

R. I. Town

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REPORT: BLOCK ISLAND AND NAR-RAGANSETT PIER

ILLUSTRATED



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NEWPORT, BLOCK ISLAND

— AND —

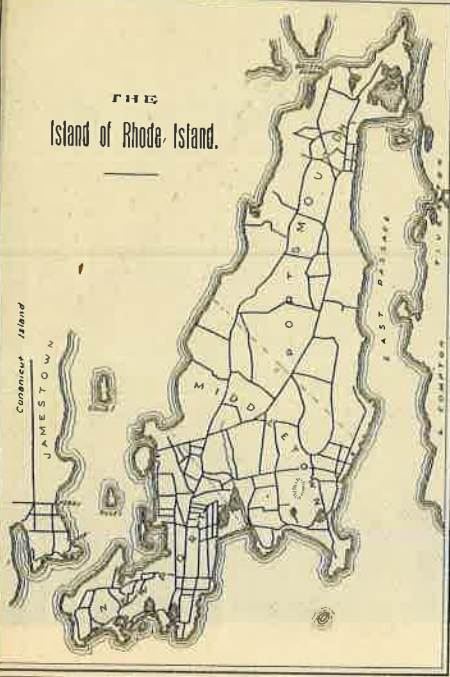
NARRAGANSETT PIER.

ILLUSTRATED.

A BRIEF HISTORY, AND TOURISTS' GUIDE
TO POINTS OF INTEREST. CONTAINING
ALSO MAPS OF NEWPORT AND
BLOCK ISLAND.

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THE
Island of Rhode Island.

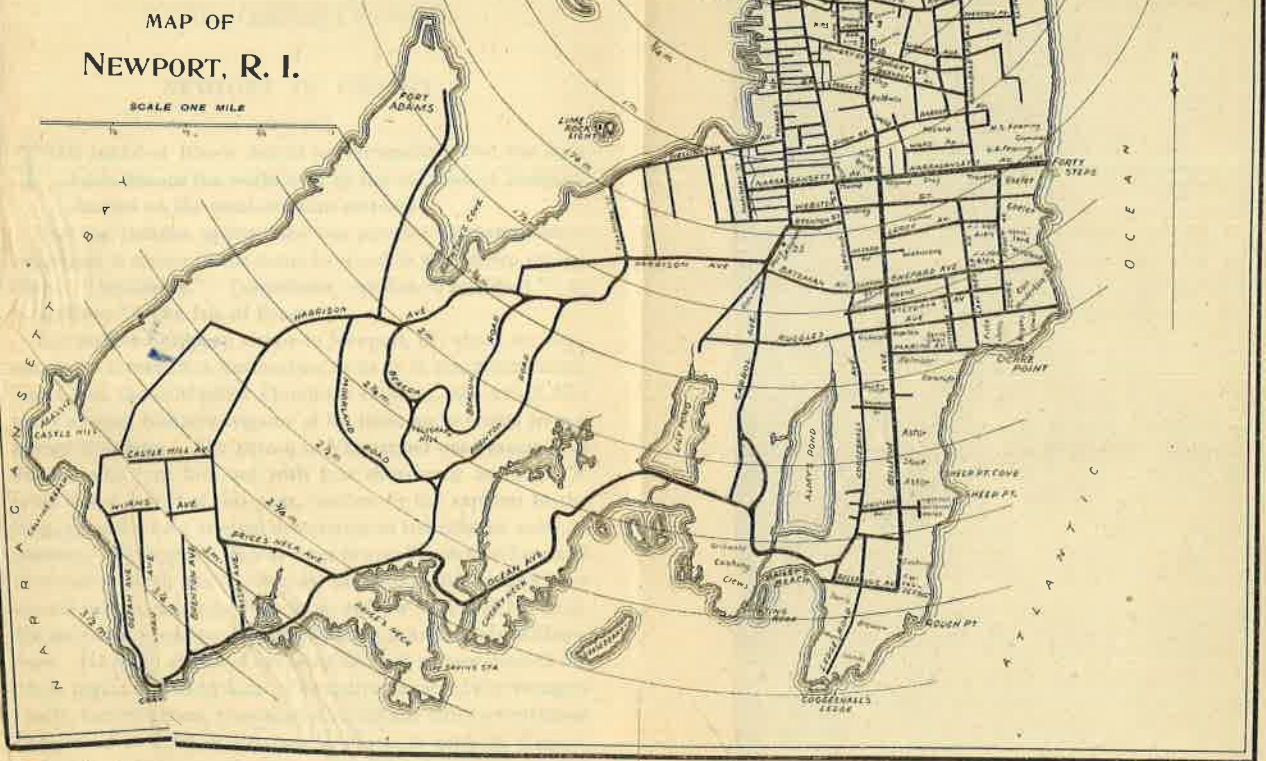


PUBLIC BUILDINGS, ETC.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Aquidneck House. | 17. Newport Reading Rm. |
| 2. Artillery Armory. | 18. Ocean House. |
| 3. Casino. | 19. O. C. R. R. Depot. |
| 4. Central Baptist Ch. | 20. O. C. Steamboat Whf. |
| 5. Channing Memorial. | 21. Odd Fellows' Hall. |
| 6. Children's Home. | 22. Old Stone Mill. |
| 7. City Hall. | 23. Peoples' Library. |
| 27. Custom House. | 24. Perry House. |
| 9. Emmanuel Ch. | 25. Polo Grounds. |
| 10. First Baptist Ch. | 26. P. and Wickford Ferry. |
| 11. First Meth. Epis. Ch. | 27. Post Office. |
| 12. Friends Meeting Ho. | 28. Redwood Library. |
| 13. Hospital. | 29. Second Baptist Ch. |
| 14. Jewish Cemetery. | 30. Shiloh Baptist Ch. |
| 15. Jewish Synagogue. | 31. State House. |
| 16. Masonic Hall. | 32. Trinity Ch. |
| | 33. United Congregational Ch. |

MAP OF
NEWPORT, R. I.

SCALE ONE MILE



later.

RHODE ISLAND
HISTORICAL



NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, AND NARRAGANSETT PIER.

I. NEWPORT IN HISTORY.

THE Island of Rhode Island in Narragansett Bay, has been made famous the world over by the old town of Newport, situated on the south-western extremity.

That the Indians appreciated the peculiar characteristics of the island, is shown in the name by which it was known among them, "Aquidneck" (sometimes written "Aquidnet" or "Aquidnay") The Isle of Peace.

The earliest European visitor to Newport, of which we have authentic record, was Verrazzano, or as he is sometimes called, Verrazzani, the celebrated Florentine explorer, who sailed like many another Italian navigator of his time, under orders from a foreign sovereign. The patron of Verrazzano was Francis I. of France, who sent him out with four ships early in 1524. A letter dated July 8 of this year, written by the explorer to the king, gives the first original description of the Atlantic coast of America. He sighted land at what is now North Carolina, and then sailed north along the coast to latitude 50^o8', putting in at several harbors, among others those of New York and Newport. He arrived at the latter place April 20, 1524 and remained fifteen days. He made charts of the coast and left a description of the whole region visited by him. The natives received the voyagers kindly, bartering furs, provisions etc., but the latter nevertheless endeavored to steal women and children to carry to Europe, and thus early began that bitter enmity between savage and Christian, which rose to such a tragic height a few generations later.

Verrazano claimed the whole country in the name of Francis I. and called it New France. After this the Indians remained in practically undisturbed possession of Aquidneck until 1639.

Shortly after the settlement of Massachusetts, it was found that some among the inhabitants of that locality, were inclined to hold more tolerant views in religious matters, than those held by the dominant majority; these as we well know, were at once branded as dangerous heretics, and systematically persecuted. Even though it may be said in palliation that it "was but the madness of the time," still it must be admitted that an incredible degree of severity and injustice prevailed, in the treatment of those deemed in spiritual error by the self-called elect in Massachusetts. Among the victims of this intolerant spirit, were Roger Williams, John Clarke, William Coddington, Anne Hutchinson, and many others, destined to be favorably known at a later period.

In 1637, William Coddington, John Clarke, William Hutchinson, Jr., and several others, most of whom had been publicly warned to leave the colony, decided that for personal comfort and safety, they would better settle elsewhere. They communicated with Roger Williams, whose experience and friendly relations with the Indians were of great use to them, and finally in March, 1637, by his influence, the chiefs Canonicus and Miantonomi were induced to sell to William Coddington and others, the Island of Aquidneck, for "forty fathom of white beads, ten coats and twenty hoes."

In March, 1638 the pioneers left Massachusetts and started for their new possessions. On the way, they stopped at Providence, and nineteen of the most important members of the company signed the following compact:

"We whose names are underwritten, do here solemnly, in the presence of Jehovah, incorporate ourselves into a Body Politick, and as He shall help, will submit our persons, lives and estates unto our Lord Jesus Christ, the King of Kings and Lord of

Lords, and to all those perfect and most absolute laws of His, given us in His holy word of truth, to be guided and judged thereby.

William Coddington.	William Dyer.
John Clarke.	William Freeborn.
William Hutchinson, Jr.	Philip Sherman.
John Coggeshall.	John Walker.
William Aspinwall.	Richard Carder.
Samuel Wilbore.	William Baulston.
John Porter.	Ed. Hutchinson, Sen.
John Sanford.	Henry Bulle X mark.
Edward Hutchinson Jr.	Randall Holden.
Thomas Savage."	

In "The Chappel of Ease," a history of the First Church of Christ in Quincy, the author, Mr. D. M. Wilson, writes as follows, of the persecuted dissenters in that neighborhood: "So with a heavy hand the 'Chappel of Ease,' at the Mount was abolished. For the second time the sterner spirit of the Puritan lifted itself in anger against this place, and for the second time its inhabitants were swept away. The exodus from the Mount was large and important, those cast out being since reckoned among the honorable founders of two such considerable places as Newport, Rhode Island, and Exeter, New Hampshire.

We have ever since suffered from the loss; and the injury done the entire colony by the rough discomfiture and banishment of these sincere disciples of light and liberty cannot be measured. They were taking the next step in the logical development of the faith of the Reformers."

Proceeding to the island, they began a settlement at the northerly end, where the town of Portsmouth then called Pocasset, now is. It was afterward thought better to remove further south, and in 1639 the town of Newport was laid out. The name was not adopted until the following year. The landing was made at a point of land then jutting out, north of the present location of Long Wharf. The colonists found the site of the future city, a thickly wooded swamp. It is said that tall

forest trees were then standing over all this portion of the island as well as on Goat Island and other adjacent places.

The story is told that Nicholas Easton, William Brenton and Thomas Hazard hired three Indians to clear away the underbrush, for a coat, the large buttons from which they strung for a necklace. Much grading with sand and gravel is believed to have been done at this early period. Mr. Jaffrey, William Dyer and John Clarke were appointed a committee to lay out the town lots. Thames Street was the first to be planned and was made one mile long. The first lots were laid off on the north side of what is now Washington Square.

The original signers of the compact were all men of character and well adapted for carrying an enterprise of this sort to a successful issue.

The colony began at once to receive re-enforcements from other districts, and its growth was steady and continuous. In 1640 the town employed Robert Lenthall to teach a public school, the first in America and perhaps the first in the world to be opened to the children of all citizens and supported by the people.

At the dedication of the Oliver Hazard Perry statue at Newport, Gov. Wetmore, in the course of his response to the toast "Rhode Island, the birthplace of the American Navy," spoke as follows: "As far back as 1641, an armed boat was fitted out to cruise around this island to prevent Indians from landing. In April, 1676, at an adjourned meeting of the Assembly, a flotilla of gunboats was ordered for the defence of the island. It was to consist of four boats, each manned by five or six men, the force to be added to if occasion required. Arnold's History of Rhode Island says: 'This is the first instance in the history of the colonies, where a naval armament was relied upon for defence.' It was the germ of a future Rhode Island squadron one century later, and of an ultimate American Navy."

At this time (1641), the island contained two hundred families. In 1644 it was ordered that "the island commonly called Aquidneck, shall from henceforth be called the Isle of Rhodes or Rhode Island." At this early date the population of Newport was largely made up of Baptists, Antinomians and Quakers, and a little later were added Jews, Moravians and Presbyterians, sects upon which the settlers of Massachusetts Bay looked in holy horror. Indeed the colony of Aquidneck was regarded as so heretical, that it was not included in the league of the United Colonies; and the Puritan prejudice against the locality did not die out until the present century.

The Quaker influence in the island has been strong from the first; in the year 1700, nearly one-half of the population was of that sect. The Coddingtons, Clarkes, Wantons, Dyers, Redwoods and many other well known families were of the Quaker belief. Even to-day the denomination is more largely represented in proportion to population, in Rhode Island, than in any other New England state.

Upon the return of Charles II. to the English throne, John Clarke, previously mentioned as one of the nineteen signers of the original compact, was the agent in Great Britain of the Island of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. He presented to the king a petition asking a charter for the colony, giving it full religious liberty and *more of civil liberty than was at that time enjoyed under any Christian government in the world.* Clarke remained twelve years in England, making every possible effort to obtain favor for his constituents; he spent all his available funds and even mortgaged his property to obtain money to enable him to accomplish his object. At last the petition was granted, and at a meeting of commissioners held in Newport, Nov. 24, 1663, Clarke's letter announcing his success, together with the charter itself, were read by one George Baxter, amid great rejoicing.

This charter was retained as the fundamental law of the

colony for one hundred and eighty years. John Clarke is justly considered the most sterling patriot and self-sacrificing citizen of his time.

Benedict Arnold, great-grandfather of the traitor Arnold, removed from Providence to Newport in 1653. His land extended from Pelham Street to Mill Street; the house stood on the lot belonging to the People's Library. He was the first governor under the charter granted by Charles II. and was several times re-elected. He died in 1678. A further reference to him will be found in connection with the Old Stone Mill.

One of Newport's most public-spirited citizens, was Henry Collins, born in 1699. He was educated in England but returned and became a merchant in Newport. He was very successful for some years, but the application of the Admiralty rule of 1756 forced him into bankruptcy in 1765. Mr. Collins made a very generous use of his money; he was one of the founders of the celebrated Redwood Library and also of the Literary Society from which it grew. He contributed in 1748, the lot of land then called Bowling Green, on which the library building now stands, and was a leader in several other public enterprises. He educated a number of poor young men at his own expense, and it is to his thoughtful generosity that we are indebted for portraits of Berkeley, Callender, Clapp, Hitchcock and others.

It was a house at Easton's Point, belonging to Mr. Collins, which was pulled down and distributed among the poor for fuel during the very severe winter of 1780. He is called by Dr. Benj. Waterhouse, "the Lorenzo de' Medici of Rhode Island."

As early as 1677 there were persons of Jewish faith living in Newport; in 1684 they petitioned the General Assembly and in reply received the assurance that they would have the same protection by law accorded to other foreign residents. This evidence of toleration affords one a grateful relief in turning from the narrow sectarianism shown in other settlements. The Newport Jews

were men of education and of strict integrity. They were largely engaged in importing and also in the manufacture of sperm oil, candles, potash, etc. Among them was Abraham Riviera, a merchant of the highest reputation, who on being forced by the loss of several ships into making an assignment, was allowed by his creditors to continue his business, which he did with such success as to be able in a few years to pay all with interest, making this the occasion of giving them a splendid banquet; also Moses Lopez, and Abraham and Judah Touro to whom reference is made in another chapter. At the time of the Revolution there were three hundred enterprising and intelligent Jewish families in the town.

In 1729 George Berkeley, the famous Dean of Derry, arrived at Newport, together with his wife, Sir John James, Richard Dalton, and Smibert the artist; they were a highly distinguished company and were warmly welcomed. Dean Berkeley's purpose in leaving home was to found in Bermuda a university "for the instruction of the youth of America," (the aboriginal youth) and Newport was chosen as a starting-point from which to commence the undertaking. He afterward found the project "a castle in Spain," but at the time of his arrival he was full of hope and energy. The Berkeleys remained a few months in Newport, but finally removed three miles from town to the house built by the Dean and called by him "Whitehall," after the ancient palace of the English kings. The house, to which about fifty acres were attached, still stands in a valley south of Honeyman's Hill, about two miles from Second Beach. When asked why he did not set the house on more elevated ground, the Dean made the characteristic reply that "if the prospect were continually in view it would lose its charm." He preferred to walk to the cliffs when inclination prompted. It is said to have been his habit to do much of his writing out of doors, especially in the vicinity of the Hanging Rocks, one shelving part of which is called Bishop Berkeley's Rock.

The Dean's home was the rendezvous of all the cultivated and refined portion of Newport society; and here many schemes for the benefit of the town were conceived. During this time Dean Berkeley was patiently waiting for the money (£20,000) pledged by Sir Robert Walpole to be paid from the English treasury for carrying on the work. But in the winter of 1730 Berkeley received word from Sir Robert that the money would not be granted; and disappointed, and with his ambitious project defeated, he returned to Europe in 1731. He was made Bishop of Cloyne in 1733. While in Newport he composed "Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher" and other writings now less widely known. He was the author of the much quoted line, "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

The population of Newport in 1730 was 4640.

In 1738 there were one hundred vessels, owned in Newport, engaged in commerce with different parts of the world.

This is the fourth town in New England in which a press was set up, and the second in which a newspaper was issued. It was called the *Rhode Island Gazette*, the first number of which, 12 x 8½ inches in size, appeared September 27, 1732. The publisher was James, eldest brother of Benjamin Franklin, with whom the latter learned his trade. The first essays of the future Dr. Franklin were published by his brother James in the *Courant* at Boston. Some of the articles being looked upon by the authorities as skeptical, James, as publisher, was imprisoned. After this difficulty was adjusted, he removed to Newport and opened a printing office as early as 1727, where he did quite an amount of book and general printing.

James Franklin died in 1735, leaving the business to his son James, then a child. His widow, Anne, assumed the management of the office, assisted by her son and two daughters. In 1758 they issued the first number of the *Newport Mercury*, which finally came into the possession of Solomon Southwick, who continued its publication until the Revolution.

The time of Newport's greatest prosperity was from 1740 to the breaking out of the Revolutionary War. During the war between France and England, 1745, many privateers doing great service were fitted out here, sending back to this port over twenty prizes, some of which were very valuable. In the French War, 1756-63, Newport had fifty vessels engaged in privateering; but, on the other hand, over one hundred merchant vessels hailing from this port were captured by the enemy, entailing great loss; in spite of this, however, one hundred and eighty-two vessels cleared from Newport for foreign voyages, and three hundred and fifty-two coastwise, between January 1, 1763 and January 1, 1764. At this time twenty-two hundred men from this port were engaged in the merchant marine and in fishing.

In 1761 there were eight hundred and eighty-eight dwelling houses and four hundred and thirty-nine warehouses, stores, etc., in town. Between 1750 and 1760 a large number of well-to-do Israelites came to Newport from Spain, Portugal, Jamaica and other places. Aaron Lopez, one of their number, owned at one time more than thirty vessels engaged in foreign trade beside many coasters.

In 1769, when the British began an aggressive policy in the island, Newport was in the zenith of its glory; it was a noted seat of learning and culture, it had numbers of manufactories and a great domestic and foreign trade; in commerce it was already far ahead of New York, being second only to Boston. In fact, merchants from New York City came here to buy goods of local importers. Wealth had seemed to centre here and capitalists were turning to the place from all parts of the world.

The Hon. Seth Low, in an address made at his installation as president of Columbia College in 1890, said: "So late as 1769 it was considered a rash prediction that New York might one day equal Newport, Rhode Island, as a commercial city."

As far back as 1729, Bishop Berkeley in a letter to a friend

in Dublin, wrote: "The town of Newport is the most thriving place in all America for bigness. I was never more agreeably surprised than at the first sight of the town and harbor."

The children of the townspeople were well and carefully educated; houses substantial and handsome for those days were common; the generous hospitality of the wealthy merchants was enjoyed by an ever-changing throng of cultured strangers and distinguished foreigners.

The Newport of that period lingered in the memory of the visitor as a place of gay entertainment, of scarlet coats and brocade, lace ruffles and powdered hair, high heeled shoes and gold buckles, delicate fans and jeweled swords, high-bred women and cultured men. The town was noted even in Europe for the elegance of its society. Every indication seemed to point to it as a future great metropolis of the New World. But what a change came with the Revolution! The blighting rule of Gen. Prescott together with the general impoverishment resulting from the war, accomplished its complete commercial ruin.

The first violent act of open resistance to English authority in America was the destruction of the British armed sloop "Liberty" in this harbor, 1769.

At the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, the population of Newport, including sailors absent on foreign voyages, was about twelve thousand; but on the declaration of war many people left town, commerce came at once to a stand-still, and great distress immediately became general. In spite of this fact, however, Newport sent out one thousand men to fight the enemy, on the sea alone, and the "sailor-soldiers" of this place were prominent throughout the war. Esek Hopkins of Newport, appointed in 1775, was the only man in the United States bearing the title of Admiral, until the Civil War.

On the 4th of May, 1776, the General Assembly of Rhode Island, in session in the Old State House at Newport, repealed

the act pledging the allegiance of the colony to the English Crown, and ordered that the use of the King's name on papers and documents, should be no longer continued in the colony. This step was taken, it will be noticed, two months before the general Declaration of Independence was announced.

The same year a breastwork was thrown up in one night, at the northerly end of Washington Street, and a number of guns planted there, which on the following day were directed so skillfully against the British ship "Scarborough," off Rose Island, as to cause her to put out to sea.

This fort was called North Battery until 1798, at which time the present fort, Fort Greene, was built by order of Congress.

The natural advantages which had been instrumental in building up the commercial prosperity of Newport, proved now to be against it; for the British, seeing the value of the fine, open harbor as a place of rendezvous for their ships, seized upon it, Dec. 6, 1776. At this time Fort Wolcott then Fort George, was incomplete, and there were no other fortifications worthy the name. Eight thousand British and Hessian troops were quartered here, commanded by Lord Percy and afterward by General Prescott, and here Admiral Howe's fleet spent the winter of 1777-78. During the summer the troops lived in tents, but in the winter they were quartered on the inhabitants. The town suffered every abuse during its occupation; the State House was made a hospital, all the churches but two were turned into riding-schools and stables, the gardens were stripped of fruit and shade trees, houses and orchards were destroyed and every wharf built of wood was ripped up for fuel. It is said that nearly five hundred buildings were demolished at this time. General Prescott had his headquarters in the Bannister House,



corner of Spring and Pelham Streets. He is said to have caused a promenade to be made of stone steps taken from neighboring houses, on which he took his constitutionals in wet weather. The sufferings of the inhabitants were so intense at this time, that contributions of the necessaries of life were repeatedly made by other towns for their relief; and the State of Rhode Island furnished them £1000 in money and one hundred and sixty cords of wood, worth at that time \$20 a cord in hard money.

The winter of 1779-80 was the most severe then on record; the people of Newport were reduced to the last extremity of want; the house and store of George Rome were taken down and a ship belonging to James Wanton, Jr., was broken up and both distributed among the poor.

While the British occupied the town, there were always ships of war in the harbor, sometimes as many as fifty or seventy-five vessels of different kinds. This happened to be the case when the French fleet under Count D'Estaing was reported as having arrived at Georgia. The Royalists at New York were convinced that D'Estaing meditated an attack on that place at once, and all outposts were quickly called in. The immediate evacuation of Newport was ordered, and fearing Gates was moving on them from the north, the British hastened to depart; they sank thirty armed vessels in the inner harbor, and also fifteen or eighteen large transports in the outer harbor, beside burning eight or ten large ships of war, to prevent their capture by the French. Upon their departure they took with them the Town Records, many valuable books from the Redwood Library, several church bells, machinery from manufactories, and other things of value; they destroyed fortifications, blew up Beaver Tail Light-House, filled wells and accomplished all the damage which could be devised. The vessel containing the Town Records sank in Hell Gate, and although some of the papers were recovered, a greater number met with total destruc-

tion or were so badly damaged as to be practically useless, inflicting an irreparable loss upon the town. The evacuation took place on the 25th of October, 1779. The day following, General Gates arrived with part of his force, and took possession.

Solomon Southwick, then the publisher of the *Newport Mercury*, on the approach of the enemy buried his press and type in the rear garden of an old building on Broad Street; the fact coming to the ears of the British commander, he ordered it dug up and removed to a chamber of the building, now a market, on the north corner of Thames Street and the Parade. Here a man named John Howe, known as "Printer to his Majesty," published the *Rhode Island Gazette* in the years 1777-78-79. It was of course a royalist paper; copies may be seen at the Redwood Library. At the close of the war Mr. Henry Barber bought out the business and resumed the printing of the *Newport Mercury* on the same old press, Jan. 1, 1780. It is still published, and is the oldest paper in America.

In July of this year a large fleet of French war ships and transports, commanded by the Chevalier de Ternay, arrived in Newport Harbor. They brought Count de Rochambeau and six thousand French soldiers, with provisions, etc. That they were welcome goes without saying; the townspeople were overjoyed at their arrival and gave them the best entertainment their limited means allowed.

The allies at once went to work to restore the fortifications demolished by the British; the first fort on the Dumplings as well as the first fortifications on Brenton's Reef (now Fort Adams) were built at this time.

Many of the French officers were distinguished members of the nobility and with their gay but chivalrous manners, did much to make what was left of Newport society forget for a time the terrible ordeal through which it had passed. The

French were agreeably surprised to find highly cultivated families in refined homes, and lost no time in heartily entering into the social life of the town.

Count de Rochambeau made his headquarters in the Vernon House, corner of Clarke and Mary Streets, where he received Washington on the latter's visit to Newport, March 5, 1781. This was the occasion of great rejoicing and pitiful attempts at display on the part of the townspeople; candles were provided at the public expense for those too poor to buy them, in order that every house might show a light in honor of the great commander-in-chief.

Following the war, came a period of great financial depression. The tide of commerce had turned to New York forever; slavery having been suppressed, many were reduced to poverty from that cause, and the immense depreciation of paper money which was used in Rhode Island long after it had been abandoned in other states, added to the general ruin.

Brissot de Warville, who travelled through the United States in 1788, wrote of Newport, "since the peace, everything is changed. The reign of solitude is only interrupted by groups of idle men standing, with folded arms, at the corners of the streets; houses falling to ruin; miserable shops which present, nothing but a few coarse stuffs, or baskets of apples, and other articles of little value; grass growing in the public square in front of the court of justice; rags stuffed in the windows, or hung upon hideous women and lean, unquiet children."

In 1784 the town was incorporated as a city, but its former prosperity had vanished, and in 1787 it surrendered the municipal form, and did not resume it again until 1853.

The great attractiveness of Newport had been set forth in glowing colors in France by the officers stationed there at the latter part of the Revolutionary War, and France, after peace had been declared, asked the United States to cede her this island as an evidence of gratitude for her aid, putting forth the

plea that this country would not be able to hold the island against England in case of another international difficulty, and also that it would afford France a needed naval station. But fortunately these overtures were resisted.

The population of Newport slowly increased from 4000 at the close of the Revolution, to 5500 at the breaking out of the War of 1812, when it received another set-back, and remained almost stationary until 1830, at which time the place began to come into some notice as a summer resort. Accommodations were then meagre, but not much was expected in that line, and those who summered here (principally people from Providence the Southern States and Cuba) were content with little more than the wholesome air and fine bathing.

About the year 1845, Alfred Smith of New York and Robert Johnson, an Englishman, bought together, a considerable amount of land in the town. Mr. Smith had left New York on account of ill health, and bought this land in Newport, thinking to regain his strength in improving it and selling to parties wishing to build; but an unexpected demand for property began to arise, and Mr. Smith cut his land into lots, selling it at a great advance. He afterward became the leading real estate dealer of Newport, acquiring wealth and considerable fame in this connection. But the prices which made him wealthy would seem ridiculously small as values are held here now-a-days.

II.

FEATURES OF THE ISLAND.

THE island of Rhode Island (old Aquidneck) is divided into three towns: Portsmouth (formerly Pocasset) which occupies the northern part; Middletown, occupying the central part; and Newport, one of the capitals of Rhode Island, covering the southern portion. The island is fifteen miles long, and about four miles wide at the broadest part; it is connected with the mainland at Tiverton, by a stone bridge running from Portsmouth about twelve miles north-east of Newport.

Roger Willians wished the place to be named "Patmos," but his idea was over-ruled and it was called Rhode Island, being said to resemble the Isle of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. The surface is agreeably varied with hills and valleys and small streams. The shore is formed by bold cliffs, relieved here and there by small coves and shingly stretches of coast, and in two places by magnificent bathing beaches. This is the most fertile island in New England, and in the towns of Middletown and Portsmouth are many highly productive farms.

The geological formation is interesting and has been much studied by eminent geologists. Roughly speaking, coal measures about 3600 feet thick, compose most of the underlying strata of the island; the thickness of the whole carboniferous system at this point is thought to be about 6400 feet.

In its climate Aquidneck is unsurpassed in New England. In colonial days this fact was recognized on both sides of the ocean. Washington wrote of its peculiar excellence, as did many other noted Americans and foreigners. Bishop Berkeley compared it to that of Italy. The temperature is remarkably even, rarely rising high in summer or falling low in winter.

This is supposed to be due to the unusual shape and location of the island. It is sheltered on the north and east by the mainland, and possibly warmed by a divergence of the Gulf Stream, while on the other hand it is narrow enough to be agreeably cooled by breezes off the water on either side. The air is also moistened by light but frequent fogs of short duration, which have helped to make Newport lawns famous for their luxuriant appearance. In spite of all, however, the town is subject to occasional weather freaks, as for instance, the terrific hail storm of July 14, 1894, which in eight minutes destroyed \$50,000 worth of property and induced many cases of nervous prostration and other illness.

Newport possesses a harbor almost ideal; situated on the west shore, effectually sheltered and at the same time near the open ocean and easy of access at all changes of tide or wind, one does not wonder at the strong commercial instincts of the old townspeople.

The resident population of the city, which the last census gave as 19,457, is immensely increased in the warm months by a throng of transient and "semi-permanent" visitors whose number is constantly varying from day to day. A large portion of the summer residents make a long season of four to six months, although strictly speaking, *the* season begins about the middle of August and lasts four weeks, at the expiration of which the "ultra-fashionables" flit to Lenox.

In the early summer come the more quiet people, the owners or renters of cottages who are here simply for pleasure and recreation; but when the "season" opens, are seen hurrying from all directions, those whose chief care is to be precisely in the mode, particular not to be unfashionably early nor late. Now is the time to see Newport at its best, for it is they who fill the avenues with gorgeous turnouts, the harbor with yachts, the houses with elegantly dressed women and the clubs with faultlessly attired men. In short, it is from them, from their

lavish expenditure of money, from their interchange of sumptuous dinners, distinguished receptions, musicales and other refined and costly entertainments, that Newport gains her present prestige as the Queen of Watering-places. The display at this time of what unlimited means can do in providing luxurious and elegant amusement is unsurpassed at any watering-place in the country, and well repays the tourist of more humble circumstances for his pilgrimage.

The assessed valuation of the summer residences in town aggregates about \$18,000,000, while the value of their contents is estimated at about as much more.

Hotel life is not a prominent feature of the season at Newport, as it is in most summer resorts. On the contrary, hotels which have been built in years past have had so little patronage as to be abandoned after a short time by their proprietors.

The only really large summer hotel in town is the "Ocean House." The "Aquidneck House" and "The Cliffs" come next in size. Furnished and unfurnished houses, cottages, apartments and single rooms may be obtained in both the old and new parts of the city, at prices ranging from moderate to enormous. Up to 1895, the highest rental ever paid for one season at a "cottage" was \$3,000. This absence of the stereotyped hotel life with all the cheapening influences which follow in its train, this dividing of the gay throng into many families and small private parties where the usual home-life continues, gives to the Newport summer a certain individuality and refined restraint seldom found elsewhere. The "revolution of the giddy whirl" is very rapid for all that, but coarseness and vulgarity are never seen here.

III.

OLD NEWPORT.

NEWPORT is reached from New York by the Shore Line which connects at Wickford with the steamboat for Newport six times a day.

The Fall River Line steamboats from New York also stop here at Long Wharf each morning on the way to Fall River.

Steamers for Rocky Point and Providence run twice daily on week days and three times on Sundays from Commercial Wharf, Thames Street, foot of Franklin Street. This is a beautiful sail of two hours, past Canonicut, Prudence and the smaller islands with their cottages, farms and lighthouses, through the whole length of Narragansett Bay and up the Providence River, by the summer resorts of Warwick, Barrington, Cranston and East Providence. Round trip 60 cents; fare one way 50 cents.

A steamer for Block Island leaves Long Wharf Tuesday, Friday and Saturday forenoon. Round trip 75 cents; fare one way 50 cents.

Another Block Island steamer leaves Commercial Wharf daily at 1.30 P. M., Sundays excepted.

The steamer H. S. Caswell leaves Commercial Wharf for Narragansett Pier four times daily. Round trip 75 cents; fare one way 50 cents.

The Jamestown ferryboat to Canonicut Island runs about once an hour from Ferry Wharf, Thames Street, foot of Mill Street.

The usual route to Newport from Boston is over the Old

Colony Railroad (Providence division, Park Square Station) which has a terminus at Newport; although one may reach the city by the Fall River Line steamer which touches here on the way to New York.

If we make the trip by the Old Colony Line, we find ourselves, on leaving the station, at the foot of Marlborough Street. Passing up this street, a walk of one or two minutes brings us to Thames Street; this is the oldest street in the city, and has been and is now the principal business avenue. It passes the head of every important wharf in town.

Turning down Thames Street to the right, the first opening we come to is Long Wharf, one of the most historic in New England. It has been for over two hundred years one of the public institutions of Newport. It is first mentioned in the Town Records on April 29, 1685, and was built on land granted by the town earlier than this. In 1769 it was extended at a public expense of £1350. In 1779 it was burned to the water's edge by the retiring British and nearly ruined. Thus it remained until 1795, when thirty-six leading merchants of the town, associated as a board of trustees, petitioned the General Assembly for a grant to raise \$25,000, by a lottery, toward rebuilding the wharf and also for building a hotel, with the assurance that "all profit accruing from said wharf and hotel" should be used in building one or more free schools. This idea of raising money for public use by a lottery seems strange to us to-day; but from 1752 until 1840 lotteries were the most popular enterprises in Rhode Island for raising large sums of money. In this way means were obtained for paving streets, building court-houses, bridges, colleges, libraries and even churches and parsonages. Fort George, now Fort Walcott, was built in this way. But in 1840, lotteries were prohibited by the State Legislature. This particular lottery referred to above netted about \$12,000. The wharf was rebuilt but the hotel enterprise was not carried out.

We pass directly up the wharf to Thames Street, on reaching which we find ourselves facing Washington Square. In this old part of the City every ancient house and every foot to ground is associated in some way with interesting and romantic historical events. Right here on Thames Street, at the head of Long Wharf and facing



the parade, stands a large brick building erected in 1763. It is painted a yellowish brown with dark brown trimmings; large pilasters extend from the top of the first story to the roof cornice. When first erected the building was used for a market and granary; for a time a theatre was run in the upper story, but finally it was refitted and is now used as the City Hall.

On the ground floor are the offices of City Clerk and Probate Clerk. In the Council Chamber is a portrait and coat-of-arms of William Coddington, the first governor of Rhode Island.



City Hall

This wide thoroughfare in front of us is known as the Parade. It was once called Congress Street, but the British named it the "Grand Parade" and the title has been retained. The left-hand or north side is called Washington Square; the right-hand

side is called Touro Street. The park in the centre, called the Mall, was laid out in the year 1800; it was then ornamented with rows of Lombardy poplars given by Major Tousard, but in their places are now seen elms and lindens. At the foot of the



Oliver Hazard Perry Monument

Mall stands the statue of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, unveiled September 10, 1885. On this occasion the late Hon. Geo. Bancroft, ex-Gov. Wetmore and other distinguished persons delivered addresses or responded to toasts. The statue was modeled by William S. Turner, a native of Newport, and was erected at an expense of \$15,000. The General Assembly appropriated \$7500 on condition that a sum sufficient to complete the work should be raised from other sources. Accordingly the city of Newport gave \$5000 and \$2500 more was voluntarily subscribed by individuals to make the total amount required.

On the pedestal may be seen the words of Perry's celebrated report written on the back of an old letter, after the victory on Lake Erie — "We have met the enemy and they are ours." In front of the statue is a pretty little fountain surrounded by flower-beds. Outside of the enclosure and planted upright in the ground at either corner are two old cannon which once formed a part of the armament of the "Tartar," a sloop of war of 115 tons, built by the colony in 1740. The Parrott gun standing on the Mall beyond the Perry monument was given to

the city at the beginning of the late war, by Samuel Powell, Esq., but it has never been in active service.

On our right, at the corner of Thames and Touro Street, is the Touro House, next to that, the Perry House, then the old Opera House, a neat theatre with a stage 55 by 45 feet and a seating capacity of one thousand persons.

Right here, directly opposite the Perry Statue, is a large, square house antedating the Revolution; the lower floor is now occupied by a meat market. The house is of special interest as having once been the home of Com. O. H. Perry.

The large, brick building seen in the rear, is a parochial school.

Next the Perry home is another mansion of Revolutionary times, having diamond panes in the upper half of every window.

The building with Greek-pillared portico, on the corner of Clarke (the next street) is Zion Episcopal Church.

Looking across the Mall, we see Odd Fellows Hall on the corner of Charles Street and Washington Square. Just above, on the corner of Prison Street, is a fine, old three-story mansion with fenced, pyramidal roof, which has descended to the mother of ex-governor Van Zandt, from the Hazard family, of which she is a member.

The old drab, brick building seen standing across the end of Prison Street, is the Jail, referred to in a recent magazine article as "absolutely delightful and characteristically domestic."

A few steps into Clarke Street is the Central Baptist Church, on our right. The Second Congregational Society erected the building in 1735. At the time of the Revolution it was presided over by the Rev. Dr. Stiles, an intimate friend of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. The church, which was much abused by the British, and afterward restored, was purchased by the Baptists a number of years ago.



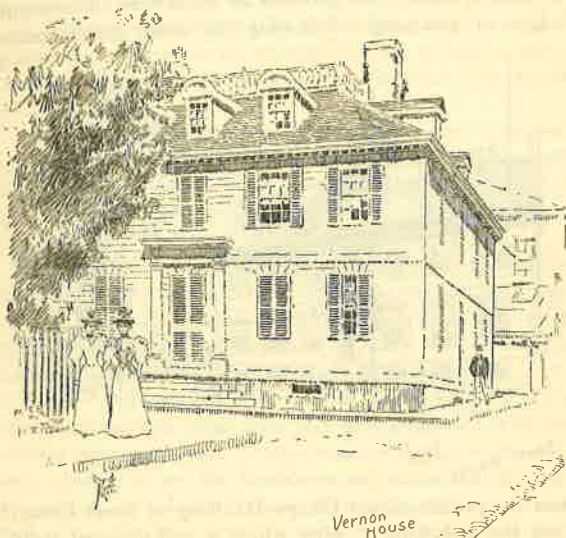
Next the church, is the armory of the Newport Artillery Company, the governor's body-guard, and the oldest active military organization in the country, dating from the year 1741. Here are kept some very valuable and interesting relics. Open daily.

At the left-hand corner of Clarke and Mary Streets, stands the William Vernon mansion, a square, white house, strongly built and of fine interior finish. To Mr. Vernon the nation is much indebted for invaluable services in organizing the American Navy at the time of the Revolution. This house, once occupied by British troops, was made the headquarters of Count de Rochambeau on his arrival at Newport, and here he entertained Gen. Washington during the visit of the latter in 1781. On this occasion, the French soldiers were formed in two lines three deep, from Long Wharf where Washington landed, up Touro Street and down Clarke Street to the Vernon House. Washington passed between these lines, the whole distance from the wharf to the house.

Turning back, we re-enter Washington Square and continue our walk across the Mall.

The large, plain building with a cupola and clock, facing the Parade, is the Old State House, or as it is sometimes called, the Old Court House. In 1739 the construction of a new court house at Newport, was authorized by the General Assembly, and this building now standing, was at once begun, and in a little

over two years, was finished. The former building was of wood, but for this one a more durable material was selected. Richard Munday was chosen as architect, and all details of design and construction were left to his judgment. The permanence of the structure shows that the confidence reposed in him was not misplaced. The building is of brick, trimmed



with freestone; the basement is high, and broad steps on three sides, lead to the first floor. On the side next the Parade is a balcony from which it has been the custom to announce important public events; the name of the governor-elect of Rhode Island, is even now proclaimed here after each election. The interior staircase is an interesting example of old colonial work.

In the Senate Chamber may be seen a fine full-length portrait of Gen. Washington, which Gilbert Stuart painted under commission from the State of Rhode Island, in 1801.

From the balcony referred to above, the death of George II. was announced in 1761. In front, on the Parade, where we now stand, a body of troops was drawn up with drums muffled and arms reversed, while gathered all about were citizens with badges of mourning. Following the death announcement



came the proclamation, "George III. King of Great Britain! Long live the King!" after which a well-prepared public banquet was discussed in the Council Chamber.

In January 1774, there was holden here, a meeting (the first in the state) to make arrangements to resist, the introduction of tea by the East India Company.

In this building the General Assembly set the seal of its approval upon the act of Congress, which declared the colonies independent; and on July 20, 1776, John Handy, standing on

the steps, read aloud the Declaration of Independence to the assembled townspeople. Half a century later, he read it again from the same place.

The building was used by the British and afterward by the French troops, as a hospital, thus becoming badly damaged; but the work of restoring it to its former condition was begun at once and thoroughly executed. On April 25, 1783, the return of peace was celebrated by cannon firing, flag raising and general rejoicing; when the procession which paraded, reached the State House, the proclamation of peace, was read by the sheriff.

At the time of Washington's last visit to Newport, in August, 1790, tables were spread the length of the lower hall of the building, and a great dinner given in his honor; the silver glass-ware and cutlery, were loaned for the occasion by private families.

Here the Constitution was adopted, and Rhode Island made one of the United States in May, 1790. On the return of Com. Oliver Hazard Perry from Lake Erie, he was given a great public ovation in this building, Nov. 15, 1813. On visiting the old State House, one should go to the attic story where may be seen the "business-part" of a large pillory used in olden times, together with other odds and ends connected with the building many years ago. Notice the size of the lock on the attic door. Inside, we see the hand-hewn oak rafters fastened with wooden pins, and showing plainly the marks of the axe along their sides. The view from the front attic window is very fine; we look straight out across the harbor to Jamestown. Here one gets the full effect of the broad Parade which seems very much wider from this point of vantage, which enables us to take in at a glance the whole stretch from the head of the Mall to the end of Long Wharf.

Turning to the right as we leave the State House, the street which forms a continuation of Washington Square, is Broadway.

The one turning diagonally away at this point, is Farewell Street. Broadway leads straight out to the Middletown line at Mile Corner. Turning down Farewell Street, the first cross street is Marlborough. On this street, next but one to the corner on our right, is the Friends' Meeting House; it is a large, rambling building, painted drab and standing some distance back from the street, behind a little grove of old fir, chestnut and buttonwood trees. The Society of Friends was first established in Newport in 1659. This building was erected in the year 1700, but has had additions made to it since that time. Services are held here on Sunday and Thursday at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.

White Street opens out of Farewell Street a short distance below where we now are; on the corner of White and Tilden Streets is the old Friends' Cemetery in which are buried members of many distinguished families of days gone by, the Clarkes, Hadwens, Wantons, Braytons and others. Most of the older stones are now without inscriptions.

Leaving the Friends' Meeting House, and continuing down Farewell Street, a minute's walk brings us to a little graveyard on the left-hand side of the street. This little plot of land, surrounded by an old wooden fence, contains the remains of some of the most noted people belonging to the early days of Newport; the Coddingtons, Carrs, Coggeshalls, Bulls, Jameses, Eastons and Noyeses; here lies Mary, daughter of John Wanton, also the "body of James Noyes physician who dyed March the 15, 1717-18 in the 41 year of his aget." Here is the tomb of Gov. John Easton and wife, and a stone erected to the memory of Gov. Henry Bull who died 1693-4; the same stone stands in memory of Elizabeth, his first wife, who died in 1665, and Anne Clayton, his second wife, who was also the widow of Nicholas Easton, and who died in 1707. At the left of the gate and near the monument just referred to, is the simple stone in memory of William Coddington the first governor of the state,

who died in 1678; this is the oldest inscribed stone in the cemetery. At the foot of the grave is a larger slab erected to his memory by the people of the town on the second centennial anniversary of its settlement, May 12, 1839.

The brown church just beyond here is the Second Baptist.



Bit of Poplar St.

Liberty Square and contains the "Liberty Tree," a young oak within a small enclosure, which will be referred to in detail in a later chapter.

A very short distance beyond the "Liberty Tree," is the Old City Cemetery. It is a large graveyard standing on the corner of Farewell and Warner Streets with the carriage entrance on the latter street. Here are many interesting stones, some with long, elaborate inscriptions and carvings.



Belmont Memorial in Island Cem.

Now we will return on Farewell Street as far as Marlborough Street up which we turn, to the left, into Broadway. A few steps further on Broadway takes us to the entrance of Spring Street.

Turning in here, to the right, we see, opposite Stone Street, a white house half clapboarded and half plastered stone. This is the oldest house in the city, being built by Henry Bull in 1639. The handiwork of the restorer is seen upon it, but essentially it is the same old building.



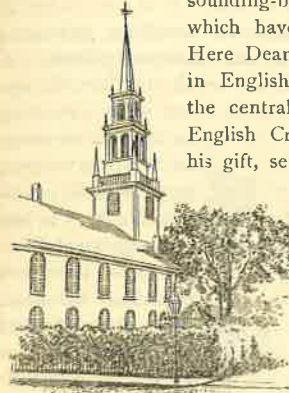
Rear of Bull House

The first frame house in Newport (long since removed) was built by Nicholas Easton on a lot near the Friend's Meeting House.

Passing along Spring Street a few steps farther we come to the First Baptist Church, on our left; the society worshipping here claims to have been organized in 1638, which would make it the oldest of that denomination in the country.

Continuing on Spring Street we soon come to Church Street; on the south side of this street, on our right, stands the widely-known Trinity Church, considered one of the finest specimens

of Colonial church-architecture in the country. It is a large, white edifice, standing side to the street, with a spire which is a conspicuous landmark from whichever direction Newport is seen. This society first gathered for worship in 1698, but the present building was not dedicated until May, 1726. Its appearance is very much the same as a century and a half ago; the clock in the tower, was the gift of Jahlleel Brenton in 1733 and was made in Newport by William Claggett. A bell given by Queen Anne in 1709 was used until 1805, when it was unfortunately injured and replaced by another. Inside the church are the square, straight-backed pews, high pulpit with



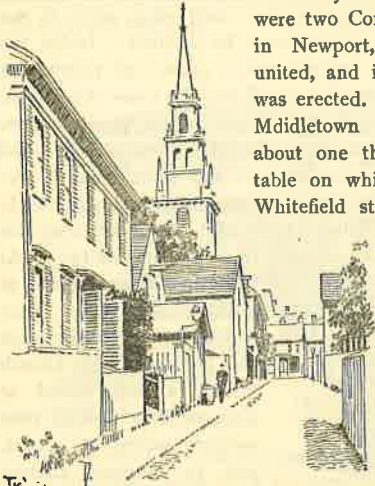
TRINITY CHURCH

sounding-board and the brass chandeliers, which have been in use from the first. Here Dean Berkeley often preached, and in English oak and surmounted by the the central portion of the organ, made English Crown and bishop's mitres, was his gift, sent from England in 1733. At that time it was valued at £500. The sides were added later. Dean Berkeley also gave to Trinity Church School a bell valued at £50, to Yale College 1000 volumes valued at £1500, and to Harvard College books to the value of £50.

In Trinity Church-yard are buried some of the most prominent people of old Newport—the Kays, the Malbones, the Ayraults, etc. Here on the left as we enter lies Lucia Berkeley, daughter of Dean Berkeley, also Dr. Wm. Hunter, who gave, in 1754, the first course of anatomical lectures delivered in America. Here are buried Chevalier de Fayette, aid-de-camp

to Lafayette, Chevalier de Ternay, and many other noted persons. The oldest stone is that of Thomas Fox, who died in 1707.

Leaving the church and proceeding further on Spring Street, a walk of two blocks brings us to Pelham Street, on the southwest corner of which is the United Congregational Church. The fine English walnut-tree standing near is much over a



Trinity from Church Lane

hundred years old. Formerly there were two Congregational Societies in Newport, but in 1834 they united, and in 1856 this building was erected. It is constructed of Middletown freestone, and seats about one thousand persons. A table on which the Rev. George Whitefield stood while preaching in open-air meetings in Newport, August, 1770, is preserved in this church. The first Congregational Society in the town, was organized in 1696. The Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D. D., hero of Mrs. Stowe's well-known novel "The Minister's Wooing," in which a very life-like picture of eighteenth century Newport is presented, was ordained pastor of this society in 1769. If not the first, he was one of the first persons in America to publicly denounce the slave-trade, and to demand its entire abolition. He was also one of the first in the country to favor the prohibition of the liquor traffic. In May, 1652, the State of Rhode Island passed an act against the

importation of Negroes. A law was also passed in 1676 prohibiting Indian bondage, and in 1715 another act was passed against the importation of Indian slaves; but in spite of legislation, slavery thrived in Newport, and many of Dr. Hopkins' parishioners were slave-holders or slave-dealers. In 1784 a law was passed giving their freedom to all children born after March 1, 1785. This enactment at last accomplished the desired end.

The freestone church in Gothic style at the corner of Levin Street, three blocks below, is Catholic.

Let us now retrace our steps along Spring Street to Touro Street.

Turning up Touro Street, to the right, a small two-story, brick building painted yellow with brown trimmings, is seen on the left; this is the Jewish Synagogue, Teshuath Israel, designed by the architect Harrison, and dedicated "with great pomp and magnificence," Dec. 2, 1763. The inscription seen over the gate, "Erected 5603, from a bequest made by Abraham Touro, Esq.," relates to the fence only. This society was organized in 1677.

For some years there was no other synagogue besides this in America.

Abraham and Judah Touro, sons of Isaac Touro, the Jewish pastor, were born in Newport in 1774 and 1775 respectively. Abraham became a merchant in Boston and at his death in 1822, bequeathed \$10,000 as a fund to support the Synagogue and Jewish Cemetery, and also a fund of \$5000, to keep this street (named for him) in repair. These funds have augmented until now they amount to about \$25,000. He also gave \$10,000 to the Mass. General Hospital, \$5000 to the Boston Female Asylum, \$5000 to the Humane Society, beside gifts to other public charities. With the exception of gas piping, the Synagogue remains now as it was built; in the wing is the oven in which unleavened bread was formerly baked. The

present Rabbi is Rev. A. P. Mendes. Services are held on Friday evenings at sunset, at 9 A. M. on Saturday, and also on festival days.

Next the Synagogue is the building of the Newport Historical Society; this was formerly the church of the Seventh-day Baptist Society, and was erected in 1729 on Barney Street, where it stood until 1887, when it was removed to this spot by the Historical Society who purchased it three years before.

The Seventh Day or Sabbatarian Society which built the church, was organized in 1671, being the first of that denomi-



nation in America. From 1839 to 1875, the building was occupied by societies of various denominations. A gallery runs around three sides of the interior. Over the door is a clock made in 1731 by William Claggett. Opposite the door is an old-fashioned pulpit with sounding-board. The pulpit and sounding-board, pulpit stairs, galleries, piers and panelling remain as originally built. The tablets on the wall were presented to the church by John Tanner and others in 1773. It is said that the presence of these tables of the decalogue on

the walls, prevented the British troops from desecrating the church when all but this one and Trinity were abused by them during the Revolution.

The building, which contains a large collection of valuable books, old pictures and relics connected with the history of Newport, is open to the public from 10 A. M. till 2 P. M. (except on Sundays) and also on Tuesday evenings.

Advancing a little further up Touro Street, we notice at the corner of Kay Street (named after Nathaniel Kay, "Collector of the King's Customs") a heavy granite gateway, very strongly reminding those acquainted in Boston, of the gateway to the "Old Granary Burying Ground." This is the entrance to the Jewish Cemetery in which Longfellow found a subject for his beautiful poem, "The Jewish Cemetery at Newport," beginning:

"How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves,
Close by the street of this fair seaport town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the south-winds breath,
While underneath these leafy tents they keep
The long mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial-place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base."

This land was bought by the Israelites for a cemetery, Feb. 28, 1677. The fence and gateway were erected by Judah, brother of Abraham Touro, in 1843, at a cost of \$12,000; at his death in 1854, he bequeathed a further sum of money for maintaining them perpetually in repair. He carried on business in New Orleans, but at his death was buried in this spot where lie his brother and other members of the family.

The street from this corner on, is called Bellevue Ave.

Keeping along the avenue we come next to Church Street, on the south corner of which is a large, square building—the "Newport Reading Room Club House," maintained by a wealthy social and literary club.



Cushman Villa

From the opposite side of the avenue runs Catherine Street, crossed a few blocks down by Rhode Island Avenue, on which is the villa once occupied by Charlotte Cushman.

Still following the avenue, we next approach the Redwood Library a classic looking building of Roman Doric style of architecture, standing on the south corner of Redwood Street.

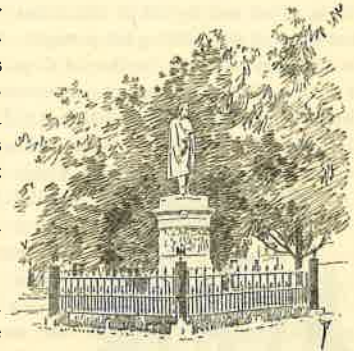


Redwood Library -

When Dean Berkeley arrived at Newport in 1729, he found here a class of people, highly cultivated and with tastes similar to his own. After becoming somewhat settled in his new home he and several kindred spirits organized a philosophical society, and met to discuss the questions of the hour. Finally Abraham Redwood, one of their number, a Quaker merchant who came to Newport from Antigua, gave £500 to purchase books in London for the use of the club. These books formed the

nucleus of the present library. Soon after, £5,000 were subscribed to erect a library building (the present one), the contributors being men of many different religious beliefs, but yet liberal enough to unite for intellectual improvement. The architect Harrison was chosen to design the building, which was completed in 1750. Henry Collins gave the land on which the edifice stands.

The library which now contains thirty-four thousand five hundred books together with many interesting old portraits and pieces of statuary, has had many patrons. It received eighty-four volumes from the English Crown and many more from Dean Berkeley; Judah Touro bequeathed it \$3,000 for the purchase of books and also gave



M. C. Perry Monument

\$1,000 for repairs. In 1862 Chas. B. King bequeathed to the library, all his books, engravings and over two hundred paintings beside a large sum of money. Upon the evacuation of Newport by the British in 1779, they sacked the building, carrying away many valuable books.

The beautiful tree now standing in front is the finest cut-leaved beech on the island.

From 12 to 2 each day, except Sunday, the library is open to visitors.

Continuing a short distance on the avenue, we arrive at Touro Park, one of the most attractive spots in the city. It is named for the liberal-handed Judah Touro who gave the city \$10,000

toward purchasing and laying out the land. He did not limit his liberal acts to his adopted city for he also gave a like sum toward the erection of Bunker Hill monument at Charlestown.

Entering the Park, we notice at once the bronze statue, modelled by J. Q. A. Ward, of Commodore Matthew C. Perry, celebrated for his diplomatic work on the Japanese treaty of 1854, which was signed in the cabin of the "John Hancock," the sloop of war bearing his pennant. He was born in Newport in 1794, and was the brother of Com. Oliver H. Perry of Lake Erie fame. The monument was erected by his daughter, Mrs. August Belmont of New York, in 1868.

Passing the statue, we see before us, surrounded by an iron fence, the famous "Old Stone Mill," the most widely-known object in all Rhode Island. It was immortalized in the verses of "The Skeleton in Armor" by Longfellow, and is the tower referred to in the opening chapters of Cooper's "Red Rover." Its origin and age have been subjects of controversy and speculation among



scientists and historians on both sides of the Atlantic, for generations. But it is now settled beyond a doubt, that it was built about the year 1663 by the colonists.

If it were here in 1639 when the colonists landed, it is not likely that they all with one accord would have refrained from mentioning the fact in document or diary, but no allusion to it by them can be found.

Again, Verrazzano makes no reference to it in his writings.

The following measurements were made in 1878 by Mr.

George C. Mason, Jr., the architect, who studied the mill very carefully. From the ground to the top, twenty-five feet; from the ground to the under-side of the arches, a little over eleven feet.

The tower has eight arches and eight round piers or columns, the latter being placed on the cardinal points of the compass. There is a well-made fireplace over one of the piers, the hearth to which is a slab of slate six inches thick. At each end of the fireplace is a flue, five by eight inches. There is very distinct evidence of there having been two floors above the ground floor; the holes left in the stonework to receive the treads of the staircase may still be seen, between the second and third stories. It is a quite well established fact that the mill was built by order of Benedict Arnold, great-grandfather of the traitor Arnold. His house stood near the mill and was razed soon after the evacuation of the city by the British in 1779. The chimney and one end were built of plastered stone and coarse mortar similar to that in the mill. This material held together so tenaciously that it could not be knocked apart standing, but was pulled over in one piece by ropes and then broken up on the ground with sledge-hammers. This would seem to indicate that the early colonists understood the making of a powerful cement similar to that in the mill. The mortar from a number of houses, tombs, etc., dating back to the time of Benedict Arnold, has been carefully analyzed and found to be the same in composition as that in the mill. In Leamington, England, there stands a similar mill designed by Inigo Jones, and erected in 1632. At the time this English mill was building, Arnold lived on a farm about five miles distant from it, and it is not improbable that he used it to some extent as his model on coming to this country. The Leamington mill has only six arches, the piers are square and the whole structure is made of cut stone ornamented with mouldings, but in the old country, good materials and skilled masons were easily

to be had, while in Newport at that time, it was necessary to be satisfied with merely strong construction. Then, too, good building-stone is not found in this vicinity, but such as we see in the mill—slate, and brittle gneiss which cannot well be worked, combined with smooth stones from the beaches. Longfellow, in a note to the "Skeleton in Armor," says, * * * "Doubtless many a citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho: 'God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill, and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head.'"

About the year 1797, some persons looking for buried treasure, dug a hole four or five feet deep directly under the centre of the mill, but found nothing. The following is an extract from the will of Benedict Arnold, in which he mentions the Old Stone Mill:

* * * "My body I desire and appoint to be buried at ye North East corner of a parcell of ground containing three rod square being of and lying in my land in or near ye line or path from my dwelling-house leading to my Stone built Wind-mill, in ye town of Newport, above mentioned, the middle or center of which three rods square of ground is and shall be ye tomb already erected over ye grave of my grand-child, Damaris Goulding, there buried on ye fourteenth day of August, 1677, and I desire that my dear and loving wife Damaris Arnold, after her death may be buried near unto me, on ye South side of ye place aforesaid ordered for my own interment, and I do order my executors to erect decent tombs over her grave and my grave in such convenient time as it may be effectually accomplished. * * * 1677."

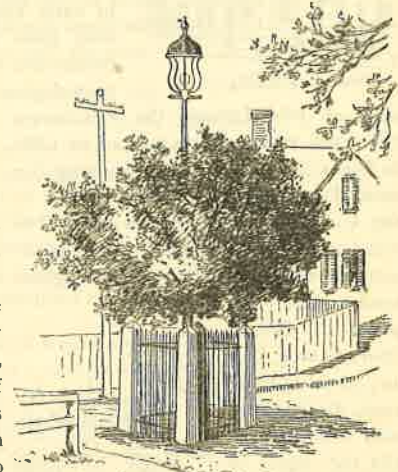
Newport has several parks beside Touro Park and Washington Square. Equality Park is one, at the junction of Broadway and West Broadway. At the head of Thames Street is a small, three-cornered piece of ground called Liberty Square; this land was deeded by Wm. Read Esq., in 1766, to four trustees on

condition that they preserve the land and tree thereon planted "in trust and forever thereafter to be known by the name of the 'Tree of Liberty,' to be set apart to, and for the use of the Sons of Liberty; and that the same stand as a monument of the spirited and noble opposition to the Stamp Act, in the year 1765, by the Sons of Liberty in Newport, and throughout the continent of North America, and to be considered as emblematical of

Public Liberty taking deep root in English-America, of her strength and spreading protection, of her benign influences, refreshing her sons in all their just struggles against the attempts of tyranny and oppression." This tree was destroyed by the British in 1779, but a party of thirteen citizens planted another in 1783. This also having been destroyed, was replaced

by a third in 1876. At the corner of Brenton Street and Coggeshall Avenue, is a park of about fifteen acres, presented to the city by Vice-President Morton in 1886, and named for him, Morton Park.

On Mill Street, nearly facing the Old Mill stands the Governor Gibbs Mansion; it was built about 1765 by John Tillinghast, and has a fine colonial staircase, mantels and wainscoting-work.



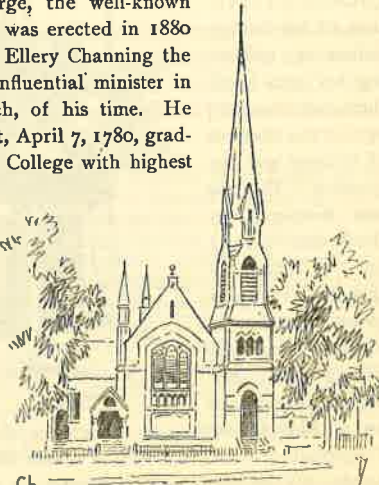
Liberty Tree

Gen. Nathaniel Greene rented the house in 1783, and was visited here by the Marquis de Lafayette in 1784; also by Kosciusko, Baron Steuben and other distinguished persons.



Birthplace of Dr. Channing

Nearly opposite the Old Mill, on Pelham Street is the Channing Memorial Church built of rose granite with light trimmings in early English Gothic style, with spire one hundred and twenty-five feet in height; the stained-glass windows are the work of John Lafarge, the well-known New York artist. It was erected in 1880 in honor of William Ellery Channing the most eloquent and influential minister in the Unitarian Church, of his time. He was born in Newport, April 7, 1780, graduated from Harvard College with highest honors, and was pastor of Federal Street Church, Boston, for thirty-seven years. In 1820 Harvard College gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. His writings were published in Boston and London. His death occurred in 1842.



Channing Memorial

The founder of the Channing family in Newport, was John Channing who settled here about 1715. William Ellery Channing the eminent divine, was the second son of William Chan-

ning (who was appointed Dist.-Attorney of the United States by Washington in 1791) and Lucy, daughter of William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

In the opening lines of his poem, called "Channing," Whittier indicates his estimate of the man:

"Not vainly did old poets tell,
Nor vainly did old genius paint
God's great and crowning miracle,—
The hero and the saint!

For even in a faithless day
Can we our sainted ones discern;
And feel, while with them on the way,
Our hearts within us burn.

And thus the common tongue and pen
Which world-wide, echo *Channing's* fame,
As one of Heaven's annointed men,
Have sanctified his name.

In vain shall Rome her portals bar,
And shut from him her saintly prize,
Whom, in the world's great calendar,
All men shall canonize."

In a note to the poem from which this extract is made, the poet says: "The last time I saw Dr. Channing was in the summer of 1841, * * * In recalling the impressions of that visit, it can scarcely be necessary to say, that I have no reference to the peculiar religious opinions of a man whose life, beautifully and truly manifested above the atmosphere of sect, is now the world's common legacy."

Newport has always been noted for the broad, liberal, tolerant spirit of its better class of citizens.

In the "Quaker Alumni," Whittier expresses this idea :

"And this green, favored island, so fresh and sea-blown,
When she counts up the worthies her annals have known,
Never waits for the pitiful gauges of sect
To measure her love, and mete out her respect.

Three shades at this moment seem walking her strand,
Each with head halo-crowned, and with palms in his hand,—
Wise Berkeley, grave Hopkins, and smiling serene
On prelate and puritan, Channing is seen."

Here in the vicinity of the Park, we begin to see many indications of the present "end of the century" life of the city, but before entirely leaving the Newport of the past, let us turn our attention to a few more spots of historic interest.

On the corner of Washington and Walnut Streets stands a house, built about 1760, in which died in 1797, Solomon Southwick, publisher of the "*Newport Mercury*" (previously referred to) which had for its motto "Undaunted by tyrants we'll die or be free."

On Washington Street a few doors from Bridge Street, is the Dr. William Hunter house in which the unfortunate Chevalier de Ternay died. On the north side of Marlborough Street, opposite the head of Duke Street the residence of Gov. William Coddington once stood; it was built with an overhanging second story and was erected in 1641.

On the little square on Marlborough Street is the old Nichols House known a century and a half ago as the "White House," a noted coffee-house.

Opposite is an old gambrel-roofed house in which was born in 1754, Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, the celebrated medical writer, and for thirty years a professor in Harvard College.

These places are all within half a mile northwest of Washing-

ton Square and may be reached by way of Farewell Street, if one is interested in them.

On the south corner of Thames and Church Streets is the old Governor Morton House; there is now a boot and shoe store in the lower story. This house was once owned and occupied by the Rev. James Honeyman, rector of Trinity Church from 1704 until his death in 1750; his truly faithful labors were rewarded with a salary of £70 a year.

The Penrose Mansion, the hospitality of whose owner was once enjoyed by Washington, stood a little above here on Church Street.

Recalling ourselves now to the present we see among the many private vehicles which pass Touro Park, numbers of open public carriages and one-horse and two-horse "barges." The drivers of the Victorias, charge 50 cents each person, between any two points within the city limits. Or you may hire the carriage by the hour, at from \$1 to \$1.50 and be driven where you please. The "ten-mile drive" in these carriages, past the houses of the wealthy residents, costs \$3 to \$4. A ride over the same route in a "barge" or drag may be had for fifty cents. In either case, the driver points out objects of interest and gives the names of those owning the different "cottages" which might more appropriately be styled palaces. It is useless for any but a professional pedestrian to attempt to thoroughly see this part of the city on foot. A "barge" will take one the whole length of Bellevue Avenue to Bailey's beach for 10 cents. The "ten-mile drive" passes over Bellevue, Narragansett, Ochre Point, Marine and Ocean Avenues, running near to the cliffs, by nearly all the elegant residences of modern Newport. It is considered the finest promenade in the country.

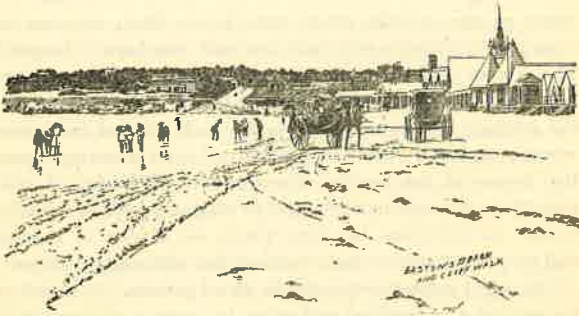
The regular starting places for the "barges" are Washington Square, Touro Park, steamboat landings and depot.

Bellevue Avenue, on which we are now standing, was formerly called South Touro Street. It runs from Kay Street to Bailey's

Beach, a distance of about two and a quarter miles. Here may be seen at five o'clock in the afternoon (which is the fashionable driving hour) an endless double line of gorgeous turnouts occupied by elegantly attired people whose names, in many cases, are household words — a brave show, unequalled in the United States.

At the park end of the avenue are a number of summer stores, most of them branches of noted New York and Boston houses.

A short distance beyond the park, on the left, is Bath Road which runs about a half mile to First Beach, sometimes called Easton's Beach, extending white and hard for a distance of



nearly a mile; the slope is gradual and the surf quite safe for bathing. During the hours when the white flag is displayed bathers are expected to appear in costume. From one to three o'clock, when a red flag is shown, the beach is reserved for gentlemen. Here will be found a pavilion and many good bath-houses.

Electric cars starting from the post office and running through Franklin, Spring, and Levin Streets, cross Bellevue Avenue and continue down Bath Road to the beach; fare 5 cents.

At the westerly end of this beach begin the cliffs, which extend

around the shore to Bailey's Beach. On the summit of these continued the whole distance, about three miles, is a foot-path known as the Cliff Walk. This path is open as the result of a lawsuit between fishermen and "cottage-owners" in which the court decided that the fishermen's shore-rights entitle them to an unobstructed way around the island. The wealthy "cottagers" accordingly made the best of it and laid out a path which is in some places quite ornamental. It is open to all, and from it may be obtained unequalled views of the sea as well as glimpses of the sumptuous residences through whose grounds it passes.

At a point on this path, half a mile from Bath Road, are the Forty Steps; the place received this name when there were a number of natural steps leading down the face of the cliff; these have worn away and been replaced by a stairway of wood.



Sachuest, or Second Beach, is on the further side of Easton's Point, about a mile and a half beyond Easton's Beach; it is hard and of black sand, but although somewhat frequented for riding at low tide, it is not considered altogether safe for bathing. Its distance from town is also an objection; indeed, we are here within the limits of Middletown.

At the easterly side of Easton's Point is a high bluff of singular formation; it is a vast bed of conglomerate or pudding-stone, divided by numerous fissures of different widths running in every direction.



The largest of these fissures is known as Purgatory, an immense crevice one hundred and sixty feet in length, from eight to fourteen feet in width at the top, and from two to twenty feet at the bottom; its depth at high tide is fifty feet.

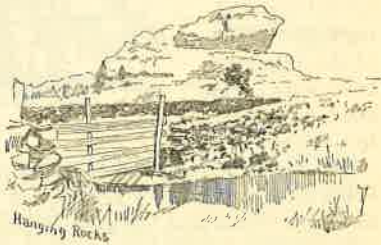
The peculiar appearance of this mass of conglomerate has been the subject of much discussion among geologists.

The pebbles of which it is composed are flattened and bent as if by pressure, and their arrangement in the mass is unusual. Prof. Hitchcock has said that this stratum is about five hundred feet thick here.

A large boulder near this place has been given the name of "Negro Head" from its marked resemblance to that portion of an Ethiopian's anatomy.

The view from these cliffs is one of the finest near Newport.

At the left-hand side of the road, back of Sachuest Beach, are the Hanging Rocks, made famous by their connection with Dean Berkeley. Near here also is the "Valley of Paradise," so called. These



spots, together with the two beaches, were the favorite strolling grounds of Dean Berkeley, Washington Allston, Edward Malbone and Dr. Channing. Dr. Channing once wrote as follows in regard to First Beach: " * * * yonder beach, the roar of which has so often mingled with the worship of this place, my daily resort, dear to me in the sunshine, still more

attractive in the storm. * * * No spot on earth has helped to form me so much as that beach. * * * There, struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, as if moved to utterance by Nature's eloquence of the winds and waves.'

Bailey's Beach, at the foot of Bellevue Avenue, is short and smooth, with a few bathing houses; here is one terminus of the Cliff Walk.

Near this place, to the west, is Spouting Rock through which after a south-east storm the spray sometimes is thrown to a height of forty or fifty feet; in fair weather, however, it refuses to spout. From this point a fine view in the direction of Block Island is to be had.

At the corner of Bath Road and Bellevue Avenue is Travers Block, occupied by the summer stores previously mentioned.

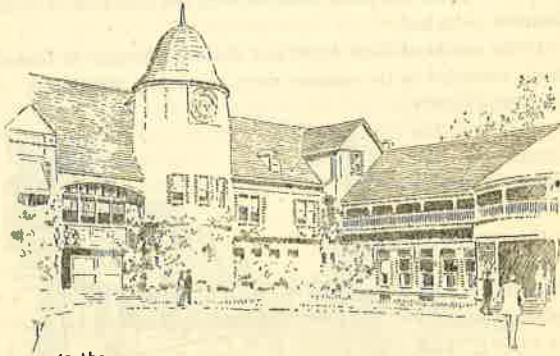
Immediately beyond, on the avenue, is the Casino. It serves the same purpose as the casinos of European resorts, which is to furnish a place of summer meeting and amusement for fashionable



society. It was built by the architects McKim, Mead and White of New York, for James Gordon Bennett, who in 1880 sold it to the Newport Casino Association, a stock company. It has a frontage of a little less than one hundred and ninety feet. Seen from the avenue, it is a rather simple, unpretentious-looking building in old English style, with its ground floor occupied by stores; but on passing through into the court within, a different idea strikes the observer. From this side the building is seen

to be an admirable piece of work, both from an artistic and a utilitarian point of view. The low balconies, the quaint latticed windows, the ivy-covered walls, are charmingly effective. The walls of the buildings are partly of brick and partly of shingled wood, enclosing two quadrangles; the smaller one laid out in flower beds, the larger arranged for the tennis games which have become such a feature of high life at Newport.

Within the buildings are club-rooms, a restaurant, theatre, reading-rooms, bowling-alley, etc., all decorated with elegant simplicity and refined taste.



In the Casino Court

The large ball-room with delicate decorations in ivory and gold, has at one end a seldom-used stage, which gives to the room its name of the "theatre." Here, on Monday and Friday evenings from 10 to 12 o'clock, the fashionable meet for dancing, at which time any respectable person may obtain admission, entitling him to dance, for one dollar; but it rarely happens that one not "in the set" does more than gaze from the balcony at the glittering kaleidoscope upon the floor. Even this, to one not extremely blasé, is well worth the cost.

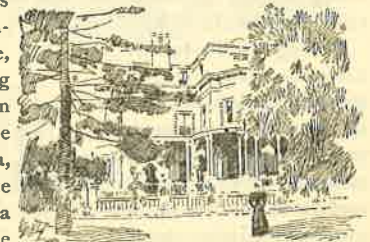
Admission during the day is fifty cents. Every morning an excellent band concert, which, although not properly appreciated, has long been a feature of the Newport season, is given at the horseshoe piazza within the quadrangle.



Horseshoe piazza - Casino

A subscription of \$30 entitles the subscriber and all members of his family, excepting men over twenty-one years of age, to all the privileges of the House.

Opposite the Casino is the James Gordon Bennett mansion, a square, granite building standing back from the street. On Jones Avenue, at the right, is Marietta Villa, the residence of the late Mrs. Paran Stevens—a house with a piazza whose high roof is sustained by slender pillars arranged in pairs.



Mrs. Paran Stevens

On the left, on the corner of Bowery Street and the avenue, stands the Ocean House, the largest and most widely known hotel in the city. It was for many years owned by the late John G. Weaver and son, but is now under the management of Mr. Leland.

At a short distance below this point Narragansett Avenue crosses at right angles; by turning down this avenue to the left one comes, at its foot, to the Forty Steps already referred to.

Nearly opposite the Ocean House is the brick mansion of the Duchess de Dino, formerly Mrs. F. A. Stevens of New York.

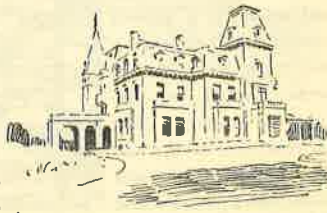


Ocean Ho.

Continuing down Bellevue Avenue, the residence of the late John G. Weaver will be seen on the north-east corner of Berkeley Avenue. On the north-west corner of Perry Street is the "cottage" built by Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White for the late Hon. Isaac Bell, Jr., at one time minister to the Netherlands.

Opposite this is a house once the residence of Rear Admiral C. H. Baldwin, U. S. N.

Passing still further down the avenue, we see, standing far back from the street, with a mammoth palm in front, a tall, stone mansion with a portecochère at the left and a tower at the right; this is "Château sur Mer," the



Geo. P. Wetmore

residence of ex-Gov. George Peabody Wetmore, and one of the most expensively furnished houses in the city.

At the left, on the corner of Ruggles Avenue, is "Fairlawn," once the estate of Vice-President Morton but purchased from him and somewhat altered by Isaac Townsend Burden. The interior of this house is very finely treated. The ballroom,

which has been the scene of many notable society events, is said to be the only room in absolutely correct Louis XVI. style in Newport.

On the south-east corner of the next street, Marine Avenue, is the summer home, "By the Sea," of the family of Mr. August Belmont, the New York banker.

On the right-hand side, on the north corner of Bancroft Avenue, is the residence of Theodore A. Havemeyer, the Austrian Consul-General at New York.

Opposite this place is a private driveway which leads to "Rosecliff," the estate of the historian, the late Hon. George Bancroft, who spent his summers here from 1851 until his death, and here much of his historical writing was done. Mr. Bancroft's gardens were devoted entirely to roses; as many as 4000 blooms representing every known variety of rose were



Geo. Levi R. Morrison

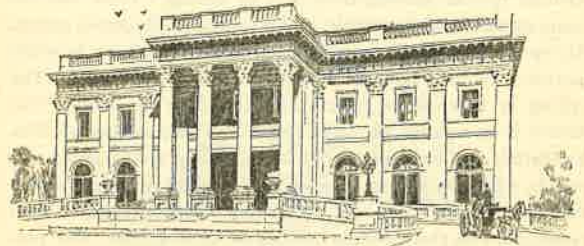
often to be seen here at one time. His birthday celebrations which were anticipated with much interest and which were important features of the Newport season, were held here every October. This entire neighborhood, called the "Ochre Point district," was at one time the farm of the late Wm. Beach Lawrence, the eminent jurist, whose heirs sold it in parcels from which they realized \$850,000. Mr. Bancroft paid for his portion \$12,000. At his death the estate was sold to Mr. Hermann Oelrichs of New York, for \$140,000. The house fronting on Bellevue Avenue, and whose grounds are cut by the driveway leading to the Bancroft house, was formerly owned and occupied by Dr. Parkman, who was so tragically murdered by his friend Webster, many years ago in Boston.



A little beyond Bancroft Avenue, on the left, is the William Astor estate, a rather square, brick house with large piazza and extensive grounds running through to the cliffs. The place is called "Beechwood" and was built twenty-five or thirty years ago by the Parrish family who sold it to the Astors. The Astors have never been in the habit of spending much time here, usually limiting their stay to the strictly fashionable season; remaining long enough, however, to give each year, a number of their far-famed dinners.

The next house but one is the "Barreda Place," built by the Spanish minister Barreda. It is now owned by William Waldorf Astor, nephew of William Astor. The house is of brick, large and striking without and superbly appointed within. In the spring of 1895 an offer of \$12,000, as the season's rental for this property, was refused. The price asked being \$15,000. Between the residences of William Waldorf Astor and John Jacob Astor stands the "Marble House" of William K. Vanderbilt, designed by Richard M. Hunt of New York, the architect of the Administration Building at the Columbian Exposition. It is in classical style of architecture with renaissance ornaments. An imposing Corinthian portico extending to the roof, adorns the front. On the roof is a promenade surrounded by a balustrade. Here and there are bits of sculpture and delicate tracery in stone, executed by the most skillful artist-artisans obtainable in this country and Europe. The exterior is of purest white Rutland marble and Caen stone from Caen, France. The general effect is chaste and severe. A broad marble veranda surrounds the house and in front of the portico a huge marble basin supplied with

water from the mouths of a Dryad and Naiads is bright with many-hued fishes. A broad, block-paved, horseshoe drive-way swings up from the street to the house, under the portico, and to the street again. The front doors, behind the portico are protected by a pair of metal gates pronounced the largest and finest in this country and possibly, of their kind, in the world. They were designed by the architect Richard M. Hunt, and wrought at the John Williams bronze works in New York City. Their cost was over \$50,000 and the labor of fifty men for over a year's time, was required for their construction. They are twenty-five feet wide by sixteen feet high and are of bronze,



iron and gold. The gates, together with the lintels from which they are hung, weigh nearly twenty tons. Their object is to protect the inner doors from the effect of the weather. The design is in the manner of the Louis XIV. period and consists of upright and transverse bars connected by wreaths, festoons and flowers. The chief panels contain the monogram "W. K. V." Each gate consists of duplicate designs in bronze and iron coinciding and divided by plates of translucent glass. Thus by day admitting light from outside and by night revealing the interior illumination, while furnishing at the same time, complete protection from the weather. On

account of the moisture of the Newport atmosphere, the bronze portion is placed outside, and the iron-work polished and oxidized to a gun-barrel blue, and ornamented with applied leaves in bronze, heavily gold-plated, is within. The vestibule of the house, fifty-seven by thirty feet, has walls and floor of yellow French marble, with ceiling sixty feet above, panelled in decorated plaster and supported by heavy columns. Here are statues in each corner, niches occupied by beautiful sculpture, a balcony on the front and ends at the second story and an impressive frieze containing life-size figures. The walls of the dining-room are panelled in different shades of brown African marble running from floor to ceiling. Here also are many statues in white marble, and a ceiling in decorated panels. Above the door of the drawing-room is an escutcheon in white marble. Within, the walls blaze with crystal and gold. The ceiling is frescoed in panels and the floor is oaken. The library is a wonder of carved work. The chamber of Mrs. Vanderbilt has walls of carved black walnut with padded silk panels, while the ceiling, also in black walnut, is panelled with fancy silks from Paris. Mr. Vanderbilt's chamber, which communicates with this room, is finished in light woods. The portable furnishings of the house are estimated to be worth a round million. The house itself, is said to have cost \$1,500,000.

A short distance further, the avenue turns sharply to the right; here, at the left of the bend, is the Frederick W. Vanderbilt place. Mr. Vanderbilt bought the two adjoining estates of the Dunnells and Tuckers, and converted them into one, of nine acres, calling it "Rough Point." The grounds have a frontage of fifteen hundred feet on the cliffs, and one may pass through them on the Cliff Walk. The house is of granite and brownstone, long and low; in the centre is a large hall open to the roof and surrounded by a gallery at the second story. This hall, which is lighted from a stained glass window overhead,

contains a richly-carved staircase of old oak, and a very large granite fire-place which faces the door. The reception-room on the first floor is finished in old oak with gilded leather hangings and fine stucco-work ceiling. The dining-room, containing a massive side-board of old oak, built into the wall, has heavy oak rafters overhead, and walls of carved oak, finished by a frieze of stamped leather. The remaining rooms of the house are finished in a manner to accord with those already described. The view from this place is unusually fine, even for a cliff "cottage."

In the vicinity of Bailey's Beach are some very elegant residences. At the right of the beach near Spouting Rock, is the



estate of Mr. Henry Clews of New York. It is called "The Rocks," and was purchased five or six years ago by Mr. Clews, from Mr. T. S. Montgomery of Boston. Since that time it has been greatly improved and is now one of the handsomest villas in Newport; among the peculiar features of this house is a music room of octagonal shape.

On Ochre Point Avenue, at the corner of Shepard, the next street, is the well-known house built by Miss Catherine Wolfe and named by her "Vineland." Miss Wolfe was a wealthy maiden lady of New York, who came to Newport and bought this piece of land (for \$190,000), on which she erected this

brownstone palace; the house is sumptuously finished and appointed in every way. Walter Crane, the English artist, was engaged by her to execute a frieze for the dining-room, illustrating Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor." Upon her death, Miss Wolfe bequeathed this property, together with a large sum of money, to Mr. Louis Lorillard, brother of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, to whom she was related. The lodge and even the hen-house belonging to the estate, are fine examples of modern architectural work. The buildings were all designed by Messrs. Peabody and Stearns of Boston.



Van Alen

The house of cream-colored stone in Elizabethan style of architecture, fronting on Lawrence Avenue, is the property of Mr. J.

J. Van Alen, a son-in-law of Mr. William Astor.

A little further on the right, fronting the cliffs, are the estates of Messrs. Ogden and Robert Goelet, respectively. The house of the latter, near Narragansett Avenue, is the work of

Messrs. McKim, Mead and White. Its interior is a noble example of the most artistic and highly-developed house



Robert Goelet

architecture of today. The great hall in old oak, with entrance at one end and wide sea-ward looking windows at the other, runs the whole depth of the house, and mounts to the roof. The finely-treated, carved staircase leads to galleries which encircle the hall. Over the ample fire-place, a chimney-piece of carved oak, which was removed bodily from an old French chateau and inserted here, furnishes the key-note for the wood-work of

the entire hall; in fact, a harmonious treatment of the finish and furnishings is carried throughout the whole house. The drawing-room decoration is an exquisite piece of work in ivory and gold. In every portion of the house is shown the directing influence of highly trained artistic taste.

Opposite this place is that of the late W. R. Travers of New York.



Ogden Goelet

At the corner of Ochre Point and Shepard avenues is the estate of Cornelius Vanderbilt,— "The Breakers." The house, which was burned in 1893, has been replaced by a sumptuous palace of warm-tinted Caen stone with red tiled roof. \$3,000,000 have been employed to make this the most striking and superbly appointed of Newport villas. \$75,000 was paid for one of the fireplaces. The three Vanderbilt houses have cost their owners \$5,000,000. The Cornelius Vanderbilt stable on Coggeshall Avenue, built at an expense of \$75,000, is large enough to accommodate a flourishing livery business.

Many more residences reflecting great credit on the architects and filled with every sort of luxurious and artistic furnishings, might also be described — as the Sherman cottage, built by the late H. H. Richardson; the Weld and Eldridge houses, by Dudley Newton; the Skinner, Samuel Coleman, Samuel Tilton, H. A. C. Taylor and William Edgar houses, built by Messrs. McKim, Mead and White; the Renfrew house, by H. L. Warren; and still others by these and other architects. A

superb place is "Sunset Lawn," owned by Mr. Frank W. Andrews of Boston. The house, designed by the late H. H. Richardson, is situated at the northerly end of the island, near the town of Portsmouth; it faces Narragansett Bay and possesses an outlook seldom equalled. Here Mrs. Andrews has been accustomed to hold weekly receptions attended by guests who drive up from Newport.

At Bateman's Point, commanding an unobstructed view of the great Atlantic and the mouth of Newport Harbor, is "The Reefs," the estate of Mr. T. M. Davis of New York; the house is of stone and finely planned and built.



The requirements in connection with building at Newport are somewhat unique, and many difficult architectural problems have been worked out here, some with great and some with little success. The interior, however, of

many a house whose exterior is faulty or uninteresting, is richly and artistically finished and elegantly furnished.

If one feels interested in seeing something of the country north of Newport, he will be repaid by driving out almost at random; but a lovely drive, and one frequently taken for the sake of the associations connected with it, is had by following Bath Road to First Beach, then passing on to Sachuest Beach where the "Swamp Road" to the left is taken, leading over the bridge, a short distance beyond which, is a side road closed by a gate; this side path leads to "Whitehall," once the home of a Bishop Berkeley. The distance is about three miles. It is a

low, square house with a sloping roof running nearly to the ground at the back. The old Dutch tiles that once surrounded the parlor fireplace have been removed by the lessee who lives near by. On leaving this country, the Bishop, then Dean Berkeley, gave the house to Yale College, the trustees of which have leased it for a term of several hundred years. A detailed account of Dean Berkeley's life at Newport will be found in a previous chapter.

Upon returning one need not follow the shore road but can take one running further back from the water.



LIME ROCK LIGHT.

Another pleasant drive is that to Lawton's Valley about six miles north on the west side of the island; here is the house of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.



Still another is that to the Glen about six miles north on the east side of the island; this is a very pretty, quiet spot. A small hotel is situated about a half-mile further, and near here is a church in which Dr. Channing often preached. About four miles beyond are the Rhode Island Coal Mines.

Another drive is to Fort Adams; by the road the distance is about three and a half miles, although by water it is only one. Starting on Thames Street and driving south, one should keep to the right, following very nearly the shore; about opposite the foot of Wellington Avenue is Lime Rock Light, the home of the noted life saver, Ida (Wilson) Lewis, who is now lighthouse-

keeper. Her salary is \$750 and her fuel. Although over fifty years of age she is very strong and active.

At a point where the road turns to the right is Brenton's Cove, on the south side of which are high cliffs. The beach here has long been used as a final dock for old hulks beyond



FT. ADAMS

repair. Here Capt. Cook's ship, the "Endeavor," was allowed to decay.

Capt. Kidd is reputed to have once lived in Newport (as well as in every other sea-coast town in the country) in a house on Franklin Street; and on this beach his ship is said to have broken up.

Some imperfect fortifications were thrown up on the site of Fort Adams during the Revolution, but the first fort was not finished and named until July 4, 1799. The present fort, built



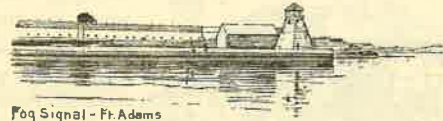
Sally port - Ft. Adams

in 1820, is the third strongest fortification in the United States; it can mount four hundred and sixty-eight cannon for which a garrison of three thousand men would be required. Its magazines and covered ways are very finely built.

On Mondays and Wednesdays, between 4 and 5 P. M., the immense parade-ground, covering eleven acres in the interior of the fort, is thrown open to visitors, and large numbers of people drive out from the city at this hour to enjoy the music which is always furnished by the garrison band. This location is called

Brenton's Point, named from the well-known Brenton family, of which William Brenton, governor of the colony from 1666 to 1669, was the founder in this country.

From the fort another view of Lime Rock Light may be obtained to the east; to the north-east lies Goat Island where is the headquarters of the Torpedo Station of the United States Naval Service. Here experiments with torpedoes of latest construction are constantly being made; and here young naval officers gain their first experience in the use of this effective instrument of modern warfare. On the island is a gun-cotton plant which produces all the gun-cotton for the United States Navy, but in case of war much more would be required than is possible to manufacture here, and the erection of a new plant



Fog Signal - Ft. Adams

in the interior of Pennsylvania, where it would be less exposed to the attack of an enemy, is now strongly contemplated. The force employed at the station, superintended by Commander Jewell, is larger now than ever before.

Strangers are not allowed on this island, but friends of the officers are often given passage in the steam launch running from Ferry Wharf, foot of Mill Street.

The first fortification in this vicinity was made on Goat Island, about the year 1700 and was called Fort Anne. The name has been changed many times. In 1730 it was called Fort George; at the opening of the Revolution, Fort Liberty; in 1784, Fort Washington; in 1798, Fort Walcott, which name it still bears.

Directly north of Fort Adams is Rose Island on which are a lighthouse and the ruins of an old fortification.

West of us is Canonicut Island, about eight miles long and occupied by the single town of Jamestown, named in honor of King James in 1678.

At a point directly opposite Fort Adams are the rocks called the Dumplings and the curious old Fort Dumpling first fortified by the French in 1779. The present elliptical fort was built in 1800 but never entirely completed. At the southern part of the island is the oldest light in America, Beaver-Tail; the first light-house was erected there in 1667. Near by are the remains of an old English fort. At the northern end of the island, five miles from the landing, is Canonicut Park, a pleasure-ground of five hundred acres, containing a hotel, the Canonicut Park



Fort Dumpling

Messrs. Walter Saterlee and John Lafarge, the artists, have had studios here; a few years ago Mr. J. B. Sword, the Philadelphia artist, leased the Town Hall and fitted it up as a studio. In addition to the Canonicut Park House there are also three other quite large hotels: The Gardner House, the Thorndyke House, and the Bayview House. The island is reached from Newport by a sail of two miles on the Jamestown ferryboat, running several times daily from Ferry Wharf at foot of Mill Street, making a very enjoyable side-excursion for the tourist.

Beyond Rose Island may be dimly seen Coaster's Harbor Island, where is located the United States Naval Station; the island was given to the town of Newport by William Coddington,

House, and many cottages, some of which are the summer homes of wealthy Philadelphia people; Admiral Porter, Mr. W. T. Richards and Mr. Chas. Wharton of Philadelphia have long summered here;

Rhode Island's first governor, and the town some years ago presented it to the Government on condition that a training school should be established there.

The large building on the side of the hill was formerly the Newport Almshouse but was rebuilt and is now the United States Naval War College. The commodore is F. M. Bunce, formerly of the New London Station. Moored off the southern end of the island is the United States Training Ship, "Richmond," which is open to visitors, as is also the college, from 3 P. M. to sunset, daily. The "New Hampshire," which was

U. S. Naval War College
Coaster's Harbor Isl.

anchored off here for a number of years, has been condemned and taken to New London. One may reach the island by carriage, or if properly acquainted, by the government launch which leaves Commercial Wharf, foot of Franklin Street, several times a day.

Another pleasant short trip of about one and a half miles is a drive to Tammany or Miantonomy Hill in the northerly part of the town, on the Middletown boundary line. When William Coddington and his associates came to Newport in 1639 they found the whole island governed by a sachem named Wonnunetonomy who was subject to the sachem of the

Narragansett tribe. His place of residence was on this hill, which the settlers called by his name. On account of its length the word was soon abbreviated to 'Tonomy and has since been corrupted to Tammany. On the hill are still traces of a breastwork thrown up by the British. Those who have read "Malbone; a Romance of Oldport," by T. W. Higginson, will be interested to learn that most of the land in this immediate vicinity was owned and occupied by the family of the artist Malbone. They were very wealthy and lived in elegant style, but one day in 1766, just as a large party were about to sit down to dinner, the house was found to be afire and was entirely destroyed. The view from the hill is very fine on a clear day.

A short distance farther north are Coddington Cove and Coddington Point. Another elevation from which a good view may be obtained is Honeyman's Hill, not far from Tammany Hill.

The amusements of Newport are many and costly; the Casino furnishes conversation-rooms, smoking-rooms, piazzas and small nooks innumerable for the pleasant interchange of thought, on an extended or strictly limited scale as one may prefer; here also are bowling-alleys for those who allow themselves exercise, and tennis-courts for the many who affect, and the large number who enjoy tennis. At the fourteenth annual tournament held on these grounds in the fall of 1894, three thousand people were present nearly every day. All of ultra-fashionable Newport was there; the crush was so great that many were unable to see the games at all. These annual tournaments are open to all comers, and thus they draw tennis enthusiasts from all parts of the country. On these occasions the display of color is something unique; the upper and lower piazzas of the building are filled with ladies in brilliant costumes, and the lawns about the courts are fairly glowing with gorgeous blazers, parasols and hats. Here the would-be national champions engage one

another in bloodless combat, and show the spectators some of the finest playing in the country. Those interested in tennis will find themselves well repaid for the unavoidable discomfort attendant on seeing these games.

Another amusement which has many devotees who move in Newport society, is polo playing, an East Indian sport introduced into this country from England, by Mr. James Gordon Bennett in 1876. The first polo games were played in Newport in 1877, and since that time they have been a prominent feature of the regular season. They usually take place in August. The sport is very exciting and probably would be attended by great numbers of spectators if it were not for the fact that the players usually confine themselves to private grounds.

The old game of golf, which has more than held its own in England and Scotland for over four hundred years, has gained such a foothold in American polite society that it will undoubtedly supersede polo, at least for a time, as a characteristic game of the Newport season. A club has been formed, a clubhouse erected on Ocean Drive, extensive links laid out and Mr. Anderson of St. Andrew's Golf Club of Scotland, chosen assistant superintendent. The Golf Club-House is also the headquarters of the Country Club.

The most extensively enjoyed amusement at Newport is yachting. The fine harbor always dotted with sails, and the round of pleasures ashore, attract many independent yachtsmen at all times in the season, and parties are constantly leaving or arriving; but when the entire fleet of the New York Yacht Club is in port the scene is animated indeed.

In 1889 the club leased for five years Sayer's Wharf, next pier to Commercial Wharf, foot of Franklin Street, and erected there a neat, balconied, two-story building thirty feet square, with two floats attached, at a cost of \$3000. The second story contains a ladies' waiting-room, and the first floor a room for both

ladies and gentlemen. This little house is the scene of much fashionable gayety and pleasant excitement during the racing season. All mail matter and parcels for members of the New York Yacht Club, may be directed to this club-house. The club holds the option of buying this property and will undoubtedly do so in the near future, and erect a more expensive headquarters.

The annual yacht races, which occur at Newport, always excite great interest throughout the country, some of the finest boats in the United States being invariably entered. The cups presented yearly, by Capt. Ogden Goelet, since 1883, which are beautiful pieces of designing and workmanship, have been won



by such boats as the "Volunteer," "Puritan" and "Mayflower." The Goelet schooner prize for 1890, won by the "Marguerite," was an elegant pitcher-shaped vase twenty-six inches high, weighing one hundred and eighty ounces and costing \$1000. The sloop prize of the same year, won by the "Volunteer," was a silver wine-cooler in "Empire" style of decoration, and valued at \$500. Both prizes were designed by Tiffany & Co. of New York.

When the Goelet cups are to be contended for, the occasion is made a society event; palatial steam yachts with awnings spread over some of the most wealthy and fashionable beauties of the eastern and middle states, line the course, while at the starting time, as well as at the finish, well-filled four-in-hands, tally-hoes, landaus, dog carts and every variety of handsome family equipage crowd the ocean drive about Bateman's Point.

One who has seen Newport ever so superficially, need not be told that driving is here a fashionable amusement; hundreds of

elegant carriages of every modish style, drawn by faultless horses and occupied by some of the wealthiest and most highly cultivated people of our large cities, are to be seen daily at the proper hours, on Bellevue and other avenues.

Bathing is not in vogue at Newport, except among children and such men as do not mind being considered eccentric. Among women it is decidedly out of favor.

Late in the season, a limited number of both sexes among the fashionable set, have been accustomed to follow the trail of the fox or that of the anise-seed bag, in the annual meets of the "Queen's County Hunt;" but this sport is now indulged in by a comparatively small number.

A convenient point for the stranger in Newport, to fix in his mind, is the corner of Thames and Franklin Streets. Here in one building of brick, painted drab, and facing Thames Street, are the Post-office and Custom-house; in the side of the building is a niche containing a bust of Franklin. Opposite the Post-office is Commercial Wharf from which nearly all the excursion steamboats start. At the side of the Post-office, on Franklin Street, is one terminus of the electric railroad; here one may take a car directly for First Beach, or by changing at the corner of Spring Street, go to either Morton Park or Mile Corner. There are no horse cars in Newport; the station of the electric cars is on the south corner of Spring and Franklin Streets; one route of the cars is from Mile Corner, at the Middletown line, through Broadway and Spring Street to Morton Park at the corner of Spring and Brenton Streets, a distance of two and a half miles. The other route is from the Post-office, through Franklin, Spring, Levin Streets and Bath Road, to First Beach, a distance of one mile. If we wish to go to Mile Corner, we take a car going to the left as we stand at the station on Spring Street; we ride up Spring Street, past many points which we have already noticed, and turn into Broadway. After riding on this street a short distance, we come to the

Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument on our right. On our left is Equality Park. The monument was unveiled May 23, 1890, by the sculptor himself, Mr. William Clark Noble. It represents a soldier as if on picket duty, just startled by some sound in the distance and grasping his musket in both hands, with the right thumb on the hammer. This figure is eight and one-half feet in height. At its side kneels a sailor in the regulation navy uniform of the war—loose blouse with wide collar, fastened with a sailor knot, belt, large trousers, buttoned leggings, sabre-bayonet and cartridge-box. The left elbow of the sailor is upon the left knee, the head is bent forward, sighting a carbine. The figures are of bronze mounted on a pedestal about eleven feet in height, the sides being covered with army and navy emblems and a Grand Army badge. The spot where the monument is situated, at the corner of Broadway and Cranston Street, is called Congdon Park. Mr. Noble is a resident but not a native of Newport. His first work in this city was interior decoration and carving on the Casino and several "cottages." One of his latest works is the statue of Dr. Channing, which stands in Touro Park and faces the Channing Memorial Church. It is of bronze, nine feet high, on a granite pedestal and was erected by Mr. W. J. Weld at an expense of \$20,000.

On the return, a car may be taken at Mile Corner, which will carry one back over the same route to the car-station and straight on past there to Morton Park.

Cars leave Post-Office for Broadway and Morton Park every 20 minutes from 6 A. M. to 10.20 P. M., and for the Beach, every 20 minutes from 6.40 A. M. to 9.40 P. M.

Cars leave the Beach for Broadway and Morton Park every 20 minutes from 6.50 A. M. to 9.50 P. M.

Cars leave Morton Park for Broadway every 20 minutes from 6.10 A. M. to 10.30 P. M., and for the Beach every 20 minutes from 6.30 A. M. to 9.30 P. M.

Cars leave Mile-Corner, Broadway, for all points every 20 minutes from 6.25 to 9.25.

Free transfer to all points.

The Newport Natural History Society, incorporated in 1883, has a room for meetings and for containing its collection, on Touro Street, in the rear of the Historical Society's Building. Visitors admitted from 10 to 2, and Saturdays until 5.

At 260 Thames Street is the People's Library, established 1870, open daily, Sundays excepted, from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. It now contains 28,000 books. On the left, going up Pelham Street, at the corner of Corne Street is the Aquidneck Hotel, a handsome and well-appointed house. At the corner of School and Mary Streets, is the Children's Home, an old-fashioned wooden dwelling house painted brown and adapted to its present use as a refuge for friendless children.

At 165 Thames Street is the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium and reading-room; all visitors are welcome to inspect the premises.

At 16 Howard Avenue is the Newport Hospital, opened Nov. 22, 1872, and doing a good work.

On Church Street is the Rogers High School, a handsome building liberally endowed by William Sanford Rogers whose name it bears.

On the corner of Church and High Streets is Masonic Hall, built in 1802 and enlarged in 1887. Masonry was first introduced into Newport in 1749.

Newport has many churches, among them one Swedish and three Ethiopian. The Swedish Church is at 173 Spring Street. A stranger in the city is often surprised to see what a large proportion of the people he meets are colored; there is a very large resident colored population, but many people of that race, seen here during the summer, are either brought as servants by wealthy cottagers, or have come here from Virginia, Maryland and other points South, in the hope of obtaining situations, either permanent or for the season, with the family of some well-to-do summer resident. Scores of them come from the South with this end in view, every season.

Newport supports five newspapers, the *Daily Observer*, the *Mercury*, the *Daily News*, the *Journal* and the *Enterprise*.

There are eight national banks and three savings banks in town, all doing a creditable business.

Sail-boats may be hired at Kinsley's Wharf, foot of Pelham Street, and sail-boats and row-boats at Long Wharf and also at Spring Wharf, 303 Thames Street. Attendants may be had if desired.

CONDENSED LIST OF OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN
AND AROUND NEWPORT.

Armory of Newport Artillery Company, 23 Clarke Street.
Open daily to visitors.
Beaver Tail Light, Southern end Canonicut Island.
Beach Road, from First Beach to Second Beach.
Bath Road, from Bellevue Avenue to First Beach.
Bailey's Beach, foot of Bellevue Avenue.
Bellevue Avenue, from Kay Street to Bailey's Beach.
Bull house (old), Spring Street, opposite Stone Street.
Brenton's Point, site of Fort Adams.
Brenton's Reef, off Brenton's Point.
City Hall, corner of Thames Street and Long Wharf.
Cliff Walk, from Easton's Beach to Bailey's Beach.
Canonicut Island, west of Newport; reached by Jamestown Ferry from Ferry Wharf.
Commercial Wharf, foot of Franklin Street.
Coggeshall's Ledge, end of Ledge Road.
Coddington's (William) grave, in small burying-ground, Farewell Street.
Casino, 194 Bellevue Avenue. Concerts, after July 3, from 11 A. M. to 1.30 P. M.
Channing Memorial Church, Pelham Street, opposite Touro Park.
Children's Home, corner School and Mary Streets.
Car Station, corner Spring and Franklin Streets.
Castle Hill, south-western part of the town.
Coaster's Harbor Island, by way of Thames, Poplar and Third Streets.
Congdon Park, corner of Broadway and Cranston Street.
Country Club House, Ocean Drive.

Custom House, corner Franklin and Thames Streets.
Equality Park, junction Broadway and West Broadway.
Easton's or First Beach, end of Bath Road.
Ferry Wharf, Thames Street, opposite Mill Street.
Fall River Line Pier, foot of Long Wharf.
Fort Dumpling, south-east part of Canonicut Island.
Friends' Meeting House, Marlborough Street, near corner of Farewell Street.
Friend's Cemetery, corner of Tilden Avenue and White Street.
Forty Steps, in cliffs, on Cliff Walk, at foot of Narragansett Avenue.
Fort Adams, Brenton's Point, by way of Thames Street, Wellington Avenue, Fillmore Street and Harrison Avenue. Dress parade and guard mount 9 A. M. Band concerts Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 4 to 5 P. M. Drills 10 to 11 daily, excepting Saturdays and Sundays.
First Beach, see Easton's Beach.
First Baptist Church, Spring Street, near Barney Street.
First Methodist Episcopal Church, Marlborough Street.
Fort Wolcott, on Goat Island.
Fort Greene, end of Washington Street.
Graves' Point, Ocean Avenue.
Glen, six miles north, on east shore.
Goat Island, off Long Wharf.
Golf Club Links, Ocean Drive.
Hanging Rocks, north of Second Beach.
Historical Rooms, Touro Street; open daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., Sundays excepted.
Hospital, 16 Howard Street.
Jewish Synagogue, Touro Street.
Jewish Cemetery, corner of Kay Street and Bellevue Avenue.
Kinsley's Wharf, Thames Street, opposite Pelham Street.
Lawton's Valley, six miles north, on west shore.
Liberty Square at junction of Thames and Farewell Streets.
Liberty Tree in Liberty Square.
Lime Rock Lighthouse, off the shore at Wellington Avenue.
Long Wharf, Thames Street, foot of Washington Square.
Mall, in Washington Square.
Morton Park, corner Spring and Brenton Streets.
Masonic Hall, corner of Church and High Streets.
Miantonomy Hill, see Tammany Hill.

Natural History Rooms, rear of Historical Society Rooms, Touro Street. Open daily except Sundays from 10 to 2. Saturdays until 5 P. M.

Newport Reading Room Club House, corner Bellevue Avenue and Church Street.

New York Yacht Club House, Sayer's Wharf, next to Commercial Wharf.

Odd Fellows' Hall, corner Washington Square and Charles Street.

Opera House, Touro Street, opposite the Mall.

Ocean House, corner Bellevue Avenue and East Bowery Street.

Ochre Point, foot Ruggles Avenue.

Old Colony Railroad Station, foot of Marlborough Street.

Old City Cemetery, corner Farewell and Warner Streets.

Old Stone Mill, Touro Park.

Polo Grounds, Thames and Brenton Streets.

Parade, Washington Square.

People's Library, 260 Thames Street; open daily from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M., Sundays excepted.

Perry (Oliver Hazard) Statue, Washington Square, in Mall.

Perry (Mathew C.) Statue, Touro Park.

Perry (Oliver H.) Home, Touro Street, opposite the Statue.

Paradise Valley, north of Second Beach.

Purgatory, west of Second Beach.

Price's Neck, Ocean Avenue.

Providence Steamer, Commercial Wharf.

Post Office, corner Thames and Franklin Streets.

Quaker Church, see Friend's Meeting House.

Quaker Cemetery, see Friend's Cemetery.

Redwood Library, Bellevue Avenue; open daily from 12 M. to 2 P. M., Sundays excepted.

Rose Island, west of Goat Island.

Roger's High School, Church Street.

Sayer's Wharf, opposite Post Office.

Sachuest or Second Beach, one mile beyond First Beach.

State House, head of Washington Square.

Second Beach, see Sachuest Beach.

Soldiers' Monument, corner Broadway and Cranston Street.

Spouting Rock, west end of Bailey's Beach.

Tammany Hill, end of Malbone Road, off Broadway.

Trinity Church, Church Street.

Telegraph Hill, Beacon Road, five miles from Washington Square.

United Congregational Church, Spring Street, corner of Pelham Street.

U. S. Training Ship "Richmond," off Coaster's Harbor Island; can be visited daily from 3 P. M. till sunset.

U. S. Training Station, Coaster's Harbor Island; can be visited daily from 3 P. M. till sunset. See Coaster's Harbor Island.

U. S. Torpedo Station, Goat Island.

Vernon House, corner Clarke and Mary Streets.

Whitehall, in Middletown, back of Paradise.

Wickford Steamboat Pier, Commercial Wharf.

Y. M. C. A. Rooms, 165 Thames Street.

The following is a list of the religious societies of
Newport, arranged in chronological order.

The BAPTIST, established in 1644;	FRIENDS, in 1659;
SABBATARIAN, 1671;	JEWISH, in 1677;
CONGREGATIONAL, 1696;	EPISCOPAL, 1698;
MORAVIAN, 1758;	METHODIST, 1803;
CATHOLIC, 1825;	UNITARIAN, 1835.

IV.

BLOCK ISLAND.

LEAGUES north, as fly the gull and auk,
Point Judith watches with eye of hawk;
Leagues south, thy beacon flames, Montauk!

Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-forsaken,
With never a tree for Spring to waken,
For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,

Circled by waters that never freeze,
Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,
Lieth the Island of Manisses,

Set at the mouth of the Sound to hold
The coast lights up on its turret old,
Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.

Dreary the land when gust and sleet
At its doors and windows howl and beat,
And Winter laughs at its fires of peat!

But in summer time, when pool and pond,
Held in the laps of valleys fond,
Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond;

When the hills are sweet with the brier-rose,
And, hid in the warm, soft dells, unclose
Flowers the main-land rarely knows;

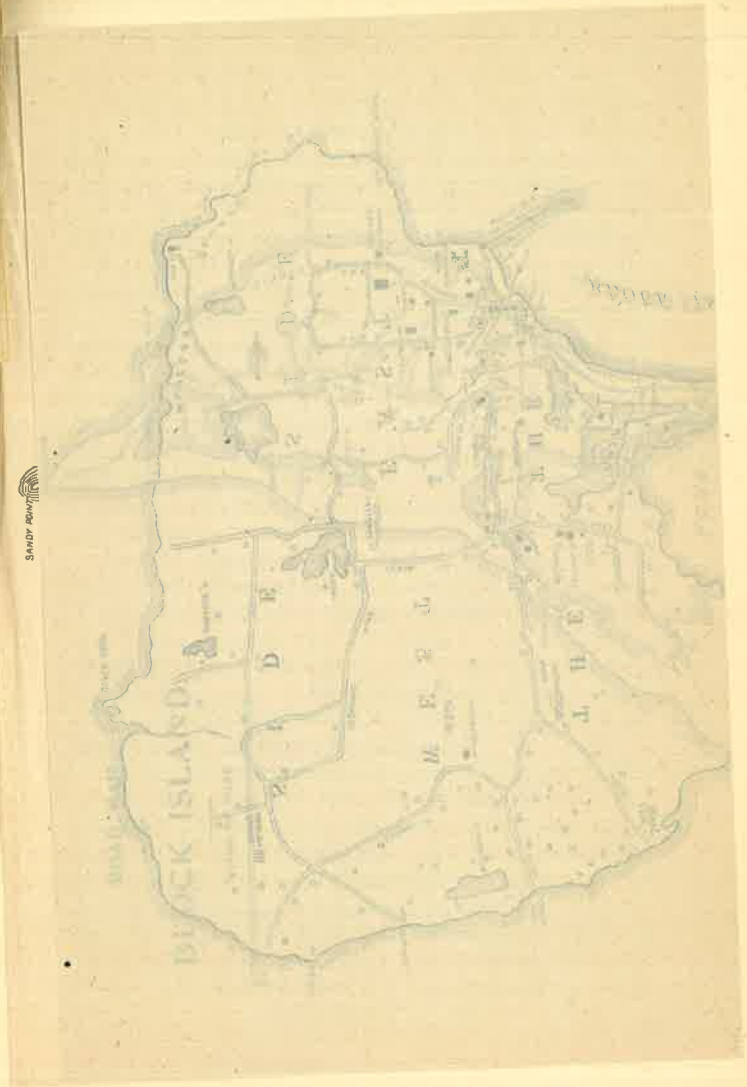
When boats to their morning fishing go,
And, held to the wind and slanting low,
Whitening and darkening the small sails show,—

Then is that lonely island fair;
And the pale health-seeker findeth there
The wine of life in its pleasant air.

No greener valleys the sun invite,
On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,
No blue waves shatter to foam more white!

—From "The Palatine," *J. G. Whittier.*

SANDY HAVEN



BLOCK ISLAND.

North, as fly the gull and auk,
 With watches with eye of hawk;
 South, thy beacon flames, Montauk!

Wood-shorn, wood-forsaken,
 See for Spring to waken,
 Or farewells taken,

Islands that never freeze,
 Swept by breeze,
 Of Manisses,

On the Sound to hold
 Up on its turret old,
 In sea-fog mould.

When gust and sleet
 Windows howl and beat,
 At its fires of peat!

Time, when pool and pond,
 Of valleys fond,
 Limpets of sea beyond;

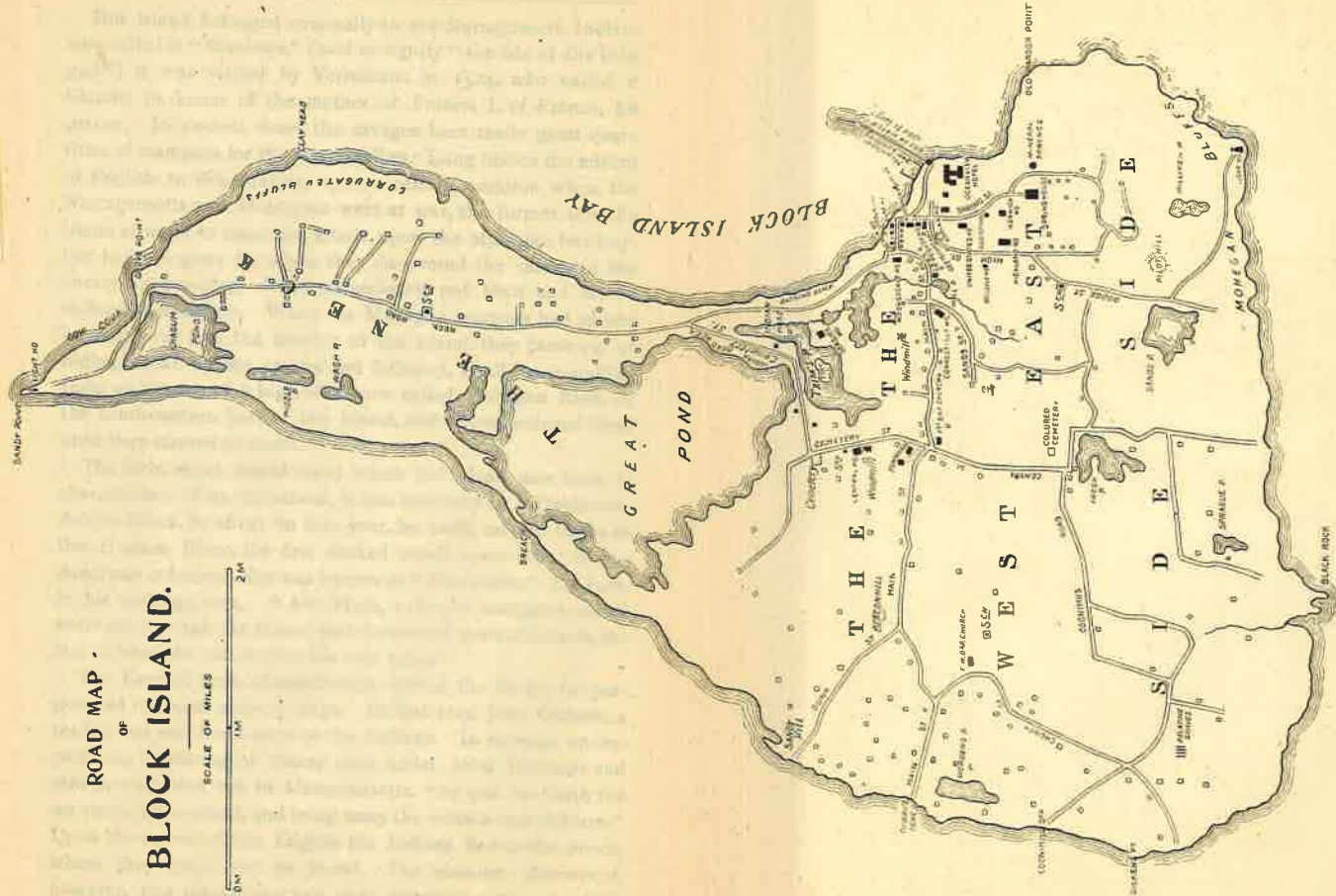
Are sweet with the brier-rose,
 Warm, soft dells, unclose
 Land rarely knows;

Their morning fishing go,
 Wind and slanting low,
 Darkening the small sails show,—

By island fair;
 The seeker findeth there
 In its pleasant air.

As the sun invite,
 When no sea-birds light,
 Better to foam more white!

From "The Palatine," J. G. Whittier.



were very large, together with about two hundred acres of corn, part of which had been gathered in heaps. The English remained two days, burned the wigwams and part of the corn, broke the canoes, and then returned home.

On October 19, 1658, the general court of Massachusetts (which state claimed the island) granted one quarter part to each of the following persons: John Endicott, Richard Bellingham, Daniel Dennison and William Hawthorne. Upon this, John Alcock, a physician, having already bought the island from parties in Boston (who, by the way, had no power to sell it) prayed that he might not be dispossessed; and he was not. On August 7, 1660, Simon Ray and seven others met at the Alcock house in Roxbury to confer about the purchase of the island from the Indians. He made the agreement with them that all expense should be equally divided. They soon built a "barque" for the transportation of cattle, etc., and a shallop for passengers; William Rose was master of the "barque," and William Edwards and Samuel Staples commanded the shallop. In April, 1661, the "barque" sailed from Braintree and the shallop took on its human freight at Taunton.

Arrived at their destination, John Alcock and three others purchased the Indian title to the entire island. Out of the names of all the original settlers of the island, that of Rose alone is represented among the present population.

These early settlers on Block Island were imbued with the peculiar ideas prevalent among the colonists at Massachusetts Bay, and did not care to unite themselves with the more liberal-minded people of Rhode Island. Unlike all other colonists in America, they asked no charter nor permit of any kind from Europe, but coolly settled down on their island and remained absolutely independent for three years, when Roger Williams persuaded them to unite with Rhode Island.

At the time of the first settlement, 1661, the total number of colonists was thirty. The number of Indians was then estimated

to be four hundred. In 1700, there were two hundred English and three hundred and fifty Indians; in 1800, seven hundred and fourteen whites and sixteen Indians. The "noble red man" played a losing game here, as everywhere else.

In 1672 the General Assembly of Rhode Island incorporated the inhabitants of the island, as the town of New Shoreham, and gave them a charter.

Ne'er-do-wells were never in favor here. A little time before the act of 1672, it was ordered by the town authorities that "Joseph Billington plant and sufficiently tend three acres of Indian corn the next year ensuing, and so yearly during his abode here, and if he do not he shall depart the island." Also, "that the town's book shall be constantly kept in the hands of the town clerk, and a town clerk to be chosen yearly for that end who can both read and write."

Block Island, at some period not very remote, undoubtedly formed the eastern extremity of Long Island, the intervening land having been washed and blown into the sea. In these days, Montauk Point, the nearest part of Long Island, is thirteen miles distant. The greatest length of Block Island is seven miles, its breadth about four miles. The highest point on the island, Beacon Hill, is three hundred feet above sea-level. No ledge or rock has ever been found here; all the stone on the island is made up of boulders probably deposited during the glacial period. Even the earth itself is either gravel or sand. These boulders, mostly of granite, nearly covered the ground when the early settlers arrived, but they have gradually been gathered and used; some for stone wall, of which there are over three hundred miles on the island. The larger ones have been blasted and used for building purposes. The surface of the island is very uneven; no better description of its topography can, perhaps, be given than that by Mr. S. T. Livermore in his "History of Block Island." "Imagine several tidal waves moving in nearly the same direction from west to east, each

rising about one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and their bases nearly touching each other; and on the tops, sides and intervals of these, chop-waves in every conceivable shape and position, covering completely the tidal waves; and when the reader has done this he has an outline of the view under the observer's eye, who stands in a good light upon Beacon Hill."

In speaking of the island, the resident population usually recognize three broad divisions: the East Side, West Side and the Neck. The East Side possesses the most natural advantages and here we find the National Harbor and the largest village containing the greater part of the hotels, stores, the post-office, cable-office, life-saving station, etc. Here too is the magnificent Crescent Beach, free from stones and seaweed, with a scarcely appreciable undertow and with surf absolutely untainted in any way; this beach, which stretches in a fine curve for nearly two miles, is of quite recent origin; about seventy-five years ago there stood here a line of low dunes about twenty-five feet high, made up of fine sand held together by a growth of coarse grass, and so steep as to be hard to climb from the water's edge. The very severe gale of September 23, 1815, brought about the first change. The sea, risen to twenty feet above high-water mark, swept over the place, tearing out the grass and other vegetation whose roots held the sand in position, and thus loosened, it was soon levelled by the wind and water to its present condition.

On this beach is a great quantity of black sand, composed of the crystals of magnetic iron ore, whose greater weight prevents it from being blown away like the quartz sand. Before the invention of blotting-paper this was much used in sand-boxes for blotting purposes. Very much of it has been removed by New York parties, who, after separating the quartz and iron, put the latter in bags and ship it to New York for foundry use.

The Neck comprises that part of the island north of Great Pond. It terminates at the extreme north in a narrow tongue

of land, called Sandy Point, from which a very dangerous bar projects several miles into the ocean. Here is a lighthouse erected in 1867 on the oldest lighthouse site of the island, it having been occupied previously to this by three other lights, which, during a period of thirty-eight years, were demolished by the shifting of the sand. The present structure is substantially built of granite and bids fair to remain many years.

South-east of the light is Cow Cove. On the eastern side of the Neck is Clay Head, conspicuous for its high bluffs and its picturesque mingling of red, white and blue clays.

At the southern part of the island are Mohegan and other high bluffs, the Cliffs and Black Rock.

The West Side is the least interesting part of the island and is not much frequented by visitors.

On the island are over one hundred ponds varying in size from an insignificant pool to Great Pond which covers one thousand acres. This pond, whose greatest depth is twelve fathoms, is supplied with water from the sea, which becomes freshened by filtering through the sand. Several smaller ponds are supplied in the same way. Great Pond nearly cuts the island in halves, from south-east to north-west; the narrow strip of land between the pond and the sea on the east is called Indian Head, that on the west, Harbor Neck.

Near the southern end of Crescent Beach is Harbor Pond, so called from the fact that, previous to the great gale of 1815, it communicated with the ocean by an inlet wide enough to allow a small sloop to pass.

North of Harbor Pond is Trimm's Pond, in which is an island called Fort Island, being formerly occupied by an Indian fortification, the scene of a serious encounter between the settlers and savages.

Originally the island was covered with a heavy growth of forest trees. In the valleys are now almost inexhaustible beds of peat formed from vegetable matter washed down the hillsides

into the ponds. One peat-bed found at the shore, and traced into the ocean a quarter of a mile from high-water mark, furnishes good fuel. During the Revolution the island was completely stripped of trees, and if it had not been for the immense supply of peat would probably have been abandoned. Of late, however, coal has been coming more into use each year.

Native coral has been found on both the eastern and western shores of the island. The sea-weed deposited on some parts of the island is thrown up in such quantities that it is of great importance as a fertilizer; its value is estimated at \$20,000 a year.

No snakes nor wild animals of any kind are found on the island, but great numbers of geese and ducks stop here while migrating.

The largest families on Block Island are the Dodges and Littlefields; about two-sevenths of the resident population bear one of these two names. This is a distinctively New England community, ninety-seven per cent of the permanent residents are American born, and ninety per cent were born on the island; in fact, there are people of advanced years living here who have never been on the main-land. About two-thirds of the inhabitants are engaged in farming, carrying on about four hundred farms. The greater part of the remainder are fishermen. The total fishing revenue of the islanders is about \$75,000 a year. The Block Island undecked schooners are famous; they average from ten to fifteen tons, are pointed at both ends and carry slim, tapering sails. They are very seaworthy, being able, with native handling, to ride out weather that would founder vessels of the ordinary type.

Block Island is one of the very few places on the Atlantic coast that have a climate distinctly "maritime;" Newport is another such place. The temperature is very even, seldom rising to 80°. The atmosphere is bracing and has a tonic,

stimulating effect; dyspeptic, nervous, debilitated persons find here great relief.

Although a public house was opened as early as 1842, on the present site of the Adrian House, it was the resort chiefly of those who came here to enjoy the fine fishing off the coast.

There is no natural harbor at Block Island, and as no decked vessel could make a landing here previous to the building of the break-water the visits of strangers were "few and far between." But through the earnest efforts of Mr. Ball this artificial harbor was created, making it possible for steamers and other large vessels to land passengers and freight, thus placing the advantages of a summer at the island within the



Ocean View House.

reach of many who had before been debarred from this enjoyment. The break-water, constructed by F. Hopkinson Smith, extends from the eastern side of the island for one thousand feet in a north-easterly direction; then two hundred feet from the end a second section starts running more nearly north for a distance of three hundred feet.

Ninety-three thousand tons of stone were used in this work, and its cost was \$155,000. Inside this protecting arm may be seen at anchor the quaint fishing-boats of the Block Island Fleet.

There are many very good hotels and boarding houses here, very conveniently reached from the landing. The Ocean View Hotel, erected by Nicholas Ball, is the largest; it is a large, squarely built structure surmounted by a cupola. About two

hundred and fifty feet west is Ocean View Cottage, connected with the hotel by a bridge, making a continuous promenade on bridge and piazzas of fifteen hundred feet. The fine view from the hotel justifies the use of the name.



Iron Spring House

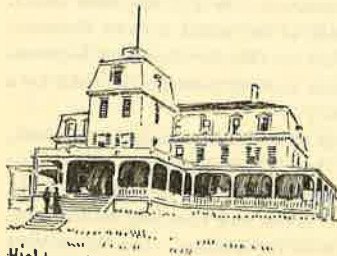
The next hotel in size is the Spring House, named from the springs near by from which its water supply is obtained.

Near the Ocean View Hotel is the Manisses, formerly known as the United States Hotel.

About three-quarters of a mile from the landing, on the road leading across the island, is the Connecticut House.



Connecticut House



Highland House

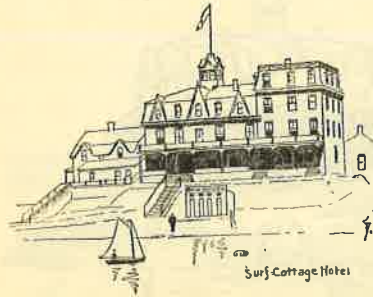
Not far from this is the Hotel Neptune. About half-way between the landing and the Connecticut House is the Woonsocket House. About one-quarter of a mile south of the landing is the Highland House, a little east of which is the Norwich House. A trifle north of the Highland House is the Bellevue House.

About three-quarters of a mile south of the landing, on very high ground, is the Block Island House, opened in 1883. A little north of the centre of the town is the Central Hotel. Clustered near the landing are the Union House, Pequot House, Narragansett Hotel and Adrian House. Surf Cottage is on the bluff west of the landing. About a half-mile north is the Sea Side House. Rose Cottage is near the Spring House. At many of the farm houses boarders are taken at moderate rates.



New Adrian House

At Harbor Village, near the landing, is an Odd Fellows' Hall, also a lodge of Good Templars and the Atlantic Lodge of Masons. The post-office is a short distance west of the landing. A few steps beyond the post-office is the cable-



Surf Cottage Hotel

office of the United States Signal Service, or Military Telegraph; during the larger part of the day the office is open for commercial business. The cable leaves the island at Sandy Point, then runs to Point Judith and connects at Narragansett Pier with the Western Union Line.



Harbor Chapel

The Town Hall was originally a meeting-house; here the Island High School was opened in 1875. There are five district schools in the town, which have been pronounced by the school commissioners "as good as those in any of the country towns in the state."

Not far from the Town Hall is the First Baptist Church, erected in 1857; the society was organized in October, 1772.



National Hotel

On the west side is the Free Will Baptist Church. The early settlers of Block Island were Baptists, and Baptist the place has remained ever since.



South Light House

There are scores of pleasant drives on the island passing many well-kept farms and pretty ponds. One trip is to South Light-house and the Cliffs, about two and three-quarters miles, by a good road. We turn off from Main Street at the Skating Rink, then by

way of High and Dodge Streets we come to Sands Pond; here a cart-path running south-east is taken bringing us to the Light. This light-house, sometimes called the New Light, is situated at the south-eastern part of the island, near the edge of the famous Mohegan Bluff. This is one of the best equipped light-houses



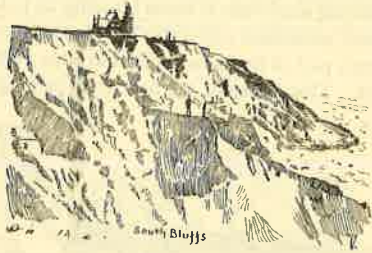
Cliffs

on the Atlantic coast and was built of brick in 1874 at a cost of \$75,000. The lantern alone cost nearly \$10,000. From the balcony surrounding the tower below the lantern a magnificent view may be had; the lantern itself stands two hundred and four feet above the sea level.

A fog-signal, worked by a four-horse-power engine, is located about one hundred feet to the eastward; the sound is made not by wind but by steam which is thrown through a trumpet seventeen feet long.

To provide against accidents there are two horns, each having its own boiler and being entirely independent of the other. The very best light obtainable is necessary here on account of the exposed situation of the island; even now a great many wrecks occur. On two occasions six vessels have come ashore in one day.

The cliffs here at the southern end of the island are very high and steep, some rising almost perpendicularly from a hundred



to a hundred and fifty feet. With a quiet horse, however, one may drive to within a few feet of the edge in safety. From the bluffs at the south-west may be seen Montauk Light (the nearest point on Long Island), the Sound, and the Rhode Island coast-line.

The old North Light is reached by the Neck Road, running north by Great Pond and Sachem's Pond through some of the prettiest parts of the island—a drive of about five miles.

The light-house, built of granite in 1867, has already been described. About two and three-quarters miles west of the landing, near the main road which runs by the church and

Town Hall, is Beacon Hill, the highest point of land on the island. Shortly after leaving the landing and before reaching the church, we pass, on the right, a picturesque old windmill. Beacon Hill, which has an elevation of about three hundred feet above the sea-level, took its name from the fact that the early settlers used it as a spot from which to give warning in time of danger. At the top is a little tower where good field-glasses may be hired. From this point the whole island appears laid out like a map; Long Island and the Rhode Island coast are plainly visible, while on a clear day, Gardiner's Island, Fisher's Island and the headlands of the Massachusetts coast may be seen.



Large parties are often made up to go on picnics to Great Pond. Here those affected by the motion of the salt water will find delightfully smooth sailing. This pond, like many others on the island, abounds in fine fresh-water fish of various kinds.

The old cemetery is frequently visited by strangers; it is reached by the road running north from the Town Hall. It is situated on a rise of ground from which Great Pond can be seen. As in most of



the ancient burying-grounds in New England, many of the oldest graves here are marked merely by boulders found in the pastures. The oldest lettered stone is cut from a piece

of Connecticut sandstone; it is without ornament and bears this inscription:—

HEARE LIETH
THE BODY OF M
MARGRET GVTRY
AGED 64 YERS WHO
DEPARTED THIS
LIFE APRIL 5 1687

"Gutry" is a corruption of Goodrich which was a common name in Connecticut at that time. The stone of Simon Ray, one of the original proprietors of the island, is here; it is a slate slab lying horizontally, and bears a long and interesting inscription. He died in 1737, in his 102nd year. A stone of interest to those seeking curious epitaphs, is that of Elizabeth, wife of John Sands, who died August 31, 1765, in her 19th year; it bears this stanza:—

"Stop Reader spend a mournful tear
Upon the Dust that slumbers Here
And while you Read the state of me
Think on the Glass that runs for thee"

One involuntarily associates in his mind the name "Sands" and "glass," and wonders if the poet intended a subtle joke.

About one mile south of the Breakwater is Old Harbor Point, a picturesque headland running boldly into the sea. South of the Point is Pebbly Beach, a favorite resort with many.

The fishing off Block Island is unsurpassed; fine cod-fishing banks are within sight of the hotels. The bass and blue fishing are also excellent. The cod fishing here commences about April 1, and lasts until June 1. The famous Block Island blue fish are taken throughout the hotel season. They average very large and are quite abundant; they are caught by trolling from small sail-boats, and many visitors enjoy the sport every year.

Tautog also are found near the island. During July the waters teem with sword-fish averaging two hundred and fifty pounds and sometimes reaching double that weight. They are caught by harpooning; tons of them are sent to New York and Boston each year. The sword-fishing boats leave at about 4 or 5 o'clock



in the morning, taking parties of strangers with them nearly every day, to witness the sport, which is very exciting. Those who enjoy eating fish will appreciate the dinners at Block Island hotels; the very freshest of lobsters and fish are always served, together with milk, vegetables, fruit, mutton and chicken, all raised on the island. In the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of August 1, 1877, there appeared a letter which is apropos to-day as when it left the pen of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, on Block Island, eighteen years ago; the following is an extract:—

"The Connecticut and Rhode Island people have known for two or three years past that on this island was a perfect summer climate, good fishing, sailing, and hotels where real comfort can be had by the enterprising or the lazy. But I have not found that many Boston people knew that they had a point of refuge so comfortable and luxurious at once, only six hours under their lee. I have lived for four years every summer on "the hills" in southern Rhode Island, with Block Island directly opposite me, fifteen miles away, on the southern horizon. But summer is not a season for energetic enterprise, and

till yesterday I was fain to let it stay on the southern horizon, without 'essaying the adventure' of the depths between. Now that my own house is hidden as much in my distant horizon line of the north, as but yesterday this house was hidden in my horizon line of the south, I have one illustration more of the great truth that in a busy world, it is always better to do a thing than not to do it,—so there be no moral reason why not,—and of the other lesson, that some of the most curious things in life may be lying unconsidered just outside our immediate ken. The complete change in the position of the island relative to the rest of the world has been achieved in the last ten years. It illustrates the good of a strong government, and is due as well to the energy and foresight of one spirited man. Wm. Ball of this island began to urge in 1868 the necessity of an artificial harbor here. He pressed his plan on the Rhode Island Legislature, where he was a senator, on the several chambers of commerce, and on Congress. Slowly, and with the necessary steps of reports by engineers and the rest, the plan went forward; and a breakwater quite like what travellers see in the Mediterranean, has been built, which gives the needed security to a cloud of vessels, and makes a harbor to which the steamboats of which I speak can make their regular voyages. The blessing of the harbor thus made, for the saving of life only, cannot be estimated in figures. The fleet of fishermen which in the course of the summer may be hovering around these islands, is estimated at nearly three thousand vessels. These are engaged largely, like the fishermen from your eastern ports, in providing fresh fish for the markets of the United States; and when at Omaha you eat boiled cod with egg-sauce at your breakfast, it is because some good fellow on this coast lay by all night in a gale, and it may be because in case of emergency he was able to run for this little harbor. . . . With the extraordinary resources of the island for loafing, for rest and for comfort, our children and their children will see it become a sort of Isle of Wight for jaded and overworked New England. I should be sorry for one, to see this manly, native population squeezed out in the process by any importation of the ordinary or average pleasure-seeker. But perhaps this may not be. There can be no part of America where are twelve hundred people of such pure New England blood. The census shows only a handful of emigrants from any region but the six adjacent States of the pure blue blood. They are courteous

and intelligent, enterprising and successful. The very difficulties of their position have given them characteristics of which they may well be proud. . . . Whoever wants a perfect temperature, a comfortable hotel and nothing to do, will be wise . . . to try a few days at Block Island."

A steamer leaves Providence at 9 A. M. daily, reaching Block Island at 3 P. M. This boat makes a landing at Newport at 10.45, connecting with the early train from Boston on the Old Colony Railroad. Another steamer, Geo. W. Danielson, leaves Commercial Wharf, Newport, every day except Sunday, at 1.30 P. M., returning at 7.20. The steamer "Block Island" leaves Norwich at 8 A. M., New London at 9.30. Watch Hill at 11, and reaches Block Island at 12.30. Returning it leaves Block Island at 2.30 P. M., Watch Hill at 4, and reaches New London at 5.30. Steamer Mount Hope leaves Old Colony Steamboat Wharf, Newport, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday. Fare one way, 50 cents. Trip, 75 cents. There is a daily mail from the island, carried by steamer.

These waters are the scene of J. G. Whittier's poem, "The Palatine," and of R. H. Dana's poem, "The Buccaneer," and have been described in many another romantic poem and story. From almost any portion of the coast one may enjoy an endless moving panorama of steamers, yachts and vessels of every description. On a fine clear night the view is greatly enhanced by the lights of many colors, some near and some faintly seen, some stationary and some in motion.

"The sun is set; and in his latest beams
Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,
Slowly upon the amber air unrolled,
The falling mantle of the Prophet seems.
From the dim headlands many a light-house gleams,
The street-lamps of the ocean; and behold,
O'erhead the banners of the night unfold;
The day hath passed into the land of dreams."

V.

NARRAGANSETT PIER.

NARRAGANSETT PIER forms a part of the eastern coast of the town of South Kingstown (the largest town in extent in Rhode Island), at the western entrance to Narragansett Bay. Before the advent of Europeans, the native tribe, numbering thirty thousand souls, with five thousand warriors, was engaged in the manufacture of wampum, pipes, bowls and small nick-knacks of different kinds, which they sold to other New England nations. According to the writings of the contemporary settlers, they were unusually industrious and capable Indians. But they were induced by King Philip to enter his league against the English, in 1675; the latter at once organized a force of one thousand men under Gen. Winslow and pursued them to a fort which they had erected near Worden's Pond, about five miles west of Narragansett Pier.

Here, on a bitterly cold day in December, in this snow-filled swamp, was fought a most bloody battle, to the terrors of which, fire was added by the burning of the wigwams by the English. The vivid and extremely nonchalant description by the Rev. Cotton Mather, of a similar fight in Connecticut, might well answer for this: "It was a fearful sight to see them frying in the fire, and the streams of blood quenching the same, and horrible was the stink and scent thereof; but the victory seemed a sweet sacrifice, and they gave the praise thereof to God."

In this fight at Worden's Pond, eighty whites were killed and one hundred and fifty wounded, many of the later died before reaching home. Three hundred Indians were killed, about six hundred captured, and three thousand warriors

escaped. The prisoners were taken to Boston. Part were shot on Boston Common, part were sold as slaves and part died on Deer Island in Boston Harbor. The tribe was completely subdued.

Rowland Robinson who came to this neighborhood in 1675, bought land running from Point Judith to the River Pettaquamscutt. At his death in 1716, he divided this property between his two sons, John and William. John dying without issue, all the land became the property of William, who died in 1751, leaving one hundred and sixty acres at what is now Narragansett Pier, to his son John.

This John Robinson, born in 1742, was the leading business man of the place, and is said to have built the first pier and store. He was the uncle of Hannah Robinson the "Belle of Rhode Island;" her birthplace is still shown to visitors. Upon the death of John Robinson in 1801, he left one-fifth of his estate to his son Benjamin who also bought out the interests of the other legatees, thus controlling the whole property. In 1810 he sold to Rowland Hazard, twenty-four acres of land together with a store and two piers. In 1815 the piers were destroyed by the famous gale of Sept. 23, and Mr. Hazard built another one with cabbage-palm piles brought from South Carolina. The whole region then began to be called "the Pier."

In 1817 Mr. Hazard traded the pier with Capt. Robinson Potters of Newport, for part of a ship. In 1822 Mr. Geo. C. Brown bought it of Mr. Potters, and built a house where the Casino now stands; the only other buildings at the pier at that time were the store referred to above, which stood near the present Rockingham Hotel, and a house where the Dr. Hitchcock cottage now is. A pier has been a necessity from the first, because without one, no vessel could make a landing, as there is no harbor here and the ocean beats against an almost straight coast.

In 1845 a few people came here to fish, and were accommodated by Mr. Hodwen at the present site of the Hotel Gladstone, in a house afterward known as the "Elmwood." The first house built expressly to accommodate boarders was the Revere House, or "Rodman's" as it is usually called. It was erected by Capt. J. H. Rodman in 1855. The Narragansett House built by Mr. Esbon Taylor, dates back to 1856. The Atwood House was opened in 1866 by Mr. Joshua C. Tucker, and was the one mostly resorted to by New York people.

From these small beginnings the place has grown in favor, until at the present time there are nearly thirty fairly-large hotels.

Until 1876, visitors were obliged to ride from Kingstown Station to the Pier in stages, but in that year the Narragansett Pier Railroad was opened over the same route and business at the Pier received quite an impetus.

In the early days before the railroad was built, and even for some time afterward, Pier society was made up of people who came here simply to have a good time in the old-fashioned, inexpensive way; they lived almost wholly in hotels, and limited their dissipation to bathing, eating fish-dinners and baked clams, riding in hay-ricks, occasionally dancing and always lounging about in comfortable, negligee costumes.

But great changes have taken place here within a few years; hotels still accommodate the greater part of the visitors, but there are more cottages, some of them very finely built and furnished, comparing favorably with those of Newport. However, society is here even now more democratic and unconventional in tone than at Newport; there is less effort at fashionable display; consequently it is a more congenial resort for those who wish merely rest, good air and freedom from excitement and nervous strain. While Newport society seems to be made up mostly of New Yorkers and Bostonians, that of the Pier is recruited to a great extent from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, St Louis and other western cities.

Noon bathing is completely in fashion at the Pier, and those who enjoy a dip in the brine, may indulge themselves freely, feeling that they are in a double sense in "the swim."

A platform in front of the bath-houses, in some of which hot sea-water and shower baths can be had, holds many spectators, while others sit under tents erected on the beach. These tents, while affording shelter from the sun, give the older people a view of the surf and the children a chance to dig the sand to their heart's content. At the noon hour on a pleasant day, the color-sense of the looker-on is gratified with the sight of every tint in and out of the rainbow, for a large proportion of the bathers here are women and children, and picturesque costumes are the rule.



The coast of South Kingstown is, generally speaking, bold and rocky and is exposed to almost the full force of the Atlantic swell; but although the waves beat and dash against these red rocks with tremendous power, the slope of the beach is so long and gradual that their strength is there quickly reduced to a safe point. In fact, this is one of the safest beaches on the coast, and one of the finest. It begins just north of the hotels and extends in an unbroken, curving line for over a mile.

Mr. Attmore Robinson built the first bathhouse here, in 1845. A boat is kept in readiness outside the breakers, during bathing hours, to rescue anyone who may become exhausted.

As we approach Narragansett Pier in the steamer, we see to the left of our landing-place, a rather low, rocky shore, back of which is a line of dark trees growing on higher land, while above all, rises the tall gray tower of "Hazard Castle."



When some distance from the landing, Point Judith Light-house may be seen at the extreme left, but this view is afterward cut off by a little point of land on which is a cluster of cottages. At the right we see a long line of hotels, bordering the shore road, and last of all, the Casino beyond which the beach begins.

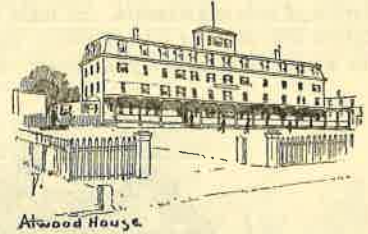
The pier from which the locality is named seems surprisingly small and insignificant for a wharf so distinguished, but it answers the purpose very well and pretends to be nothing but a little, common, work-a-day wharf.



Green's Inn

Passing up the wharf and turning to the right, up Ocean Avenue, the first building seen is Greene's Inn, a quaint-looking Queen Anne building, with shingled sides. On the south-

east corner of the house is a winter solarium, which in the summer is part of the veranda. In the little square at the end of the inn is a handsome stone drinking fountain with pointed canopy of stone. A short distance further is another large hotel, the Hotel Berwick, next is the Continental Hotel, after which we pass the Revere House, the Atwood House, the Atlantic House and the Mathewson, in which is an office of the Commercial Cable and Postal Telegraph. On the opposite corner a line of pretty cottages starts and runs up into the town.



Atwood House.

The stone building just in front of us, by the shore, is the United States Life Saving Station, built in 1888; it has a large anchor cut in the front, and is of the same material as

the casino which we have now reached. The wooden pier running from the breakwater in the rear of the Life Saving Station is called the North Pier or the "Yacht Pier."

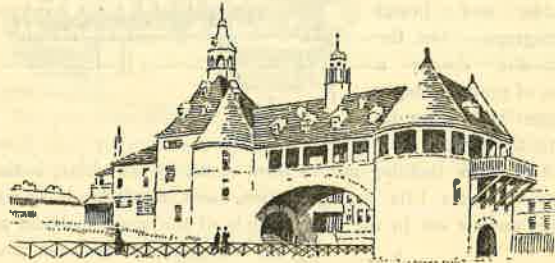


Life Saving Station

In 1883 a casino company was incorporated which selected this site and engaged the architects McKim, Mead and White to design and erect a building. The result is this fine structure of warm-grey stone, one of the most beautiful casinos in the country. The land on which it stands was formerly the Saunders Coates estate. The building (which cost over \$100,000) faces Ocean Avenue, over which is thrown a heavy

stone arch supporting a roofed promenade, called for obvious reasons "Cupid's Walk," from which may be seen, directly in front, the southern end of Canonicut Island, tipped by Beaver Tail Light, and nearer still the red light-house on Whale Rock, while beyond all in the distance are Brenton's Reef and the light-ship lying off shore.

To the right is a wide stretch of ocean with its ever-changing burden of sails and steamers. At night this place is effectively lighted with different colored electric lights. At each side of the avenue is a massive stone turret with conical roof. Near



Casino

the centre of the building is a tall clock-tower surmounted by a cupola. Passing under the arch a little glimpse of the sea is afforded by a side arch at the right under the tower; at the left is a short flight of steps leading to the casino entrance. Once within the building we see in front of us the ladies' parlor, and on either hand the rooms of the officers of the company. By the side of the stair-case leading to the next floor above is the entrance to a promenade which extends around the side.

A restaurant opens off the promenade, and the gentlemen's reading-room, which occupies the rotunda, opens out of the

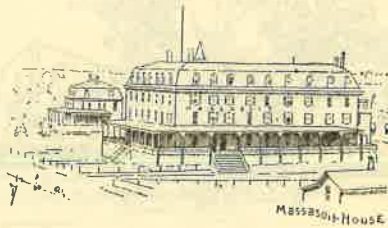
restaurant. Upstairs are the billard-room and theatre in which are held bi-weekly dances.

As at Newport, the Casino here is a gathering-place for society both by day and by night. After the bathing-hour many resort here for liquid or solid refreshment, and at night they gather for dancing or other social pleasures. Hops are held every Wednesday and Saturday evening, and in addition private hops take place almost every other night. A fine orchestra furnishes music on the verandas during the day and evening. The Casino lawns are well laid out with tennis-courts and here many find exercise or entertainment.



Coming out again under the arch we find on continuing along Ocean Avenue that it makes a sharp bend to the left around the Casino grounds. On our right is the Rockingham House and immediately beyond, on both sides of the avenue, are blocks of stores which display goods ornamental and useful. At the side of the Rockingham House is a narrow street called Beach Road; it is a short cut to the beach, and one may see beyond the end of it the bathhouses, tents and little booths at the back of the beach. A half-minute walk brings us to Exchange Place. The street opening to the right is Beach Street, leading by the back of the beach. To the left is Mathewson Street. The street running directly away from us is Kings-

town Road. At the corner of Kingstown Road and Mathewson Street is the little post-office. On Beach Street, opposite the end of Ocean Avenue, is a large brick building called Clarke's Hall which is the only structure of brick and iron at the Pier. The two upper stories contain rooms which are let to lodgers who get meals elsewhere, while the lower story is devoted to stores. A similar building is Hazard Block, at our right, the upper stories of which are let to bachelors only, while stores occupy the ground-floor. A minute's walk down Kingstown Road takes us past the Gladstone and Metatoxet Hotels, both large and well-known houses. A short distance further, on the right, is the studio of "Reckless Charlie," whose photograph



car on the beach from eleven to three has long been a feature of the place. On this street are also two or three livery stables within easy reach of Exchange Place.

Returning once more to Exchange Place we turn into Mathewson Street; we pass the Massasoit House and several cottages. On the corner of Central and Boon Streets is "Shingle Nook," the property of Brander Mathews, the well-known dramatic writer of New York.

Going up Boon Street we pass the Presbyterian Church, this street leads to the railroad station, and is quite a business centre. On Central Street, beyond Boon Street, is the Episcopal Church—a handsome stone edifice. Here also is "Rosalind

Cottage," owned and often occupied by the great tragedian, the late Edwin Booth.

On Caswell Street is the Ocean House, a large hotel with well-kept grounds. In this, the main part of the town, are many good, small hotels and handsome cottages which have not been mentioned.

Ocean Drive follows the coast from the landing to Point Judith, about five miles south.

On the east, between the avenue and the picturesque cliffs which form the shore, are numbers of fine summer residences, most of which face the ocean. A foot-path is also laid out along the edge of the cliffs running nearly parallel with the avenue and terminating near Point Judith.



"The Bellevue Avenue of the Pier" is Ocean Avenue. On Sabbath afternoons it is alive with pedestrians, young and old, on their way to "Hazard Castle" and other picturesque and romantic spots not far from the landing. Indian Rock and Sunset Rock are also favorite resorts for Sunday promenaders. On Sunday it is "the thing" to walk at the Pier. Driving is mostly reserved for week-days.

There are several very pleasant drives from the Pier; one is by way of Ocean Drive to Point Judith (five miles) past the summer villas of nearly all the wealthy residents, "Rockhurst," belonging to Mr. Howard Lapsley of New York; "Sea Breeze," to Mr. Samuel Colgate of New Jersey; "Suwanee," to Mr.

David Stevenson of New York; "Stonelea," to Mr. Geo. V. Cresson of Philadelphia; "Gillian Lodge," to Mr. Allen McLane of Washington; "Wild Field Farm," to Mrs. Samuel Welch of Germantown; "Sea Meadow," to Mr. James W. Cooke of Philadelphia; "Dunmere," to Mr. R. G. Dunn of New York; "Rock Ledge," to Mr. E. H. Sanford of New York; "Anthony's," to Mr. Sherman S. Rogers of Buffalo; "Scarborough," to Mr. Edmund Davis of Providence, and many others.



R. G. Dunn

Beyond the end of Point Judith Pond, which reaches nearly the whole length of our drive, on the west, is famous Point Judith itself. The Point is said to have been named for Judith, the wife of John Hull, who bought the land in this immediate vicinity in 1659.



Allan McLane

Here is one of the most important light-houses on the Atlantic coast; we are now about half way between Block Island and Newport, the former lying ten miles to the south-west, and the latter ten miles to the north-east.

The light-house seen to the west of Newport, is Beaver Tail on Canonicut Island. To the south and south-east, extends the open ocean past the Bermudas and the West Indies, to South America. Near here may be seen a very singular "profile rock" called the "Old Man's Face."

Another very popular drive, and a short one, too, only three and a half miles, is to Narragansett Heights, in a north-westerly direction; here is Silver Lake,



Ex. Gov. Sprague

one hundred and twenty-five feet above the ocean, and here in the midst of a plateau of eight hundred acres, is the Tower Hill Hotel, from which a fine view can be had of the country within a radius of fifty miles, including Block Island, Newport and a dozen other towns.

A drive still further northward is very pleasant; just after leaving the Pier we see "Canonchet," the former home of ex-Governor Sprague, and now owned by Mrs. William Sprague. At the village of Hammond Mills, in North Kings-



House of Gilbert Stuart

town eight miles from the Pier, is the house in which Gilbert C. Stuart, the celebrated portrait painter, was born, in 1756; he left this place to study in Paris and also in London under his famous fellow-countryman, Benjamin West. His portraits of Washington and other noted contemporaries, are among the best that were executed at that time in America. This property is now owned by Capt. Geo. N. Kenyon, who will gladly show one over the premises for fifteen

cents. The room in which Stuart was born has been kept intact and is shown to visitors. In this vicinity is fine scenery, good boating and fishing. Boats and lines may be obtained at the Stuart House.

There is an interesting drive to Peacedale by way of Wakefield; the latter about two and a half miles from the Pier, and the former, about two miles further. These towns lie in a north-westerly direction on the road to Kingstown Station. On this drive one passes the spot where Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry was born, of an old, aristocratic family, in 1785. Also a



E. E. Hale

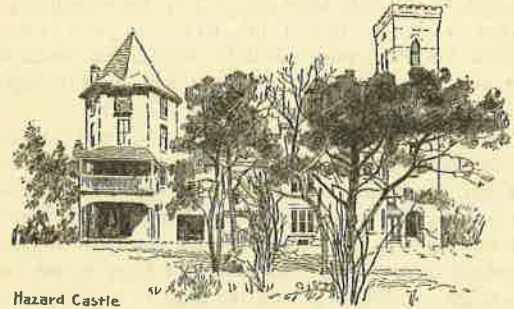
summer residence of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale; the ruins of the John Potter mansion, an eighteenth century estate where one hundred slaves were kept, and princely magnificence maintained; together with many other localities of historic interest. This is the neighborhood where were bred and raised the celebrated Narragansett pacers.

Leaving the Pier and proceeding south by the Ocean Drive, the first rise of ground on the west is called "Earlscourt;" here is seen a very odd-looking water-tower with an immense griffin on the front; the purpose of the tower is to supply the

adjacent cottages with water, which is pumped from a well to the top of the structure by an engine.

Visitors are allowed to mount by the spiral staircase, to the top of the tower where they are rewarded with a fine view.

About a half mile further south on the same side of the road, is the Hazard estate, the highest land in this vicinity. Some distance back from the street is a rough-stone building with a tower rising above the trees. This is known as the Hazard Castle. The building was commenced in imitation of an English abbey, in 1846, by Joseph Peace Hazard, but he soon abandoned it in an unfinished condition; he had already planted a



Hazard Castle

large number of trees about the grounds, and these grew in wild confusion. The house began to be regarded as a somewhat uncanny place, and was given the name of the "Haunted Castle." In 1883 the nephew of Mr. Hazard, Rowland N. Hazard, bought the place and completed the building on the original plans. The square, seven-storied tower is one hundred and five feet high and twenty-five feet square at the base; the walls have a thickness of over three feet. The view from the top, one hundred and sixty feet above the sea-level, is magnificent; it includes, from the north-east to the south-west, every point from Newport to Block Island, while to the north-west

may be seen Wakefield and Peacedale. In this building, some years ago, Mr. D. W. Tryon, the New York artist, had a studio. Other artists who have been identified with Narragansett Pier are Mr. F. H. De Haas of New York and Mr. E. D. Lewis of Philadelphia.

A short distance beyond Hazard Castle is a private cemetery owned by Mr. Joseph P. Hazard, containing a granite monument surrounded by granite posts, every other one of which is hollowed at the top as a food-receptacle for birds. The following inscriptions are conspicuous there: "Whatever their mode of faith, or creed, who feed the wandering birds, will themselves be fed." "Who helps the helpless, Heaven will help."

Narragansett Pier, Point Judith and Boston Neck (a locality north of the Pier) were united by the General Assembly in 1887, as one town called Narragansett, and given the right of local self-government.

Narragansett Pier may be reached from Newport by steamer, running from Commercial Wharf across the bay, a charming little sail of one hour, costing fifty cents one way, or seventy-five cents for the round trip. Many, however, take the ferry-boat running from Ferry Wharf to Jamestown; then crossing the island in a "barge," take the West Ferry to the Narragansett shore, proceeding down the coast in a public carriage to the Pier. This latter route is about twelve miles long; the ferry-boats are built to accommodate carriages as well as foot-passengers, and thus one can drive in his own vehicle from Newport to the Pier.

From Boston one may go by way of the Old Colony Railroad to Newport and then over either of the routes just described, or he may take the Boston and Providence Railroad to Kingstown Station and there be transferred without change of cars to the Narragansett Pier Railroad.

The Pier may be reached from Providence in the latter way, as well as by daily steamer.

From New York the Stonington Line may be taken to Stonington, where a train will be found waiting to carry passengers by way of Kingstown and the Narragansett Pier Railroad, without change of cars, to the Pier. A train may also be taken at the Grand Central Depot which will land one at the Pier in five hours.

There are two mails received each day at the Pier, steamers leave several times daily for Newport and Providence, twelve trains a day leave for Kingstown Station, and as many more arrive from the same place; so that, taking all together, communication with the rest of the world is nearly continuous throughout the season.