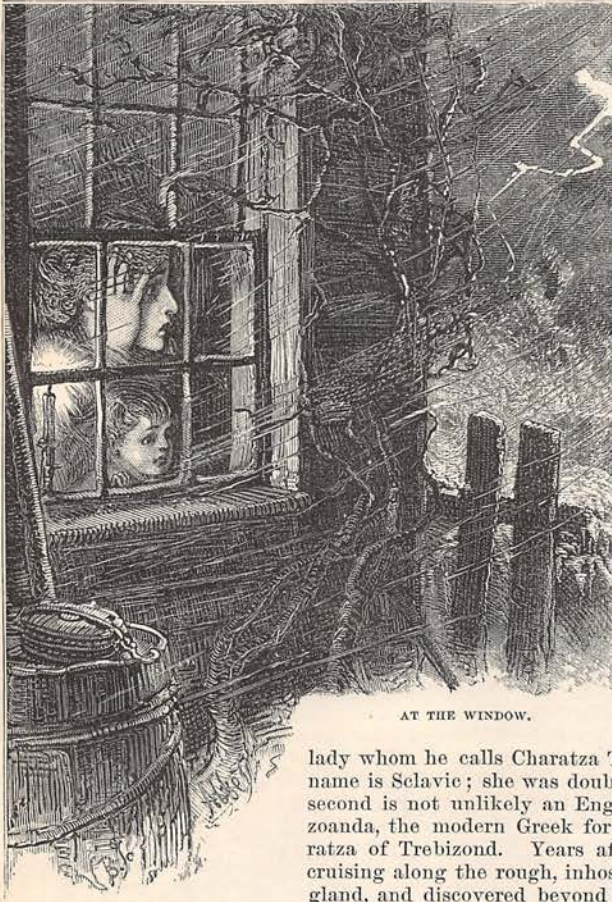


HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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GLOUCESTER AND CAPE ANN.



AT THE WINDOW.

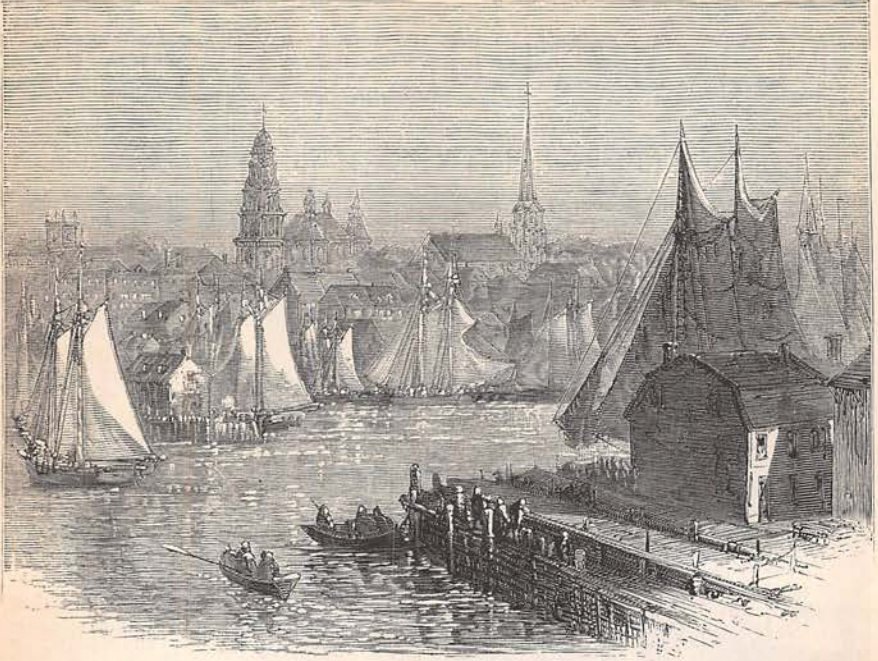
TO most persons the name of Captain John Smith, the early discoverer and adventurer, is chiefly known on account of its association with the name of Pocahontas. Some modern skeptic has, with that feeling of unbelief and irreverence which is one of the worst features of the age, been endeavoring to relegate that beautiful and romantic story to the domains of fiction. Whether this attempt be successful or no, and we hope it will never be heard of again, one or two bits of fact and romance in the history of Captain Smith must be accepted as true so long as any thing is believed by this unbelieving generation. It is probably not generally known that when a prisoner in Turkey, Captain Smith was befriended by a

lady whom he calls Charatza Tragabigzonda. The first name is Slavick; she was doubtless of such origin. The second is not unlikely an English corruption of Trabezoanda, the modern Greek for Trebizond; that is, Charatza of Trebizond. Years after this, in 1614, he was cruising along the rough, inhospitable coast of New England, and discovered beyond "Nainkeek," now Salem, "a fair headland," which, in grateful and affectionate

remembrance of the fair lady of his captivity, he named Cape Tragabigzonda. Charles I. altered this to Cape Ann, after his mother, the queen of James I. Smith also named Straitsmouth, Milk, and Thatcher's islands, off the pitch of the Cape, the Three Turks' Heads—a name afterward transferred to the triple-crested hill of Agamenticus, on the coast of Maine, one of the first landmarks visible to the mariner when he comes off the coast. Thatcher's Island, the most noteworthy of the three islands, is a long, narrow islet, whose lofty twin light-houses are visible a long distance, and are eagerly sought for by the homeward-bound sailor. They were first lighted December, 1771, or over one hundred years ago.

But although possessing a fine snug harbor, and lying directly in the path of vessels

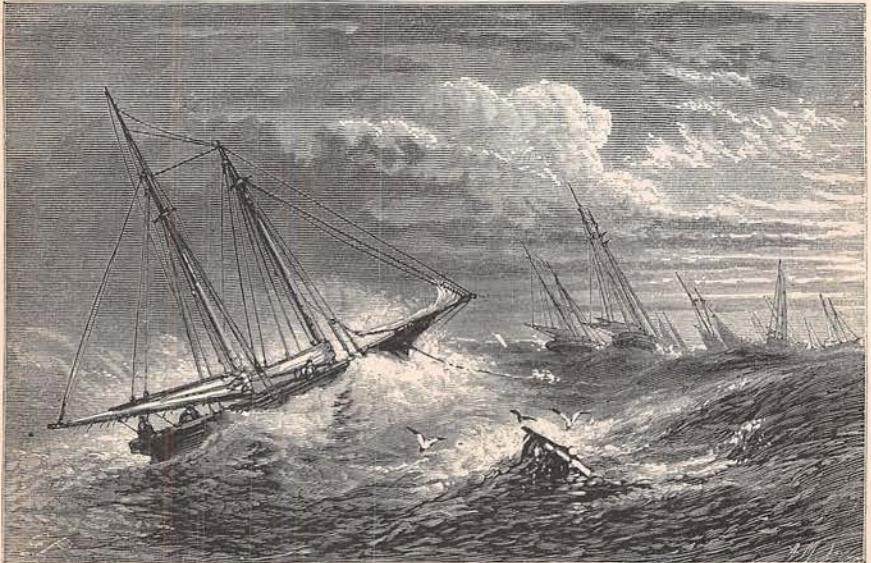
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GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

passing into Massachusetts Bay—and they were then becoming numerous—in search of cod, which then abounded in those waters, it was not until three years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and nine years after the discovery of the cape by Smith, that the first Englishman set-

tled on Cape Ann, at the place now called Gloucester. It is curious that from the very first the settlement took the character it has kept ever since, that of a fishing post. It was founded as a rendezvous where fishermen could cure their fish and fit out for their trips, and it has remained exclusively



RIDING OUT A GALE ON THE BANKS.



ANNISQUAM.

a fishing post to this day, a period of two hundred and fifty-one years. It is doubtful if this can be paralleled on this side of the ocean.

There is nothing especially remarkable to the general public in the history of Gloucester and Cape Ann during the colonial and Revolutionary periods, except the connection of the worthy sea-faring citizens with the witchcraft delusion which swept over New England in the seventeenth century. It deserves record as a valuable contribution to the history of demonology, and as a strong proof of the sincerity of former belief in satanic interposition in human affairs—an interposition which seems to exist in full force to this day, although it takes other forms than those of witchcraft: libel,

slander, bank defalcations, corruption in high places, and a general winking at crime, and a popular way of condoning or compounding with iniquity which some are pleased to call charity and optimism.

But to return to our muttoms. In 1692, about the time of the Salem tragedy, Beelzebub, with a legion of evil spirits, was reported to be marching on Gloucester. It was asserted that men were seen at various times in the neighborhood of the town, resembling Frenchmen; they were repeatedly pursued, surrounded, and fired upon, and occasionally fell as if hit, but started up again and fled into the bush, leaving no foot-print on the soil, and making no audible sound. These occurrences became so frequent and alarming as to shake the doughty



ANNISQUAM LIGHT, CAPE ANN.

souls of the men of Gloucester, insomuch that they garrisoned their fort for some weeks, and kept constantly on the alert against the powers of darkness, peppering away at them occasionally with what seems to have been an ineffectual waste of powder and ball. But so real and universal was the panic that a reinforcement of sixty valiant men was actually sent from Ipswich to assist in the defense of the place against its imaginary foes. Finding the town too vigilantly guarded to be carried either by *coup de main* or siege, his Plutonian excellency brought off his forces in good order, and calling up his reserves, made a combined, more insidious, and decisive attack on the Puritan settlements, which well-nigh succeeded at Salem.

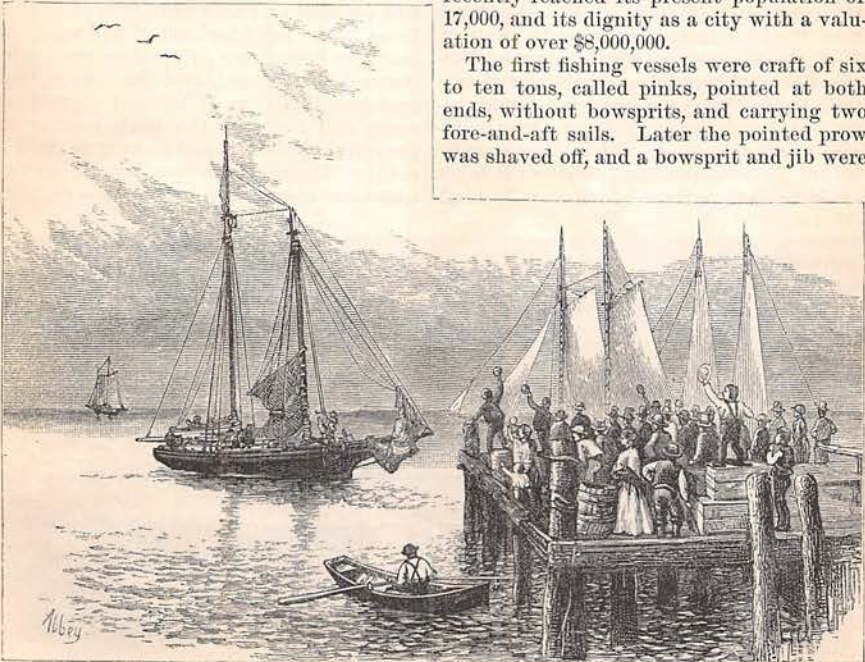
But, as before observed, the history of Gloucester centres in the fisheries. The yarns told at her firesides are of hair-breadth escapes at sea; her legends and romances have a flavor of the salt sea about them; her rugged red granite shore is marked with the scenes of memorable shipwrecks and storms; her town records are the records of fleets that have gone down on the Banks, of pinks and schooners that have foundered on the Georges, of heroes who have toiled for their families, and fought the grim battle of life with the fogs, the lightning, and the swooping billows of the sou'wester, and with the ice, the hail, and the short, savage cross seas and terrible blast of the raging nor'wester, while their

children have cried for their absent fathers, and their wives have lain awake through long, dreary nights, burning the light in the window, and straining their eyes to see, through the gloom of the storm, the long-expected vessel and the beloved form that perhaps have already gone down far at sea. Such is life on Cape Ann for those whose heritage is noble poverty, and whose lives are lives of honest toil. Her fishermen may not reap such dividends as the farmers who till the fat soil of the West, but they are not less enterprising nor less useful in plying their perilous craft, as they labor summer and winter on

"The fields that no man sows,
The farm that pays no fee."

The total number of vessels lost from the single little port of Gloucester for the forty-three years ending August, 1873, was 296, and the total number of lives lost during the same period amounted to 1437—an average of thirty-four lives and seven vessels annually. Twenty-eight vessels were lost during nine months of the year 1873, with a loss of 172 lives, leaving nearly two hundred widows and orphans. The loss of life and property has been over one-half on the Georges, rightly called the grave-yard of Cape Ann. It should be remembered also, in order fully to realize the terrible nature of this fearful record, that for many years Gloucester was but a small place. In 1840 it had only 6350 inhabitants, and has but recently reached its present population of 17,000, and its dignity as a city with a valuation of over \$8,000,000.

The first fishing vessels were craft of six to ten tons, called pinks, pointed at both ends, without bowsprits, and carrying two fore-and-aft sails. Later the pointed prow was shaved off, and a bowsprit and jib were



ARRIVAL OF A FISHING SCHOONER.



OLDEST HOUSE, PIGEON COVE, CAPE ANN.

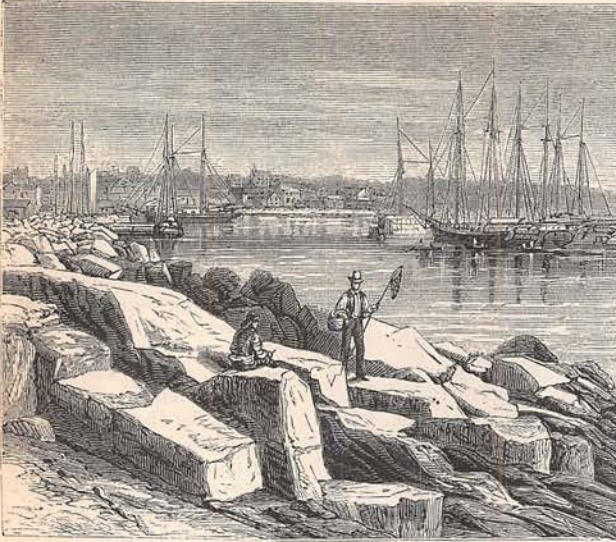
added, and the vessel, retaining its pink stern, was then termed a jigger. The fishing vessels which now sail out of Gloucester with lines graceful as those of a yacht, swift and buoyant and the best sea-boats in the world, are appropriately rigged as schooners, for at Gloucester the name and the rig were first invented. In 1713 Captain Andrew Robinson launched a vessel whose rig was what is now called a schooner, gaffs instead of the lateen yards until then in use, and the luff of the sail bent to hoops on the mast. As she slipped down the ways a by-stander exclaimed, "Oh, how she schooners!" "A schooner let her be!" replied the builder, catching at the word intuitively.

other days, or with men before the mast in the merchant service now. Fresh pies, biscuit, fowls, eggs, and other similar deli-

The total number of vessels now registered in the district of Gloucester, which includes a few owned at Manchester, Rockport, and Essex, is 496, of which seven are steam-vessels, comprising in all 28,775 tons. While the number of vessels is slightly decreasing, the tonnage is on the increase, which shows that the size of the vessels is growing larger, while the fishing business is in a thriving condition. Sixteen were added to the fleet last year. Of these vessels, 420 are engaged exclusively in the fisheries. The total product for the year ending June, 1873, was \$3,435,500. The number of men directly employed in these vessels is about 6000; many of them are from the provinces, and make excellent skippers and seamen, while Sweden, Norway, and the Portuguese islands contribute a large number, who are generally capable, orderly, and industrious. They fare very well, as compared with the fishermen of



PIGEON COVE, CAPE ANN.



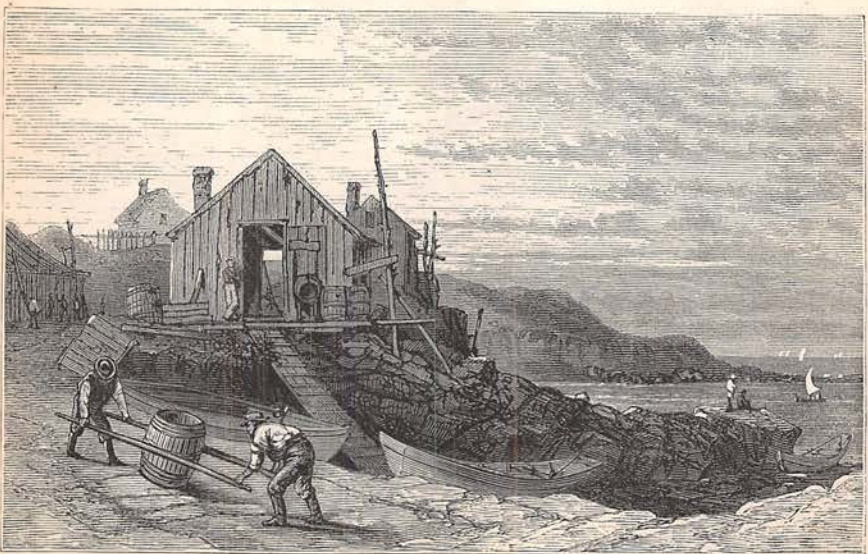
PIGEON COVE HARBOR.

ancies are not unfrequently seen in the fore-castle of a Gloucester banker.

The mackerel fishermen usually start out as early as the last of February for the Georges Banks, the worst time of the year for winds, and as they anchor near together in ranks on those treacherous shoals, where even in calm weather the tide rips swirl and boil in an extraordinary manner, if one drags her anchors in a gale of wind, it is almost a dead certainty that, as she sweeps on to destruction, she will fall foul of some of her companions and involve them in a com-

mon doom, which is the reason why it is rare to hear of one vessel being lost alone on the Georges. The mackerel fishermen bound to other waters, with the cod, halibut, and haddock fishermen, do not start until later. The cod are caught chiefly on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, where the watch-lights twinkle in the midnight gloom in company with those of the French fishermen of Miquelon and St. Pierre. Many mackerel are caught in the Bay of St. Lawrence, off Cape North, Sidney, and the Magdalen Islands, where the daring fishermen often linger

until late in the fall, and are often embayed by tremendous gales among those inhospitable shores, without sea-room, on a lee shore, and no safe port to run to. The haddock and halibut are oftener caught on Brown's Bank and within the waters of New England. It is a curious sight to see a schooner come in from the Banks loaded down nearly to the scuppers and packed to the beams with cod-fish. The wharf is lined with eager spectators as she glides up to her dock with a leading wind. The foresail comes in, then the mainsail is lowered, and



FOLLY COVE, CAPE ANN.



NORMAN'S WOE.

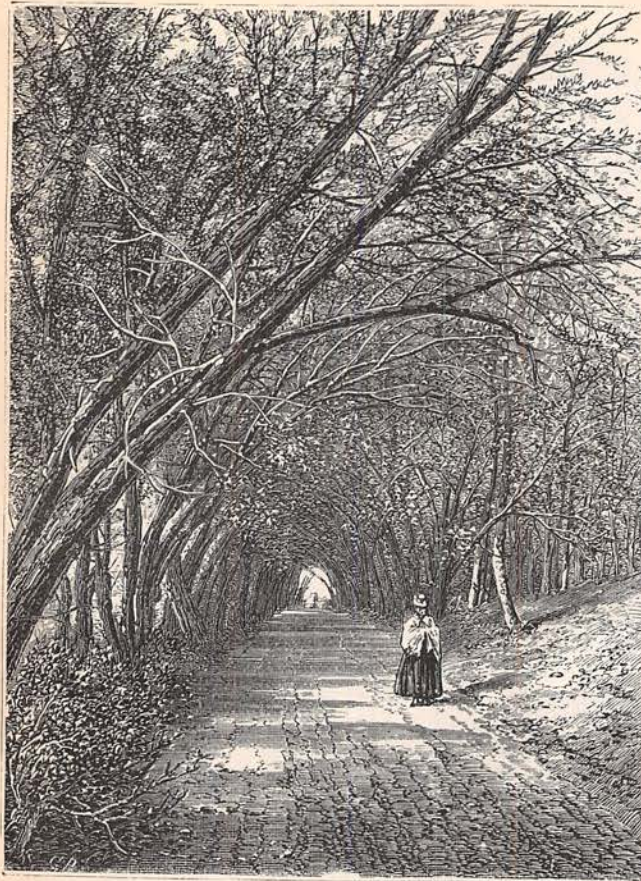
handed by a crew weather-beaten and clumsily limber in useful but not graceful Cape Cod sea-boots, sou'westers, and oil-jackets, and with the inevitable clay pipe jutting out beyond the bushy, untrimmed beard. Then the jib down-haul is manned, and a number of boys, eager for the day when they can go to the Banks, catch the hawsers, and make her fast to the pier fore and aft. Amidst a hail-storm of questions asked and answered on both sides, the crew range themselves on board and on shore, with one-tined pitchforks, and proceed to unload with the rapidity and regularity of machinery. The men in the hold heave the fish on deck, thence they are tossed on the wharf. Another turn of the pitchfork lands them under the knife, their heads and tails come off, and they are split open almost in a second, and are then salted and laid on the fish stages or trellises to dry, after which they are ready to serve up to good Christians either for fish-balls on Sunday or for hash on Friday.

In connection with its fisheries Gloucester

has the largest importing trade of any port in Massachusetts, except Boston. An average of thirty square-rigged vessels laden with salt, etc., enter the place annually from foreign ports.

The city also does a large business in the manufacture of oil-clothes, which are rather more necessary to the seaman than a dress-coat and white cravat are considered at a wedding, and are quite *de rigueur* at any parties given by Neptune, when the winds furnish the music for the dance of the schooners on the Banks. The oil-clothes of Gloucester find a market in every port of America.

The topography of Cape Ann is peculiar. It will surprise some to learn that a large part of it is practically an island. A vessel can completely circumnavigate it. That looks as if it were insular. The fact is that the seaward and largest half of the cape is divided from the other half by the Annisquam River, which is a broad winding inlet spreading laterally into winding creeks and salt marshes, and extending from Ipswich



WILLOW ROAD, LANESVILLE.

man's Woe, a reef immortalized by Longfellow's ballad, "The Wreck of the Schooner *Hesperus*;" but there is no authentic story which accounts for the weird name given to the ledge from time immemorial. The city lies on a range of hills around the port, presenting an effective appearance, especially if one happens to see it on a calm summer's day, as a background to a marine picture, when a fleet of two or three hundred schooners is putting to sea, after a storm, spreading their white duck against the blue sky, and fanning gently hither and thither singly or in picturesque groups before the cat's-paws, or idly drifting out eastward, stretching in a long line beyond Thatcher's Island, and catching the fresh breeze that is darkening the distant

Bay until within a few rods of Massachusetts Bay on the South, where a very narrow neck of land formerly joined the cape to the main-land. This, however, was divided many years ago by a canal called the Cut, which it was expected would be of great advantage for small vessels, especially in time of war—a hope which has never been fully realized. The town of Gloucester extends entirely across the cape north and south, including Annisquam, Lanesville, the pretty little hamlet of Riverdale, and Magnolia, a charming summering settlement on Kettle Cove. On the eastern shore are the fishing and quarrying towns of Rockport and Pigeon Cove, which ought to be included within the corporation to which they naturally and doubtless will ere many years belong. Gloucester Harbor is a small but safe haven inside of Ten Pound Island, but the outer port lies open to the sea, and the entrance is dangerous in heavy weather on account of the bar stretching across it.

Opposite Eastern Point, on the left hand to vessels entering, are Kettle Island and Nor-

offing. Here the green of their graceful hulls, the gilt scroll-work on the bows, and the canvas on the lofty masts are reflected with absolute fidelity on the calm surface; or beyond they are seen heeling over to the first breath of the incoming sea-wind, that ruffles the burnished steel of the sheeny swell, forming altogether a spectacle of inexhaustible variety and beauty.

The streets of Gloucester are not quite as abrupt as those of quaint old Marblehead, but they are, notwithstanding, quite broken and irregular in parts, presenting, however, a general appearance of thrift and comfort. A number of antique buildings still remain, while an elegant and commodious City Hall was opened in 1871.

Annisquam, or, as it is familiarly called, Squam, which some say was the original Indian name, with the prefix Ann's, is also an old settlement on Ipswich Bay, with steep, narrow, winding rural lanes and a snug little harbor, across which, at the entrance, lies a dangerous bar. It is a well-known port of refuge for small fishermen



LOBSTER COVE, ANNISQUAM.

when a northeaster is blowing, which has given rise to the ridiculous story of a preacher on the cape who was holding forth on a certain Sabbath to a congregation of old salts on the necessity of securing to themselves a haven of refuge against the day of wrath. "Supposing," he said, "you should get caught out in the bay, the clouds growing blacker and blacker, the sea rising, and the wind threatening a gale, wouldn't you feel the need of some safe harbor, and how would you do in such a case?" "Put your helm up and bear away for Squam!" out spoke an old fisherman from a remote corner of the "meetin'-house." Squam is reached from Gloucester by a ride in old-fashioned stages which connect with the railroad at Gloucester. A continuation of Squam is Bay View, where General Butler has his summer residence, and keeps his yacht, the famous *America*, winner of the Queen's cup. Adjoining this, and substantially part of it, is the charming village of Lanesville, also lying by the shore of the vast ocean. Two or three miles beyond is Pigeon Cove, which is a sort of feeler thrown out by Rockport, which little fishing port completes the cordon of quaint, half-ancient, half-modern settlements of Cape Ann. Most of them have more or less to do with the quarrying of granite, and the busy, not unmusical ringing click-click of the chisel and the mallet is an ordinary sound on the cape. This business has caused the construction of several of the

smallest and snugest ports in the world. A breakwater of massive granite some forty feet high is built across a little cove, with an entrance only large enough to allow a vessel to slip through into a haven perfectly secure from the wildest storms, but barely four or five acres in extent. Lanesville Harbor is probably the most curious place of this sort on this side of the Atlantic.

The general appearance of the cape is rocky in the extreme, while there are no very lofty precipices on the coast, nor any very striking features any where visible, as on the coasts of other lands. The effect is wild, but can hardly be said to be cheering. The fields are strewn with stones, as if it had rained rocks there in some unknown day of Divine retribution in past ages. The whole land is astonishingly wrinkled, like a limp handkerchief, with hills, hillocks, hummocks, and the angular shoulders of untamable ledges and bowlders, with occasional phenomena like Rafe's Crack and Trap Rock Chasm; while the woods are of a similar austere character, sombre pines and cedars evermore chanting a solemn and dirge-like music to the ocean winds, like an echo of the everlasting roar of the surge on the rocky shore. Here and there, like a caprice of nature, are bits of idyllic beauty, a quiet little nook by a brook-side, or a pool reflecting the blue sky on its quiet bosom, unconscious of the raging ocean close at hand, like the pure soul of a child still ig-

norant of the stormy world, and reflecting the innocence of heaven; then a delicious avenue of embowering willows steals on the view, and fills one with delight which is heightened by contrast with the wild scenes just beyond.

At present the cape is overrun annually for three or four months by an army from the cities. The era of boarding-houses, shanties, and shooting-boxes has fairly set in. The trim yacht is seen lying in the coves alongside of some rusty old pink or granite drogher; the weather-worn and quaint gambrel-roofed farm-houses are turned for the nonce into villas. They are garished with new porches, lace curtains, and croquet grounds; and cottages presenting a

cross between an Italian villa and a Chinese joss-house are perched on the hill-tops and planted among the buildings of the early settlers, not always with perfect success as regards effect. There is hardly any thing that will so test the sense of propriety and artistic taste as the location and construction of a country-seat, whether simple or pretentious. So many fail, so few succeed, in the attempt, it may be considered a crucial test of one's capacity in such matters. The ideal country residence is yet to be designed; but one thing in its construction, and the last thing usually thought of, should be fitness. A building that would look well by the Thames or in Venice is not suited to Cape Ann.

A DREAM OF FAIR WEATHER.

By JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

A STRANGE wild being, half goat, half man—
While past him the plover and dunlin flew,
And over his hoofs the river waves ran—
Blew on a reed, and blew and blew
The one monotonous tune that he knew.

And a wind came out of the dusky south,
Calling the rose with a mellow sough,
Like a whistle-call from a lover's mouth:
And the rose, the red rose, sweetly enough,
Bowed in acknowledgment thereof.

And out of the south with the wind there flew
A great blue heron that drifted low,
And dropped by the river where tall reeds grew,
And where bright willows waved to and fro
O'er the nest of a teal in the flags below.

Midmost a smile on the river's face
In a kiss of ripples the lily seep;
And here and there in the liquid space,
Where great brown turtles lazily crept,
In shoals the glittering sun-perch leapt.

An oriole, deep in its braided nest,
On the waves of the south wind rocked and rolled,
With the little cup fitted so close to its breast
That it looked like some splendid molten gold
Poured from a crucible into a mould.

In a hovering cloud of butterflies,
Lulled by a murmur of drowsy bees,
And flooded with sweets and the tender eyes
Of a bed of bloom in the stream of the breeze,
A maiden slept in the dusk of the trees.

A humming-bird daintily touched her mouth,
Finding it sweet as a rose-bud is—
As red and sweet as a rose of the south—
And she smiled in her sleep, saying, "It is his kiss:
I knew my lover would come for this!"

Her lute lay beside her, and lo! the wind
Stirred to music its tuned strings;
In a quiver of rapture the long grass leaned,
And swarms of beautiful gilded things
Hung tranced in the air on filmy wings.

And out of the forest a youth there came,
Tall and strong and lithe of limb,
Who stopped and called a musical name
Till the maiden sprang up and answered him
From the pool of blooms in the shadows dim.

But sleep was loath to let go her eyes,
Though her lover's kisses again and again
Thrilled them through with a sweet surprise,
And opened them like blue lily-buds twain
Blown into blossom after a rain.

Her long gold hair fell down and down,
Till like a robe it enveloped her
With a mist of splendor from foot to crown;
And the breath of her lips was sweeter far
To her lover than all the bloom scents were.

She leaned on his breast, and he pressed her close,
And kissed her again 'mid the singing of birds;
And the sough of the south wind calling the rose,
And the south wind touching the lute's sweet cords,
Drowned to a murmur his loving words.

The butterflies rose from the flowers and fled
With the gold-sharded beetles and brown honey-bees,
And away like a bolt the humming-bird sped,
While suddenly, utterly up in the trees,
Their singing the emulous choirs did cease.

"Let us go," said her lover, "while yet we are young,
And life is like wine in the cup of the heart,
While love is a song that is yet unsung—
Come, let us go from all others apart:
Go with me, drift with me, just as thou art!"

So she took up her lute, and together they went,
Slow, side by side, in the summer land,
Where the grass flowed free (like a sea star-sprent),
With bubbles of blossoms and fragrance-fanned,
Till they reached and stood on the river's sand.

He drew from its hiding a light canoe,
Launched it, and both stepped in with smiles;
He dipped the oars, the south wind blew,
And away they went through the subtle wiles
Of the sheeny stream, by its drowsy isles.

Her hair on the wind, like a sun-smitten cloud,
Floated in long bright brushes of gold;
She touched her lute, and sang out so loud
That the river fringes, through every fold
Of willows and rushes and plane-trees old,

Trembled with pleasure, and leaned far down
Where the water-rails in their sleek tight coats,
And the great blue heron and dunlin brown,
Tiptoed on the sand with outstretched throats,
Caught in the wonderful snare of her notes.

Oh, ever and ever the weather was fair,
And ever and ever the view was fine:
They laughed and sang, nor dreamed of a care,
But floated right on in the sweet sunshine
Till they drank life up like drinking good wine.

Now, when they were gone, the goat-footed man,
With the furry ears, hilarious grew,
And up and down by the river ran,
And blew on a reed, and blew and blew
The one delightful tune that he knew.