

and the angry billows fill the bay with foaming crests; the mournful tolling of the bell-buoy is borne in on the hurrying wind; and the scudding clouds fly swiftly over.

Although the sandy bluff whereon the summer cottages have been erected is the spot to which the name of the Cliff properly belongs, yet in popular parlance the name has come to be universally applied to the beach at its foot. Here are found the bath-houses and every convenience for the enjoyment of still-water bathing. The sandy beach is clean and free from pebbles, and shelves so gradually that danger is unknown. It is a very popular resort, and on every pleasant day the water is alive with bathers. On the shore are long rows of sea-weed, raked up at low tide, and utilized as resting-places by scores of idle lookers-on.

Bright dresses and many hued parasols lend color to a scene already enlivened by the vivid suits of the bathers. Along the water's edge are groups of children, digging in the sand with pail and shovel, or dragging tiny boats through the mimic breakers.

Visitors may ride from the town to the Cliff in the public "beach-wagon," or enjoy a most charming trip by water in a yacht which plies as a "packet." The latter course affords a pleasant sail in ordinary calm water, and a taste of the delicious, salty flavor of the ocean breeze.

Just above the bath-houses at the Cliff is the shore end of the Jetty, which is rapidly stretching out toward the bell-buoy. This work has been undertaken under the auspices of the government, and is designed to concentrate the currents at one narrow pass, to sweep away the bar, which at present is a great obstruction to navigation, and to maintain a deep channel.

When this is accomplished, Nantucket will become a port of refuge, and her harbor will be accessible to a class of vessels which has never before been able to enter it, except by the aid of a most curious appliance.

This was a sort of floating dry-dock, a model of which is preserved in the Athenæum building, and which was known as the "camels." It was built in separate pieces, like sections of a dry-dock, the inner side of each being concave. The two pieces were held together by fifteen chains, that passed obliquely down through one camel, under the keel of the ship, and up through the other. Each half had its separate engine, propeller, and rudder. When a ship arrived off the bar, they steamed out to her and were filled and sunk. The ship was then hauled into her berth, and the water pumped out. When in proper position the immense mass drew not over five feet of water, and was easily towed into port. The "Constitution" was the first ship successfully taken out to sea. This occurred in September, 1842. The "camels" were used some five or six years, but after the whaling business had considerably declined, the heavy expenses of repairing them overbalanced the receipts, and they were suffered to fall into decay. The plan of the Jetty was suggested as early as 1825, and a committee, including Thomas Folger (father of the present Secretary of the Treasury), was appointed by the town to visit Washington and solicit aid from Congress.

Subsequently a channel was dredged out, but was filled up quickly by the winter storms. A canal at the "haulover," now called Wauwinet, was among the many plans suggested to improve the harbor; but in 1879 Gen. G. K. Warren made a survey under orders from Congress, and recommended the adoption of the Jetty system. The Jetty is a marked feature of the bay, with the waves breaking on its long line of rough and irregularly piled stones, from the fact that elsewhere on the island can scarcely be found a pebble as big as one's fist. A few of the principal streets, paved with imported cobblestones, are perhaps the only other exceptions in this waste of sand. A waste, but not a desert by any means, for there are over seven hundred known varieties of wild flowers on the island. Wide spaces are entirely covered with the exquisite shades of the violet, the houstonia, the cinquefoil, and the stellaria in their season. The wild azalea and the scarlet pimpernel are occasionally met, while the white and yellow goldenrod, the carpet-grass, and the fragrant orange-grass meet us at every turn. The daisy, favorite of fashion, is found everywhere, and beautiful mosses, lichens, and ferns reward the patient search of the botanist.

Let us now ascend the Old South Church tower on Orange Street, watch with "Billy" Clark for the evening brood, and gaze on the panorama of the island spread out beneath us. Thence we must visit the "Old House" on the North Shore hill, built by Jethro Coffin in 1686. The ancient structure is two stories in height, and is situated some distance back from the street and well elevated above it. It is gray and weather-beaten in its old overcoat of shingles, but bears its age like a sturdy, well-preserved old man. On the face of the large square chimney toward the street is a V shaped figure, sometimes called a harp. A member of the Coffin family bought the old house some years ago for preservation. Another old building is the house erected for Richard Gardner in 1724, and still standing on the south side of West Centre Street. In this building is a portrait of Mary Coffin, wife of Jethro Coffin, painted in 1717. Among other relics of interest is the sword used in the service of King George III. by Major Josiah Coffin, a cartridge-box, and a unique pitcher made in Liverpool for one of Major Coffin's children, and adorned with the major's likeness. Another ancient house has a double chimney, the centre doing duty as

a chimney, while the shell around it has the reputation of having served to conceal smuggled goods.

A great place of interest to the curiosity seeker is the museum in the Athenæum building. Here are many relics of the old whaling voyages, implements, and weapons from Pacific islands, etc. The jawbone of a large sperm whale, branching out at the end where it united with the head, has a desk placed within the triangular space thus formed, and upon this desk lies a register which tourists enrich with their autographs. The aged custodian has his stereotyped tale in relation to the principal curiosities under his charge, and wicked visitors, with interjected questions, sometimes throw the poor man off the track and force him to commence his lecture over again.

The town of Nantucket, however rich in old associations and filled with places of interest, does not embrace all that we wish to see on this queer old island. The little narrow-gauge railroad, with its open cars and shrill-voiced engine, will take us to Surf Side, its present terminus. We rattle over the water at the edge of the harbor, cut across the old goose-pond, and, with a piercing shriek from our little locomotive, pass the crossing of the Siasconset road and come out on the heath-covered plain. In lieu of a forest we skirt the edge of a grove of stunted pines, and find ourselves upon the ocean shore at Surf Side. The journey across the island is attended with all the squeaking and jerking, rattling and jarring, of a speed of sixty miles an hour, but loss of life or fracture of limb would hardly await the venturesome youth who should leap from the "lightning express" when in motion. We have chosen a good day to visit Surf Side, a day when the wind blows strongly on shore, and before we have half crossed the island the sullen boom of the surf greets our ears and grows louder and louder as we draw nearer to it. From the low bluff, only a few steps from the Surf Side station, a grand scene greets the vision. As far as the curving outlines of the shore will permit the eye to range, the white capped breakers are thundering in and filling the air with a continuous and deafening diapason. White-caps are thick on the waves outside, and, as they near the shore, the crests rise high in air, the tops break into curling white, and they dash far up the shore with terrible force. Then the fleecy mass of bubbles, the million-shattered fragments of the mighty wave, race back down the clean, brown sand, only to be driven again and again on the beach.

When illuminated by fire-rafts, or by the mellow, golden light of the full moon, the surf is most beautiful and grand. Save in the track of the moon's bright rays or the glare of the fire, the waves are cold and black and massive. But as they near the shore marvelous tints of beryl and emerald green shine through their transparent crests and the foam and spray gleams ivory white, or glow for an instant tipped with golden fire.

From this shore the mariner, steering a straight course across the Atlantic Ocean, meets no land till he reaches distant Spain. Off the island in this direction are the dangerous Nantucket South Shoals, relics of the prehistoric day when the mainland of Massachusetts stretched one hundred miles to the southward of its present limits. And on this shore is the first life-saving station established on the island. This station is fitted with every approved appliance for rescuing the shipwrecked and ministering to their necessities and comforts. Many a life has been saved by the keeper and his seven assistants, who patrol, night after night, in all kinds of weather, miles upon miles of sandy beach. Nantucket and her North and South Shoals are dreaded by sailors, too many of whom have lost their lives on these sands.

Since the island's settlement something like five hundred ships have been either totally wrecked or met with some mishap on or near Nantucket. Among the most noted and distressing were the wrecks of the schooner "Haynes" and the ship "Newton." The "Haynes" was found off the west end of the island, on Dec. 24, 1865, encased in ice from her truck to the water. Notwithstanding that the thermometer stood at six degrees below zero, the Humane Society's boat was quickly manned and launched. Not a soul was found on board, for all had taken to the boat and perished. Afterward the boat and oars were picked up on the shore, and one dead sailor near them. The next day, Christmas, 1865, in a terrible southeast gale, the iron ship "Newton" was driven ashore at Surf Side, went to pieces, and every man was lost. Fourteen bodies were recovered from the sea after these two wrecks and buried with union services, in which all the clergy of the island assisted. Only a few days before these wrecks, on Dec. 21, the schooner "Eveline Treat" struck on Miacomet Rip, and her crew were rescued by means of a life-line. While getting the captain ashore the block or line would not traverse, and for half an hour the old man hung midway, beaten in the face by foam, drenched to the skin, and half frozen, in the sight of fifteen hundred people gathered on the beach. At last a young man, Frederick W. Rumsdell by name, volunteered to rescue him, and, throwing off his coat, putting a knife between his teeth, and fastening a light rope around his waist, he went out the rope hand over hand, cleared the block, and brought the captain ashore in safety. Nantucket has a long roll of heroes, four natives having received gold medals and eighteen silver ones for their acts of unselfish daring.

With the railroad comes modern enterprise to

Surf Side. A new hotel opens for the first time this summer, and a number of cottages are being erected on land which, before the advent of the locomotive, was desolate and bare. Siasconset, or "Sconset" in the island vernacular, is another spot we must not fail to look upon. In a year or two we can visit it by rail, but now we must take a beach-wagon and drive across; and, to the writer's mind, we shall find it a plan productive of more pleasure, even if less expeditious.

The road across the island must stir the blood of the veteran campaigner and awaken reminiscences of old army days. Like the track of an army it spreads wide before us, the turf seamed with deep ruts, into which the carriage-wheels sink nearly to their hubs; and, the way once chosen, it must be followed to the end or turned from at peril. Side by side, crossing, running into each other, and interlacing, these trails cover a wide space of ground, and one almost imagines, and strains his eyes to see, far ahead, the long trains of army wagons on the march. 'Sconset itself is a little toy village dropped from the clouds on the top of a sandy bluff. You miss the little green trees with their rounded standards, and the meeting-house with its tall, slim spire. The architecture differs, too, from the Nuremberg model, but it is difficult to believe, nevertheless, that the wood-carvers of the Black Forest did not shape this little village; and you look for the man with the key to come, wind it up, and set it all in motion. The diminutive post-office is a fair sample of these play-houses lived in by grown people, and only the figure-head in its yard distinguishes it from scores of other structures in the township. The houses are all huddled together like a flock of frightened sheep, and are storm-stained and gray like their wool. 'Sconset is to the Nantucketer what Nantucket is to the Bostonian. Here he comes to sniff the ocean air, to enjoy his summer resort, to bathe in the surf, which rolls in nearly as heavily as at Surf Side. Life-lines are rigged off the beach, and expert swimmers are always at hand, so that he enjoys his sport attended by little danger.

Siasconset is primarily a fishing village, although a few cottagers have invaded the town and built up the little settlements called Sunset Heights and Detroit Village. A mile and a half north from 'Sconset is Sankaty Head and Sankaty Lighthouse. This headland is one of the highest points on Nantucket, rising some ninety-five feet above the sea level, and is supposed to have been the first point seen by Cosnold when he discovered the island. Away down on its steep side a wonderful variety of shells can be dug out from a stratum of shells, which probably underlies the whole island. The Indians called the bluff Naphcheecoy, which signifies "around the head." Along the edge of the bluff is a wooden rail and a row of seats behind it. Some years ago a lady, standing too near the brink, lost her balance and fell down the steep declivity to the beach below. When her friends reached the spot, expecting to find her dead or seriously injured, to their great surprise she was unhurt, but rather bewildered by her rapid rolling descent. Sankaty Light shone out, above its tower of banded white, red, and white, for the first time, on Feb. 2, 1850. Standing as it does on so high a headland, it forms in daylight a prominent feature of the landscape, seen from almost any point on the island. At night its brilliant star is visible forty miles at sea. Uncle Sam does not allow his servants to tax visitors to his domains, but the genial keeper finds a ready sale of lemonade in his cosy little house, and many a view of the lighthouse is bought by the visitors to requite in some measure his careful and courteous attendance. Ascending the circular iron stairway and the short ladder at the top, we find ourselves gazing upon the Fresnel lenses and the mechanism of the lamp itself. Here is the delicate machinery that feeds the oil, and here the cogs and wheels and other mechanism that revolves the lamp and produces the fifty seconds of fixed light and the flash of ten seconds. The great lenses, this sunny day, are carefully shrouded in a thick covering, and yellow curtains are drawn to keep out the solar heat, that would otherwise melt all this delicate brass and steel work with its fiery touch. Outside, from the rail platform, one hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea-level, a beautiful scene meets the eye in every direction. A panorama of the island is before us on the one hand, while on the other the expanse of ocean melts away in the distance till the blue of sea and sky blend together, and we cannot tell where one ends and the other begins. Those pigmies, black specks of humanity far up the beach, are ranging the shore at Wauwinet, while beyond them in the hazy distance the plain white tower of Great Point Light shows faintly above the snowy sand-hills of the point itself. The whole coast-line of this eastern shore is spread out as on a map, and familiar places seen from this vantage-point put on new semblances and fresh picturesqueness.

A sail to Wauwinet is another charming trip. The "Lillian," one of the fleet of trim yachts that claim Nantucket as their harbor, makes two trips a day each way, and the voyage, being in land locked waters, is peculiarly acceptable to invalids or those afraid of *mal de mer*. At nine o'clock the heavy sail is hoisted. We glide around the projecting end of the steamboat wharf and swing out into the harbor. Under the influence of the light breeze the boat leans over slightly, and the waves wash and splash against her side. We pass Brant Light and the entrance to the harbor, and shape our course inside Coatue. We have left the town

and the few yachts and schooners which make up the shipping in the harbor far behind us, and now the wind freshens a bit. The boat heels over more, and the water ripples along only a little below her rail. The billows strike against her side with more force, and parasols are hoisted and coat collars turned up to ward off the little whiff of spray that every now and then fly into the boat. But she ploughs her way swiftly along through the hurrying waves, and the breeze only gives us a feeling of exhilaration and pleasure. The eight miles of this delightful sail are only too rapidly passed over, and we are all sorry that it is ended when we draw up to the long Wauwinet pier. On the bank is the Wauwinet House, with its wide porch and open dining-hall, the lawn varied with tennis net and open seats, where one can sit and gaze on the harbor view. The shores of the harbor attract the children, who are soon busily engaged in picking up scallop shells from the hundreds and thousands cast up by the water.

Wauwinet, or "the haulover," as formerly called, is the extremity of the harbor, and a very short walk brings one to the ocean beach. Down at the right, several miles away, but seemingly only an easy stroll, rises the steep bluff of Sankaty, crowned with the lighthouse. At the left, just showing over the sand-hills, peeps the chalky tower of Great Point Light, and off the point itself hover the white wings of the bluefishing fleet sailing back and forth through the "Rip," standing away from the point and tacking to make the run again. Off the Wauwinet shore is the favourite haunt of the shark-fishers. A long, black whaleboat takes her crew aboard at the edge of the surf. Taking advantage of the returning current, a sturdy push and a quick, strong pull of the oars, as the boat rises on the crest of the incoming breakers, soon puts them safely across the line of foam and out on the heaving bosom of old ocean. Well off shore the boat is anchored, and pitched and rolls on the waves, while the giant hooks, well baited, await in the still waters below their victims. Sometimes the delay is slight, and sometimes the day wanes without a single capture, but when the contest comes, if come it does, it is sharp and exciting. The mighty fish struggles and pulls back, lashing the water into foam in his efforts to escape, but a lucky blow on his snout effectually quiets him, and the nine hundred-pound prize is secured and taken ashore in triumph.

Burdette assures us that when a man has once caught a shark, the capture of a few score bluefish, more or less, retains no charm for him; and the only thing that would rouse him to increased enthusiasm would be the pursuit and capture of a whale.

Still bluefishing has its votaries; men who swear by it, and who are never happy save when fish are plenty and the wind is blowing free. Bluefishing certainly has this advantage over sharking, that the boat is in constant motion, and, even if the fish do not favor us with bites, we can enjoy the sail. A bluefishing party, starting out from the steamboat wharf some summer morning, is a curious and amusing sight to those with whom "familiarity has not bred contempt." Immense hats of coarse straw, their only trimming a narrow band of red braid around the edge, crown the heads of the gentlemen like huge umbrellas. The ladies of the party wear the same fantastic head-gear, the sides tied down by ribbon, and the effect being to "outpoke" the poke bonnet itself. Every one has left his good clothes ashore and masquerades in his oldest suit. If the day promises rain, or the wind is high, oil suits must be carried, and the general evil appearance of the party enhanced. Then the average bluefisher, save on his maiden voyage, carries a fluid countenance that would put a lobster to the blush, further ornamented by a nose that would outshine a locomotive headlight and almost do duty for a lighthouse. An early start is usually made, and boat after boat glides out of the harbor and bears away for Great Point or Tuckernuck.

The former is the favorite resort, for the fish are usually larger than the general "run" elsewhere. The wind and tide, however, must regulate our choice of localities. The distance to Great Point is about eight miles and the sail is most pleasant. Unless the wind is good it is useless to try the sport, for the heavy drails must move through the water rapidly to deceive the hungry fish. So the shore recedes quickly as we leave Brant Point behind and head our yacht for her cruising-ground. The Cliff, with its bath-houses and cottages, and the Jetty show at the left for a moment, but the boat is speeding onward and they are soon far behind.

The bell-buoy clangs mournfully as the white-capped waves dash against it, and in the distance a white-bellied shark leaps full length out of the water to free himself from his hungry parasites. Flocks of gulls far ahead are screaming chattering, whirling in circles over the water, and at intervals diving into its depths. As the boat draws near them the mate places in position the iron lances that support the outside lines, and, fastening the lines themselves, drops the heavy drails, freshly covered, into the tossing waves. Each of the lines is quickly cared for, and by the time the boat has reached and scattered the flock of gulls, all are on the alert for fish. Suddenly one of the party commences to haul in the heavy line that stretches out in the wake of the boat taut and stiff as a rod of iron. He braces himself and pulls in hand over hand. Now and then the line slips for an instant, but he quickly recovers his grasp and pulls with renewed strength and rapidity. As the drail comes nearer in, the noble fish appears