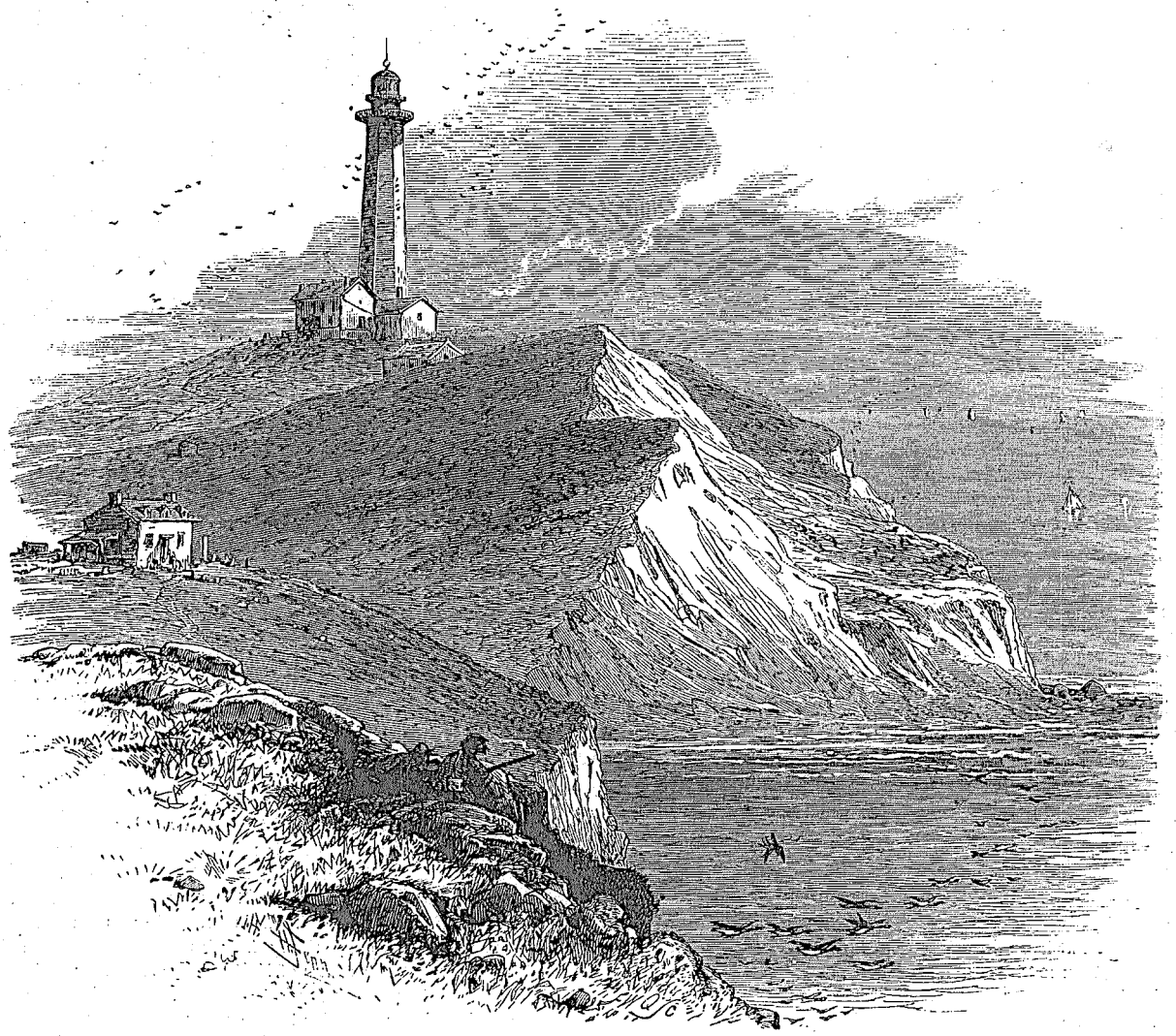
# APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

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## EASTERN LONG ISLAND.

THE eastern end of Long Island is penetrated by a wide bay, extending inland a distance of thirty miles. A large island divides the bay into two distinct parts, the outer division being known as Gardiner's Bay, and the inner, which is subdivided by promontories, as Great Peconic and Little Peconic Bays. This large estuary gives to Long Island the shape of a two-pronged fork. The prongs are of unequal length, that upon the southern side exceeding the northern branch full twenty miles. The southern branch is distinguished as Montauk Point; the northern, until recently, as Oyster-Pond Point, but now is sometimes called Orient Point, deriving its name from the village of Orient, situated within its limits. Although Orient Point is shorter than Montauk Point, yet a succession of islands carries the line of this fork a long distance northeasterly into the sound—all of the islands, it is generally believed, once forming a portion of the northern peninsula. The most noted of them is Plumb Island—this name is popularly spelled *Plum*, and in Thompson's "History of Long Island" we find it indiscriminately given both *Plumb* and *Plum*—upon which is a light-house, well known to mariners. The channel between this island and the Point, known as Plumb Gut, has been rendered famous by the well-known exploit of Mr. Bennett's yacht. It is a common tradition at the Point that, in the last century, the passage to the island



MONTAUK POINT.

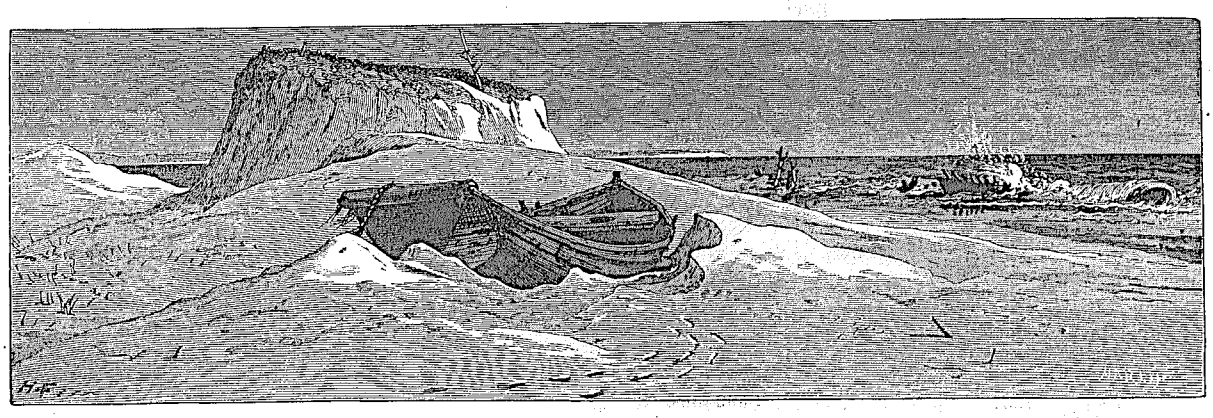
could easily be crossed, at low tide, on foot.

Gardiner's Bay is partly sheltered from the sea by a long, narrow, and low stretch of land, extending, on a line southerly with Plumb Island, across the open space that lies between the two points. Westerly, the bay is separated from the inner division of this inland sea by what is appropriately known as Shelter Island, which extends from opposite Greenport on the north branch to near Sag Harbor on the south branch. This island is high and beautifully wooded, and possesses so many attractions as a summer resort that large hotels are now erecting upon it. It has also been selected by the Methodists as a ground for their annual camp-meetings. A more beautiful place could scarcely be found for the purpose. Unlike all this portion of Long Island, it is crowned by noble hills, from the summits of which superb views can be obtained of the entire width of Long Island, the sound, and long stretches of the open sea. The Indian name of this island is Manhansack-aha-qusha-wamock, which we hope the reader will find no difficulty in pronouncing or remembering. The translation is rendered as "an island sheltered by islands," which is as poetical and pleasing as it is geographically accurate.

Eastern Long Island is famous for its fisheries. Its vast bays and adjacent seas abound with blue-fish, mackerel, and a small fish, valuable only for the oil extracted from it, called moss-bunker. This fish has built up in all this region an extensive and profitable industry. Numerous oil-factories recently lined the shores of the main island, and greatly marred the beauty of Shelter Island; but the horrible odor perennially escaping from them at last aroused a popular crusade, which resulted in their being legally declared public nuisances, and their removal ordered. But the industry was too profitable to readily surrender; hence it devised large floating oil-mills, and now, here and there over the surface of Gardiner's Bay, may be seen huge, black, uncouth, and yet picturesque-looking objects, always surrounded by waiting vessels, and ever vomiting into the blue air volumes of black smoke. But they scarcely mar the picture, and the odor of decayed bunkers never reaches the shore. The moss-bunker, menhaden, or bony-fish, is a little creature of something near a pound only in weight—to the great whale what a fly is to an ox. But it is caught in prodigious numbers, as many as one million having been taken at a single haul of a draw-seine from shore, enough to yield fifteen hundred gallons of oil. The fisheries in this section, whether considered as an industry or as a means of sport, give it its peculiar interest. The huge reels for winding the immense nets, seen all along the shores, are striking and picturesque incidents in the landscape.

Greenport, on the northern branch, is the terminus of the Long Island Railroad. It is comparatively a new settlement, dating only from 1827; while East Hampton and Southampton, on the southerly fork, are nearly two centuries older. There were settlers on Oyster Point, however, as far back as 1646, one Mr. Hallock having, in that year, purchased the district from the Indians. But no towns were built up until long after. The settlers on the southern fork, notwithstanding they came from the neighboring shores of New England, passed Orient Point, inviting, as it must have been, with its rich soil and varied greenery, to the pine-barrens and grassy downs of Montauk. Greenport is a very pretty town—as green, neat, and quiet, as the ideal New-England village. The cottages that line the well-shaded streets are hid among trees, and nowhere is decay or unwholesome poverty apparent. The drive from Greenport to the extreme of Orient Point is very charming. Near the town are many handsome villas and cottages, while flourishing farms and neat farm-houses enliven the road during the entire journey. At Orient Point there is a summer hotel, where in July and August great numbers come to enjoy the sea-air and the fishing. There is animation always in the picture presented here. On the sound, steamers and coasting-vessels come and go incessantly; while, in the bay, fleets of fishing-boats ever hover on the horizon, and yachts and smaller pleasure-boats give life and animation to the nearer scene.

Returning to Greenport, the traveler who explores this region will next desire to reach Sag Harbor. A steamer from New York touches at Orient and Greenport, and makes Sag Harbor the terminus of its route; but a pleasanter way to make the journey from Greenport is by sail-boat. The course lies around Shelter Island, and, if winds are fair, the voyage can be accomplished in two hours. Sag Harbor was settled in 1730, nearly one hundred years before Greenport. It is an ancient whaling-place. When Long Island was first settled, whales were common visitors to its shores, and boats were always ready for the pursuit of those welcome strangers. The whales, when caught, were drawn upon the shore, cut in pieces, and sent to primitive boiling-establishments near at hand. When the land of this region was purchased of the Indians, the sachems were allowed, by the terms of purchase, to fish in all the creeks and ponds, hunt in the woods, and to have the "fynnes and tayles" of all whales cast upon the coast. From the pursuit of whales on the coast there naturally arose expeditions of a more ambitious character, and in the early part of the present century we find the people of this town largely interested in the Pacific and Indian Ocean whale-fishing. But eventually Nantucket and New Bedford obtained the monopoly of this business, and, long before whaling began to decline in these towns, it had known its best days for the people of Sag Harbor. The fisheries of the bay are now the principal dependence of its citizens, although a cotton-mill indicates the development of other industries. Sag Harbor is old, quaint, and fish-like; it must remain a matter of taste whether the traveler should prefer its semi-decayed antiquity to the orderly and trimmed newness of Greenport.



THE SAND-DRIFT.

But Sag Harbor has a measure of newness by the side of East Hampton, on the southern branch, and the most easterly town of Long Island. This township was settled in 1649, by thirty families from Lynn and adjacent towns of Massachusetts. It is notable as the place where the Rev. Lyman Beecher officiated for twelve years, where Catharine and Edward Beecher were born, and as having been the home of John Howard Payne in his youth.

From East Hampton to the easterly extremity of Montauk Point, the peninsula possesses a peculiar charm. The road follows the sea-shore over a succession of undulating, grass-covered hills. It has been pronounced, by some admirers, the finest sea-drive in America. There is at all times and in all