knows. It spoils a day to go to Long Branch and home again, but the tired man of business can run down to Manhattan Beach with his family in thirty minutes, after office hours, take a bath in the surf, get an excellent dinner, listen to the music and see the fireworks, and be home and in bed an hour earlier than he would be if he spent the evening at the theatre. Coney Island is the most cosmopolitan of places. There is a sliding social scale extending from the West End to the elegant and exclusive Oriental Hotel at the East End, with its adjacent miles of protected beach. Nowhere in America is there so famous a seaside resort as Manhattan Beach. It is the metropolis among summer cities of the country as New York is among the commercial cities. It is no unusual sight on a pleasant summer's day to witness over 100,000 people at this magnificent resort, and yet so large are the two hotels and so extensive the grounds about them that every one can have full measure of the enjoyment which he seeks. The Manhattan and Oriental are two of the largest and best hotels on Long Island, the former accommodating five hundred people and the latter seven hundred. These houses are equipped with every modern improvement, and the grounds they stand in are beautified with lawns and gardens. The cuisine is excellent, and both variety and abundance are assured. A broad promenade extends before them, furnished with seats that young people like to occupy when the moon rises, and it often takes a surprisingly long time for the moon to come up. The ride from the city is in itself a pleasant thing on a warm day, the temperature seeming to fall as the open cars—you can ride in the parlor cars if you prefer—speed over the green fields and through the cool and rustling groves. Arrived at Manhattan, many pleasures offer, chief among which is the bathing. The whole coast of Long Island is washed by a branch of the Gulf Stream, so the water has never the icy chill that shrivels the person who takes his sea baths north of Cape Cod. There is a good surf, too; not so heavy as to make an undertow, or to render it unsafe for ladies and children, but a good, bracing roll to the water that puts every one in a glow. Bathers at Manhattan have the advantage of a detached structure that screens them from promiscuous observation. Excellent music is to be heard at the spacious music pavilion, which is splendidly arranged with reference to acoustic properties, and Gilmore's famous band is frequently supplemented during the season by choral societies and distinguished soloists, and on Sundays clergymen of celebrity conduct divine worship. The amphitheatre is one of the finest in the world, finely decorated within and without. As for Gilmore, everybody knows him. He is to the brass band

# THE ORIENTAL



what Theodore Thomas is to the orchestra, and the rich tone and grand sonority of his music has never been equalled by any other band in the country. From the time of his connection with the great jubilees in Boston, Mr. Gilmore has been the best-known musician in America, and his name has never been associated with a failure. So great an attraction are his incomparable concerts that thousands of people visit Manhattan Beach during the summer just to hear the music. Fire dramas, under supervision of C. T. Brock & Co. of the Crystal Palace, London, are enacted on nearly every summer night in the great inclosure near the hotel. They are unquestionably the finest exhibitions of pyrotechnic display in the world.

Back of Manhattan Beach is the narrow Sheepshead Bay, thus named because of the fish known as sheepshead that abound there. It is a rendezvous for yachtsmen, and now that the cottagers who dwell on its shores have solved the drainage problem and have begun to beautify their streets and holdings, the village of Sheepshead Bay has sprung into deserved prominence. The local population is greatly increased through the hot season by a summer colony of city folks, and on racing days thousands visit the Coney Island Jockey Club track, which is one of the amplest and best managed in the country. It is the one track in the State where the élite of New York and Brooklyn may be seen in large numbers, especially on the day of the great Suburban race, which is recognized as the "Derby Day" of America.

Rockaway, the name of a long, sandy peninsula, is a corruption of Rekanawohaha, "Our Place of Laughing Waters." It was, a generation ago, a place of local celebrity, and was largely visited by city excursionists. Rockaway is still very popular. Clubs have located there, pleasant cottages have been put up, and the hotels have been improved. Near the centre of the beach, among the dunes, stood the big hotel, the largest in the world, and a veritable elephant on the hands of its builders. It was never used, the opening having been legally prevented, and its doors being for years tied with legal red tape. A few years ago the hotel was removed and the land purchased and laid out by the Rockaway Park Improvement Company in villa plots, which makes it one of the most desirable places on the island. The bathing is fine, and back of the peninsula there is still water for swimmers and oarsmen who do not feel equal to buffeting with big waves. Music, museums, merry-go-rounds and refreshments entertain the crowds.

A famous poem was written several years ago by John Henry Sharpe, entitled "Rockaway," and was set to music by Henry

Russell, the first four lines being the refrain to each of the stanzas. The words are as follows :

### ROCKAWAY.

On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,  
Many an hour I've whil'd away,  
In listening to the breakers roar  
That wash the beach at Rockaway.  
Transfix'd I've stood while Nature's lyre  
In one harmonious concert broke,  
And catching its Promethean fire  
My inmost soul to rapture woke.

Oh how delightful 'tis to stroll,  
Where murm'ring winds and waters meet,  
Marking the billows as they roll,  
And break resistless at your feet :  
To watch young Iris, as she dips  
Her mantle in the sparkling dew,  
And chased by Sol, away she trips,  
O'er the horizon's quiv'ring blue.

To hear the startling night-winds sigh,  
As dreaming twilight lulls to sleep :  
While the pale moon reflects from high,  
Her image in the mighty deep :  
Majestic scene where Nature dwells,  
Profound in everlasting love,  
While her unmeasur'd music swells,  
The vaulted firmament above.

Following along the Rockaway coast is Ocean Park, the site of a camp of the Rockaway Indians, and more recently a part of the estate known as Plum Place. Indian and revolutionary relics have been found there in abundance. The ground is high and dry, and commands beautiful sea-views that are enhanced by the foreground vistas of foliage, the main avenue, of double width and nearly a mile long, being lined with trees. Ocean Park is laid out in building lots, and the cottages thus far erected bespeak for it a select society.

Nameoke (the corruption of a word meaning "To the Water's Edge") joins Rockaway village on the southwest, and is a charming spot.

Arverne-by-the-Sea, forty minutes from New York City, is the latest addition to our summer resorts. It is absolutely healthful, deliciously cool, and having a southerly frontage on the ocean, the air is free from the dampness peculiar to the Long Branch coast. A great "boom" has been projected in its favor by real estate dealers and others, and perhaps no suburban resort has a more



hopeful future before it. It stands on the Rockaway peninsula, which is five miles or more in length, and varies in width from one-eighth to one-half of a mile. A fine large hotel, with room for four hundred guests, handsomely built and surrounded with a twenty-foot piazza, forms the nucleus of this village. Over one hundred cottages have recently been built along the broad and regularly planned avenues that lead to the hotel and to the ocean. Of the two hundred rooms in the hotel there is not one that does not command a view over the sea. Cedars have been planted in large numbers beside these avenues, and are a novelty in shade trees. Arverne is prettily named, and is going to live up to its name, which it might not do if some soulless land-grabber had dubbed it Jonesville or Thomsonborough to commemorate his ownership. It stands immediately upon the ocean, and has been likened to Cape May and Pataloa, for the water rolls in with a good swing, and the beach has so gradual a slope that the bather may choose his own depth. Bath-houses have been built at the end of each of the ocean avenues for the sole use of the cottagers and their friends, but arrangements are likewise ample for the guests of the hotel; and, *en passant*, it should be remarked that this hostelry offers every comfort that the most exacting might reasonably expect.



ARVERNE HOTEL.

More exclusive, and perhaps better known by reason of its priority of settlement, is Wave Crest, standing on a green-topped bluff, which resists the encroachments of the sea that have worked such frequent changes in the form and dimensions of the sandy islands elsewhere. It commands a fine view because of this elevation, and likewise serves as a landmark to passing vessels. The sight from the headland is unrivaled, and takes in the whole scene of ocean and bay from the near-by inland hamlets to Long Beach on the one hand to New York City on the other, with Oceanus

and Rockaway in the foreground, the coast of New Jersey and the Neversink Mountains in the far-off distance. The site is historic, and was claimed at an early date by one of the frequent Smith family, of Hempstead, as the spot for his acres and villa. In 1880

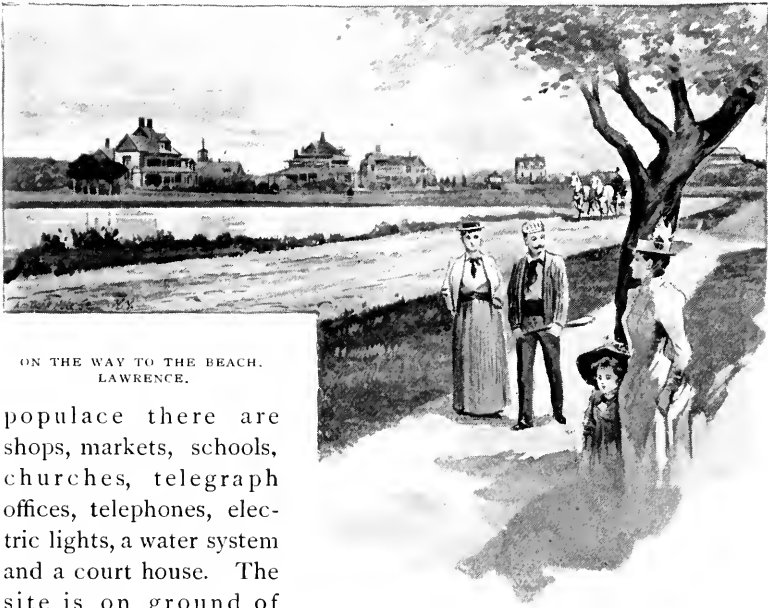


WAVE CREST, FAR ROCKAWAY.

a number of gentlemen bought a square mile or so of this property, laid it out as a park, inclosed it, stationed lodge-keepers at the gates, and have since built one hundred cottages, many of which are occupied through the year. As at Tuxedo, Short Hills, and other park villages, the society is exclusive. No lot is less than a quarter of an acre in extent, and the surface is diversified with lawns, groves, serpentine paths, and winding shell-roads. All the houses are new, and one of them stands upon the site of the old Boscobel House, so named in honor of Charles II. The drainage is perfect, as the buildings stand at a level of thirty feet above high-tide mark, and the general health of the community is, therefore, excellent. Still water bathing is had at the foot of the bluff, but a ferry-boat transports all who desire, across the strip of bay, here a quarter of a mile wide, that lies inside the Rockaway Key, and there surf enough can be had to satisfy the strongest or the most exacting.

Before Long Branch could claim any social consequence, Far Rockaway was the most famous watering-place in this country, Newport alone excepted. The Marine Hotel that stood there forty years ago was a great hotel for its time, and its register bore the names of presidents, governors, mayors, authors, soldiers, and so

on, down to common little European princes, who were not above eating clams and struggling with other articles of the traditional diet of the Long Islander. With the burning of this hotel, Far Rockaway lapsed into a state of innocuous desuetude, and slept a Rip Van Winkle sleep, forgotten by its neighbors; but with the development of watering-places around it, a spark of enthusiasm woke this little village, too, and it has taken on new importance as a resort, and is increasing as a place of permanent homes. It is but thirty-five minutes from Long Island City, and although the sea winds are strong in cold weather, and the ocean storms are magnificent to witness, the temperature is not only cooler than that of the cities in summer, but the thermometer never falls quite so low in winter as it does in the interior. For this fact the Gulf Stream is responsible. Far Rockaway Bay extends before the village, offering safe water for bathers and boaters; even children may be trusted to row about this inlet, and just across the sands, that separate it from the sea, roars and seethes the ocean. The sheltered waters of Jamaica Bay are less than half a mile distant on the west. All kinds of hotels and restaurants are found there, and for the benefit of the local



ON THE WAY TO THE BEACH.  
LAWRENCE.

populace there are shops, markets, schools, churches, telegraph offices, telephones, electric lights, a water system and a court house. The site is on ground of moderate elevation, supporting a natural growth of sweet-scented bay and larger bushes and trees. Cottages are multiplying rapidly, and the value of real estate is rising.

Between Wave Crest and Westville, showing a front of clean cottages on Jamaica Bay, is Bayswater, a paradise for fishermen. Ten years ago there were three houses there, now there are over a hundred. Indian traditions are associated with this place, and not long ago nine skeletons were unearthed, all with marks of tomahawks on their skulls. These bones seemed to be of a race of giants, for the smallest of the skeletons, that of a woman, was seven feet two inches in height. Boating is safe in this land-locked

water, and one can hardly imagine a more delightful row or sail than this offers on a moonlight night, when the low shores twinkle with lamps, and the small islands seem almost to hang in air, so perfectly are sky, moon and stars mirrored in the still water.

Lawrence, a mile back from Far Rockaway, is a handsome village with telegraphic and telephonic touch with the city, boating, bathing, fishing and sleeping—the latter an item worth considering by the fagged and brain-sick business man; for cool, pure air, the lull of the distant surf and the splash of wind through the cedars will do a deal toward the cure of insomnia. Most of the Lawrentians own elegant houses and live in them through the year. They are wealthy and well-situated; therefore they

should be happy. A handsome club house has recently been erected which contains school rooms and a large hall for lectures, dancing, entertainments, etc. The village is one great garden, blazing with flowers and ornamental



CEDARHURST CLUB.



shrubbery, while broad avenues lead to Cedarhurst, Lawrence Beach, Westville and Far Rockaway. With its advantages and its society, Lawrence may justly claim to be one of the most stylish resorts on Long Island. Few places of its size contain so many costly residences.

At Cedarhurst, between Lawrence and Woodsburgh, the country is undulating and fertile, and, although the name hints at cedars



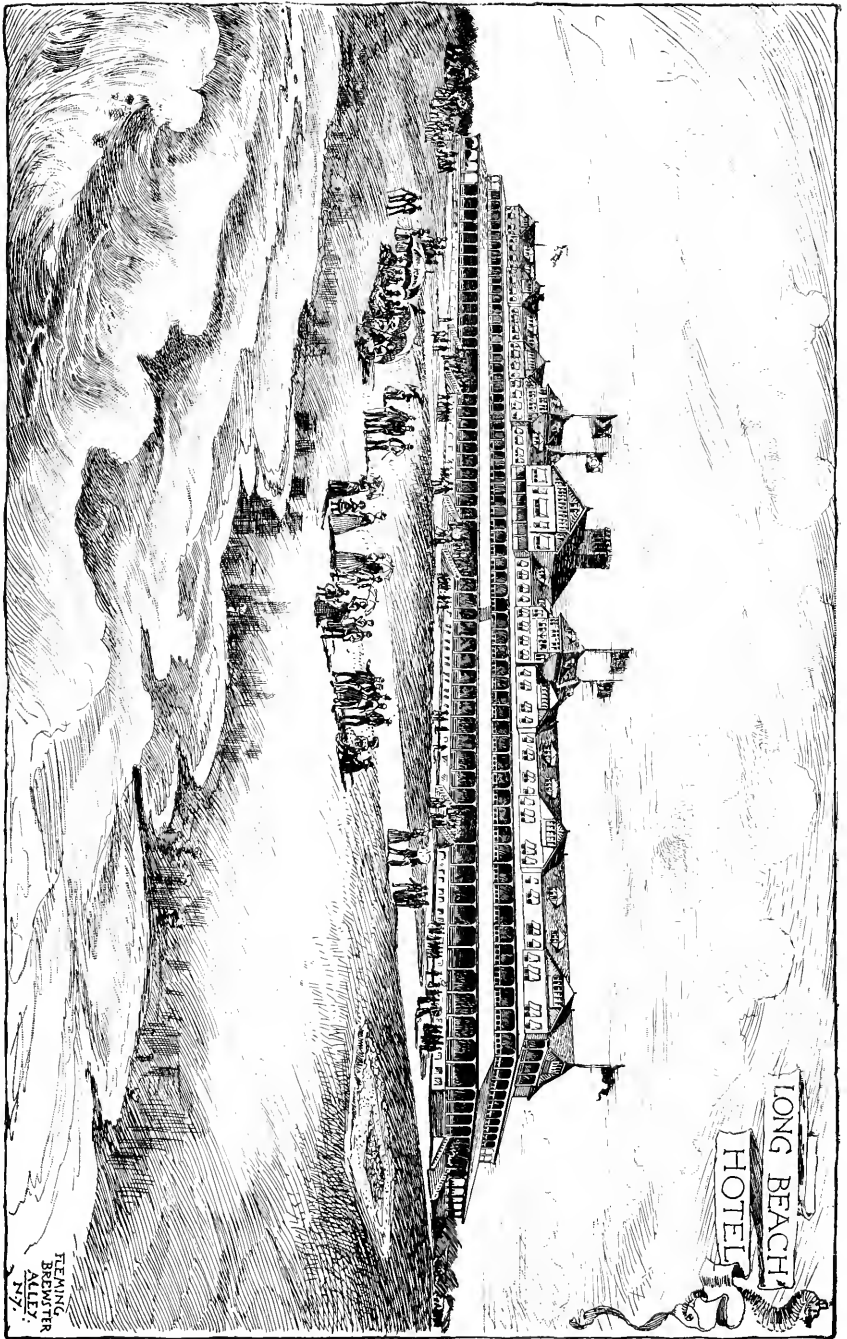
THE BOULEVARD—LAWRENCE.

only, there is abundance of oak, maple, willow, acacia and pine. The sea views and bay views are fine, and are enhanced by the rustic beauty of the foreground. An equable climate and plenty of ozone are likewise assured to its residents, and sixty handsome villas attest the appreciation with which certain influential families regard this delightful place, many of the villas being occupied the year through. The headquarters of the Rockaway Hunt Club is an imposing club house in Queen Anne style, and it contains everything needed by the members from a kitchen to a post-office. There are polo grounds, tennis courts, gymnasium, hunting stables, game and fish preserves and kennels. The "meets" of the hunters are picturesque affairs, and bring out large numbers of people.

From Cedarhurst to the main line of the railroad, Woodsburgh and Fenhurst (formerly Hewletts), are rapidly traversed, and the tourist has glimpses of quiet streets, country shops, modest little churches and cozy cottages. Woodsburgh is so named from the late Samuel Wood, of Brooklyn, a rich and philanthropic gentleman who aimed to establish there a town that should excel Garden City in size and beauty. The estates have been in litigation,

but now that perfect titles to land are secured, this town will rank among the most desirable places of residence on Southern Long Island. Boulevard Avenue is one hundred feet wide and lined with shade trees all the way to the shore.

The last of these near-by seaside resorts is Long Beach, a narrow island seven miles long, that guards Hempstead Bay, with its grassy islands, from the direct assaults of the sea. It is twenty-four miles from New York, and "one of the brightest in the string of ocean pearls" that adorn the Long Island coast. The beach has a barely perceptible slope, and is so hard and smooth that driving, horseback exercise and walking are attended with no fatigue, while the sea that tumbles on the shore in magnificent breakers is as clear and bright as crystal. Long Beach is popular with people who seek a quiet retreat, but even on days when there is a crowd from town there is no noise or roughness. The big hotel, in Queen Anne style, is one of the best-built and best-kept of the many hostelrys between Brooklyn and Montauk, and among its guests are and have been statesmen, men of the professions and notables of all kinds from different parts of the country. It is nine hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty wide, its verandas are broad enough to dance upon, the conveniences and comforts are such as are found in the best city hotels. Heating, ventilation and lighting have been scientifically adjusted. Through the season an orchestra furnishes music. A number of pretty and roomy cottages are for rent there to those who prefer a degree of privacy that the hotel cannot insure, or who have large families. They can dine at the hotel or they may keep house, as suits their convenience and pleasure. The Marine Railway runs to the east end of the island, where, on breezy Point Lookout, which is thrust into the blue Atlantic, there is another hotel and group of cottages. Many of the cottagers own their yachts, and the season there is enlivened with sailing, fishing, bathing, games and dances.



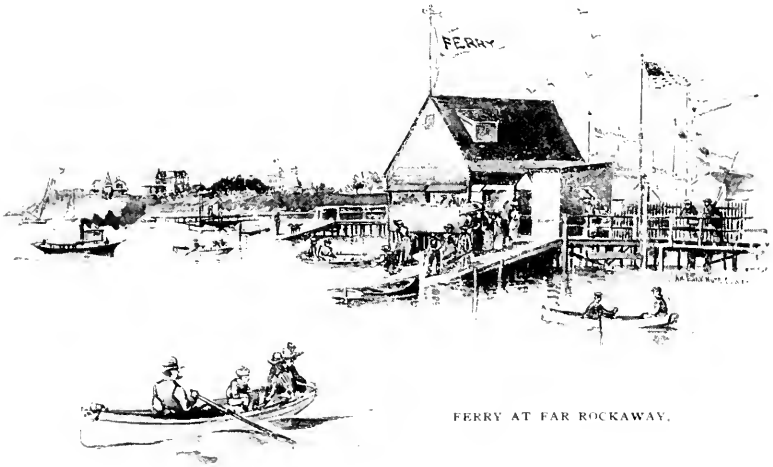
LONG BEACH  
HOTEL

TEALING  
REQUINER  
ALLEY  
N.Y.

## THE SOUTH SHORE.



THE south side of Long Island is the seaward side. The Great South Bay and the great Atlantic have made it attractive to tourists. Its facilities for boating and fishing have added much to its charms. The Montauk division of the Long Island Railroad passes through or near the business centres of the villages, giving such excellent railroad accommodations that for fifty miles at least the island is a veritable suburb of the metropolis. The first station after leaving Jamaica is the enterprising settlement of Springfield, and a short distance beyond is Rosedale, both places offering inducements to the home seekers. At Valley Stream the railroad branches to Far Rockaway, and at Pearsalls to Long Beach, and then, without divergences, continues to Sag Harbor—one hundred miles from Brooklyn—the terminus. To stop and particularize about every place along this delightful



FERRY AT FAR ROCKAWAY.

route would only weary the reader. Naturally many of the south side villages are much alike in general characteristics. All are noted for healthfulness, a feature already dwelt upon. All have access to the water. And as to the attractiveness of each, such as the location of streets, the architecture of the houses, and the nearness to the depots, etc., these are matters which appeal with varying force to different individuals. For a distance of some twenty miles, from Valley Stream to Amityville and beyond, the geographical features are similar, and all the villages in that section are especially favored by being within easy reach of the cities. It is



true that the ocean waves do not roll in upon the main-land, nor is there a broad sweep of bay, but there is compensation in the hundred inlets and coves and numerous islands, making not only a paradise for the amateur sportsman, but an El Dorado for the honest fishermen of the towns who derive their sustenance from these productive waters. From Freeport and its vicinity come the luscious Rockaway oysters, and in these waters are caught the finest blue-fish that are sent to market, while all the region is alive with ponds and trout streams famous for what they offer. In July the summer flight of aquatic and meadow birds commences, and then the gunners come in for their share of the sport, and as the fall approaches the ducks and geese appear. It is indeed a charming country. The farmers of the region are a well-to-do class, the villages are wide awake, and are growing with a rapidity that is simply marvelous. At Freeport a tract of land of thirty acres, north of the railroad, called Randall Park, has been handsomely laid out, and already thirty modern cottages have been erected, while to the south is Woodcleft Park, extending to the water, finely located, with broad avenues, high elevation, natural foliage, and a series of small lakes with direct outlet to the bay. Many handsome cottages have been erected. The Prospect Gun Club, composed of prominent New York and Brooklyn gentlemen, is located at Freeport. At Rockville Centre extensive real estate transfers have been made which promise large results in the way of local improvements. Many attractive cottages have already been erected and several good boarding houses. A new school house, with accommodations for six hundred pupils, is one of the substantial acquisitions of the place. Oceanville, a contiguous settlement, contains a cluster of houses, over twenty of which are occupied by retired "Down East" shipmasters. The conduits of the Brooklyn Water Works reservoirs and pumping stations are in this vicinity. The extension of the water system from Rockville Centre to Massapequa Lake has just been completed, and will give to Brooklyn an abundant supply of most excellent water. Pearsalls, Millburn (before re-christening, Baldwins), Bellmore, Wantagh (formerly Ridgewood), Merrick, are all desirable summer villages with many attractive features. At Merrick are the famous Methodist camp-meeting grounds.

On Long Island, with its superior Indian nomenclature, there is no excuse for giving "North" and "South" prefixes and the commonplace names of individuals. "Massapequa" is the pleasant-sounding name which has replaced "South Oyster Bay," and the place is not less delightful than its attractive name. That portion of the village which is about the new station is not imposing, but a few

minutes' walk will take one to the great South Side highway, known as the "Country Road," along which on either side are stately summer residences, many of them owned by New York millionaires and families whose names are historic in the annals of the State. Here is Massapequa Lake, and to the south of it the new Massapequa Hotel, a worthy applicant for public favor, and one of the most commodious and best-arranged hotels on the island. It overlooks the Great South Bay, which is reached by a natural canal within a stone's throw of the hotel. The place has become one of the most popular resorts on the island. Many hundred building lots have already been sold. On the spacious grounds about the hotel handsome villas have been erected. A mile to the southwest, and near the bay lies the village of Seaford, containing a few stores, shops and dwellings all together wearing such an air of neatness as at once to captivate



MASSAPEQUA HOTEL.

the visitor. In this vicinity is the site of a historic fortification thrown up by the Indians, on the only occasion known in history wherein the Long Island aborigines assumed a warlike attitude against the whites. The drives in the vicinity are superb, and near by are several large trout ponds. Three miles to the east is Amityville, a thriving town, which has come to the front within a few years past as a very popular resort, and already the Amityville Land Improvement Company, composed of local capitalists, have purchased one hundred and sixty-five acres of land lying on the east side of Amityville Creek, and have divided it into building lots with broad avenues extending to the bay. Just west of the village over one hundred and fifty acres have been purchased, which will be developed in a similar manner. On the bay front has been built a large pavilion with ample docks and bathing houses. Amityville does not cater to

the wealthy and exclusive class, her citizens preferring to give greeting to people of moderate circumstances, who demand comfort rather than style, and who enjoy summer life there because they are



MASSAPEQUA STATION.

free to seek pleasure without bowing to the mandates of fashion. The Dominican Convent is located there, also the Brunswick Home for nervous invalids, and the Long Island Home Hotel, an institution for the mildly insane.



PAVILION AT AMITYVILLE.



## THE GREAT SOUTH BAY RESORTS.

FOLLOWING the highway which leads to Sag Harbor, and over which the stages ran in ante-railroad times, we pass Lindenhurst, a thrifty German village which started under the name of Breslau, and come to Babylon, and thence on for another twenty miles through probably the wealthiest and most aristocratic, and to many the most attractive, section on all Long Island. Nature did much for this region, but man, with large prodigality, has worked wonderful transformation scenes. These wide-awake modern villages hug close the shores of the Great South Bay, a body of water which for sailing and fishing cannot be surpassed in all this country. Gaze upon it any summer's day and a hundred cat-boats meet the eye. They are the safest and fastest boats built and the most useful too, for when not in commission to pleasure-seekers they are decked in fisherman's garb and go into actual service with no international fishery question to interfere. In the season the Great



SNIFE SHOOTING ON GREAT SOUTH BAY.

South Bay abounds in geese, brant, canvas-back, broad-bills, red-heads, black-heads, and mallards. In June the blue-fish, the gamest of our salt-water fish, come into the bay to remain all summer, and in the fall and winter the oyster beds yield large harvests.

Where could there be a more desirable shore upon which to spend a vacation or to make a permanent residence? 'Tis not alone the bay that makes attractive these island villages. This part of the island is rich with trees and foliage. Poplar, oaks, pines, and breezy

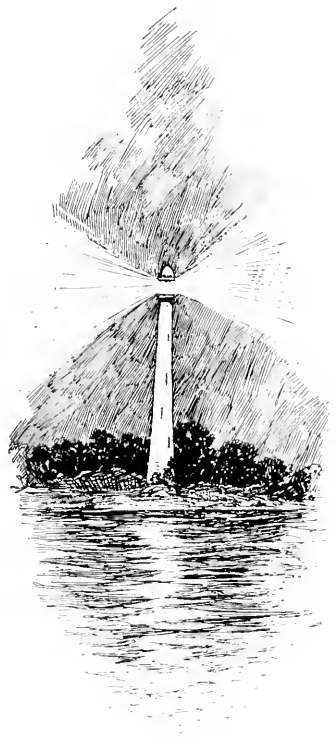


WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

maples, with now and then a sad-hued cedar in their midst, abound. Trees line the drives and lanes and make them beautiful, and wealthy land-owners have improved the main thoroughfares, so that no city park offers such superb

driveways as along this twenty-mile stretch through a summer city of cottages in a never-ending, picturesque chain.

Babylon is forty miles from New York. It is aristocratic in outward appearance, and has been compared to Newport and other fashionable seaside resorts, but no comparisons can do it justice. It is a Long Island town which gives generous hospitality to all who come within its limits. It is fashionable, but not exclusive. There is gaiety, healthful recreation, and pleasures of every kind. Its location for summer enjoyment is perfect; for, under all circumstances, there are cool breezes from the bay and ocean, and yet it is far enough back from the Atlantic to escape the direct sea mists. In the village proper, which numbers nearly three thousand inhabitants, are large stores and numerous cottages, handsome but unpretentious, while near by are palatial homes amid extensive parks, owned by wealthy New Yorkers. North of the depot a half hour's ride is the famous Westminster Kennel Club Preserve, where are to be found some of the best pointers and retrievers in the country. The Club has a large membership of well-known and influential New York gentlemen, among the number being J. De Forest Grant, C. D. B. Wagstaff, and J. G. K. Duer. Further on are the mansions of the late August Belmont, Austin



Corbin, and many other gentlemen prominent in financial circles. Trout ponds are to be found on many of the estates. Much can be said of the superior hotel accommodations at Babylon. The Argyle is one of the most unique and picturesque hotels in the country. Argyle Park, consisting of seventy acres of land, has many handsome cottages. It is intersected with winding paths and drives, shaded with numerous trees, having in its midst a beautiful lake of twenty-five acres. There is a large casino, containing



Am. Bk. Note. N.Y.

RESIDENCE OF AUSTIN CORBIN, BABYLON.



Am. Bk. Note. N.Y.

DEER IN Paddock.

a billiard hall, gymnasium, and reading room.

Babylon is the harbor point of embarkation for one of the most unique summer resorts on the Atlantic coast—Fire Island. One of the first writers to bring this place into prominence was James Gordon Bennett the elder. He was enthusiastic over his visit, and the verdict which he pronounced through the columns of his paper has been accepted by thousands of delighted tourists. Way back in



1855 David Sturgiss Sprague Sammis opened a chowder house near the light-house, on the strip of sand which makes the ocean border of the Great South Bay, and from that day to this the genial Boniface has kept open house in summer. From the small chowder

house has been evolved by gradual development the present commodious Surf Hotel. The processes of annually adding to the house were not calculated to give beauty or architectural display, but it did give abundance of room and all the conveniences found in the more pretentious hotels. Broad covered walks connect the hotel on one side with the bay, and on the other with the ocean. There are miles of these shady walks, some of them leading to the cottages which are in close proximity to the hotel, and as the soil is sandy and unattractive, there is no desire to leave Mr. Sammis's plank-walks, except at the beach, where the well-fed boarder spends most of his time when not sailing and fishing on the bay. There is a fine surf, and the bathing cannot be excelled. One of the points of interest on this weather-beaten coast is Fire Island Signal Station, from which ocean steamers are sighted and the announcement made in New York four hours before the vessel reaches her dock. Mr. Patrick Keegan is the operator in charge. He has never been on board one of the large steamers, and says if he should see one passing through the "Narrows" he could not identify it, so accustomed has he become to distinguishing ocean steamers at long distances. The tracks of the ocean-flyers on an average are

SOUTH SIDE CLUB.

thirteen miles from the observatory, and Mr. Keegan can only identify a vessel by a most careful observation of minute details, such as the position of the smoke-stack, the rigging, manner of carrying sails, and general outline of the steamer. From one port-hole in the lookout-room at a certain angle he watches for a steamer of the Cunard Line, and from another the Inman, and so on. The place is well worth a visit. A steamboat makes regular trips during the summer from Mr. Sammis's dock to Babylon, a pleasant trip of seven miles, connecting with trains east and west. The steamboat wharf and railroad depot at Babylon are connected by a horse car line. A few miles to the west of Fire Island is Jesse Smith's famous chowder house, the "Armory," on Oak Island Beach, and near by are the headquarters of the Wawayanda and Short Beach Clubs, and on Oak Island proper is a settlement of cottagers.



DRIVE IN BAYSHORE.

Returning to the main-land and continuing the journey eastward, it is easy to see that Bayshore and Islip are conspicuously attractive villages, practically joining each other, and within only a few miles of Babylon. If anything, the scenery round about is more entrancing than at Babylon. The villages have many ponds while running brooks and long inlets cut their way through the green marshes up to the higher lands. These streams and necks of land formed by the inlets are bristling with their musical names, handed down from the Indians who once hunted and fished upon





them. Among them, we hear such names as Sampowams, Scoqnam, Secatogue, Oquenock, Saghtekoos, Keemisco-mock, Weepoose, Mispatuck, Compowis, Manshtak, Watchogue, Penataquit, Orawack, Wingatt-happagh, Kakaijongh and Awixa. Pretty villas and preten-

tious summer homes dot the landscape, agreeably distant from each other, and many of them amid forest trees. There, also, wealth has been lavish in beautifying houses and lawns, so that even the villagers have built their stores with an eye to the æsthetic. There are three hotels at Bayshore, the largest being the Prospect House, located near the water, with cottages and a billiard hall. The village is one of the most enterprising on the island, and with the increase in population has come modern improvements, electric lights and an excellent water supply system. The Olympic Club House, one of the finest establishments of the kind on the island, is located at Bayshore. At Islip the Pavilion and the

Lake House are the principal hotels. The original patentee of Islip lands was William Nicoll, a son of Matthias Nicoll, who came to America with his uncle, Col. Richard Nicoll, when he drove Peter Stuyvesant from the rule of New Amsterdam and established the government of the Duke of York. Large tracts of land are still occupied by descendants of the original settler, and the name William Nicoll is now conspicuous among the honored names of the town. The South Side Sportsman's Club has commodious quarters and extensive preserves at Islip. Babylon, Bayshore and Islip are supplied with gas, electric lights, telephones and all the appliances of modern life.

Oakdale, a charming woodland place, containing the palatial summer homes of W. K. Vanderbilt and other well-known New Yorkers, is just beyond Islip. Mr. Vanderbilt's "Idle Hour Stables" are said to be the finest private stables in this country. They cost \$400,000. A tract of four hundred acres of land, the title of which is one of the oldest on Long Island, having come directly from the Indians, and confirmed by a patent from the Duke of York in 1683, has recently been transferred for the first time, and will be improved and beautified. Opposite this property is St. John's Church, which was built ten years before the Revolutionary War.

Sayville, a thriving town next in order, emerges from the forest, and permits free sweep to the ocean breezes. It, too, contains



BLUE FISHING.

many handsome homes, and several fine hotels and numerous boarding houses. Its growth within a few years has been unusually rapid. It rejoices in the possession of one of the finest school buildings in Suffolk County. The village is joined by Bayport, and then, after passing the modest village of Blue Point, which gives its name to the most popular and best known oyster in the market, we come to Patchogue, one of the largest villages on Long Island. It is a wide-awake town, summer or winter. In the former season it swarms with young, rollicking and fun-making city folks. Patchogue is less expensive and more democratic than some of its neighbors, and for many years has been one of the most popular places on the coast. It has two beautiful lakes, one at each end of the village, and superb dock facilities at the bay. It is the chief harbor for the South Bay boats. There are several excellent hotels in the place and numerous boarding houses, and summer guests are always well provided for. Just beyond Patchogue is Bellport, another place that has been inviting attention in recent years. For beauty of situation and water facilities no town on the island can excel it. A portion of the village occupies a high bluff overlooking the bay, which at this point is three miles wide. The Bellport hotels and boarding houses have the reputation of taking excellent care of their visitors. Many costly mansions have been erected. A land company has purchased many thousand acres of the wild lands north of the village, and have laid it out in graded streets and avenues, some of them extending in a straight line for four or five miles, along which are thousands of building lots. To the east of Bellport the shore stretches southward into a broad peninsula, the southwest extremity of which is called Smith's Point, which is one of the most interesting spots on the island. You can trace here the breastworks of Fort St. George, one of the strongholds of the British, which was captured by Colonel Tallmadge during the Revolutionary War. The land is part of a tract of some twenty thousand acres, extending back to the middle of the island, which was patented to Colonel William Smith October 9, 1693. The patent constituted the territory embraced in it as the Manor of St. George. Colonel Smith was Chief Justice of the province, one of the Governor's Council, and being President of that body, in 1701, on the death of the Governor, he was by succession promoted to the temporary exercise of that office. Several thousand acres of the manor, including Smith's Point, still remain in possession of descendants of the patentee. In a cemetery near the old fort are buried many members of the Smith family, and near by is seen the house where William Floyd, one of the

signers of the Declaration of Independence, lived. Brookhaven and Mastic are quiet places, with many comfortable farm houses, where summer visitors will find good homes. At the latter place is an Indian school, under patronage of the State. In the neighborhood are a number of families descended from the Poosapatuck Indians, a sub-tribe of the Patchogues. At South Haven is the trout preserve of the famous Suffolk Club.



## MORICHES TO SAG HARBOR.



AT Smith's Point a narrow channel divides the main-land from the Great South Beach and connects the Great South Bay with East Bay. Upon this latter body of water, close to the water's edge, numerous hotels and cottages are superbly located. The bay is well sheltered, and boating is safe even for the ladies, while upon the banks of the many inlets which push their way into the shore children can play in perfect safety. These villages are almost too far away for business men going to the city daily, but this disadvantage—if it be a disadvantage—is more than made up by the superior attractions offered at this end of the island. The roaring of the ocean waves can be heard, and a short ride in sail or row boat takes one to the ocean beach. The atmosphere is cool and bracing, and there are no marshes or lowlands to breed malaria, while from the pines come aromas laden with health-giving properties. Several eminent physicians have given this region the best possible recommendation by living there themselves. From the railroad little idea of the country is obtained. The depots are surrounded by dense woods, and the stranger is apt to step from the car with much hesitation, so uninviting is the wilderness about him. But his fears are soon dispelled when, after a short ride through



HOTEL BROOKLYN.



BAY VIEW HOUSE.

romantic woodland roads, he comes to the hotel or boarding house on the plateau overlooking the ocean and surrounded by rich fields and beautiful lawns. Here are the Moriches, places which bring pleasant memories to thousands of Long Island tourists, with their large boarding houses and hotels. Among the latter might be mentioned the Bay View House, Tuthill Point House and Riverside House; also, Hotel Brooklyn, a modern, recently constructed hotel, excellently adapted to the comfort and convenience of guests. Here, also, is situated Eastport (where the Long Island Country Club is located), Speonk, and Westhampton, the first place east of Rockaway where one can drive to the ocean. Hundreds of handsome cottages are located there, many of them occupied by men of national repute. Clergymer, physicians, and scholars find congenial companionship here in the summer. Near the beach is the old Dix farm, owned and occupied for many years by the late ex-Governor John A. Dix, and now the summer home of his son, the Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D. Not a few of the visitors come from New Jersey. Quogue, which joins Westhampton, not only has a



PONQUOGUE LIGHT.

quaint name, but is a quaint place, and is as popular to-day as it was in years gone by when DeWitt Clinton, Daniel Webster, and other distinguished statesmen were wont to visit it, fishing in the neighboring streams and bathing in its magnificent surf. The



NEAR BAY HEAD.

bathing facilities at Quogue are exceptionally fine. Temporary arbors are put up every year, under which one may recline by the hour, reading, sleeping, or watching the merry gambols of the children or the bathers. A bulletin board announces the temperature of the water, the condition of the tide, with a notice stating the safest place to bathe. There are nearly three hundred bath-houses on the beach. Quogue has several elegant private residences and numerous first-class hotels and boarding houses.

Beyond Quogue is Bay Head, which has recently supplanted the Indian name of Good Ground, a charming place, where are to be found handsome residences, good boarding houses, excellent drives, and all the pleasures of fishing, sailing, and bathing. Many of the summer villas are located on the shores of Shinnecock Bay. At Ponquogue, near by, is the famous light-house of that name.

Canoe Place is reached from the station at Bay Head and is about a mile distant. It is a narrow strip of land a quarter of a mile wide, separating Peconic and Shinnecock Bays, through which a canal has been dug by the State that the waters of the bays may mingle and thus improve the fishing ground and feed the clam beds. Near this point is Canoe Place Inn, a hospitable tavern, reminding one much of the quaint old English inns. It has been the stopping-



place for sportsmen for over a hundred years, and its genial landlord insists that it is the oldest tavern in the State. In 1735 Jeremiah Culver was granted a tract of land here on condition that he "forthwith set up a tavern and place of rest for travellers on ye King's highway." The tavern was set up and has been run ever since. It was a favorite stopping-place for the British officers during the Revolutionary War. In front of the hotel are two immense

willow trees, which are said to have grown from sprouts brought from the island of St. Helena. A tall flag-pole stands by the roadside, and its base is a huge wooden figure-head of Hercules, taken from the United States war-ship *Ohio*. It weighs over a ton, and is an excellent specimen of that kind of work. On the road leading from the depot to the hotel, in a clump of trees near the wayside, is an old gravestone, erected early in the present century by the New York Missionary Society to the memory of the Rev. Paul Cuffee, the



TIANA BAY—NEAR TAY HEAD.

last of the Indian preachers, and near by stands the little church where Cuffee used to preach. Just behind the inn, on the hill, are plainly to be seen the remains of an old fort, where three companies of British soldiers were stationed in 1776.



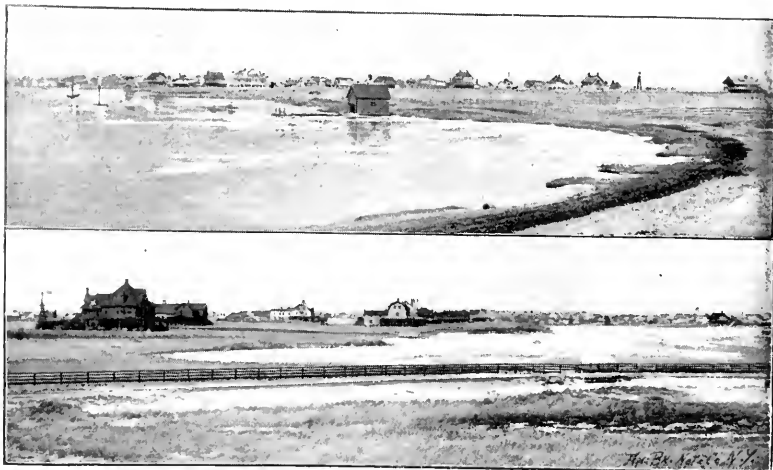
Across the canal, at Canoe Place, is the region of the Shinnecock Hills, extending for a distance of four miles to Southampton village, and from the summit of which can be seen on one side the ocean and Shinnecock Bay, and on the other the beautiful Peconic Bay, and beyond, Long Island Sound. It is hardly possible to imagine a more desirable location for a summer residence. The land is high, and from this rounded plateau one looks down upon one of the finest marine views on the Atlantic coast. The ocean, flecked with sails, is before, while behind the winding waters of Peconic Bay, with the intermingling shores, give infinite variety of scene. Art has added to Nature's charms in the cottages that have been erected, representing the quaint English architecture of the period of Queen Anne. These "Hills" were purchased by the Long Island Improvement Company, and the finest portion has been transferred to the Shinnecock Inn and Cottage Company, representing prominent New York gentlemen, who have erected a hotel in exact reproduction of an old English inn, and they and other parties have built cottages and made green lawns and gardens where before were sand-heaps and low underbrush. The hill called "Sugar Loaf" is one hundred and forty feet high, and is the



SHINNECOCK HILLS.

highest point of land on the south shore of the island. The depot of the Long Island Railroad is in keeping with the style of architecture of the hotels and cottages. All this land was at one time owned by the Shinnecock Indians. The remnant of this once famous tribe live on a reservation on Shinnecock Neck, about two miles from Southampton village. Each Indian has a small wooden house, and with it an allotment of land which he tills. A few years ago thirteen of the best men were lost in the *Circassian*, a vessel that was wrecked off this coast. A melancholy interest attaches to this tribe, as it is the last remnant of the warlike tribes which once held undisputed sway over this region. They number about one hundred souls, are fairly intelligent and industrious, and are holding their own as regards numbers. Their government has some traces of the old tribal régime, though the executive management is in the hands of trustees rather than chiefs. Their children are quick and intelligent, and their schools and churches are liberally patronized. The school is supported by the State as an Indian school.

For antiquities and aboriginal relics the east end of the island offers a rich field, especially in the region of the Hamptons. The

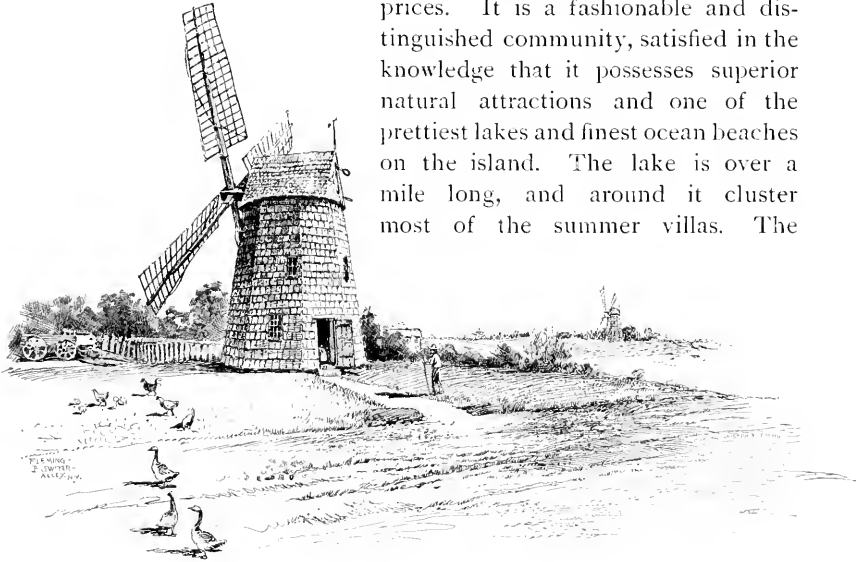


SOUTHAMPTON.

year 1640 is far back in our history, but in that year Southampton was settled, and to-day there are three or four houses in the village which date back to 1680. Sign-boards have recently been placed giving the names of all the old streets and lanes, and on one we read that "Job's Lane was opened in 1663." In the old village cemetery

there is one stone, to the memory of the Rev. Joseph Taylor, erected in 1686. But it is the village of to-day with which we are particularly concerned. While other south side villages have residents from New York, Brooklyn, and cities about the metropolis, Southampton is composed almost exclusively of wealthy Gothamites. For the last fifteen years the place has been growing quietly, until now all the desirable land is occupied, and real estate, when sold, brings city

prices. It is a fashionable and distinguished community, satisfied in the knowledge that it possesses superior natural attractions and one of the prettiest lakes and finest ocean beaches on the island. The lake is over a mile long, and around it cluster most of the summer villas. The

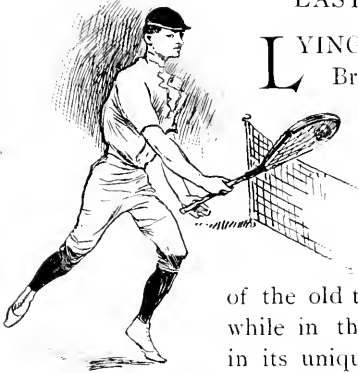


lake extends to within a few rods of the ocean, where there is a hard beach and superb surf bathing. Architects have competed with one another in the building of these costly houses, and nowhere else is there so fine a grouping of handsome homes. In the vicinity of Southampton are the headquarters of the Hampton Club. Beyond the village to the east is Watermills, with several handsome residences, and Bridgehampton, a village with a considerable permanent population and a good hotel. The drives in the vicinity are picturesque. One leads to Georgica Park, a settlement on a high plateau, with Georgica Lake at the east and the ocean at the south. The location is magnificent. A dozen or more handsome cottages have been erected. Beyond Bridgehampton the railroad swings away to the northeast, leaving the ocean shore, and after a run of four miles comes out upon the shore of Peconic Bay where is Sag Harbor, the terminus of the railroad. A curious old town it is. The inhabitants, until summer travel turned that way, said it was dead, and so it was, compared with its former

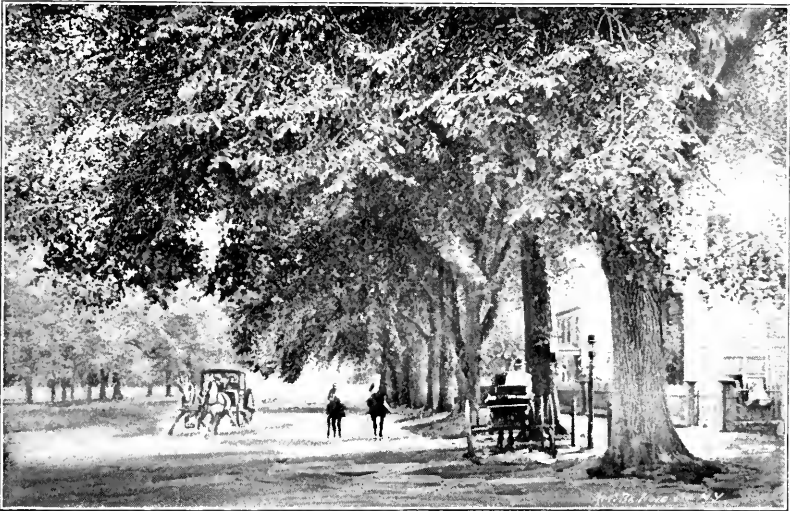
glory, when seventy whaling vessels sailed from its docks. Those were stirring times, and not very long ago either. In 1790 Sag Harbor had more tons of square-rigged vessels engaged in foreign commerce than the port of New York. In 1847 the importation of whale oil and bone was valued at \$996,500. The whaling trade soon after this began to diminish, and many of the Captains sailed for California during the gold excitement. The discovery of new methods of illumination and the destruction of the whale caused the decline in the business, and when the brig "Myra" was sold in 1862 the last of the famous industry was seen. A large watch-case factory and other industrial establishments, giving employment to hundreds of people, have been in operation for several years. Summer cottages have been built, tourist travel has turned in that direction, and the place has taken on a new activity. Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, spends his summers there. Near by are Noyac, once an Indian village and now a charming rural retreat, and the Oak Grove trout ponds, a famous resort for excursionists.



## EASTHAMPTON AND MONTAUK POINT.



L YING beyond the railroad, reached by stage from Bridgehampton six miles, or from Sag Harbor seven miles, is quaint old Easthampton. It was visited by the whites under Hudson eleven years before the arrival of the Mayflower pilgrims at Plymouth. The lover of beauty rejoices in the isolation of the town, for it preserves yet the delicious loveliness of the old times, and on Long Island at least it is peerless, while in the country, with few exceptions, it is unrivaled in its unique beauty. It is not exactly on the sea, though the ocean must have more than its wonted calmness when the booming of the breakers is not heard in the quiet village. Less than two miles off are the great sand bluffs and the grandest beach between the Bay of Fundy and the Carolinas. The coast is wild and rugged, and the surf dashes upon it with appalling force. The main street of



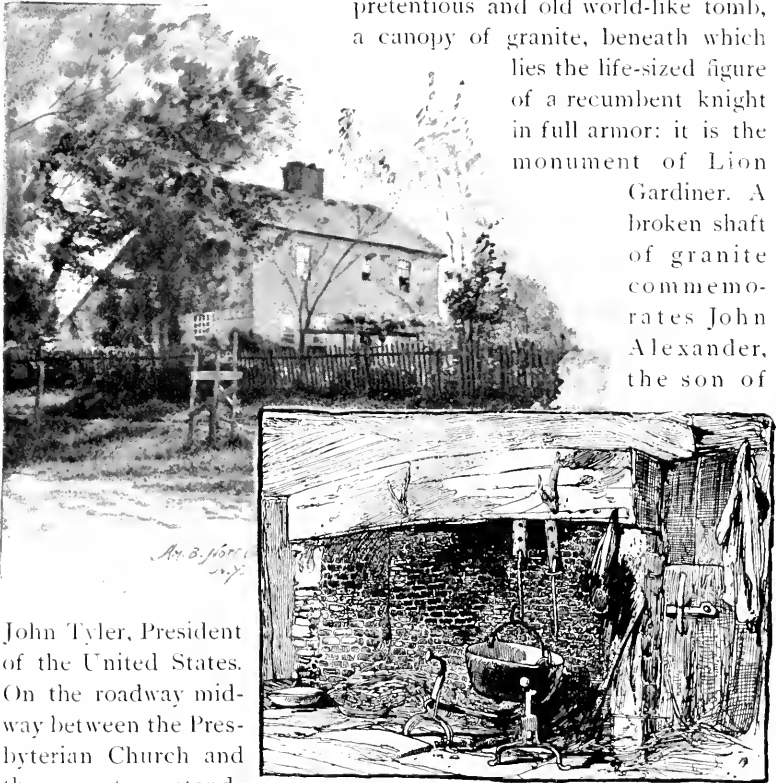
ELMS IN EASTHAMPTON.

the village is eight rods in width, and for a good mile one can see to the upper end, where, at the branching of the roads, an old windmill stands. When the street was first laid out it was sixteen rods wide, and a burial ground eight rods wide was laid out in the middle of the highway, at each end of the village. This street, with its great overhanging elms, makes the glory of Easthampton.

Along its sides live the villagers, some in houses of modern build and Queen Anne affectation, but most in the old homes of a century ago, with the quaint old gables and shingled roofs, in one of which John Howard Payne lived in boyhood, and in another Lyman Beecher resided while he was pastor of the old village church. The cemetery at the entrance of the village contains many interesting inscriptions and monuments of historic interest. Here is a

pretentious and old world-like tomb, a canopy of granite, beneath which lies the life-sized figure of a recumbent knight in full armor: it is the monument of Lion

Gardiner. A broken shaft of granite commemorates John Alexander, the son of



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF HOME OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

John Tyler, President of the United States. On the roadway midway between the Presbyterian Church and the cemetery stands Clinton Academy, a quaint structure of

many gables, with a cupola that looks as if it was made for a toy-house and a bell that has swung beneath it for nearly a century. It was founded in 1784 by Rev. Dr. Buell and William Payne, father of John Howard Payne. There are three genuine Holland wind-mills in the town, and because of these and the beautiful scenery, Easthampton has long been the Mecca of artists. Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage has his summer home here. Just out of the village is a famous old toll-gate, with the house still standing,

a most interesting feature of the old town. Two miles to the east is Amagansett, and beyond is Montauk Point, the extreme end of the coast. It is a hilly peninsula, containing about nine thousand acres of land. It was originally owned by a company, the heirs and assigns of which, some two hundred years ago, bought it of the Indians. It was always used as a common pasture field, until 1879, when as a result of a partition suit it was sold at auction to the late Mr. Arthur Benson of Brooklyn for \$151,000. The usual way



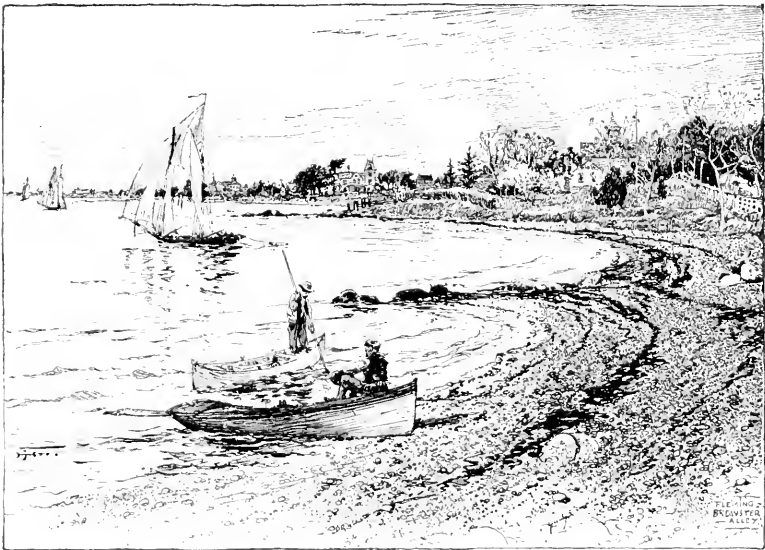
EASTHAMPTON.

of reaching Montauk Point is by carriage from Easthampton, though not a few prefer to go by boat from Sag Harbor. In 1881 the Montauk Association was formed, and eighty acres within three miles of the Point were purchased. A summer colony has been started and nine houses erected, and they are all comfortable buildings, and most of them expensively furnished. There is a club house where the families congregate for meals and social enjoyment. For rugged scenery there is nothing to equal Montauk. The bluffs range from fifty to one hundred feet in height, and are bold and picturesque. In some places they present a front of stratified clay, at others they appear as masses of boulders and of wave-worn and ice-worn pebbles. As we near the Point the hills become bare of foliage, though covered with grass, forming a wild, open moorland, with something of that space and freedom that one sees in the English downs and western plains. From the bluffs the expanse of sea is grand and inspiring. At Fort Pond Bay is a magnificent harbor, which is to be the terminus of the projected swift line of steamships to Milford Haven. At the extreme point is the white tower of the Montauk light, marking the end of Long Island, and



TOLL GATE.

throwing the flash of its Fresnel light for twenty miles over the dark waters. The Sachem Wyandanck, chief of the thirteen tribes of Indians which formerly occupied the land, resided on the promontory of Montauk, named after him, and there are to be seen to-day the remains of his citadel, "Kongkonganock." The whole Atlantic coast offers no spot richer in historic and romantic interest than this



NEAR SAG HARBOR.

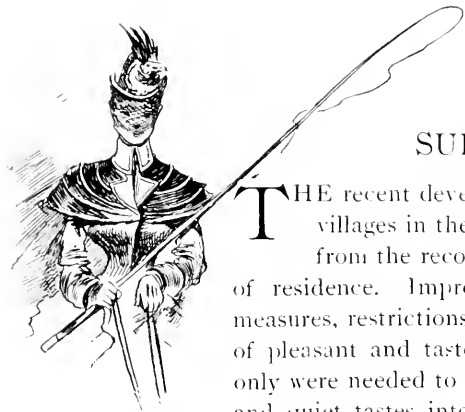


famous point. It is weird in its solitary isolation, scarred with winds and waves, having grandeur of outline, and yet its summit is softened with greenest grass, and all the tender grace that Nature gives. It is a place of dreams, separated from the world's great life, with naught around it but the silent reaches of untenanted land and the great mystery of the illimitable sea. Not long will it preserve its unique and charming isolation. Enterprise will make its highways there, and the iron horse will ere long bring the pleasure-seekers to its solitudes. But, however populous may become this unrivaled cliff, nothing can destroy the splendor of its outlook or dim the glory of its azure sky, or the expanse of the great waste of waves that stretches beneath it. There are three life-saving stations on Montauk.



MONTAUK POINT.

## SUBURBAN TOWNS.



THE recent development of towns and the creation of villages in the western part of Long Island results from the recognition of its advantages as a place of residence. Improvements in rapid transit, sanitary measures, restrictions against nuisances, and the erection of pleasant and tastefully designed houses and cottages only were needed to lure the people of moderate means and quiet tastes into this healthful region. It is now possible to do business in New York or Brooklyn through the day, and in an hour or less from the time of leaving the shop or office to be swinging in the hammock under one's own elms or maples, inhaling a strong sea air, sweetened in its passage across miles of fields and woods, and enjoying the peaceful pleasures of rustic life. The towns near Brooklyn are not only agreeable and healthy, but they have stores, schools and churches, and are in almost every way better places for a family than the noisy, bustling and immoral city. Land and houses can be bought at moderate prices and on easy terms, and generous commutation is offered by the railroad.

Richmond Hill, eight miles from Brooklyn, will recall to those who have made a transatlantic tour the delightful Richmond suburb of London, from whose famous Star and Garter Inn is revealed a lovely view of English meadows and groves, with the silvery Thames winding through them. From the gentle elevations of this Long Island Richmond one looks across miles of broad and fertile fields, studded with comfortable farm houses and bits of forest, to the sea that lies sparkling in the south and that freshens every breeze with ozone. From the higher points the Sound is also visible on the north, and there is no end of delightful walks and rides in the neighborhood. The settlement here is new and architecturally attractive. Fruit trees and gardens flourish; every house has a strip of lawn; the roads are shaded, and a good system of drainage and water works is in operation. Another suburban town of merit is Woodhaven, distant but a few minutes' ride from Brooklyn. It is a place of growing consequence, where land may be had on reasonable terms, and it offers many inducements to the middle class. One or two large factories are the industrial centres of Woodhaven, and every passenger over this road will have admired the residence of Mr. Grosjean, one of the factory owners: a house set in a spacious park, with flower beds, ponds, bridges, statuary, and ornamental shrubbery—one of the most ambitious specimens of gardening on Long Island.

South of Richmond Hill, at the point where the divisions of the railroad from Long Island City and Atlantic Avenue come together, is the new suburb of Morris Park, connected with Brooklyn by forty trains a day. This village is charmingly designed, with broad, shaded avenues that run toward the cardinal points of the compass. Every house is neat and picturesque, the Queen Anne style being in present favor, and, as the lots are spacious, every dwelling stands back from the road in the retirement of its own lawn and garden. A straight boulevard runs to Jamaica Bay on the south, and there are hills close to the northward view. Morris Park is legally protected against nuisances of all kinds, and improvements are rapidly effected. Dunton, near by, a new applicant for public favor, has met with large success in its real estate transactions.

Jamaica is a conservative and orderly old town, with all the appurtenances of a city in its shops, schools, churches, lighting, water, drainage, and transportation systems, and is the capital and shipping point for a large and rich farming region that spreads over the hills and plains for miles on every side. The main street is wide, well shaded, and partly lined with houses that date back to the colonial era—houses with timber in their walls that will hold together for another century, and that are overhung by venerable elms, under whose branches, as children, sported the great-grandfathers of the present generation. Pleasantly and healthfully surrounded, diversified in surface, readily accessible to the great cities, and offering land and homes for sale or to rent at prices alluring to the city man who despairs of owning a house in town, Jamaica is certain of a sure increase in population and popularity in the near future. It has three newspapers, and has grown to be of consequence as an educational centre, its five public schools being supplemented by Maple Hall Institute, Union Hall Seminary, and the Catholic School of St. Monica. Jamaica boasts—or has without boasting—a society of more than local distinction for wealth and cultivation, and its influence is felt for good on the community. On the outskirts of the village is Woodhull Park, an attractive location for suburban residences.

Hollis is one of the places of the future, if present indications are not delusive. It has now the aspect of a spacious park, set with five hundred Norway maples, containing three miles of drives, furnished with a good water system, and communication with the cities by means of twenty-four daily trains. Already many very handsome residences have been erected, and the increase in houses is large each year. The ground here is slightly rolling, with a fall toward the south, and this, together with a sandy sub-soil that

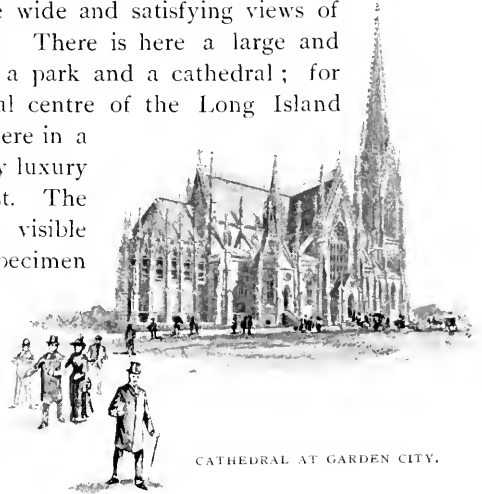
underlies the surface loam, secures good drainage and security against malarial influences. The landscape as seen from an elevation is delightful: the hill range, known as the "back-bone of Long Island," unfolding along the north, while the green plains, the marshy islands, the populous keys of Rockaway and Long Beach, and the distant Atlantic are in view at the south, and on clear days the crests of the Hudson palisades and Westchester hills are in sight. History also lends interest to this region, for troops have camped and battled hereabout, and it was here that Gen. Nathaniel Woodhull was taken prisoner while scouting, after the disastrous battle of Long Island.

Queens is a pretty spot on the verge of the great Hempstead Plain, and near to many interesting points. It is occupied by a steady-going population of farmers and gardeners, some of whom are employed in the superb nurseries of the neighborhood, where, during the warm weather, acres of ground are covered with flowers that delight by their sweet odors and lively colors. North of Queens, though reached more readily from Floral Park by branch railroad, is Creedmoor, a pleasant hamlet, near which is the most celebrated of American rifle ranges, where the National Guard is frequently to be seen and heard at practice, and where the international matches took place some years ago. Creedmoor is an open and healthful country, with serene old farm houses near it that attract the summer boarder, and Little Neck Bay within walking distance on the north.

Floral Park and East Hinsdale, sixteen miles from Brooklyn, form an enterprising community that has not yet been struck by a "boom," but some people will like it the better for that, as it assures low prices and quiet living. Some of the most extensive seed and flower nurseries in the State are carried on here, and anyone interested in horticulture will be well repaid by a visit to these gardens. The populace is composed of farmers, though people from the cities are beginning to build here. At Hyde Park we find a hotel and many pleasant dwellings.

Garden City is well named, for it is an *urbs in rure*, with all the charm of rural belongings pervading its streets—a place of green shades and sweet odors, of tinkling fountains and balmy fields. It was laid out on a scale of generous proportions by the late A. T. Stewart, who bought for the purpose an immense reach of over seven thousand acres, then called the Hempstead Barrens, and thought by farmers to be worth nothing except as pasture land. The purchase was made in 1869, the town of Hempstead receiving \$394,350 for the land. On this plain one of the most exquisite

little towns in the country has developed, charming in appearance, with unusual advantages, and inhabited by people of refinement. Its thirty miles of streets and roads offer a delightful series of walks and drives, and in the surrounding "barrens," which are vocal through the summer with birds' songs, and which are freely swept by refreshing breezes, are wide and satisfying views of field, wood, and distant village. There is here a large and well-directed school, a casino, a park and a cathedral; for Garden City is the ecclesiastical centre of the Long Island diocese, and the bishop lives here in a house that is furnished with every luxury that taste and riches can suggest. The cathedral is a landmark that is visible for miles, and is a beautiful specimen of the Gothic, designed primarily as a mausoleum for the Stewart family. It is richly decorated within and without, contains fine organs, and its musical services draw visitors by the score from other places on



CATHEDRAL AT GARDEN CITY.

every Sunday. From Garden City a branch road is being constructed to Valley Stream, and when completed will make direct communication between the north and south shores of the island.

Hempstead, reached by a branch railroad from Garden City, one mile distant, is a good old town, not unlike a New England village, with its shaded trees, its big white houses and green blinds, its old churches, and its fat farms on the outlying plains. The people are well to do, and are noted for kindness and sense. Gas has been brought into the houses, a fire department has been organized, there are large halls for meetings, fairs, and entertainments, good schools, fine churches, and three hotels, one of which sheltered Washington. The Episcopal Church owns a communion service presented in 1776 by Queen Anne. Near Hempstead are fresh water rowing, fishing and shooting, while the "barrens" are full of delightful walks and drives.

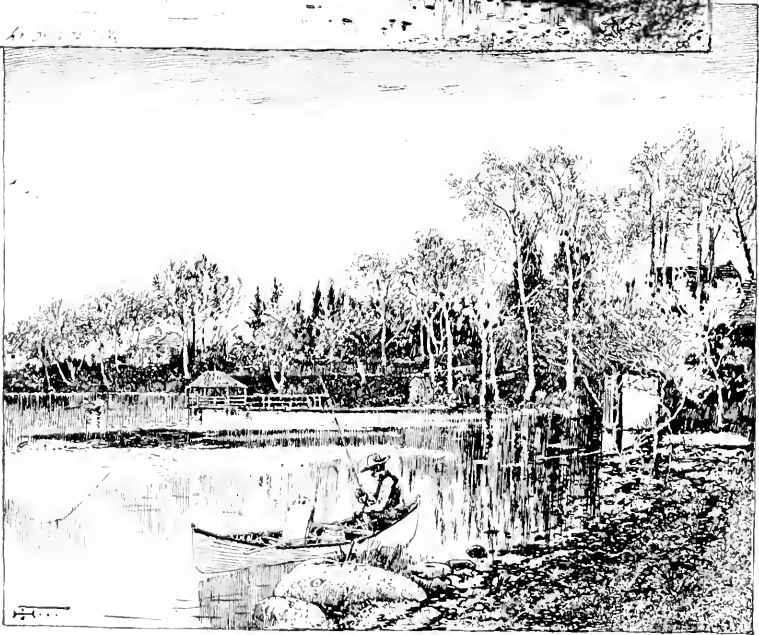
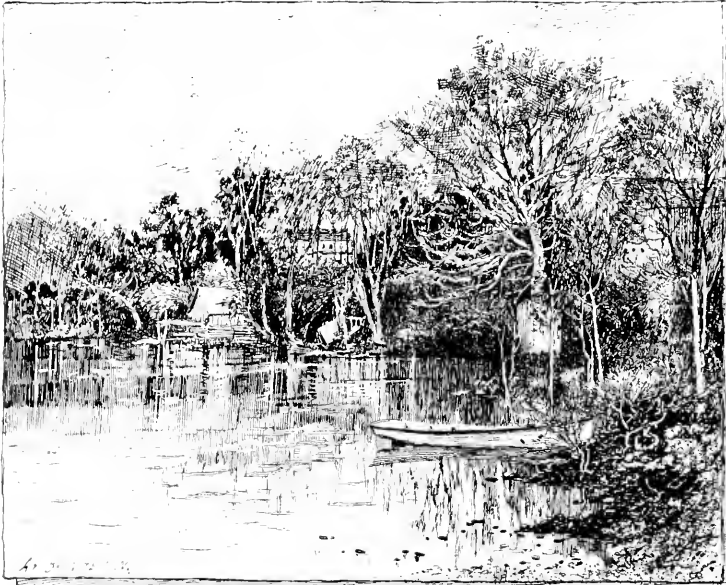


## THE CENTRAL SECTION.

**F**ROM Garden City the main line of the railroad continues through the central portion of Long Island, and then along the northern branch of the east end to Greenport. This region has not until recent years received that attention which it deserved, so little has it been known to Long Island tourists. From the car windows only a very poor idea of the country can be obtained, and even residents on the island have been accustomed to depreciate the value of the land. It has already been demonstrated by practical experiment, as in the case of Garden City, Central Islip, and other points, that the land is extremely fertile, and can with small labor be brought to the highest state of productiveness. The section throughout is rich in natural scenery, and because of its peculiar situation, with the soil perfect for drainage, the hills to the north offering shelter from harsh winds, and the pine trees giving forth health, it is a region unsurpassed for salubrity. To thoroughly appreciate this section one must visit the towns, scramble over the hills and green fields and through the forest groves, and mingle with the unostentatious and hospitable inhabitants. Nearest to Garden City is Mineola, where the Queens County Fair Grounds are located. It is the centre of a good farming country, and is a growing place. East Williston, Jericho, Westbury, Hicksville, are included in this section. At a short distance from Westbury is located the famous Meadow Brook Club, an organization of well known New York gentlemen. Central Park and Farmingdale are thriving villages, where much of the produce is raised that finds its way to the city markets. A large portion of the farm products that are supplied to Brooklyn come from Long Island, and a still larger quantity finds its way to New York. These villages all offer quiet retreats for the summer vacationist. Passing through West Deer Park, Deer Park, and

Edgewood, Brentwood is reached, where a new phase of Long Island is presented. During the past few years the attention of the public has been directed to a complete health resort on Long Island, distant only forty-one miles from New York. Brentwood has that health resort, and is destined to become as popular as Lakewood, New Jersey. It has long been known that the atmosphere of pine forests is most favorable to invalids suffering from pulmonary affections, and physicians, in recent years, have been sending patients to the pine groves with satisfactory results. At Brentwood there is such a forest, in the midst of which are excellent hotels that meet all requirements, keeping open summer and winter. The property was originally owned by a wealthy gentleman, Mr. R. W. Pearsall, who had twelve acres of the land made into a park, planting over twelve varieties of trees, the pines predominating, and the natural growth surrounding it being entirely of pines. Some of these trees are nearly fifty feet in height, which speaks well for the fertility of the soil. The designer of Central Park, New York, and Prospect Park, Brooklyn, laid out the grounds. Mr. Pearsall erected a handsome house, modeled after a chateau in France, and richly furnished it throughout, the floors being inlaid with hardwood panels, and the decorations being artistic and costly. This house, now called "The Brentwood," was purchased by some wealthy New York gentlemen, who had experienced beneficial results from the New Jersey pine groves. These parties opened it to the public, and their venture met with such a large degree of success that they erected an elegant hotel known as "The Austral," which accommodates about two hundred guests. It is supplied with steam heat, open fires, gas, elevators, and every convenience of a city hotel. There are pine trees on all sides, extending for twelve miles to the west, and on the east to Peconic Bay. The winds from the north are broken by the ridge of hills along the central part of the island, and from the east are wafted over sixty miles of pine forests, while from the south they come in the summer, bringing cooling breezes from the ocean.

An observing physician of national repute once remarked that the two counties of the United States most remarkable for health were Suffolk, Long Island, and Berkshire, Mass. As to Suffolk County, no one who has lived there will doubt the truth of this statement. The temperature of this portion of the island is several degrees warmer in winter and cooler in summer than that of the main-land. The reason for this is that the prevailing winds are from the south and southwest, blowing directly over the waters from the Gulf Stream, which is only ninety miles distant. Several very



RONKONKOMA.



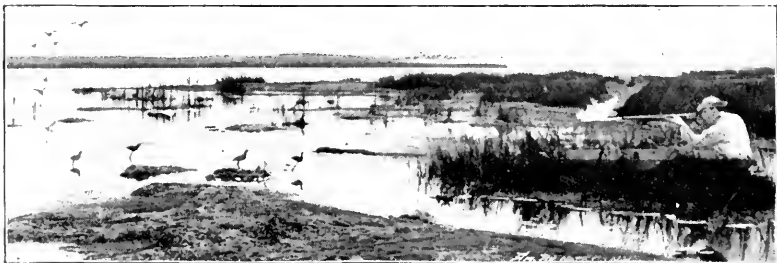
handsome houses have been built in Brentwood, and are occupied by gentlemen of wealth and culture, and during the past year many eligible building sites have been sold. There is an Episcopal Church in the village, and near the depot is a large nursery. Three miles to the east is Central Islip, a cheerful village with pleasant surroundings. New York City, in 1884, through its Commissioners of Charities and Corrections, purchased one thousand acres on the line of the railroad at Central Islip station, and extending for two miles and a half to Islip proper. The land cost \$25,000, and at the present time nearly \$300,000 have been expended on buildings, water supply, etc. The farm is meant to accommodate quiet chronic male patients, and especially those who are able to perform outdoor work. There are already three hundred patients on the premises.

A few miles to the south is a large tract of land called Bohemia, which has for fifty years been owned and farmed by genuine Bohemians. It is a unique settlement. The men work in factories in the cities and villages and the women carry on the farming.

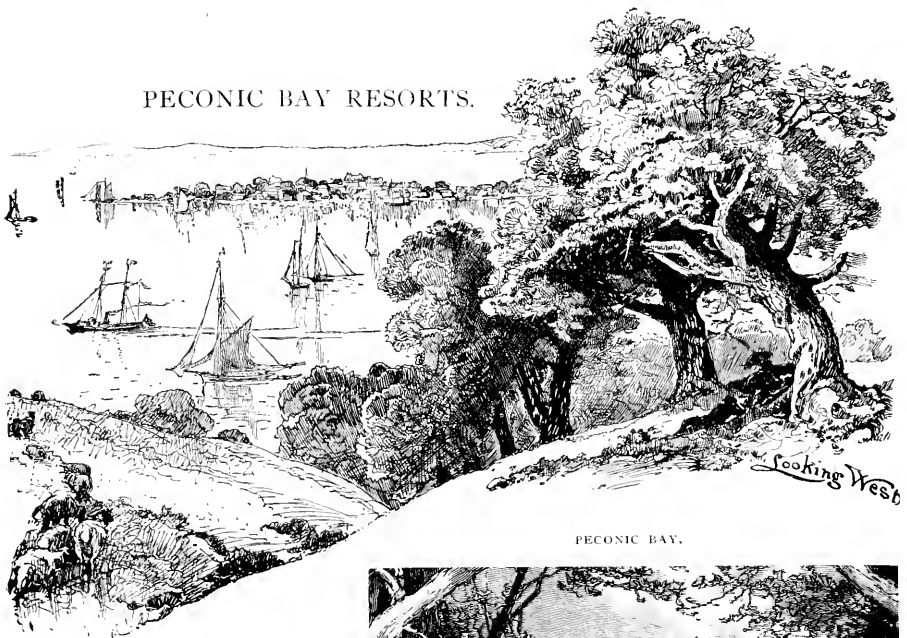
Midway in the island, Ronkonkoma, the most charming of lakes, is set. The station nearest it bears the same name, and is less than a mile away. The road leading to this peerless lake approaches by gentle descent, with trees on either side, many of them of great size. The lake is about three miles in circumference, and in one place has a depth of sixty-five feet. It is fed by springs, and is of remarkable clearness and purity. A white-sand beach borders it, and its shores are delightful in their varied contour. The banks rise in pleasant ascent, and are bordered with every variety of vegetation. Large trees hang their graceful branches downward, while vines and shrubbery grow with rich luxuriance. The road follows the shore, and winds in and out, following every indentation, while beside it is the little footpath in which lovers can walk and tell the pleasant tales that lovers have ever whispered. From whatever point one looks at this incomparable lake it is a thing of beauty, for its waters are of brightest color, easily susceptible to every breeze, while the shores are picturesque in their happy mingling of forest, farm, and homestead. There are many attractive houses about the lake, where summer boarders are accommodated. The drives in the vicinity are interesting, the walks are inviting, the air is tempered by the breezes off the lake; and nowhere on the island is there a more attractive spot than this lake, with its pleasant name and its old traditions of Indian days.

Beyond Ronkonkoma are Waverly, Medford, Yaphank, Manor, and Baiting Hollow, all healthy places, surrounded by a good farming section, with fish and game in abundance. West of Manor

is Panamoko Park, a tract of two thousand acres of woodlands which is to be converted into a winter and summer health retreat. At Yaphank is a model farm connected with the county almshouse. The shire town of Suffolk County is Riverhead. It is centrally located, and an active village of two thousand inhabitants. It takes its name from the Peconic River, which empties into a bay of that name a short distance away. Riverhead has many advantages as a summer resort. A half-hour's drive will take one to Peconic Bay, and a ride of eight miles to the ocean, and it is less than that distance to the Sound. The village is handsomely laid out and has many fine residences. It is a bustling town, and during Fair week and Court time is crowded with strangers. It has one newspaper, a savings bank, one of the best in the State, a national bank, six churches, and numerous local institutions. The court house, jail, and county clerk's office are substantial buildings, with well-kept lawns in front. The county fair grounds cover twenty acres of land upon which are well-appointed buildings. A mile from the village is a beautiful body of water called Great Pond. The water is as clear as crystal, with a fine sand bottom, and on the south are high bluffs from which can be seen the ocean. Cauliflower and potatoes are raised in large quantities, and in the spring carloads of strawberries are sent to the market daily. Several cranberry bogs are profitably cultivated. Two miles from Riverhead is Flanders, beautifully situated on the south shore of Peconic Bay, a modest resort, where sailing, fishing, and bathing are among the many attractions.



## PECONIC BAY RESORTS.



PECONIC BAY.

At Jamesport is a resort which has been so popular in recent years that the hotels and boarding houses have been unable to accommodate the rush of summer guests. The popularity of the place is easily understood. It stands at the head of Peconic Bay, the yachtsman's favorite domain and the tourist's delight, while pleasant roads offer delightful drives through a charming rural region. The boating in Peconic Bay is regarded by some as even superior to that in the Great South Bay. The fishing is excellent. The slope from the



shores is so gradual that children can go in bathing and paddle about in boats with comparative safety. There is much life and gaiety at Jamesport, and those who go there once are apt to become permanent visitors. Mattituck is a busy country village, and never wants for boarders. The people are active, progressive farmers, being largely engaged in vegetable growing and seed raising. This locality has a national reputation for cabbage seed, which is grown here by the ton. Other garden seeds are cultivated in large quantities. The epicure can be especially favored by the number and quality of crabs that are caught in the lake-like inlet or creek which forms so pleasant a feature of the view to the north of the village. The inhabitants are a thrifty class of people, judging by the commodious and well-kept



OLD MILL NEAR MATTITUCK.

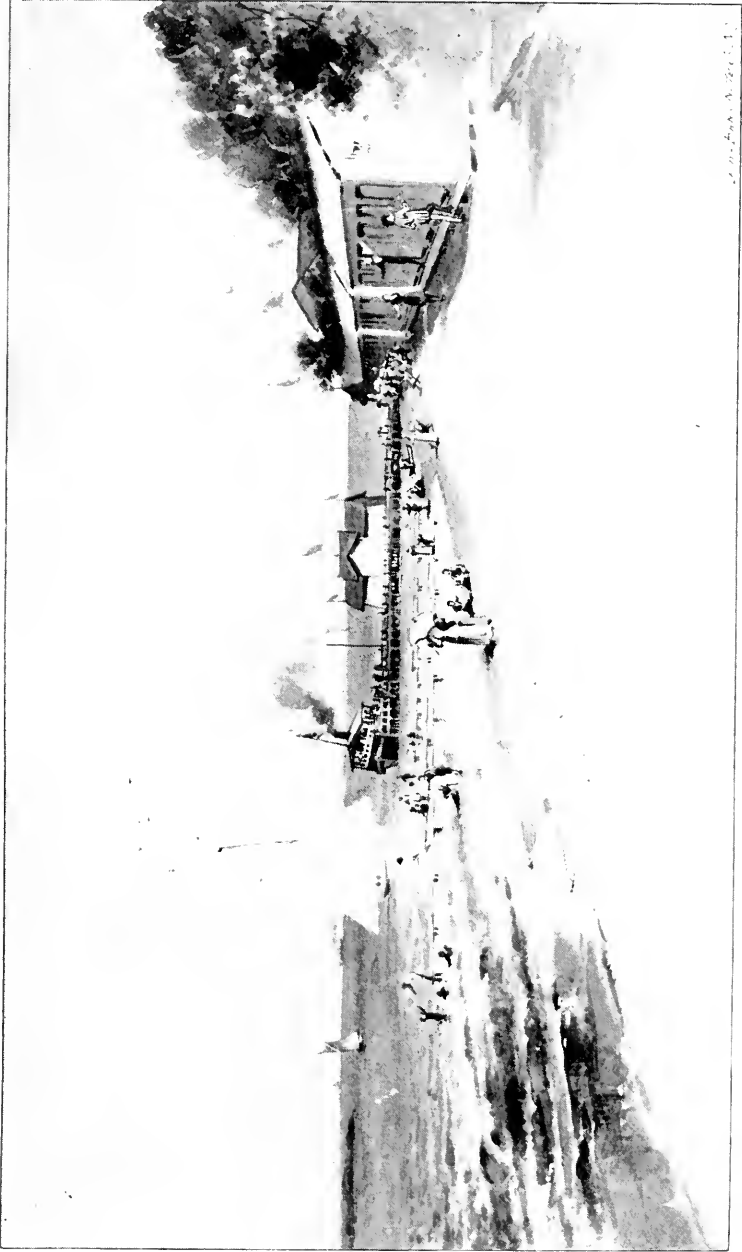
houses, and by the harvests which the land annually gives forth. For those who are seeking rural homes near New York no more desirable locations can possibly be found than in this section of Long Island. Not only is the land excellent, but the scenery and climate are not surpassed in the State. Cutchogue, another of these north side villages, is famous for its fine horses as well as its attractive homes. It is a place frequented by artists in the summer. A mile and a half southward and directly upon the bay is New Suffolk, which has been a popular resort for forty years or more. Opposite this point, and distant a few minutes' sail, is Robins Island, a famous hunting preserve, owned by the Robins Island Gun Club, an organization composed of prominent Brooklyn gentlemen. The island contains four hundred and sixty-nine acres of land. It is diversified with hills, cliffs, forests, fertile fields, and sand beaches. Adjacent to Cutchogue on the east is Peconic, a rich and beautiful section of productive farms and rural homes. The first resident of this place was a solitary man, in whose honor it was named Hermitage, which name has in recent years given way to the present one.

Continuing eastward by the railroad is Southold, a place which disputes the claim with Southampton as being the oldest English settled town in New York State. The purchase of Southold was made of the Indians as early as August, 1640, by the colony of New Haven. Rev. John Youngs, in October of that year, organized a church, which is still alive and prosperous. In a short time the settlement was well established. The Southold of to-day is an attractive village with clean streets, houses newly painted, and lawns well kept. A home-like atmosphere pervades the place. It is but a short walk to Peconic Bay and only a mile distant to the Sound. There are five churches, a newspaper, a hotel, and numerous boarding houses. There are several handsome residences in the place. On Horton's Point, north of the village, is an important light-house. The next station beyond is Greenport, the terminus of the railroad. It was formerly a famous port for whaling vessels, but now the inhabitants devote themselves principally to ship-building, railroading, menhaden fishing, and caring for the wants of summer visitors. It has an excellent harbor, one of the finest on the Atlantic coast, which has recently been much improved by the building of a breakwater. It has nearly three thousand inhabitants, with a bank, fire department, two newspapers, and seven churches. There is a steamboat running between Greenport and New London, and hourly communication with Shelter Island by a ferry. It has been a popular summer resort for many years. It is a historic place—the house now standing where Washington put up for a night in 1757; another where Whitefield stopped and wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass "One thing is needful."

The easternmost point of the northern arm of the island is Orient, an interesting place, where many wealthy gentlemen have built homes for themselves. The temperance sentiment of the village is very strong, and no liquor saloons are allowed. There is a hotel and a few boarding houses. The town is rich in attractions of land and water. Only a mile east of Orient Point is Plum Island, the paradise of sportsmen.



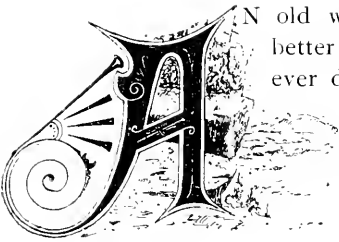
ORIENT POINT.



W. H. B. & Co. N. Y.

SHIPPER ISLAND.

## SHELTER ISLAND.



AN old writer once said that God might have made a better berry than a strawberry, but he doubted if He ever did. So a finer island than Shelter Island might have been dropped into the waters, but where it can be found, what traveler can tell? The branching arms of Long Island hold it lovingly as a rare jewel, clasped by its golden setting, and no element of beauty seems lacking to make it incomparable among islands. It is irregular in outline, with cliffs and promontories dropping into tiny coves and bays, with little beaches and shores rich with all the sweet deliciousness that shells and moss can give, while before it and around it are the blue waters of Peconic and Gardiner's Bays and the distant Atlantic. Backward from the shore there are delightful pastoral scenes—hills and dales, dense woods, sunny fields with opening vistas of the encircling seas, while from its many summits, anchored not far away, may be seen a vision

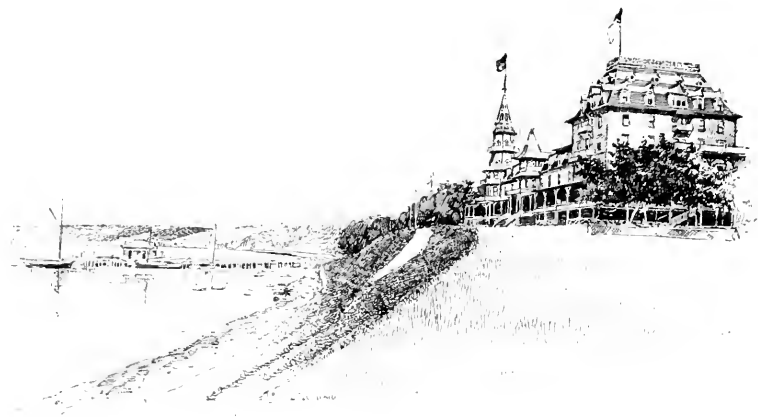
“Of islands that together lie  
As quietly as spots of sky  
Amongst the evening clouds.”

This island, with its well-sheltered harbor, has borne a prominent part in the annals of our country. When the Puritans of New England, who fled from persecution, became themselves the persecutors of the Quakers, this island of Manhasset became a shelter for George Fox and his followers. Nathaniel Sylvester, lord of the manor, though not a Quaker himself, greatly sympathized with the persecuted people, and furnished them with a harbor of refuge, and the welcome thus accorded has been immortalized by the Quaker poet Whittier in the verses :

\* \* \* \* \*

So from his last home to the darkening main,  
Bodeful of storm, strong Macy hied his way ;  
And when the green shore blended with the gray,  
His poor wife moaned : “ Let us turn back again.”  
“ Nay, woman weak of faith, kneel down,” said he,  
“ And say thy prayers ; the Lord himself will steer,  
And led by Him nor man nor devils fear.”  
So the gray Southwicks, from the rainy sea  
Saw, far and faint, the loom of land, and gave,  
With feeble voices, thanks for friendly ground  
Whereon to rest their weary feet, and found  
A peaceful death-bed and a quiet grave,  
Where, ocean walled, and wiser than his age,  
The Lord of Shelter scorned the bigot's rage.

\* \* \* \* \*



MANHANSSET HOUSE.

A handsome monument bearing inscriptions commemorating these early events was unveiled amid appropriate ceremonies July 17, 1884. Professor Horsford, of Cambridge, occupies in the summer the Shelter Island Manor House, over one hundred years old. It is near the site of the original Sylvester Manor.

The growth of Shelter Island as a place of resort has been quite remarkable. It contains every variety of natural scenery and the best of boating facilities. It came into public notice in 1872, when by an act of the Legislature "The Shelter Island Grove and Camp-Meeting Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church" was incorporated. About three hundred acres of land on the north side of the island were purchased. It is now known as Shelter Island Heights, and has its own post-office. The camp-meeting feature of the place did not last long, and some eight years ago the property came into the control of several prominent and highly respectable gentlemen, who have since managed the affairs of the Association in a satisfactory manner. Sanitary arrangements are perfect, a large reservoir supplies all the houses with pure spring water, and the restrictions imposed are such as keep out all nuisances. The Association runs a large hotel, the Prospect House. There are over one hundred and fifty cottages in the Association, ranging in value from \$3000 upwards, and not a few of them occupied by gentlemen of national reputations. About two miles eastward from the heights is the territory of the Manhanset Association, upon which has been erected a large hotel, the Manhanset House; it is elegantly located, with a fine view of the harbor, and supplied with every convenience of a thoroughly equipped hotel. This Association has, also, several handsome cottages, all of which are located in an attractive part of the island overlooking the water. There are twenty miles of excellent roads, and the driving and horseback riding can hardly be improved.



There is no surf bathing, but good and safe still water bathing. Athletic grounds have been laid out, and tennis courts, and there is a Shelter Island Yacht Club with large membership.

Seaward from Shelter Island is Gardiner's Island, seven miles long and varying in width from three miles down to a few rods, owned by the Gardiners for two hundred and fifty years. It was purchased from the Indians, and occupied in 1639 by Lion Gardiner, the first Englishman who settled within the present bounds of this State. It is a long, sun-lit island, and is abundantly supplied with game, fruits, and flowers, with excellent soil for cultivation. Legend has it that Captain Kidd buried some of his treasures on this island a year or two before his execution. A commission was sent out and dug up a chest containing seven hundred and eighty-three ounces of gold, eight hundred and fifty ounces of silver, and a quantity of diamonds, rubies, pearls, silk and satin cloths. The Squire's Hall contains souvenirs of Captain Kidd, among other things a valuable silk shawl, which the pirate gave Mrs. Gardiner. The present colony on the island consists of less than one hundred men, women, and children, who are employed at farming, gardening, and stock-raising.



## THE NORTH SHORE.



**L**ONG ISLAND on its north shore is entirely different in physical aspect from the south side. The latter has plains and beaches, besides its remarkable outlying sand-pits, while the former is high ground, a pile of glacial drift, corrugated by hillocks and valleys, and cut into by a series of a dozen harbors, narrow, somewhat too shallow for vessels of deep draught, but safe anchorage for yachts, of which a fleet will generally be found off Flushing, Great Neck, Roslyn, Glen Cove, Oyster Bay, Huntington, Northport, and Port Jefferson. The southern face of the hills is a gradual slope, advantageous for crops requiring quick drainage and sunny exposure, while the northern face has been eroded by the waves of the Sound until it falls away in steep and often precipitous bluffs of gravel that occasionally rise one hundred feet above the water. At the foot of these bluffs are beaches, dissimilar to the broad, hard sands of Fire Island and Rockaway, for they are narrow and strewn with boulders, though bathing is always feasible from them, and one may more readily wade into deeper water. There is but little surf, as breakers gain small sea-room in the Sound. The hills are picturesque, much of their surface being clothed with forest and dotted with new and substantial villas and summer homes. The highest point is Harbor Hill, near Roslyn, about three hundred and fifty feet in altitude. Like all the heights in this range, it commands a splendid view of the green fields and forests to the east and south, the shining Sound below, and the cultivated shores of Westchester and Connecticut to the northwest and north. The hills known as "the back-bone of the island" run along from three to seven miles inland and are distinct ridges. The air is pure, the drainage is facilitated by light soil and by valleys with a seaward trend; wild flowers and fruits flourish, vegetation is rich and beautiful, little brooks babble through the forest dells, and the forest aisles resound with songs of birds. In the pine and oak regions the hunter or the traveler might easily imagine himself in the fastnesses of an Adirondack wilderness, were it not for the lack of peaks in the field of vision. These hills will undoubtedly be taken up in time as homesteads by people of taste and means, since the attractions, both of the country and seaside, are accessible from the cities, and are "handy" to safe harbors. The little towns that nestle between the headlands

have obvious comfort, and may be resorted to for their shops, factories, schools, and churches, while summer board is to be secured in all of them.

A little chain of towns, extending from Brooklyn to Great Neck, is served by branches of the Long Island Railroad, over which forty to fifty trains a day are dispatched. These towns may be regarded as centring about Flushing, and are cozy places well furnished with numerous modern conveniences. Woodside and Winfield, respectively three and four miles from Long Island City, occupy rising ground, and many pretty villas stand there. In Newtown there are not a few fine old places, though the township is occupied mainly by market gardens, from which New York and Brooklyn are supplied with tons of vegetables during the season. Corona is a hopeful little suburb that is built on a good plan, and a couple of miles beyond it the passenger may alight at either of the two stations in Flushing. It would be difficult to say which town on Long Island is the most attractive, but if the decision of the public were taken on this subject it is certain that Flushing would not fare ill in a general verdict, for it is a charming town, with an individuality of its own. Its long business street has the look of a city thoroughfare in spite of the trees that almost arch it, for there are stores, banks, hotels, restaurants, agencies, and newspaper offices, and on the clean and shaded side streets and avenues are churches and schools, and many homes that bespeak the possession of comfortable bank accounts, as well as of taste and moderate leisure. Some of the houses are sufficiently quaint and ancient to take on an old world aspect. There is a park in the business centre, and famous nurseries on the skirts of the town. Flushing has a gas, water and electric light service, and is protected by firemen and police. Its schools, among them St. Joseph's Academy, Fairchild's Institute, St. Michael's, the Young Ladies' Seminary, and the High School, are attended by many pupils from other places, and are noted for efficiency.

Coliege Point occupies the stubby cape between Flushing Bay and the Sound, and is devoted largely to manufactures. Its streets are well paved ; it has gas, water, sewerage, and fire engines, and it is better cared for than most factory settlements, for it has a free technological institute, library, kindergarten, reading room, several good schools, a bank, a newspaper, shops, and churches. White-stone, on a well-drained slope where the East River debouches into the Sound, is gathering a considerable population of city workers, and stands near the fort and Government reservation at Willett's Point, to which visitors are often attracted by engineer practice,

drill, gunnery experiments, and band concerts. The place is noted as being one of the first in the country to manufacture pottery.

Bayside, Douglaston, and Little Neck are small and quiet places on Little Neck Bay, where the famous Little Neck clam is found on its "native heath." These are places of savory suggestion to many a New Yorker, and the seat of many fine residences and substantial farm houses. The roads, hedged by noble old trees, wind along close to the bluff, disclosing rare views of land and water. Great Neck, fourteen miles from the western terminus of the road, is of limited importance as a village, but is the summer seat of many rich New Yorkers, and contains many elegant mansions and rich estates. This promontory, or great neck of land, juts out into the Sound for a distance of about two miles, and has a fine water front on two sides. The ground is high, the roads are sheltered by trees and edged with wild flowers and berry bushes, and the salt breezes sweeping in from the Sound keep the thermometer several degrees lower than it is in New York during the August heats. The drives are enjoyable, the views superb, and the tables of the community are furnished from scores of well-managed gardens, farms and dairies. Bathing and boating are common enjoyments through the summer. A little beyond Great Neck is the secluded village of Manhasset, in a valley between the hills, the shores of which form Manhasset Bay. On the east side is Port Washington, as quaint a retreat for fishermen and oystermen as may be found the whole length of the island.

Another promontory bearing the ancient name of Cow's Neck, to the east of Great Neck, juts out into the Sound a still greater distance, and has every vantage point that heart could desire. Here, too, have been erected costly residences, surrounded by foliage and evergreen hedges. Sands Point, the extreme point of this neck, is where the steamers stop, and where the fleet of pleasure boats are anchored.



NEAR SEA CLIFF.

### ROSLYN TO OYSTER BAY.

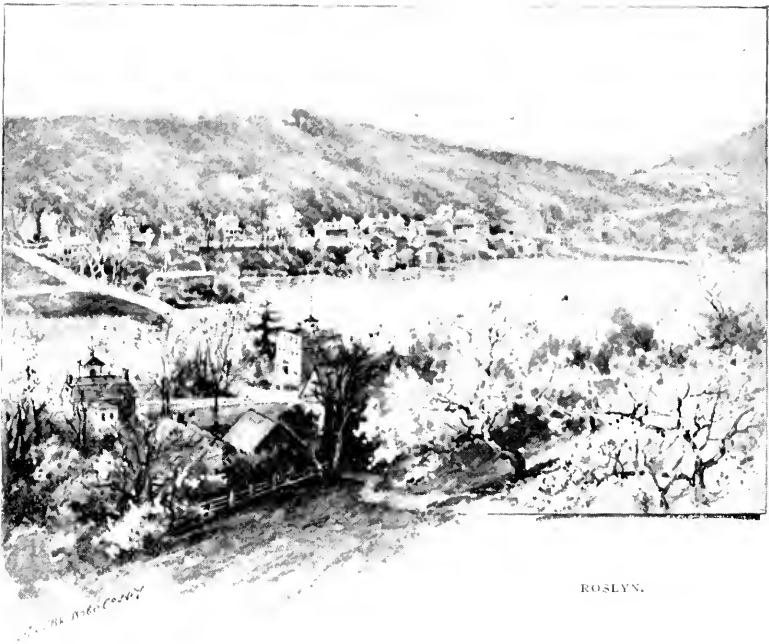
The Glen Cove branch of the railroad diverges from the main line at Mineola, and passes through one of the most beautiful portions of the island. The terminus is at Oyster Bay, the road having been extended recently from Locust Valley. To fully appreciate the beauties of this region one must leave the railroad and travel along the woodland roads, and from the hills and high bluffs view the numerous bays, inlets, and delightful vistas of blue waters, with the sails of vessels going up and down the Sound. Wherever one wanders among these wooded hills, if he is a lover of beauty,

“He cannot err in this delicious land,”

for there is forest and bay, with distant hills and valleys, while all around him are surprises of pleasant dells,

“With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks  
To lie and nod in, sloping into brooks.”

Were these places unknown it would be fit to describe in detail their many advantages, but for years Roslyn, Sea Cliff, Glen Cove, and Oyster Bay have been written about in prose and verse, and their beauties delineated by the artist's pencil. Men of means have built palatial homes, and poets and authors have sought rest and quiet there. Who has not heard of Roslyn? At the old toll-house at the summit of the hill, at the foot of which is Roslyn, one gets the first glimpse of the little town, which is memorable as



ROSLYN.

containing the home where the poet Bryant lived and the grave where his ashes rest. The village is in the valley, divided by an inlet from Hempstead Harbor, which runs backward to the hills, and across which is a narrow causeway, over which the railroad winds. Northward is a little stretch of marsh, which the tides keep sweet and clean, and beyond is the harbor, white with the sails of oystermen. In the distance, across the Sound, are the hills of Connecticut, and bounding the harbor on either side are great hills, thick with foliage, in which great estates and castles rise among the branches, and look off upon the waters of the bay. Half a mile or more on the road which lies eastward of the harbor is Cedar-mere, the home of Bryant. Here he wrote some of his best poems, and here he came when in mood of inspiration. The house is large and rambling, the frame being at least a century old. There are broad piazzas, quiet nooks and coverts, extensions and sub-extensions, and the house is high enough above the waters to get the effect of intervening lawns, yet not too far to hear the music of the waves. There is a great variety of trees about the place, with ivy and clambering vines, truly a poet's home, where in spring it learns to

“Wear the green coronal of leaves,  
 And a thousand suns could not add aught,  
 Of splendor in the grass.”

The grave of Bryant is in the village cemetery, about a mile away. The highest elevation on Long Island is the summit back of the village, and from the observatory which surmounts it can be seen the surrounding country for miles about. Roslyn has a paper mill, the oldest in the State, a flouring mill, a good hotel, and is a very popular place in summer. Beyond are Glen Head, a



OVERLOOKING THE HARBOR, GLEN COVE.

picturesque and growing resort, and Sea Cliff, possessing one of the most superb locations on all Long Island. The ground rises abruptly from the shore for several hundred feet, and upon the bluff which skirts the village can be had views of the Sound that for beauty cannot be rivalled. Cottages stud the banks, which rise tier upon tier after the manner of seats in an amphitheatre. Shade trees abound and make pleasant music to the touch of the winds that play among their branches. Well-constructed roads in every direction, shaded by large trees, afford opportunities for driving and riding. Knolls and hills, studded with many varieties of wild flowers, invite ascent. Sea Cliff is a very lively place in the summer season, and several hotels and numerous boarding houses are taxed to their utmost to accommodate all the guests who seek admission, the largest hotel being the Sea Cliff House, first-class in appointment, with accommodations for three hundred guests, while every year witnesses a large increase in the number of cottages owned by city people. The village was originally owned by the Sea Cliff

Grove and Metropolitan Camp-Meeting Association, and after several years of vicissitudes the land passed out of the control of the Association, and the only camp-meetings now held are by the Methodists. It is needless to add that the boating and bathing are excellent. To the east by pleasant roads, is Glen Cove, where a different condition of affairs is noted. The same beautiful scenery and bracing air is seen and felt, but the village presents the appearance of a busy and prosperous town, one that is not dependent in any way upon the influx of city folks in vacation time. The Duryea Starch Factory is located there, giving employ-

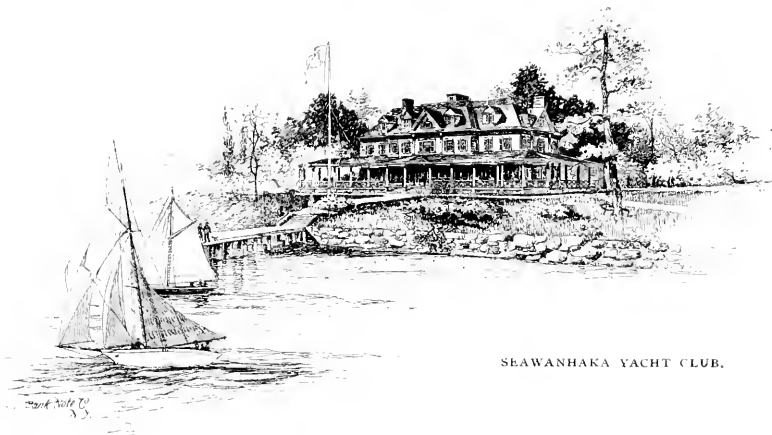


RESIDENCES OF CHARLES PRATT AND F. L. BABBOTT.

ment to seven hundred people, and upon the business streets are other factories and many well-kept stores. The village is itself attractive, while the drives in every direction are surpassingly beautiful. Boarding houses and hotels are plentiful, but no more than sufficient to meet the demands of summer travel.

Two miles away is the famous island of Dosoris, where the Hon. Charles A. Dana has a park in a high state of cultivation and a fine residence, which are constant sources of attraction to visitors. A sea wall over which hangs festoons of vines runs around the entire island. On the estate of the late Charles Pratt, one hundred and fifty acres directly on the Sound, and adjoining Mr. Dana's property, have been set aside for the agricultural department of the Pratt Institute, of Brooklyn. A course in practical and theoretical agriculture is given during the summer months of July and August, to young men above fifteen years of age, who are engaged in school work. It is not proposed to make farmers of them, but rather to give them an insight into the scientific principles and the operation of modern farm work. Recitations in chemistry, biology, physiology and kindred subjects are held daily, and the rest of the time is devoted to the





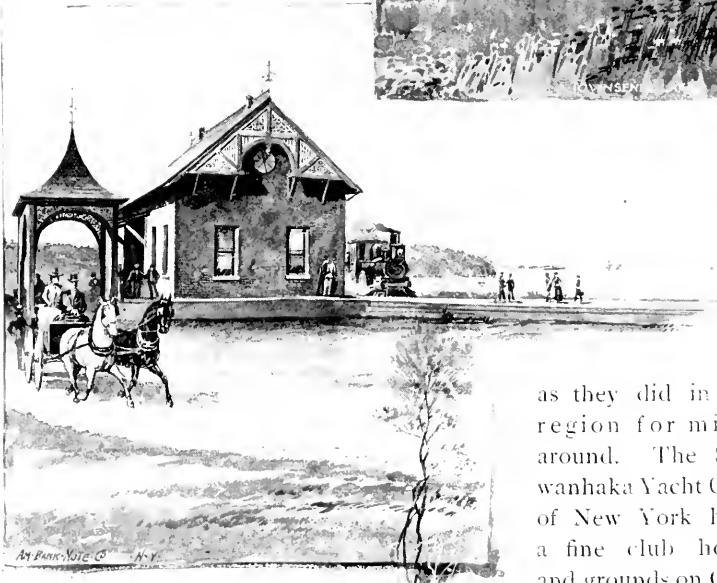
SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB.

practical application of the theories involved. At Glen Cove, as well as at all these north side towns, there is always a cool breeze from the Sound at night, making a blanket an acceptable article. Excellent facilities are offered for boating and bathing. The fishing at all times is good, and from the middle of July to December many a pleasant day may be spent in hunting plover or bay snipe. At Locust Valley, a quiet village between the hills, and along the shores of the Sound one may find a pleasant abiding place. Among the curious old land-marks is the Friends' Academy, erected one hundred and twenty years ago, and endowed by Gideon Frost as a school for higher education. The main street is lined with wooden houses of an old-time pattern, and big locust trees which give abundant shade, while in every direction are pleasant walks and drives, and to those who seek a quiet retreat none more desirable can be found. A vacation home for poor women is conducted here by the Brooklyn Woman's Temperance Association. Near here is the charming settlement of Bayville. Notwithstanding the fact that the permanent residents of Oyster Bay desired the extension of the railroad from Locust Valley, there were many among the summer visitors who opposed it, fearing that with the coming of the cars the quiet town would lose much of the exclusiveness for which it had been noted. Such fears will doubtless prove to be groundless, for the class of people who bring discredit upon a place and make it common prefer to seek resorts nearer



FOX'S ROCK, OYSTER BAY.

the cities. Oyster Bay will remain just as exclusive and just as charming as in years past, when it was reached by a long and wearisome stage-ride. It is indeed a pretty village, and it is not strange that property owners zealously guard its interests. Situated directly on a beautiful bay, the boating facilities are unsurpassed, a fact easily seen on a summer's day by counting the yachts and pleasure boats which harbor there. It is the headquarters for several prominent yacht clubs, and regattas and rowing races are frequently held during the season. The drives are numerous and delightful. The place is noted for its many fine residences. There are several old homesteads which played important parts in the early history of the country, and many relics of colonial times are to be found. At one time the Quakers had a footing here.



STATION AT OYSTER BAY.

as they did in the region for miles around. The Seawanhaka Yacht Club of New York have a fine club house and grounds on Center Island opposite Oyster Bay.

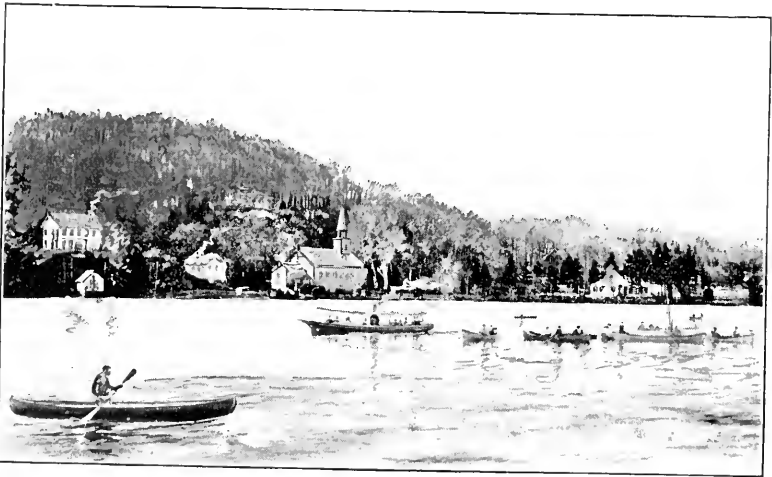


OYSTER BAY—LOOKING FROM THE HILL.

On September 17, 1891, the Long Island Railroad began to run through trains to Boston and other eastern cities via Oyster Bay. This experiment had been tried thirty years before when trains were run to Greenport and passengers transferred by steamboat to New London. The Oyster Bay route has been successful both as to the carrying of passengers and freight. From the station in Brooklyn a vestibuled train with Pullman coaches leaves daily, except Sunday. At Oyster Bay it is taken on the transfer steamer "Cape Charles," of the New England Terminal Co. across the Sound to Wilson Point, and then on the tracks of the Housatonic Railroad system and New York & New England Railroad to Boston. This new route is called the Long Island and Eastern States Line.

## COLD SPRING TO PORT JEFFERSON.

**B**YOND Oyster Bay is Cold Spring, reached by the railroad of the Port Jefferson branch, which leaves the main line at Hicksville. No better evidence of the popularity of this place need be mentioned than the fact that the rush of summer travel is so great that many visitors are turned away because of lack of accommodation, notwithstanding the large number of excellent hotels and boarding houses. Every year an attempt is made to meet this demand, but it has never yet been fully accomplished. The ride from the depot to the village, about three miles, and to the harbor is picturesque at every point, and each turn of the road reveals some new surprise: it may be a trout pond hidden in the woods, or a bit of pastoral scenery, or a glimpse of the bay through an opening in the trees, or perhaps a handsome residence. And then the harbor itself is more than a surprise, it is a revelation. Whether seen from the surrounding hills or from the sandy beaches, it is an inspiring sight more beautiful than words can describe. Craft of every kind find safe harbor there. The fishing must be good, for there is located a fish hatchery



COLD SPRING.

under the supervision of the New York Fish Commission, where each year are hatched thousands of brook trout, rainbow trout, land-locked salmon, lake trout, shad, whitefish, smelts, tom-cods, lobsters, and Penobscot salmon. Since 1883, 47,377,612 fish have been distributed on Long Island from this hatchery. A well-

equipped Biological Laboratory, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute, was started in the hatchery building in 1890, and has become a permanent affair. The school is open from July first to September first. Lectures are given semi-weekly on biological and scientific subjects, and experiments are made and instructions given by competent professors. On the terraced and wood-covered hills which bound the bay are large hotels which are provided with all modern conveniences. The Glenada, Laurelton Hall, and Forest Lawn are among the best known. In the past Cold Spring has been a manufacturing village of no small importance, and ruins of once extensive factories are visible. Up the valley are a series of lakes, and near them are several mineral springs which have medicinal qualities of merit. The drives in every direction are beautiful, but none more so than the one that winds around Lloyd's Neck, having the Bay and Sound always in view. The land must be fertile, for all the farmers appear to be prosperous, and live in fine residences not inferior to those occupied by gentlemen who reside for a portion of the year in New York. This neck, which geographically belongs to Suffolk, was recently cut off from Queens County by an act of the Legislature and made a part of the town of Huntington. At the extreme end of the neck are the remains of an old fort, which in revolutionary times was occupied by the British troops.

Huntington deserves notice apart from any claim it may have as a desirable place for summer homes. It has an activity of its own which is not materially increased or diminished by the tide of summer travel. Many local enterprises have contributed to its growth, and its prosperity to-day is greater than it has been at any time in the past. The academy of the village ranks high among the educational institutions of the State, and a public library has been established. The location of Huntington has been likened to the Roman Coliseum, and the comparison is proper. The surrounding hills recede with fine gradations, and from their summits are views of Huntington Bay, Eaton's Neck, Lloyd's Neck, and Long Island Sound, and from one or two points Babylon, Islip, and Fire Island. The harbor is about a mile from the village, beautifully situated amid encircling hills, its windings concealed from view, so that it resembles a mountain lake much more than an arm of the sea. It is usually dotted with yachts and boats that are kept in frequent use by the lovers of the waves. After the battle of Long Island, Huntington was selected by the English as a place for a garrison and permanent occupancy, and many relics in the place recall those memorable times. In the old burying-ground is a gravestone marked by a cannon ball, and on Gallows Hill are remains



HUNTINGTON BAY.

of a fort. Huntington is growing rapidly as a resort. A large tract of land on the bay has been purchased by capitalists, who are making it a village of handsome residences clustered in a magnificent park. There are many large estates with fine houses and extensive gardens and lawns. West Neck is one of the charming points along the shore, and is already occupied by many wealthy New Yorkers. Mr. J. R. Maxwell is the owner of one hundred acres, where he has erected an elegant house. The grounds are laid out with great taste, and the estate ranks among the most notable of its class. Near the village is the Suffolk Driving Park, one of the best on the island, and every year becoming more popular.

The scenery about Centreport is much the same. It nestles among the hills and has a long stretch of the Sound penetrating far inland, and offers as good a vantage ground for an economical vacation as can be desired. Greenlawn is upon the elevated level

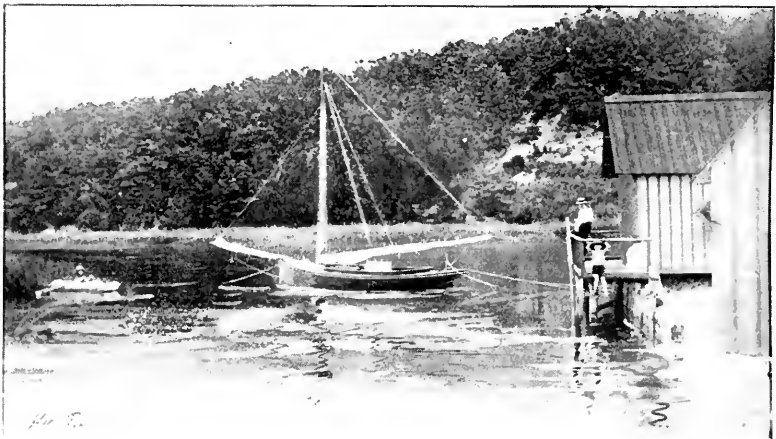
plain, amid beautiful fields and hard, smooth roads, about two miles south of Centreport. Summer breezes from the southwest always sweep this plain with delightful coolness. And then comes Northport, charmingly set around a harbor that makes in from Huntington Bay, which has often been likened to the Bay of Naples. It is as beautiful as any harbor in the land. So completely is it land-locked, that from the village it seems more like a great lake. The long semi-circle of Eaton's Neck, a spit of land shaped like a fish-hook, guards it from the Sound and makes it the safest of havens. Its entrance is narrow, but deep and easy of access. On either side of the harbor rise the hills, thickly crowned with forests, and at its head lies a green meadow. Northport once flourished with ship-building, and owned a fine fleet of vessels. Some part of the industry lingers, and until very recently vessels of eight hundred or one thousand tons have been launched from the stocks. The fleet now consists of a score or more of coasting schooners, and a swarm of oyster and fishing smacks and pleasure boats. Three shipyards are kept busy repairing and building. There is a large printing establishment, enterprising stores, two hotels, and several boarding houses. As a place of summer resort Northport is very popular



CENTREPORT HARBOR.

among the north side villages. Eaton's Neck, which scans both Sound and harbor, is a high peninsula and headland, where is located the famous Bacon farm and the palatial residence of the late Mr. C. H. Delamater. Duck Island is within easy distance, where extensive improvements are now in progress.

Kings Park, the next place to Northport, is destined to become celebrated for its eleemosynary institutions. The late Dr. Muhlenberg several years ago started the St. Johnland Home, a benevolent enterprise which embraces a variety of charitable objects, among which are the care and education of crippled and destitute children, the training of boys and girls, and a home for indigent, disabled, and



NEAR STONY BROOK.

friendless old men. Commodious buildings, superbly located, were erected, and the institution, under the supervision of the Episcopal Church, has been and is productive of a great amount of good. The proper care and treatment of insane patients is a problem that confronts every country. Like the poor, the demented are "always with us," and humanity demands that they shall be properly cared for. To crowd thousands of insane people in our public asylums, as is too often done in many of the large cities, is not only a disgrace to our civilization, but a crime. Medical experts have shown that by the system of isolated cottages, with plenty of air and light about them, with a limited number of patients in each, reason is often restored to the unfortunates, a thing impossible in a crowded asylum. Other countries have made this experiment with large success, and in one or two instances it has been tried to advantage in this country. The Kings County authorities determined some years ago to join in this movement of reform, and consequently purchased nine hundred and fifty acres of highly cultivated land at Kings Park, then called St. Johnland, where they propose ultimately to bring all their insane patients, and, possibly, some of their poor-house inmates. The land borders on the water, is high, rolling, and well wooded, offering excel-



lent facilities for drainage, and is within easy distance of the railroad. The first cost of the property was about \$100,000. The present cost of the whole establishment has been over \$2,500,000, and a large amount of money is yet to be expended. There are accommodations for thirteen hundred insane people. It is expected that many of the patients will be able to assist in the cultivation of the land and in other forms of beneficial out-of-door labor. The New York City authorities have started a similar enterprise at Central Islip.

This whole region in the vicinity of Kings Park, Smithtown, St. James, and Stony Brook is covered with excellent farms, and, while it is a quiet rural district with small and unpretentious villages, it offers great attraction to a large class of city people who are seeking just such retreats. The Smithtown preserve of the Brooklyn Gun Club consists of seven hundred acres, and in addition five thousand acres leased of the farmers. The shores are fronted with precipitous cliffs, and the bays and inlets furnish superior boating, fishing, and bathing. The drives are among woods of tall and shapely trees and through green fields, while fresh-water lakes here and there make a summer pilgrimage a thing of great delight. A few hotels and many hospitable farm houses provide visitors with pleasant temporary homes. Stony Brook is an especially attractive village, stretching along the sloping side of a valley, with stores and churches and well-kept farms and many pleasant villas for summer use. There is a large hotel in the place. Beyond is Setauket, beautiful for situation, presenting a diversity of rural landscapes in which rambling bays, coves, inlets, glens, mill-ponds, wooded hills and sweeps of clear fields are picturesquely mingled. The fishing and hunting are something to tempt the most exacting sportsman. A large rubber goods manufactory gives employment to many people. To those who delight in ante-revolutionary relics, two quaint old shingled churches with burying-grounds containing moss-covered gravestones, will prove of interest. It is said that when Washington visited this portion of Long Island he spent a night at Setauket, stopping at an inn kept by a zealous Tory. The General, so the story goes, did not make himself known until he was taking his departure, when he kissed the landlord's little daughter, saying to her that after he had gone she might tell her parents that George Washington had kissed her.

Two miles to the east is Port Jefferson, the terminus of the railroad. The main portion of the village is in a valley. The streets are irregular, and houses and stores have been built with slight regard to street lines and architectural grace. It is a curious and odd town, but strikingly interesting. The greatest charm is the harbor, one of

the finest on the north shore. It is well protected by natural and artificial breakwaters, and serves the purpose of pleasure boats and large ships as well. Upon both sides are lofty hills covered with trees, with a commanding view of the Sound and the Connecticut shore. It is as a ship-building port that Port Jefferson is especially noted. A few old hulls, the frame of a half-completed vessel, and numerous shipyards give evidence of the activity that once existed and made Port Jefferson known the world over. The sailing ship has gradually given way to the steamer, and America has lost its hold on that once important industry of vessel-building. Port Jefferson has suffered with other places, but no town between New York and Boston, even now, both in building and repairing vessels, excels this quaint and enterprising village. Many associated industries exist. A steamer ferry crosses the Sound to Bridgeport daily during the summer season. There are fine views from its overlooking hills, while there are many quaint nooks and walks of great attractiveness to the visitor. The place has great charms for its residents, and a delightful social life exists. It has long been popular as a summer home, and its popularity has not been eclipsed by the attractions of newer resorts.

Northwest of Port Jefferson harbor is Oldfield Point, a quiet place, known to many pleasure seekers, and to the east, beyond the railroad, are Mount Sinai, Miller's Place, Rocky Point, and Middle Island, retired country settlements, where visitors can find many charming summer homes. In the village of Mount Sinai is a tract of one hundred acres under control of the Crystal Brook Park Association, where it is proposed to build up a cottage community similar to the Twilight Park in the Catskills. Provision is also made for transient visitors who seek health and re-creation. Special provision is made for the care of children. Dr. Jerome Walker, of Brooklyn, is in charge of the enterprise. The scenery is beautiful.

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We have taken our gentle readers with hasty flight through all the sections of the island that is dowered with so many charms. Only a touch of the foot here and there could be permitted by limitations of time and space. If the friends who have followed us in our hasty rambles will make their summer homes in some one of the many places of rest and beauty we have pictured, we are certain they will find that each day will reveal new graces; for in this fair island

“He who lingers longest is the happiest.”

# Long Island Railroad Ticket Offices

## IN NEW YORK :

James Slip Ferry (foot of Chambers Street, East River).  
? Foot 34th Street, East River.  
? 71 Broadway. Astor House Ticket Office. 261 Broadway. 143 Bowery.  
? 415 Broadway (B. & O. Office). 296 Canal Street.  
Cor. West 4th and Mercer Streets. 11 East 14th Street.  
? 950 Broadway (near 23d Street).  
1313 Broadway, cor. 34th Street, and 53 West 125th Street, Harlem.

## BROOKLYN :

? L. I. R.R. Station, cor. Flatbush and Atlantic Aves.  
L. I. R.R. Station, cor. Atlantic and Franklin Aves.  
333 Fulton Street (near Court).  
L. I. R.R. Station, cor. Bushwick and Montrose Aves. E.D.  
115 Broadway (near Bedford Ave. E.D.)

## LONG ISLAND CITY :

? Long Island Railroad Station.  
? Parlor Car Seats may be secured at these offices.

The stations of the Long Island R.R. in New York and Brooklyn can be reached as follows:

## NEW YORK STATIONS.

### FOOT 34th STREET, E.R.

Via 2d and 3d AVENUE ELEVATED LINES DIRECT TO FERRY.

And via the following Street Car Lines:

**4th and Madison Avenue Lines**—transferring at 4th Avenue and 33d Street direct to 34th Street Ferry.  
**Cross Town Line**—from Eric Railroad Ferry foot of West 23d St  
**42d Street Line**—from West Shore R.R. and N. Y. C. & H. R. R.R. and Grand Central Station.

### FOOT CHAMBERS STREET, E.R.

**Chambers Street Line**—from Eric R.R. Ferry. **Belt Line**—from all ferries.

## BROOKLYN.

**Flatbush Avenue Station**—corner Flatbush and Atlantic Avenues, reached by Brooklyn Elevated Railroad (5th Avenue branch) from the Bridge, and Horse Car Lines from South, Wall Street, Fulton and Catharine Street Ferries, and from Pennsylvania Railroad Annex.

## THE LONG ISLAND EXPRESS.

The only Express for points on the Long Island Railroad will receive calls for BAGGAGE and EXPRESS GOODS in

**NEW YORK.**—At foot of Chambers Street, E.R., foot of 34th Street, E.R., 71 Broadway, 142 West Street, 296 Canal Street, corner West 4th and Mercer Sts. 211 East 14th Street, 950 Broadway, 1313 Broadway, 53 West 125th Street.

**BROOKLYN.**—Flatbush Avenue Station, 333 Fulton Street and 115 Broadway, and give the same prompt attention. BAGGAGE received in New York only at Stations foot Chambers Street, E.R. and foot 34th Street, E.R.

### BAGGAGE CHECKED FROM RESIDENCE.

The Long Island Express will call for and check baggage from residence to destination. Calls for this service may be left at the following offices:

**NEW YORK.**—Foot Chambers Street (East River). Telephone call "423 Cortlandt." foot 34th St. (East River). Telephone call "264 38th St." 296 Canal St. and 950 and 1313 Broadway.

**BROOKLYN.**—Flatbush Avenue Station. Telephone call "301 Brooklyn." and 333 Fulton Street.

# SEA CLIFF HOUSE,



THIS spacious house accommodates 300 guests; situated on Hempstead Harbor, twenty-five miles from New York City, elevated 185 feet above the sea. From its wide verandas and commodious rooms are obtained extensive views of the Sound and the surrounding country, which, for healthfulness and picturesqueness is unsurpassed. A Bowling Alley, Billiard Room, Music Hall, and Lawn Tennis Court are connected with the Hotel, while boating, fishing, and still-water bathing, delightful walks and drives combine attractions for lovers of out-door life. The Inclined Cable Railway from the Landing and Bath Houses to the Summit of the Bluff secures a safe and easy transit to the Hotel. For full information, apply at 74 West Thirty-fifth Street, New York.

PEET & DAILEY, Proprietors.

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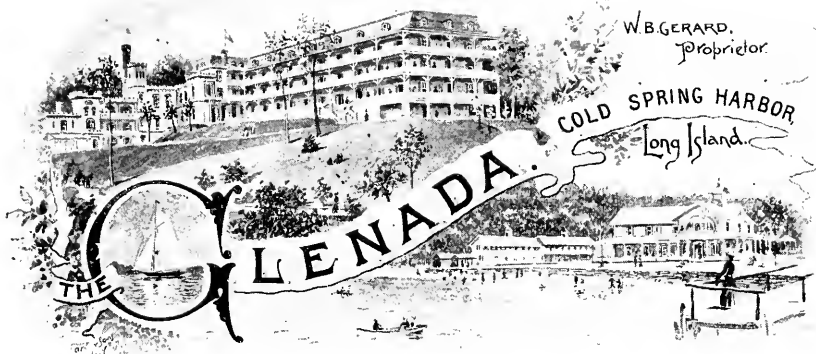
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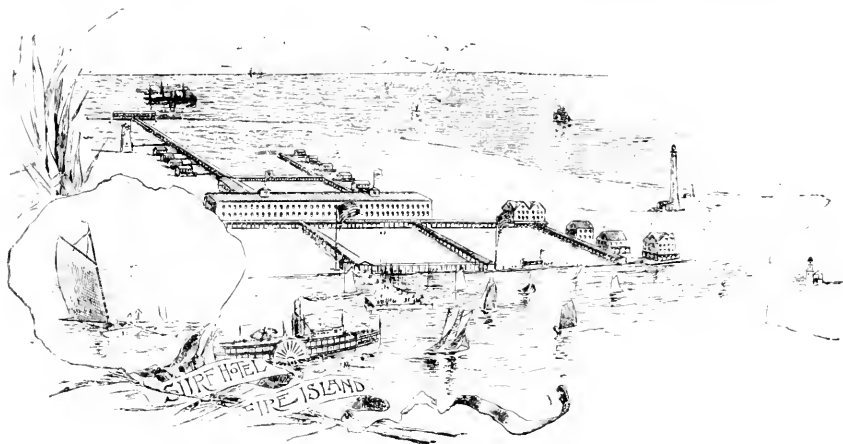
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**SURF HOTEL, FIRE ISLAND BEACH, N. Y.** The finest natural Sea-shore Resort in America. Invigorating Breezes, Healthfulness and Quiet Enjoyment. **Will be Opened June 18th, 1892.**



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**D. S. S. SAMMIS & CO.**

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*Gen'l Supt and Medical Director.*

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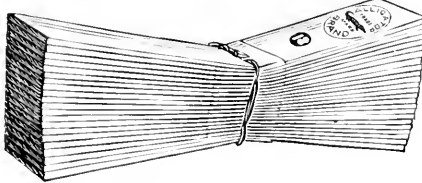
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BROOKLYN, E. D.

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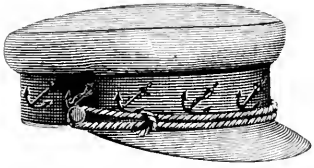
# GEORGE H. SKIDMORE,



## Architect



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FLATBUSH AVE.  
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ALL KINDS OF OUTING CAPS.

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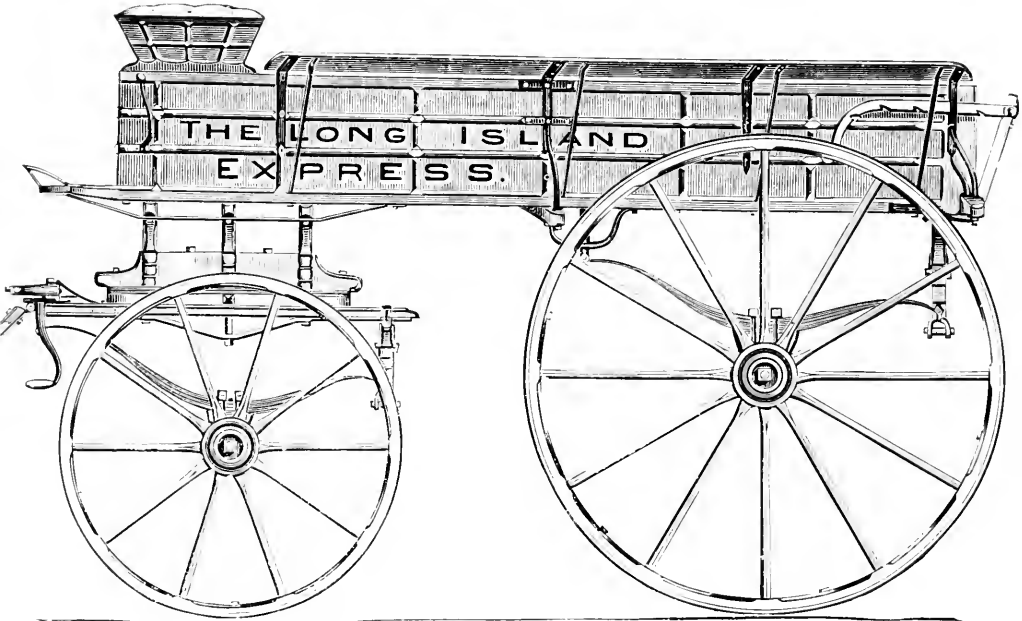
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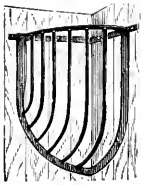
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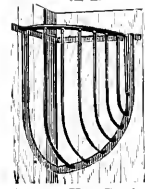
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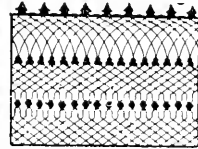
Corner Hay-Rack.  
Right hand.



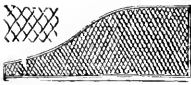
The Blackman Air  
Propeller.



Wire Cloth partly unrolled.



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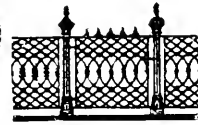
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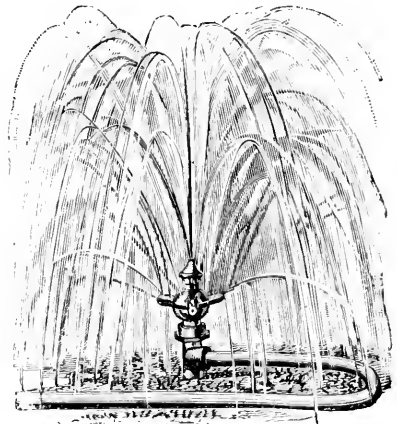
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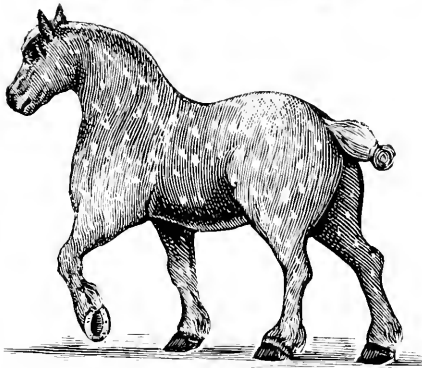
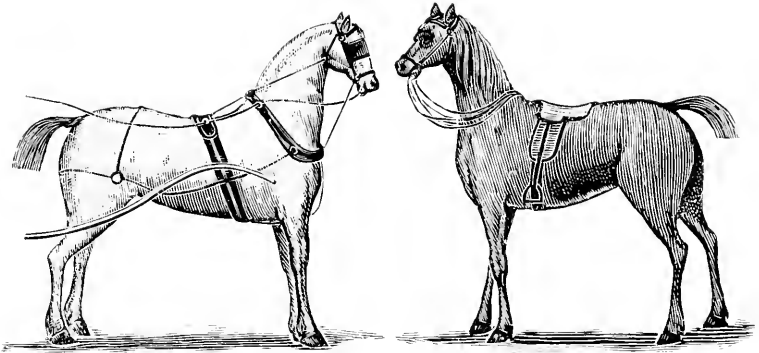
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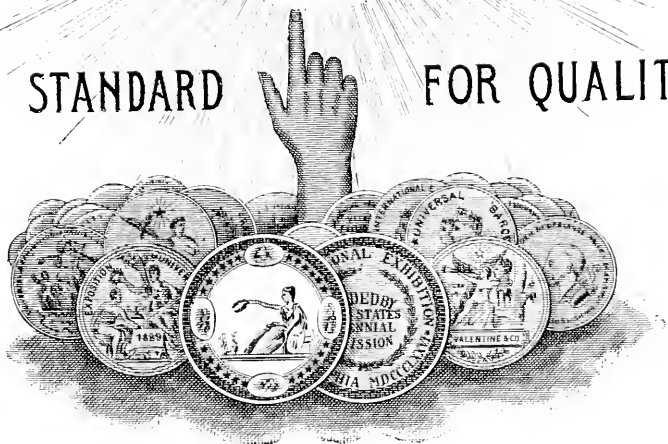
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