

AROUND CAPE ANN.

ANNISQUAM TO MARBLEHEAD.



FISH-HOUSES AT ROCKY NECK.

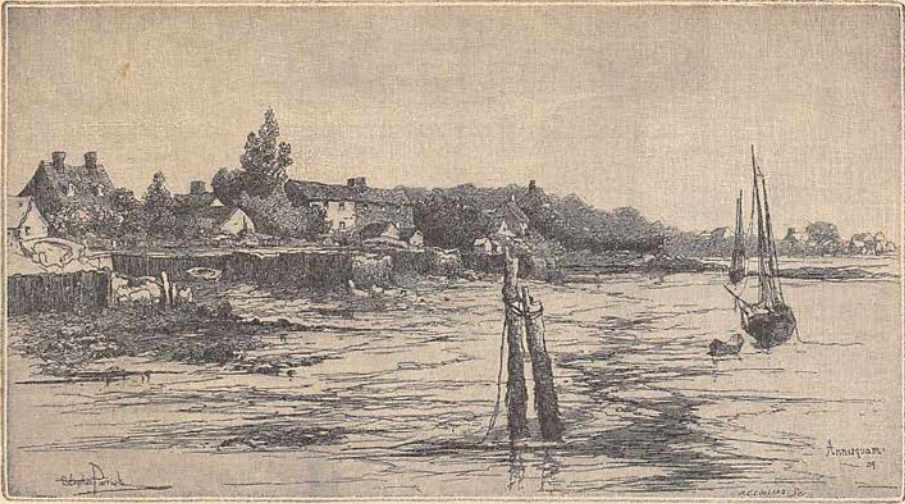
It would seem that Nature, when at work upon the Massachusetts coast, intended to make an island of the larger part of Cape Ann, but for some reason left it hanging to the continent by a narrow ribbon of sand. The colonial government discovered this in 1638, but put no hand to the finishing touch. Rev. Mr. Blynman, a person "of a sweet, humble, heavenly carriage," the first minister of the town, was authorized by it, "26th, 5 mo., 1643, to cut the beach through, and to maintain it, and to have the benefit of it to himself and his forever, giving the inhabitants of the town free passage." Thus the waters of Massachusetts and Ipswich bays, after a courtship of perhaps thousands of years, were joined in the bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Richard Blynman. Since that date these bays have been married and divorced many times, according to the humor of the sea or the people controlling town-meeting.

If we start from this point by water, we follow the channel down Annisquam River by Trynall Cove, up and down Mill River, in and out of Goose and Lobster coves, by beacon and light-house, in and out of Hogskin, Plum, Lane's, Folly, and Loblolly coves, by Halibut and Andrew's points to Pigeon Cove, by the harbor of Rockport and Bearskin Neck, Long and Gap coves, Straitsmouth, Thatcher's, Milk and Salt islands, into Starknaught and

Little Good harbors, and along their beaches, by Bass Rocks, Brace's Cove, and Eastern Point; rounding this into Gloucester harbor, the water-line still keeping its eccentric windings, hugging Ten Pound Island here, and there (once) Peter Mud's (now) Rocky Neck; by the old fort point, along Pavilion Beach, coming again to where the waters of the two bays mingle.

Sea coves are ever delightful, and the Cape is full of them. It always seems as if the sea went peering up into them to spy out the land, to seek a fortune, or a quiet dreaming-place, more or less succeeding in the search. It must often lose a nap, though, at Folly Cove, for this lies open to the fiercest gales.

Long before, in 1602, Captain Gosnold, in his ship the *Concord*, sailed by the Cape, pressing his weak little bark with all the sail he dared, to Cape Cod. Next year Martin Pring went sailing by, landing perhaps. Three years later, De Monts and Champlain sailed into what is now Gloucester harbor, naming it Le Beau Port. Again, a few years, and the "admiral of New England," John Smith, flitted by. (If he landed there is no record. The hotel registers of 1614 are notably incomplete.) With a few men in a small boat he ranged the coast, sounded harbors, made maps, and named everything his eyes lit on. One fair headland became Tragabigzanda,



ANNISQUAM.

but a prince renamed it Cape Ann, thereby rescuing the writer and innumerable other babies from being born Tragabigzanda-ans!

Now came the attempt to plant a colony. "Compassion towards the fisherman and partly some expectation of gain," raised in England three thousand pounds for the purpose. Fish were to be caught; some were to go across the sea to sell them, while others remained the winter through. Fourteen men, names unknown, were thus left in 1623-4, to await the return of their ship in the spring. When the departing vessel rounded the harbor-point, did they fail to go to the high rocky hill yonder and yearn after her until hull and sail sank from sight? Was ever spring looked for with more longing than by those fourteen? Hark! is that the clangor of wild geese? See! is it a sail or a cloud? Ah, a sail!—the same ship and master returned. These were the first flitting occupants of our soil,—forerunners of that multitude of watchers which this coast hath borne from that day to this!

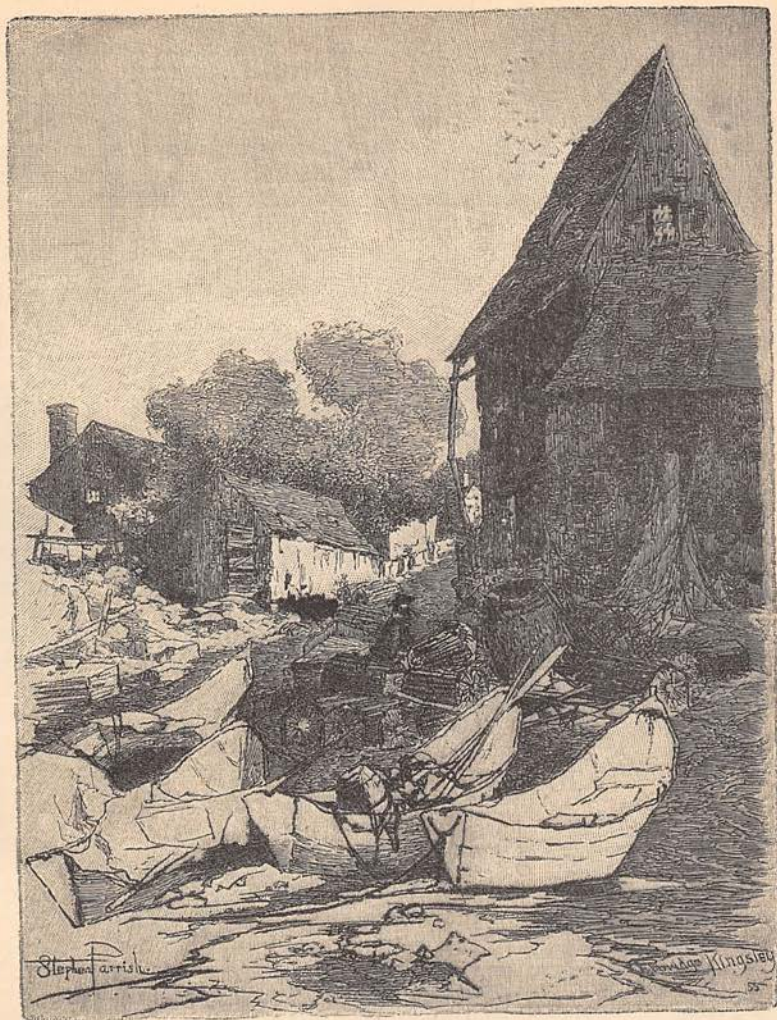
Any history is sad, but the history of a sea-coast is the saddest of all records. Not a mile of Cape Ann shore but has a tale of wreck or memorable disaster. How frequent, too, the record is "They sailed and were never heard from!" On a coast, the landmarks in men's memories are the dates of some loss. It is the storms and wrecks that are recorded; the safe returns, the dropping anchors, the furling sails, are a thousand to one, yet the sunny memories of them lengthen no human history.

The loss of no single sail from this port ever equaled that of the brig *Gloucester*, which more than a hundred years ago entered the silent fleet of the "never heard from," making sixty widows. To their ears was borne the

dismal tale that, on the night when the ship was supposed to have been lost, a ball of light (a corposant) was seen to move about the town, and stay briefly over the roof of each of the missing crew! So, we are told, the silent fleet signals the shore from its invisible decks.

Our dwellers in early days had to arm themselves against native witches and foreign ghostly marauders. One story has it that at Louisburg, in 1745, a Cape Ann soldier shot a crow with his silver sleeve-buttons, which brought down Peg Wesson, a witch here, with a broken leg, the soldier's buttons being found in the wound. Other cunning spirits would allow themselves to fall beautifully, when shot at by good powder and shot, but when the marksman, proud of his aim and happy, went to pick them up, they would vanish.

Those were the days of pirates, too. In April, 1724, the new sloop *Squirrel*, captain Andrew Harraden, came sailing into Annisquam harbor, whence only a short time before she had departed on a fishing voyage. Why this unlooked-for arrival? What is that at the mast-head—a bucket? Young eyes, what is it? The spy-glass, daughter; let me lean it on your shoulder; be spry! My God, a man's head! Ay, work fit only for a man-of-war, the deck of that simple fishing-sloop had seen. At sea, April 14th, had come John Phillips, the pirate, and taken possession of her. The *Squirrel* had caught Phillips's eye—she was a new craft, and needed only a few finishing touches. So the next day he transferred his company to her, and set skipper Harraden to work about the unfinished sloop. Here was sharp need of wit, will, and weapons; but the captured crew had the first



A "BIT" NEAR BAY VIEW.

and the second, and the third soon came with the occasion. At noon on the fourth day, while the *Squirrel* was speeding merrily on her way, Edward Cheeseman, a captured man, suddenly tossed John Nott overboard,—the agreed-on signal. Down went Phillips by the hands of Harraden; Burrell, the boatswain, was quieted by a broad-ax, and overboard, to join John Nott, went Jimmy Sparks, the gunner, whereupon the others surrendered. This gang of Phillips's had, within nine months, taken thirty-four vessels, and if the head of the leader hung as a trophy mast-high on the *Squirrel*, the thirty-fifth—why, perhaps skipper Harraden had no ensign.

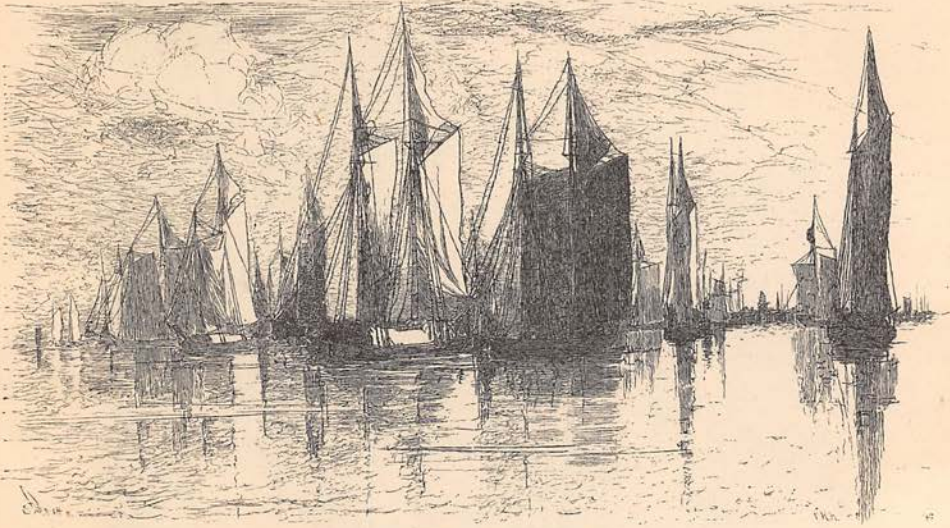
The General Court of Massachusetts granted Harraden, Cheeseman, and Philmore (who laid the plan) £42 each, and Giles, Ivernay, Butman, and Lassen £32 each, for their day's deed. There is a low, dark, woody isle in

Annisquam River, named Hangman's Island, which seems to have got a dark name from its gloomy look alone, as the pirates were not hanged there, though tradition connects it in some way with this event.

Another story has for years been told by Cape Ann firesides, of another sloop, and another Andrew—this time Andrew Robinson, a Cape Ann man, whose equal it never had. Once, far from home in a harbor, he, with his two men and sloop, was captured by Indians. His men were speedily dispatched, but Robinson was reserved for a death-feast. That night he was guarded by the only sober Indian. When the others were asleep, the captain killed him, and, miles away, boarded his sloop and set sail. At daylight the Indians discovered their loss and gave pursuit. A sailing craft, in a light wind, with a helmsman only,—how easy for canoes to capture! As

they neared him, Robinson dropped his gun; the Indians bounded on deck one after another, only to fall and be thrown overboard, tomahawked by the captain—seeing which, the others wavered and withdrew, convinced that his life was charmed. His salvation was due to scupper nails which he had scattered over the deck where the enemy

named Le Beau Port, and sincerely. Harbors differ as men do. Harbors are human and something like women; they have their own times for dainty and delicate attire. To know them, you must study them, under daylight, under twilight; at sunrise and sunset; under the full harvest moon; at low tide and high tide; in a storm and after it is over; then



GLOUCESTER HARBOR—SUNSET.

would alight,—the short, sharp heads and points of which gave to naked feet no foothold, but only terror and pain.

Cape Ann seems to make good report of its ministers. One, dying at thirty-three, is pictured as “of a pleasant aspect and mien; of a sweet temper, inoffensive in his whole behavior; pious and peaceable in his conversation; his ministerial gifts superior, and his fidelity, diligence, and success answerable.” His salary was sixty pounds per annum as long as he could live comfortably by it. Perhaps he lived as long as he could by it and then died, thus adding to the list of his virtues that of dying rather than ask for more salary. Of another minister it is stated that “on all proper occasions he always strove to excite childhood to laughter, youth to mirth, and mature age to cheerfulness.” Another came to a divided parish, and for fifty years won the hearts of his hearers by “simplicity, sincerity, and meekness.” Another, zealous, faithful, and excellent, died in the eighty-third year of his age and the fifty-eighth of his ministry. Still another, becoming aged and infirm, accepted a pension of *twenty shillings a month* from the parish, after a service of forty years.

In 1606, we have seen, our harbor was

will you find some mood to admire, new beauty come to sight. Our harbor, like every other, sulks sometimes, one must allow. A dog-day's fog has hung over it, or wrung itself dry into it, to-day. Open as the highway to all farers, many kinds of craft share its favor. The deeply laden collier with its sober mien; the lumber-coaster with her deck-load suggesting the heart of pine forests in Maine; the stranger ship with salt from Spain; the sloop or schooner yacht with every grace a marvel and every line a picture,—those lilies of the sea, which toil not, neither do they spin; the tug-boat eying every sail for a summons; the fisherman with her seine-boat ready for action, idle after toil; the ferry-boat going her way so often as to have it by heart; the light, clumsy wood-coaster from the provinces, sturdily maintaining her look of indifference to the finer company around her; a single skiff shooting among the dories and boats; all pointing different ways; some with sails partly set, expectant; some with minds made up, their anchors resolutely down, and all either grieving or sulking over the uncertain weather. One hint of farewell from the setting sun, and what a change! The somber collier and coaster look careless and happy, and the yachts share the gold that falls upon them with every



GLOUCESTER HARBOR—EARLY MORNING.

homely sister, till twilight creeps and creeps up every mast, like a miser, for every glint of it. The woods along the western shore grow like a deepening mystery. The tide is down, and the weed-hung rocks seem darkly to desire the night. One gleam is in the western sky, the light of which little pools of tide among the rocks sue for and obtain, by some bridge unseen.

Seldom seems a sky so bright
As the sunset sky to-night;
Yet it lieth far away,
While I walk in twilight gray!

Lo! but here a bit of tide,
Hemmed by rock on either side,
Gleams, and in itself content
With a gleam yon sky hath sent.

Bit of sky so far and bright,
Why doth thy forgetful light,

While the day is leaving me,
Think to bless that bit of sea?

Tide, thy wall of rock about
Cannot keep that gleam without!
Sky, couldst thou withhold thy mite
From that lonely pool to-night?

Golden sky, thou seem'st to be
Some illumined memory!
Bit of sea, thou seem'st some heart
From that memory apart!

By a bridge I cannot see
Comes that far-off memory;
Heart, that memory is thine!
Heart, thy memories are mine!

To see the summer day come into the harbor, one must rise early. The early evening most men know; but the early morning—what is it? How many of us know it? How



OLD FISH-HOUSE—GLOUCESTER.

many love it? One star is skipper and crew of the whole heavens, and, weary with its watch, "turns in," not curious to see what the day is like. The wind is sleeping. A boat here and there puts off to some vessel. "Schooner ahoy!" says a voice from the shore, and she *ahoy*. Sail and hull and rope and block are duplicated in the tide below. That was a yawn of the awaking wind. Notes of preparation deepen. Sail after sail is swayed up. Anchors break their hold; then comes the quickened clink, clink, of the windlass; the jib is hoisted, and the south-west wind, no longer napping, fills it and a hundred other sails that make their way out of the harbor in the morning sunlight, to and fro.

The first schooner-rigged craft that ever swam, it is claimed, was built by Andrew

posed the Cape Ann fleet in 1693; now it has nearly five hundred sail, of almost twenty-eight thousand tons, and Gloucester is the largest fishing port in the land. Its fleet is manned by men of every clime. A tide of young men, mainly from the Provinces, sets steadily toward this port. Many have the characteristic recklessness of the sailor, and earnings of weeks are spent between sunset and sunrise. There is among them no sailor cut of clothes, and ashore they follow the prevailing fashions, down to lager beer. All haunts are prepared for Jack, and he is prepared for all haunts. As in all other callings, thrift follows prudence and industry, though he seem to lie open to the changes and chances of luck. You will see his cottage commanding the finest sea view, for on the heights lie the



EAST GLOUCESTER.

Robinson at East Gloucester, in 1713, and named the *Schooner*. It was a handy craft for rig, but, even down to fifty years ago, a clumsy body. Cape Ann vessels are mostly built at Essex, a few miles from Gloucester; up a river or crooked creek, the builders construct and launch their faithful work for all sorts of seas to mock at and all sorts of weather to try. So they were building thirty years ago, when one, more venturesome, suddenly departed from the models of the day, sharpening the bow and hollowing the run. What talk among the fishermen! Who would go in her? What a — of a rake! What a sheer! She was manned, though; became successful, and very soon others were on the stocks modeled after the *Romp*, the pet of the fleet.

Six sloops, one boat, and one shallop com-

cheapest lots. Alas! that the waiting wife can also look harborward on every coming sail, often to see the flag "half-mast"—for whom?

Here are no labor strikes. The sailor brings in a fare of fish, perhaps all he has caught, by themselves. They are weighed off, the vessel is put to rights, and he goes up to the counting-room for his check. The whole value of the fish is reckoned by the vessel-owner or his clerk; then is deducted cost of ice and bait bought; then, one-quarter of one per cent. for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund; one half the remainder belongs to the owner, the other to him. From his part is then deducted charges for wood-sawing and splitting, for water, medicine-chest, condensed milk, and any charge for labor on the vessel which

belonged to him to do, but which has been hired done. His check is then handed him, and he presents it in person, or it finds its devious way to the bank by other—perhaps not cleaner—hands.

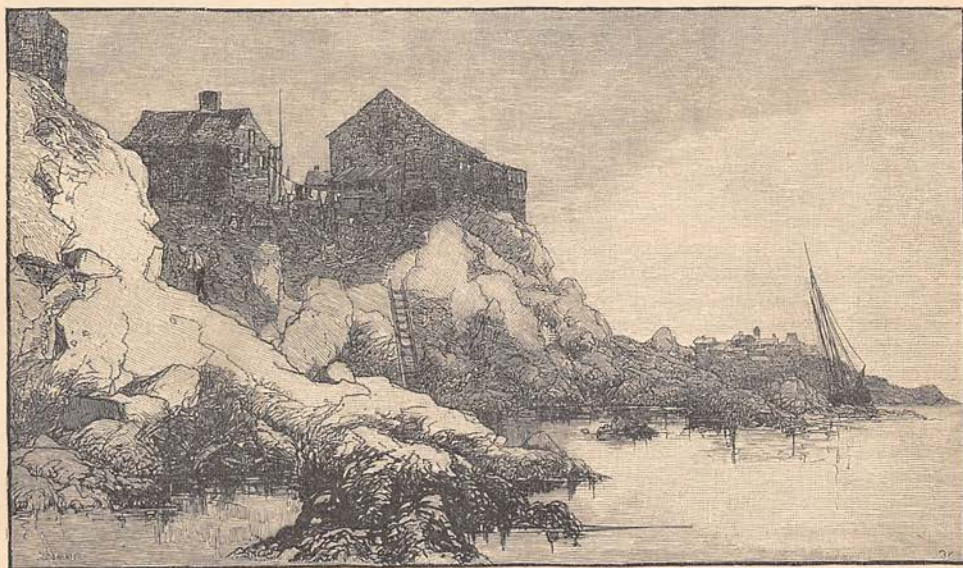
One of the most exciting scenes imaginable is that of a fleet of hundreds making the port in a storm. In a north-east gale they must beat in. All day long, by twos and threes, they come. It is luff, bear away, or tack ship to avoid a smash. Crack, snap, goes a jib-boom off. Crack, snap, there is one main-boom the less. Hoarse voices of the skippers howl in entreaty or command above the howling gale, and the shore is lined with listening lookers-on.

A visit to Cape Ann is hardly a visit unless one has driven around it. Almost every

named the "Poles." On an unguarded side it may be climbed. At the western base a rocky pasture rolls up hill and down, to the river.

Toward sunrise, across the creek, up beyond the green meadows, lies a bit of old brown road over a hill, leading only to the hearthstones of a "vanished settlement," to what in old time was the town. If you sit down there, it will be to wonder what the dwellers fed on, and how babies ever grew to men on this uncertain soil. The multitude of stones seem like flocks and herds, held by some spell of enchantment, and one waits half expectant to see if haply they may not resume their wonted ways, and fall to grazing the little grass there is.

Now we descend from the "Poles" to the highway again, cross the bridge by the old mill,

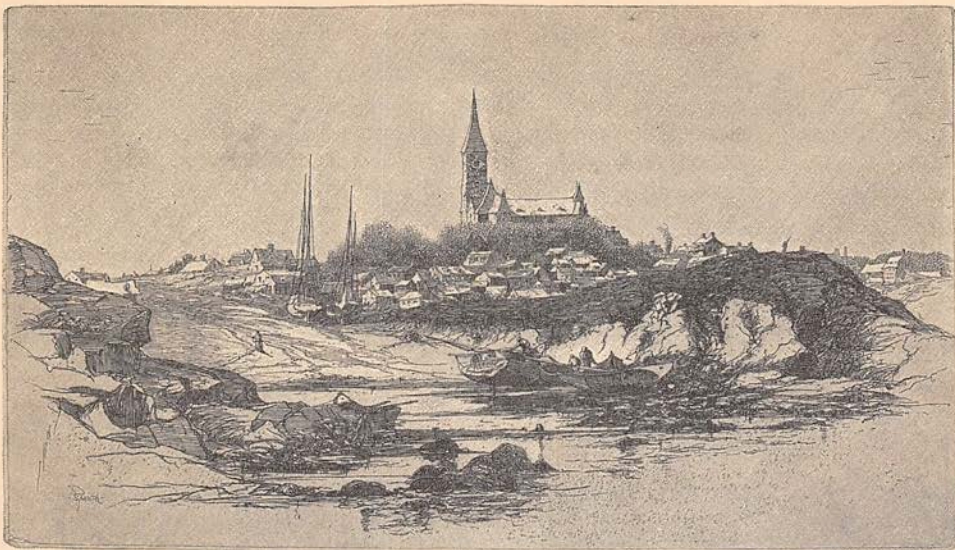


MARBLEHEAD FROM THE HARBOR.

variety of scenery is met with and enjoyed during the fifteen miles' drive—miniature forests and mountains, and mimic seas. Out of the city we follow the highway northward. Many a by-way with its legend will entreat us to turn into it. The house on the left, with the upper story projecting over the lower, was in old times a tavern. Here the five selectmen of 1740 met to be sworn in, on which occasion the bill against the town for their entertainment, including "licker," was £3 18s. 2d.

Now to the right lie orchard and meadow, with a salt-water creek winding between. On the left stands an old mansion, on whose walls hangs a portrait of a lady by Copley. Farther on, also to the left, a mass of gray rock lifts itself high above the way like a battlement,

by the church of Riverdale, rising as the road rises, until we catch again glimpses of river creeks and coves, making, as has been said, "the scenery bewildering in beauty." Now a quick turn of the road, and to the left, we look down a rocky vale to a river creek, and ahead into a vista of overarching willows; under them by an old mill and over Goose Cove bridge; then in a few minutes we are on the bridge that spans Lobster Cove. Our eyes rest on the rocky ridge where the first settlers of Cape Ann lived, and where they now lie with scarcely earth enough to cover them. One side of the cove is bordered by a hill-side of pine-woods. Along the other lies all the quaintness there is left in 'Squam. Olden buildings face divers ways, with their bits of land and ledge. One looking broadly to the southern sun,



THE TOWN OF MARBLEHEAD.

with a face partly dark and partly light, confesses to a divided ownership. Old wharves remain, which commerce has forsaken and forgotten, whereon the grass has only half a mind to grow, and the soil scarcely any mind to let it live. Only a decrepit boat or two abandoned to die, or dismantled just enough to show that the owner has in mind for them yet a voyage or two more—only these are left to tell of her sea-faring life. The days when the sloop *Squirrel*, to the old wives' wonder, sails in and drops anchor in Annisquam harbor, with a pirate's head for an ensign, are departed.

Farther on we hear the clink of the quarrymen's hammers: miles and miles of stone have been carried away from the heart of Cape Ann. Across the bay looms the eastern shore. Sea-coves invite the road down, or the road invites the sea alongside. One little nook—a cove of a cove—we look into from the road, or a bit of bridge that goes over it. From this nook, these two hundred years, the fisherman's encounter with the sea and fate has been hand to hand. His craft a dory, he wins his bread by hook and line, or sets his net and lobster-trap for luck. A mossy fish-house flanks one side; on the other, the home of the fisher-folk stands, almost within reach of the tide, with a tree or two to ward off the gaze of the curious passer-by.

On again, and we are at the end of the Cape, Pigeon Cove, where, it is said, in 1692, two young men built the first house as a refuge for their mother, who was denounced at Salem as a witch. Since that day, Pigeon Cove has had many a lover of its sea gleams

and glooms, its crags, its forest-paths and pastures of fern and sweet-scented bayberry-bushes, its bird-songs, its tinkling tides, and the sea-flavored talk of its old fisher-folk. Dana, the poet, discovered its charms forty years ago. Then another poet, Bryant, gave to woods, and fields, and shores the added charms of his presence. Then came artists, authors, and divines, and after the few, the multitude. The old gambrel-roofed inn and cozy quietude was obliged to make way for the Mansard and the summer throng.

One thing the loungeur and all his throng cannot take away—the old, old blue sea. Here it is, blue as far as the eye can go, and blue beyond. The many-handed sea! common carrier for all faring kind! Twice a day it fills, with the royal wine of its favor, the goblets it has hollowed out of the rock. Upon it east and west bound fleets come and go their silent way, all the more weird when they pass the silver wake of the moon. Happy vision if we chance to see a fleet of a hundred sail hover in the near offing!

Under the light of the full moon we ride on the remaining five or six miles to complete the tour, through the town of Rockport, and the farming suburbs of the city.

Vater and Gattin, whom these pages know, one summer day planned a row in their boat, the *Idler*, from Le Beau Port along the shore to Magnolia, a few miles. A fine thing to do at the best, but at the worst, not fine enough to tempt one twice. As they started, the wavellets, thinking it very jolly, no doubt, put little white feathers in their green caps and danced away to the shore. Vater rowed past Fisher-

men's Field, where Roger Conant and Miles Standish met, and the fourteen watchers waited; past Norman's Woe, where Longfellow wrecked the *Hesperus*—the wind rising, the little waves growing wilder with delight, or something which seems like it, and Gattin seated in the bottom of the boat. Higher the waves rise, higher the wind rises. "The rude and broken coast-line white with breakers" there to leeward gave no comfort to Vater at the oars, who headed the boat almost bayward, to keep out of the trough of the sea. Once or twice there came a little cry from Gattin, as a threatening wave higher than her head seemed about to break into the *Idler*. They took little thought of Whittier's lines:

"Of the marvellous valley hidden in the depths of
Gloucester woods,
Full of plants that love the summer—blooms of
warmer latitudes;
Where the Arctic birch is braided by the Tropic's
flowery vines,
And the white magnolia-blossoms star the twilight
of the pines."

However, they landed safely at Magnolia, and from the windows of the *Hesperus* house looked out upon the waves, which, now that the rowers were out of their reach, seemed to soften down.

There were boats and coast-scenery in Vater's dreams that night, and in them, after a perilous row in a dory, he found himself snug and safe climbing a stair-way in the harbor of Marblehead.

Marblehead!—it is no dream-land. Name it, and what stories of heroism, trial, and trouble throng to mind! Its old look is wearing away. Last summer a visitor found in the harbor but one old schooner; a coal-vessel was running in, and a few yachts were sunning themselves idly in its waters. The fish-houses and flakes are falling down; new houses look out from old places; but you look for the name of the street you are in, and it is that of a hero, or is historic in itself. Marblehead streets are crooked, but their names will wear.

GEORGE ELIOT.

It is no easy task to write for the public eye an account of a deeply venerated friend, whom death has newly taken. It is a task on which one might well shrink from entering, save at the wish of those whose desire in such a matter carries the force of a command. He who makes the attempt can scarcely avoid two opposite perils. Strangers will be apt to think his admiration excessive. Friends more intimate than himself, on the other hand, will find a disappointing incompleteness in any estimate formed by one less close than they,—one who, seeing only what his own nature allowed him to see, must needs leave so much unseen, untold. Between these conflicting dangers the only tenable course is one of absolute candor. To fail in candor, indeed, would be to fail in respect. "Obedience is the courtesy due to kings," and to the sovereigns of the world of mind the courtesy due is truth.

The world has already been made acquainted with most of the external facts of George Eliot's life. Mary Ann Evans, youngest child of Robert Evans, land agent, was born at Arbury, near Nuneaton, in Warwickshire, on November 22, 1820. Her birthplace was thus only some twenty miles from Shakspere's, and the "rookery elms" of her childish memories, survivors of the Forest of Arden, may have cast their shadow also on the poet of *Jaques* and *Rosalind*. Arbury

Hall, the seat of Sir Roger Newdigate, her father's principal employer, is reproduced as the Cheverel Manor of "Mr. Gilfil's Love-story." So, also, does Chilvers Coton Church appear as Shepperton, Astley Church—"The Lanthorn of Arden"—as Knebley, and Nuneaton as Milby, while many of the inhabitants of that quiet region are painted in "Scenes of Clerical Life," as they were, or as they might have been.

Her education was mainly self-acquired. For a short time—before she was ten years old—she was at school in Nuneaton, afterward at the Miss Franklins' in Coventry. "I began at sixteen," she says, in a letter which lies before me, "to be acquainted with the unspeakable grief of a last parting, in the death of my mother." After this loss, and the marriage of her brothers and sisters, she lived alone with her father, and in 1841 they removed from Griff House to Foleshill, near Coventry.

During all these early years, as, indeed, during all the years which followed them, religious and moral ponderings made the basis of George Eliot's life. To her, as to most of the more serious spirits of her generation, religion came first after the Evangelical—for a time even after the Calvinistic—pattern. The figure of Dinah Morris is partially taken from her aunt, Elizabeth Evans, whose