

in the huge swell of our wake. Thousands visit "The Islands" daily, a fleet of ten boats making constant trips; cottages and club-houses, innumerable almost, shelter the summer population, while the white tents of campers are anchored in every available spot.

Steam and sailing craft of every style are met or passed in the ascent of the harbor—a harbor which bears this distinction—let us turn from descriptive to incident, and relate it.

This busy harbor formed the theatre of action for the only invasion of a northern port by the enemy during the war of the rebellion; when the revenue cutter Caleb Cushing was "cut out" from under the guns of the now obsolete fort upon the right, by an armed force, who, at midnight—1863—overpowered her crew and succeeded in getting away with the craft, an armed sailing schooner of modest size.

No doubt the Cushing would have been turned into a privateer by her captors, had not her absence been discovered at daybreak from the observatory—mark the building, in form like the coast lights we have been passing—which crowns the eastern extremity of the city, and from which all vessels entering the port are signaled. Pursuit was made in two steamers, the Forest City and the Chesapeake. The latter, of the Portland-New York line, was herself afterward captured on the high sea by a band of confederates, who joined the ship in New York as passengers, took possession and sailed to an English port.

These two steamers pursued the cutter, overtook her becalmed about twenty miles from shore, where the cutting-out party, with the crew as prisoners, abandoned the ship after firing her magazine, blowing the trim little schooner into fragments.

Through the lively phases of the harbor scene the steamer makes its way along the complete water front of the city, with glimpses of the elm-shaded streets which have won for it the sobriquet of "The Forest City," to its berth at railroad wharf, foot of State Street.

It is but a short walk up this broad avenue, State Street, to the street-cars for "down town;" carriages also are awaiting the arrival. The cars pass all hotels, through the principal thoroughfares of retail trade, Congress and Middle Streets, to the wharves of the island steamers. Ignoring the street-cars yet for a few moments, however, a quarter mile walk through State Street straight from the steamer, one of the handsomest *old* avenues that the world affords, brings one to State Street Square, which contains a fine bronze statue of the poet Longfellow, the first erected in his honor, save the bust in Westminster Abbey.

We shall see much of Longfellow here at his birthplace and early home, and again in the voyage eastward to the country and people he