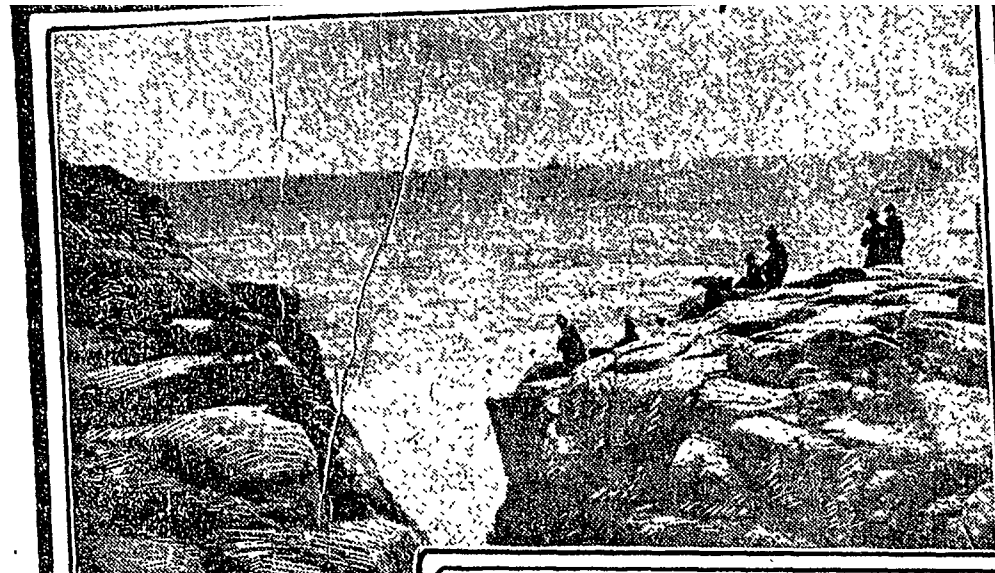


FAMED FOR ITS SUMMER HOMES IS THE NORTH SHORE.

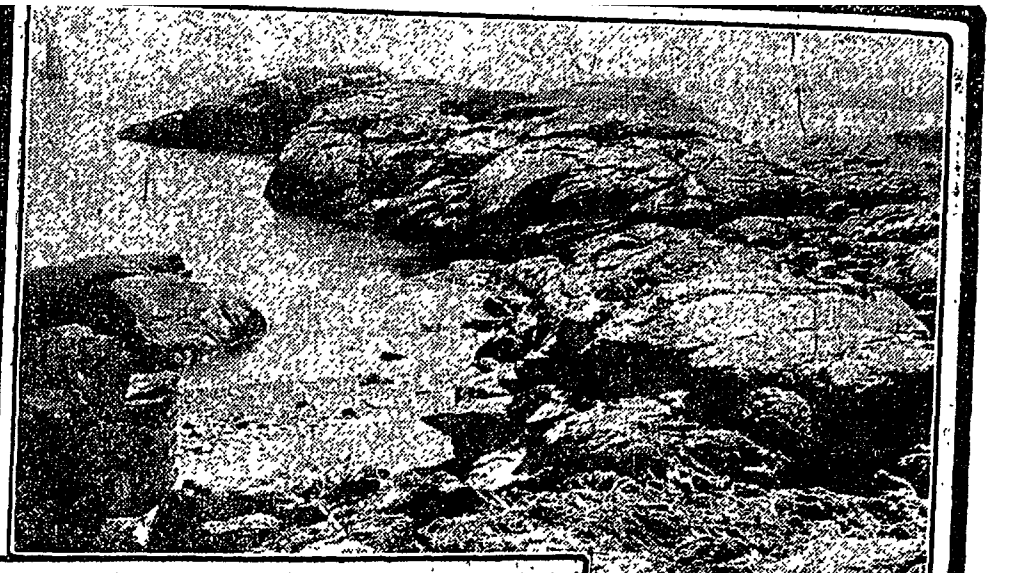
Its Quiet Charm and Cool, Almost Scholastic Calm, Attracts Persons of Refined Tastes and Large Means, Who Build Elegant Places—Ambassadors From Foreign Countries Find It an Ideal Spot in Which to Spend the Heated Term—Among the Great Men of the Past Who Worked, Played and Rested Here Were Longfellow, Prescott, Agassiz, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, Sumner and Webster—Some of the Interesting Houses Along This Beautiful Stretch of Coast on Massachusetts Bay.



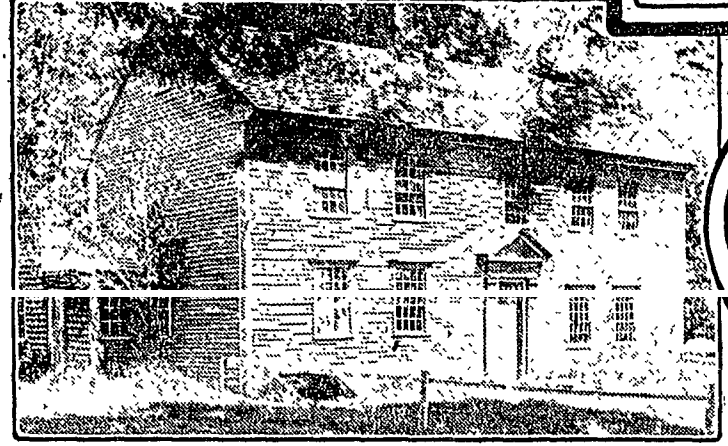
A Part of Manchester Shore, near Magnolia



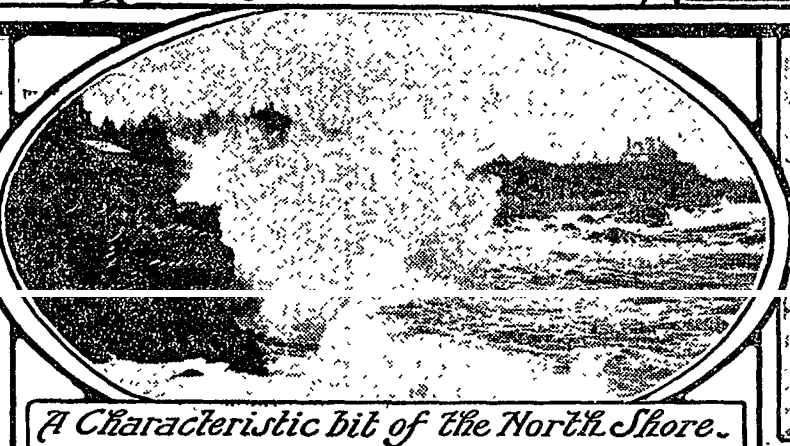
Coolidge Point, Manchester.



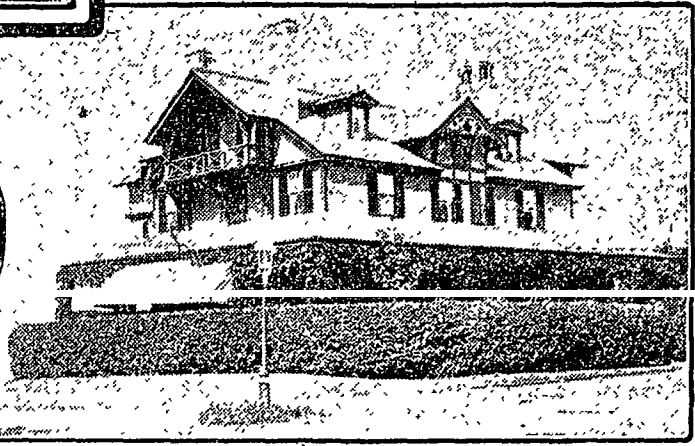
Rocks at Nahant near Henry Cabot Lodge's House



The Oldest House at Kettle Cove, Manchester, built in 1700.



A Characteristic bit of the North Shore.



Mr. Dudley D. Fay's House, at Nahant, Once Owned by Joseph Teabody, the great Salem Merchant.

Of all the coastline of this great country, on the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific, none is more celebrated as a place of summer residence, or more beautiful, than the few miles lying between Lynn and Gloucester, long known by the abbreviated name of the North Shore.

Massachusetts, famed for the charm of its shores, has no gem in the garden that surrounds it comparable to this. It is New England at its best, the ideal nothland by the sea.

The earliest mariners from overseas—Frenchmen, Spaniards, Dutch, English, even perhaps the Norse themselves—looked on this shore with eyes of wonder. It was to them Utopia, and in their journals and logs they set down its praises according to their respective powers of expression.

Befitting such a beautiful stretch of coast, the North Shore is now deemed in summer by those who have means to lay out fine grounds, build superb houses, and live in luxury. It is the ideal shore resort, for here the noise of crowds, the dust and paper bags and noisome shells of excursions never penetrate.

So celebrated is this region for its quiet charm and cultivated repose that half the embassies accredited to this government by other powers here take up their summer residence, finding on the shore of the new world a satisfactory substitute for the celebrated and well-advertised resorts to which they have been accustomed in Europe.

There is a cool calm on the North Shore which is almost scholastic, and in strict keeping with the traditions of the place, which has been a favored spot with many of the great minds of American science, art and literature in times past.

It was here, in a home at Nahant, that Longfellow wrote "Hawthorn" at Nahant also the historian Prescott worked on his "Ferdinand and Isabella," "Conquest of Peru" and "Philip the Second." Agassiz here wrote "Brazil" and many others of his works. Motley here commenced his "Dutch Republic," and N. P. Willis here penned some of his best poems.

At Swampscott Hawthorne found inspiration for some of his finest work, and his short story, "The Village Uncle," is a study of the town and some of its people.

To the North Shore also came Lowell and Holmes, Daniel Webster—despite his fondness for the South shore—Charles Sumner and Rufus Choate.

The list, in fact, of masters of the mind who have worked, played and rested along the North Shore is a very long one.

It is a double row of palm or great trees, while each spring he set out new trees around the peninsula.

He wished to have a garden at the rear of his estate, for which idea he was well laughed at by his friends, who thought it would be destroyed by the bleak winds. He built a shelter of poles, 17 feet in height, around his place, and here, protected from the wind, his garden thrived. In it were many choice shrubs. He was considered the finest botanist in the country.

By Mr Tudor's money the fine sea wall along the North Nahant shore was built. The little church at Nahant received liberal subscriptions from him. When the civil war broke out he was one of the first to offer bounties to the volunteers. He established the ice trade with foreign countries, and was known as "the ice king."

Mr Tudor established the Maolis gardens at Nahant for the benefit of picnic parties. It was an interesting and beautiful spot, but the "Syren's bower," perched on the rocks, is all that is left of it. This is near the magnificent home of Samuel E. Guild.

The homes of the early summer residents at Nahant were simply built, some being only a story and a half high. Footpaths in the grass led from house to house.

So much was this life enjoyed that every effort was made to stop the progress of the casual summer guest. Picnic parties were discouraged by the majority of summer residents, and hotels were not looked on with favor. In the 180s Nahant was something of a yachting center. Commodore John C. Stevens of the New York yacht club made a brief stay there on his usual summer cruise, and Col William P. Winchester, Commodore R. B. Forbes and other noted

Boston yachting men of the day made the place their rendezvous.

The homes of the more famous summer residents of Nahant were built in somewhat more elaborate style than the first cottages.

Longfellow's house was of ample size, with wide verandas, and was surrounded with such shrubbery as the winds would allow. The house unfortunately is no longer standing, having been burned.

Near by was the summer home of George Peabody, the Salem merchant prince. Longfellow and Prescott were familiar guests at this charming home, which is still standing, and is visited each season by Mrs Joseph Chamberlain, a daughter of George Peabody.

Prescott lived on the southern shore, on a rocky point not far from Swallows cave, named by him the "Fifteen Head." By ascending the rise beyond the hollow one may see the roof of his house. Durre his residence at Nahant he was often seen walking up and down the footpath under the willows, meditating on his work, yet never too preoccupied to turn with a genial smile to those who came his way.

Agassiz had a simple and unpretentious cottage on the southern shore, on land probably better suited to the great scientist's tastes than the handsome grounds or the villas of his more eminent literary neighbors.

Possibly it may have reminded him in some silent way of his fatherland. It is to Agassiz dead that Longfellow paid this touching tribute:

I stand again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea,
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at the cottage door.

Agassiz spent many summers on these shores, beloved both by the rich and

poor. It is told that one day the fishermen caught a fish of an uncommon kind for which they could find no name. They

thought of their friend Agassiz, and went in a procession to his house. He was seated at a table for his noonday

meal, and as he saw the fishermen coming went to meet them. His eyes glistened as he took the fish in his hands and said: "Good friends, you have caught a bonito." Then he explained to them the nature and habits of the fish. After this it was considered a great treat to catch a strange fish and take it to the great man for identification.

It was at the modest cottage of Miss Hannah Hood that Motley, surrounded by Dutch folks, commenced his "Dutch Republic." Beside N. P. Willis, Mrs Sigourney, Curtis and others of note felt the magnetic influence of Nahant. Henry Cabot Lodge makes Nahant his home, and while there spends much time in historical research.

Washington, while a rock, of the general's hair was shown inside a pin. Gen Lafayette was once entertained in this home.

When Daniel Webster came to Swampscott he was a guest at the home of the Joys, on Ocean st, next to the stone house where for many years lived Jean Lander (Lorn Davenport), the noted actress, who married Gen Frederick Lander.

Since its early days Swampscott has gradually changed, and is now one of the fashionable summer resorts along the North Shore. It has fine gardens, stately homes, wide, well-kept boulevards and a splendid beach.

From Swampscott is a delightful drive to Marblehead. Glimpses of the ocean may be obtained from the boulevard between fine shore residences, trees and shrubbery crowning the high bank that lies between shore and sea.

Old Marblehead, with its rocky neck covered with cottages, its harbor full of yachts, and its narrow and unpaved streets lined with queer old box-like houses setting flush with the sidewalks, is known, so well that its general features are familiar to most New Englanders.

One little house in Marblehead has an interesting history. It is owned by one of Marblehead's veteran fishermen, Peter Union, whose dories for 40 years have gone back and forth across the harbor, carrying passengers to and from the neck.

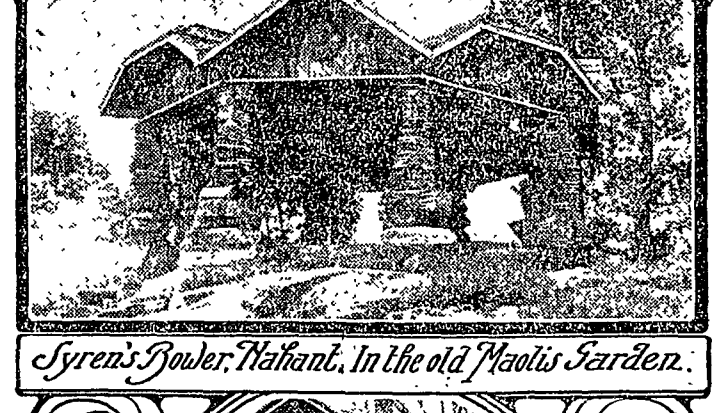
Legend has it that in 1704 pirates hid treasures in this house, in a closet of the present sitting room. In July, 1703, the brigantine Charles was fitted out to cruise against the French and Spanish, with whom Great Britain was at war. Her captain died, and John Quelch, lieutenant, assumed command, and proceeded on a piratical cruise to

Brazil. He plundered many vessels, taking slaves, gold and other booty. In May, 1704, that vessel came back to Marblehead, purporting to have come from New Spain. The suspicious of the owners were aroused, and a thorough search revealed several Portuguese flags and other articles on board. Quelch hid much of the booty in the house mentioned, and tried to escape, but was captured and condemned to death.

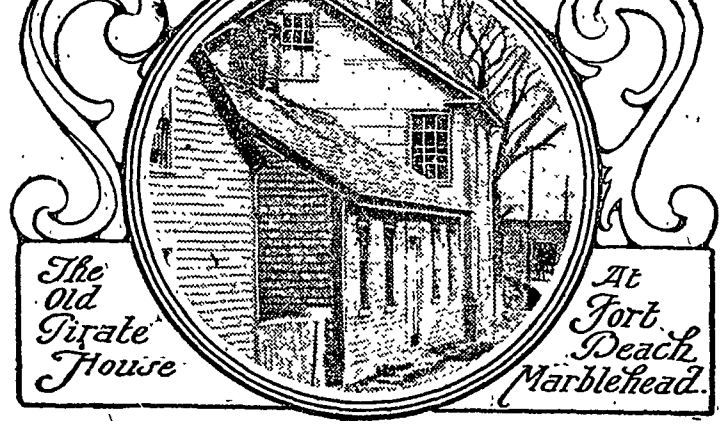
Beverly and Down Shore. Availing to advantage, as it were, across the waters of Salem harbor, are the shores of Beverly, its gardens and grounds proving a fine setting for lovely homes. Here the shore places partake of the character of country estates, being farms in miniature near the sea.

One of the well-known residents of this region is Col F. L. Higginson, whose home stands on the site of a fort of pre-revolutionary days. It was in the summer of 1840 that the first summer visitors came to Beverly. Four well-known Boston men then drove along the shore and selected each a place for a home.

Near Mingo beach is a white cottage, where now lives Harold J. Coolidge, that in the earlier days was a boarding house, called the Alhambra. Here came Rev. Edward B. Hale, James Russell Lowell and other distinguished men. The house was subsequently used by Mrs John L. Gardner as a summer home.



Syren's Bower, Nahant, in the old Maolis Garden.



The Old Pirate House At Fort Beach, Marblehead.

Agassiz spent many summers on these shores, beloved both by the rich and

poor. It is told that one day the fishermen caught a fish of an uncommon kind for which they could find no name. They

Frederick Tudor was an enthusiastic horticulturist. In front of his house he