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lac's Harbor.
by Cadillac to D'Iberville

oratory
ion.

Pot and Kettle
Club.

FRENCHMAN'S

BAY

Lookout Point

Hulls Cove

Shipyard

Two French traitors
tomahawked by Pierre
LeMoynes D'Iberville in 1692.

Cake
Wood

D'Iberville's Frigate "Poly"
came here so often as to give
the bay the name of Frenchman's Bay.

Bar Island Sheep Porcupine Burnt
Porcupine

Witch Hole Pond

Young's Mt.

Bald
Porcupine

Cadillac's
Passage

BAR HARBOR VILLAGE

Kebo Golf Course

Great Hill

Interlaken Hill

McFarland Mt.

Kebo Mt.

Eagle
Lake

The Whitecap

Green Mt.
Railway

now called
Cadillac Mt.

The Bubbles

Bubble
Pond

Schooner
Head
Artist Colony
1844-1869.

Sargent Mt.

The Beehive

BAR HARBOR
AND VICINITY
1796-1946

Great
Head

Pemetic Mt.

The Triad

Jordan
Pond

Jordan Mt.

adlock Pond

Otter Creek
Champlain. 1604.

Gorham Mt.

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

THE STORY OF
Bar Harbor

To the men and women who founded Eden, Maine
April 4, 1796

THE STORY OF
Bar Harbor
Maine

An Informal History
Recording One Hundred and Fifty Years
In the Life of a Community

RICHARD WALDEN HALE, JR.



Ives Washburn, Inc.

New York

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Printed in the United States of America
By the Vail-Ballou Press, Inc., Binghamton, New York

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Introduction

THIS book was written because the late David O. Rodick had a vision of what a town history might be and might mean, and especially what the history of Bar Harbor might be. He did not see the Maine statute that authorizes a town to have its history printed, as part of its sesquicentennial observances, as just an authorization to glorify the early settlers and pander to genealogical pride. He saw it, rather, as affording a chance to Bar Harbor to find out what had made it what it was, and then let the world know what had so been discovered. That, he thought, was the fitting way to celebrate the town's one hundred and fiftieth year.

This vision he imparted to others, for Bar Harbor is a Maine town, and therefore a pure democracy, where the whole community, in town meeting assembled, makes decisions. First, he convinced the statutory committee on the sesquicentennial observance that the writing of such a history was worth recommending. The committee promptly rewarded him by co-opting him—that seems the best word in the dictionary to describe what actually happened—as its chairman. Then he and his committee persuaded the town that a proper use of the town's money-raising power would be to lay before the world its story, and that such a laying before the world might be paid for by a bond issue. Let no one think such persuasion was a light or idle feat. New England town meetings take some convincing, especially when it is a matter of a bond issue, where the property

of everyone in town is the ultimate security for the loan. Finally, just before the death of Mr. Rodick in the autumn of 1946, he led his committee in the selection of an historian, and the author of these lines was fortunate enough to be so selected.

As far as he is concerned, "fortunate" is the correct word, for the compiling of this book has been to him an enjoyable education. It was not unexpected that the collection of material should lead to knowledge of libraries and archives, and of the interesting and kindly people who run them; but it was unexpected that research should roam so far afield, and that Washington, Chicago, Paris, London, and Ottawa should have so much to tell about a Maine town. Nor was it unexpected to have the cordial help of local officials; to have the whole town take one in as a member and fellow citizen was an especial pleasure. Elsewhere, I have tried to name, in print, those who seemed to have earned most thanks. Here is an opportunity to generalize such gratitude.

One privilege came in a most unwanted form. For it is a privilege to see a community meet disaster squarely and overcome it. It was as this book was being written that the Bar Harbor Great Fire occurred. The author was an eye witness of the closing scenes. The steadfastness and courage there exhibited he will long remember. The cause of knowing these things was regrettable; the knowing it something to be grateful for.

Such opportunities make an author realize how much more might have been done, and how endless is the task of trying to know a community. But such a task must come to an end—and the story of Bar Harbor must be put in print, as it here has been done, in the hope that somehow David Rodick's intent can shine through the words here written,

and that the reader may catch a glimpse of the vision of a history that tells a community—and the world, too—what made it. Whatever the value of this book, that vision is worth trying to pass on.

Chesnut Hill, Massachusetts

Richard Walden Hale, Jr.

1

Explorers and Claimants

IN VARIOUS minds the name "Bar Harbor" will call forth various mental pictures. Probably most who hear it will think first of a summer resort, where against a background of mountains meeting the blue sea water there are gaiety and even luxury. There are others who will see in their mind's eye a national park, the only one in New England and the only one given by private individuals to the people of the United States, where the view from Cadillac Mountain forms a natural turning point in many a motor trip to Maine. Still others, again, will think of Bar Harbor as a center of genetic research, especially in the field of cancer. For Bar Harbor is the sort of place that does cause a picture to come to mind, as was proved when fire struck the town in 1947, to become front-page news in Paris and to elicit contributions for rebuilding from the natives of New Guinea. True, however, as these conceptions of Bar Harbor may be, they are incomplete, and fail to be the whole truth, unless they recognize that Bar Harbor is all the things named, and more too, because men and women took its natural advantages and made something out of them. They were able to do that because they were part of a self-governing Maine town, whose citizens were masters of their own fate.

The community began its existence in 1796, when Maine was still part of Massachusetts, but its name then was Eden, not Bar Harbor. Ever since then, when Eden was set off

from the Town of Mount Desert by a dividing line from Otter Creek to High Head, the northeastern side of Mount Desert Island has governed itself and has made itself what it is. In the course of those years, nominal changes have taken place. In 1820 the State of Maine was split off from Massachusetts; in 1848, for a petty reason, a tiny corner was taken from the Town of Eden and added to Trenton, so that now motorists crossing Mount Desert Narrows drive a hundred yards before entering the town limits¹ of Bar Harbor. In 1918 Eden's name was changed to Bar Harbor, but in essentials the Bar Harbor of today is the same as the Eden of 1796.

Should its first two settlers, John Thomas and Israel Higgins, come back to earth today, they would find—after getting over the shock of the radio, the motor car, and such modern improvements—that they could fit into the town's life with perfect naturalness. They would find some changes in the way in which the town is managed: the last fence viewer was appointed twenty years ago; the office of hog reeve has become a time-honored practical joke; a full-time town manager, appointed a few months ago, now performs the work of the former tythingmen and in part that of the selectmen. Clerk Thomas would find that religious life is different, and that his Eden Baptist Church no longer draws its support from the town treasury. Captain Higgins would find that the harbor off his homestead is filled with yachts instead of lumber schooners like his *Sally*, and that catering to tourists and cancer research have replaced lumbering as the chief local industries. They would both find a new name for their old town, that the name "Bar Harbor," which at first meant only Captain Higgins's cove, now applies to the whole area within the town limits, and that the name "Eden" has become restricted to

Clerk Thomas's home and its neighborhood, the so-called "Thomas District." But once such superficialities had been set aside, they would discover that the present-day Bar Harbor is very much what their Eden was. It is in that continuity of community life that there lies much of the significance in Bar Harbor's history, in the way that what may be called the "Maine way of life" has flourished there and has remained vigorous, despite all the outside influences brought in by the Mount Desert Hills.

At the same time, those outside influences have helped also to make Bar Harbor what it is. The Mount Desert Hills have brought explorers, soldiers, sailors, scientists, artists, and tourists, who have profoundly modified the town's life. As a landfall in the 1500's they may have brought Cortereal or Verrazano; in the 1600's they certainly brought Samuel de Champlain and John Winthrop. As a concealment, in King William's War they made the waters northeast of the town a staging area for the French navy. As an Indian rendezvous they attracted Antoine de Lamothe Cadillac, to formulate his design of being a feudal lord among the savages, which plan he later carried out to such a profitable conclusion at Detroit. In the 1760's the way the mountains stood out on the map may have induced His Excellency Governor Francis Bernard of Massachusetts to dream of making the whole island, including its northeastern portion, Bar Harbor, into a patrimony he might develop—a design cut short by his recall to England. A century later, Thomas Cole, the founder of the Hudson River school of painting, discovered among the hills subjects for brush and pencil that induced him to bring his friends there, and thus indirectly to start a summer colony. In World War I those same mountains, as the late Alessandro Fabbri discovered, made trans-Atlantic radio recep-

tion certain, so that twenty-four-hour contact might be kept with Europe through his Otter Creek station. To the late George Bucknam Dorr those mountains were a national heritage which he obtained and turned over to the federal government, for all America to enjoy. From Mount Cadillac, in World War II, radar beams searched the coast, as a defense against submarines, and to that landfall came German secret agents. Thus, in diverse ways, the Mount Desert range brought to Bar Harbor these and many other outside influences, upon which the town seized for incorporation into its life.

Naturally, the Mount Desert Hills came before the Bar Harbor community existed, and influenced the site before the town was founded. Those hills—called mountains individually because they stand up so sheer from the sea, like a little bit of Norway on the Maine coast—were cut by glacial action from an upthrust of granite through the pre-Cambrian rocks of eastern Maine. They look higher than they are, but indeed they form the highest seacoast eminence between Labrador and Blue Hill, near Boston.² Because of their visibility from the ocean, they have formed a landfall from the beginning of recorded history. Perhaps they were seen before the time of Columbus; probably they were surveyed before Jamestown; certainly they saw settlers before Plymouth. Only accidents of war and boundary disputes kept the potential settlers they brought, from making Bar Harbor one of the oldest places on the Atlantic coast. In consequence, those hills have peopled the early history of Bar Harbor with shadowy sails of French and English ships, of at least one Dutch frigate, and even of Portuguese caravels and perhaps of viking long boats, standing in to make a landfall, sheering off for fear of wreck on the bold rocks and submerged reefs. Thus, for

perhaps two hundred and fifty years before the present town of Bar Harbor, then known as "Eden," was set off and separated from its neighbor of Mount Desert, it had a prehistory of explorations, attempts at settlement, border warfare, and boundary disputes.

This prehistory did two things to the town. First of all, it had the negative effect of postponing the settlement of Bar Harbor until it could take place under conditions more like those of the crossing of the Appalachians than the settlement of colonial New England. Secondly, and perhaps even more importantly, it threw over the town an aura of romance that has been an important local asset. For example, the Reverend Benjamin Franklin De Costa, whose series of guidebooks did so much to build up the town, came to Bar Harbor and built his house near Kennarden Lodge, the present Dorrance estate, because the name "Mount Desert" caught his fancy, one hot summer day, and because that catching of his fancy led him to read what his antiquarian friend, General Watts De Peyster, had written about the island's early Jesuit colony. Similarly, President Charles William Eliot of Harvard increased his love of the coast as he sailed down it, by trying to identify for his historian friend, Francis Parkman, the routes taken by Samuel de Champlain. From that interest, in part, flowed the stimulus which led President Eliot to found the Hancock County trustees of public reservations, the body which first of all erected a Champlain monument and then evolved the district into the Acadia National Park.³

This atmosphere of romance has had other influences on the town. It has caused not only summer visitors but even some of the islanders to dig for treasure hoards, as well as to dream of the thrilling past. It has inspired a local best seller, *The Jesuit's Ring*. To the imagination-catching

names of Mount Desert, reminiscent of Champlain, of Frenchman's Bay, reminiscent of Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville, have been added others, such as Acadia National Park, Sieur de Monts Spring, Cadillac Mountain, which impart more deeply the flavor of the historic past. Consequently, it is a very real part of the writing of the history of Bar Harbor to set forth the basis for the old guidebook claims that "this island was probably seen by the Norsemen around 1000 A.D., and also by John and Sebastian Cabot." ⁴

The problem of the Norse voyages is typical of the attractive historical possibilities that lend charm to the district. Just because no one can definitely plot the courses sailed by the sons and daughters of Eric the Red, or locate the places they described, an amateur historian has a chance to do his own speculating. He can decide for himself how much and how little he will follow each of the two sometimes conflicting sagas—that of Vinland, or the "Flatey Book," and that of the Greenlanders or the "Hauksbok." He will choose for himself whether he will look for one settlement at Lief's Booths or two, at Hop and at Straumey. He will try his own hand at interpreting viking navigational terms, for a day's sail or a time of year. He will please himself in fixing what beaches of today are the "Wonderstrands" and what relationship they bear to Hop, Straumey, or Lief's Booths. And if he honestly decides to trust the "Hauksbok" rather than the "Flatey Book," and to seek for Straumey as apart from Lief's first landing place, and as somewhere north of the "Wonderstrands" and therefore north of Cape Cod he can seek for the second home of the vikings at or near Bar Harbor. With much the same reasoning as Professor Babcock used in bringing Straumey and Straumfiord to Passamaquoddy Bay, he can bring them to Frenchman's Bay. A mountainous island, a fiord, hills to the

northeast, a tide rip—the definition the “Hauksbok” gives of Straumey will fit Mount Desert Island, Somes Sound, the Gouldsboro Hills and Sullivan’s Reversing Falls, as well as they will Dochet Island, or, again, Fisher’s Island. And on the mainland, at Sullivan, where are found the many Sorrento shell heaps, could well be the meeting place with the “Skraelings,” as the Norse called Indians and Eskimos alike, where Thorfinn Karsevni’s bull and its roarings saved the tiny colony. And so, with an active imagination, one can put at or near Bar Harbor the homestead where Gudrid gave birth to Snorri Karsevnisen, the first white child in America, and the huts where Freydis murdered the five women.⁵

But before indulging further in such flights of historical imagination, one should remember to come to earth and stick to historical honesty. It is one thing to suggest that because Straumey might be anywhere on the Atlantic coast from Virginia to Labrador—so obscurely is it described—it could be one’s favorite summer resort. It is another thing to juggle evidence. And there is one vital piece of evidence about all voyages to Bar Harbor. To get to Bar Harbor one must enter the Bay of Fundy. The Town of Bar Harbor, the southern point of which, Otter Creek Point, is in latitude $44^{\circ} 18' 30''$ north, is *north* of Cape Sable, the southern point of Nova Scotia, which is in latitude $43^{\circ} 10'$ north, or about 68 sea miles and 78 land miles further south. Therefore, to get to Bar Harbor from the north one must make a more than right-angle turn at Cape Sable, and to get to Bar Harbor from the south, if one knows the location of Cape Sable, one must be willing to enter the Bay of Fundy. This fact about the position of Bar Harbor has controlled all long-distance voyages thither. It proves, first of all, that Bar Harbor cannot be Lief Ericson’s Vinland, which is not

only southwest of but in a straight line from the "Wonderstrands." It also throws doubt on any voyage by a Cabot, from Newfoundland, obscure as are the records of those voyages.

Little is known of the voyages of the Cabots, except that they discovered Newfoundland. Only if John Cabot had sailed south, not north, from Newfoundland, would he have seen Mount Desert Island, and then only if he had turned slightly northwards in crossing the Bay of Fundy. Strictly speaking, he would have seen Bar Harbor—except for the peak of Cadillac Mountain—only if he had thereafter entered Frenchman's Bay. Since most accounts have Cabot sailing north, not south, and since most explorers of those days feared to come unnecessarily close inshore, it is highly unlikely that he saw Mount Desert Island, and even more unlikely that he coasted along the shores of Bar Harbor-Eden.

It is far more possible that Bar Harbor's first visitor was some Portuguese. As early as 1504 Gaspar Cortereal was given what rights to the Newfoundland coast the king of Portugal had to give. This grant was frequently renewed until 1604, and as early as 1521 is known to have brought in some taxable revenue. But just what happened in this Portuguese period seems destined to remain unknown. Understandably, the Cortereals kept close-mouthed about their voyages, in order to preserve their monopoly. Furthermore, they had bad luck. At least two of their voyages ended in disaster and the deaths of men who had locked in their brains knowledge that they might have revealed later. But some Portuguese must have come near Bar Harbor, for at some time during these years some Portuguese sailor gave the name "Rio Fondo," or "Deep River," to Fundy. There was opportunity for a Portuguese

to see Mount Desert Island, and perhaps land at Bar Harbor, and then hold his tongue about it.

Another Portuguese, again, may have his place in the town's history, though he sailed in Spanish employ. That was Estevan Gómez, who in 1521 sailed the New England waters, and lightly gave the name, "The Land of Estavan Gómez" to Maine on the map he drew. It is just possible that his "Rio Dos Montanos" or "River of the Mountains" is Somes Sound. But as it is equally possible, or even more likely, that he referred to the Palisades of the Hudson River, he deserves no more attention in the town's history than this cursory mention.⁶

Far greater is the importance of Giovanni Verrazano, the Italian who sailed for Francis I of France. That he came within miles of Mount Desert Island is doubtful, but he unwittingly named part of it. It was he who seems to have invented the name "Acadia." For some reason or other, perhaps to glamorize his discoveries, perhaps from misunderstanding the speech of the Abenaki Indians, he gave to the lands of Maine, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia the name "Arcadia." Subsequent explorers and mapmakers shortened it to "Acadia," or sometimes to "Lacadia" or "L'Acadie" or, again, "La Cadie." This name apparently stuck, because it corresponded with an Abenaki word-ending, the "Quoddy" or "Cady" meaning "place" which terminates such names as "Passamaquoddy" or "Shubena-cadie." So it was that a venturesome explorer who died as a pirate in Santo Domingo gave its name to the Acadia National Park.⁷

These voyagers—whose courses are so indeterminate that it is not provable that they did not see Mount Desert Island—were followed by another set of voyagers, who almost certainly did not see Mount Desert Island. These

were the men of many nationalities who came to the coast of the Acadia mainland when attracted by furs and fish, or by the rumor that somewhere near the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, up some river or other, was a fabled city of Norumbega, whose riches might be compared to those of Mexico and Peru. In consequence, voyage after voyage was made to the Penobscot River and to Pentagoet, the harbor at its mouth which is today called Castine, in search for beaver skins or the fabled city. Information about these voyages is fragmentary, and identifications are hard to make. Phrases the explorers used might apply equally well to Agamenticus at York as to Mount Cadillac at Bar Harbor. However, most reports give a clew to prove that wherever they went they did not go near Bar Harbor. Mount Desert Island has only two sand beaches, one of shell sand at Great Head, one facing north at Hadley's Sand Point. To a mariner sailing by Mount Desert it appears as a purely rocky island. Nor are there important beaches readily observable between Roque Island to the north and east and Old Orchard Beach to the south and west. Therefore, if an explorer reported a beach near a mountain, the mountain he saw was Agamenticus and not Cadillac, and he thus eliminated himself from the town's history.

It is idle, and not truly part of the town's history, here to list such explorers who did not see the island. It is almost equally idle to list the paper claims to Maine or Acadia. As Parkman wrote, the kings of England were willing to make grants of the future United States that included Quebec, the kings of France were willing to make grants of the future Canada that included the site of the present city of Washington. It is meaningless to talk of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and De Roberval, as it is meaningless to talk of Alfonsec or Thevet, Walker or Ferdinandino, Pring or Hanham, as

really affecting the history of the town. Though men were now realizing the real riches of Maine as well as dreaming of the imaginary ones; though Mount Desert Island was probably beginning its career as a landfall that identifies the eastern approach to Penobscot Bay; though legalistic claims were being set on paper, no sound identifications had yet been made that would cause a claim to a piece of land to mean the same spot to the whole world. Until something like that happened, Bar Harbor would have no true history, just material for romanticizing conjectures. Someone had to put Bar Harbor, literally, on the map. That happened when Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts, sent out the map-maker Samuel de Champlain to explore the Maine coast.

Du Guast de Monts was a Frenchman, a Huguenot, a loyal follower of Henry of Navarre, who had remained a Protestant when his master had changed his religion to make sure of staying on the throne as Henry IV of France, saying Paris was worth a mass. Henry owed De Monts much, and paid him for his services, cheaply enough, with a grant of trans-Atlantic lands. Du Guast took this grant seriously. He, first of all, had it registered at the French supreme court, the Parlement of Paris, not once but twice. Then he had both registrations printed, in handy form, to show to any who might challenge the authority given to one of his ships, just as the Spaniards carried pocket editions of the papal bull of demarcation. Having thus carefully protected his monopoly, he organized an expedition, and set forth to the New World, in order to drive interlopers off his property and to make a settlement. With him the Huguenot veteran of Ivry took another veteran, the Catholic pilot Samuel de Champlain. In due course the expedition arrived at the Bay of Fundy, rejected Port Royal and selected Dochet Island, in Quoddy Bay, as the site for a settlement.

There Du Guast de Monts put up buildings, vestiges of which, discovered in 1799, were used in deciding the exact boundary of the United States with Canada, and sent Champlain out to do some exploring and mapping, in a small pinnace.⁸

Late in August, 1604, Samuel de Champlain set off, taking advantage of the clear, usually fogless weather of that season to examine closely the likely spots on the coast to the westward. On September 5, 1605, his boat rounded Petit Manan, so called by him in contrast to the Grand Manan he had left behind him at the mouth of Quoddy Bay, passed Schoodic Point and entered the future Frenchman's Bay. It had been a long passage, twenty French leagues or, roughly, sixty sea miles or sixty-five land miles, from his last landing, and he must have wanted to get his crew ashore, write up his log properly, and take aboard fresh water. So he pushed briskly inshore, looking sharply at the high mountains to the westward. He seems to have done a good job of observing, for he realized from the start that Mount Desert was not one hill but many, thus avoiding a mistake that bedeviled later mapmakers. He also stood inshore far enough to make sure Mount Desert Island was an island and not a peninsula, though separated from the mainland by a passage he correctly estimated as being only one hundred paces in width. However, in his impetuosity he cracked the bottom of his tiny vessel against a rock—one would guess it to have been Googin's Ledge, between Hadley's Point and Racoon Point, though from the description given of a rock bare at low water it could have been any rock from Otter Creek Ledge to Folly Island Ledge. That forced him to run to the shore to effect repairs. They took some time, for the next day he sailed only two leagues, and then found savages in a cove under the mountains. He could not converse with

them, as they ran away. Here he again spent the night. The next morning the savages showed more confidence, made friends, and told him that they were hunting beaver.

It has been generally assumed from Champlain's description, that he went back on his tracks, since no course through the Narrows would bring him close enough to be "under the mountains." If one assumes that he measured his distances with the accuracy of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey and made his turn at or beyond Goo-gin's Ledge, where he could see through the Narrows to Blue Hill Bay, that would put him at either Hull's Cove, Bar Harbor, or Cromwell's Harbor. Then, after he had made friends with the Indians, he could have rounded Bass Harbor Head, and gone up through Merchant's Row past Deer Island to Penobscot Bay, which caught his fancy far more, and which he explored up to what he called Kendusquit, the Kenduskeag stream at Bangor. On the other hand, the Reverend Edmund Slafter, the editor of the Prince Society edition of Champlain's works, was sure, from having found in 1880 a ninety-year-old fisherman at Otter Creek who remembered a beaver dam there, that Otter Creek was the site of Champlain's landing. That, however, does not seem conclusive, for beavers were plentiful, and might have been trapped at any cove. However, since Otter Creek's eastern side is within the town limits of Bar Harbor, it is possible to feel confident that when Champlain landed on Mount Desert Island he set foot within the present town limits.

The identification of Champlain's landing place is doubly significant, since a few years later other savages, at a cove—perhaps the same one—made friends with French explorers. As their vessel, the *Jonas*, did not pass the Porcupines, Cromwell's Harbor seems the most probable place to have had both the *Jonas* and Champlain landings, since it is "under

the mountains" as well as a safe harbor. However, what is chiefly important in this welter of guesswork is that Champlain named Mount Desert Island and identified it so clearly in his writings that future voyagers recognized it from his description if not from his maps. The founder of Quebec was Bar Harbor's first surveyor, there before Jamestown was settled.

This visit was the first and probably the last time Bar Harbor saw Champlain. The next year he and De Monts did sight the island, but seem to have slipped past it without landing, as they did again in 1606, in two trips as far as Cape Cod, which Champlain called "Cape Mallebar." To him, for the work done on these trips, New England owes more than it may be ready to admit. He seems to have been its first mapmaker, in the sense of drawing a map that would let you find a place a second time and would let you decide for yourself how good a harbor there was. He could locate places accurately, both by celestial observation and in terms of local landmarks. It seems indeed possible that the Pilgrims chose Plymouth and the Puritans selected Boston as their places of settlement, on the basis of copies of charts made originally by him. Certainly, Bar Harbor owes him a debt, for though it saw him but once, it got from him the French-sounding name for the whole island, "Mount Desert," that has had such useful connotation ever since.⁹

Champlain and Du Guast de Monts do not again come into the history of Bar Harbor. The unusually bitter winter of 1604 drove them out of Dochet Island, across the Bay of Fundy to what the French called "Port Royal," the beautiful, broad Annapolis basin. There Du Guast de Monts set up a colony that has with intermissions lasted to this day. More than that, he brought to effective use in Acadia—that is, the present State of Maine and the Provinces of

New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—a method of granting land that to this day affects Bar Harbor land deeds. Strange as it may seem, this method was based on feudalism. To De Monts, the natural way to reward the Sieur de Poutrincourt was to give him a feudal grant of Port Royal. Poutrincourt, his son Biencourt, and their successor in title, Charles de la Tour, made an apparent success of the feudal method of settlement. Naturally enough, since the system worked, the French authorities went on with it. One such feudal grant, that of Douaquet, included Bar Harbor, and, by a quirk of fate, became the legal basis of land titles in existence to this day. So a reward to a supporter turned into an experiment in colonization.

More than that, this same introduction of feudalism brought, far more directly, an attempted settlement to Bar Harbor. When De Monts lost control of Acadia, as he did after the assassination of his protector and friend Henry IV, Poutrincourt retained control of Port Royal, and could not be ousted. Had not De Monts secured supreme court registration of the title he had passed on to Poutrincourt? However much De Monts' eventual successor, Madame de Guercheville, wanted to oust Poutrincourt—for she wanted to make a religious settlement and Poutrincourt had come to Acadia to get furs, not save souls—she could not. Therefore, Madame de Guercheville's colonists had to go elsewhere, and thus it was that Bar Harbor saw them.

Madame de Guercheville makes a colorful figure in Bar Harbor's history. She was an unusual person; once she had, in earlier days, resisted Henry IV's advances in so diplomatic a way as to earn his respect. When His Majesty had quartered himself upon the widow with obvious intentions, she had given him a royal welcome, in the true sense of the word, and had then driven away, saying that she was too unenter-

taining a person to spend the night under the same roof as the king of France. Now, at the end of her life, she had been enthralled by the aims of the Jesuit Fathers. In 1605, the very year in which De Monts had founded Port Royal, the Jesuits had reopened their missions in Paraguay, and had begun the work that was to make that South American province an international byword for idealistic government for the benefit of the governed—so much so as to earn the praise of Voltaire, that hater of Jesuits. The Society of Jesus, however, was not contented with one region in South America. They wanted a “Northern Paraguay” in North America, and Madame de Guercheville meant to make it possible for them to have one. She acted, through the channels of court influence she well understood how to use, and the holder of De Monts’ title to Acadia, the Prince de Condé, found it politic to transfer his claims to her. She then sent out Father Biard to see what he could do, and to find, through his squabbles with Poutrincourt, that Port Royal was no place for her cherished mission settlement.

Therefore it was that in 1612–13 preparations were made for an independent mission settlement. Court ladies themselves embroidered the altar cloths that were to be used in the wilderness. The ship *Jonas*, a veteran of Acadian voyages, was chartered, under the command of Captain Flory. The Sieur de la Saussaye was appointed to govern the new colony. To Father Biard and Father Masse was added the enthusiastic young lay brother, Gilbert du Thet, who boarded the *Jonas* with the prayer that he might die in America, in service there. And so, from the Norman port of Honfleur, the *Jonas* sailed to Port Royal and thence, it was hoped, to that Kenduskit of which Champlain had spoken so highly.

Port Royal was reached, with no improvement in the

relations between Poutrincourt and Biard. Then the *Jonas* set sail, behind her a gentle northeast wind that carried her gaily across the Bay of Fundy. The wind increased, and, following the laws of circular storms, veered into the southeast, and then the southwest, rising steadily in intensity. The happiness of the crew and passengers was not increased by knowing that they were near Petit Manan, whose dangers Champlain had vividly described. The passengers prayed, the captain tacked the *Jonas* "as God willed" against the veering wind, which as night drew on swung into the northwest, and as dawn broke those on the *Jonas* saw that their prayers had been answered. Somehow, they had slipped up Frenchman's Bay, avoiding Schoodic Point, Baker's Island, Egg Rock, and all the other dangers of the shores, and were either just above or just below the Porcupine Islands. Captain Flory steered towards a harbor on the eastern shore, perhaps either Cromwell's Harbor or Compass Harbor, which he and his passengers promptly and devoutly named Saint Sauveur, a name perpetuated to this day similar to the original by the Episcopal church in Bar Harbor, and in the English translation as the Holy Redeemer by the Catholic church. Here smoke signals attracted them to the shore. A party embarked in boats and met Indians who announced that their chief, Asticou, at his shell-heap village at Manchester Point, was dying, and hoped to be baptized in time to save his soul. Promptly the *Jonas* weighed anchor and sailed around the corner, after the hurrying Father Biard, to reach Somes Sound in time.

There, as might have been expected, Asticou was found well and hearty, but anxious to be baptized, and hopeful that the Jesuits would make their colony near his village. Events forced them to do so. With a view to economy, the *Jonas* had been hired only to take the Jesuits to their landing

place after they should leave Port Royal, and for three months of coast duty thereafter. Naturally, the captain wanted all the time he could get for fur-trading, and claimed that the casting of anchor at St. Sauveur meant the end of the sea voyage and the beginning of his final months of service. As under those conditions it would be hopeless to go to Kenduskit and lose the *Jonas*, Biard consented, and landed across the sound from Manchester Point. Here, at what is now called Jesuit Point, work was begun on a fort and winter quarters, while Biard, Masse, and Du Thet began their work of conversion. (Thus, in 1613, Bar Harbor was as close to an area of potentially important settlement as any other spot in America. Apart from Port Royal and Quebec, each with but a handful of fur traders, the starving plantation at Jamestown, and the neglected Spanish fort at St. Augustine, there was no white settlement north of Mexico. With all the resources of the Society of Jesus behind it, the Biard settlement might well have become for a time the most important in America.)

But fate was against the Frenchmen. Suddenly a sail appeared in Western Way, and a ship raced into the quiet waters near Greening's Island, before a strong southwest wind. With red flags flying, and obviously bent upon war, the stranger flew up to the *Jonas*. Brave Frenchmen, in boats, returned to the *Jonas*, prudent Frenchmen stayed in them, and slipped behind Greening's Island. Those on shore gaped, while those in the *Jonas* ran hither and thither, not knowing what to do. The stranger rounded up past the *Jonas*, and poured a broadside into her, then swung around again, for another attack. With that, one man, lay brother Du Thet, was stirred to action, and, with a hot coal in his hand, set off one cannon, unfortunately not having aimed it first. The assailant replied to this with musketry fire,

which dropped Du Thet. That ended all resistance. Then a boarding party swarmed unopposed over the sides of the *Jonas* and burst into the captain's cabin. There a chest was broken open, and from it, without knowledge of the Frenchmen, their official commission was taken. Only then, after all this had been done, did the stranger reveal herself as the ship *Treasurer*, of Virginia, under the command of Captain Samuel Argall.

For a moment some of the French thought they would flee to the woods, to continue the fight. But a night without shelter ended their ardor, and Argall found himself in charge of the whole colony. He at once demanded by what right they had settled. On being told of an official French commission, he demanded to see it—and, not unexpectedly, it could not be found. Therefore, Argall took with him the *Jonas* and the colonists, back to Virginia; a few were allowed to sail across to Port Royal.

So died Du Thet, in service in America, and that was the end of the Jesuit colony and of the "Northern Paraguay" at Mount Desert. Of this, next year Argall made sure, by returning to the island, destroying what of the fort had not been destroyed previously, and, with Father Biard's assistance, attacking Poutrincourt at Port Royal and driving him into the woods, where he stayed.¹⁰

A moment's reflection will show what Argall had gained by his theft of the commission. To expel a legal French settlement, no matter what official orders he had to do so, might be considered an act of war and might lead him and his employers, the London Company, into trouble. But to expel an illegal French settlement would be acting in the interests of the legal French owners of the land, if it should turn out that the English government recognized French title there. Argall's quick-witted discovery of the diplo-

matic way in which to break up the French settlement had enabled him to do his duty in protecting the boundaries of Virginia, without creating an international incident.

At the time, this adventure passed off smoothly enough. Argall went back to England with Biard, who acknowledged he had been well treated, and made his official report justifying his actions. The world went on to concern itself with other matters, while Argall became Governor of Virginia, and got into other scrapes out of which he could not so easily escape. But many years later, with Argall peaceful at last in his grave, the whole story rose up again. Francis Parkman, of Boston, began digging up the history of New France, and the Province of Quebec reprinted the official publications of the Society of Jesus, those *Relations* which from year to year had been issued to tell the supporters of the mission work what was going on. Here was the Jesuit side of the story, in which Argall was justifiably called a thief and the destroyer of a settlement, without any statement that he was acting upon orders or had used sense and tact in carrying out those orders. Here was the raw material for plenty of historical discussion, which, naturally, broke out. By the time all the vagaries of the *Relations* had been discussed, the question settled of how accurate the Quebec reprint was, and a number of documents defending Argall had been dug up, the Mount Desert raid was a commonplace of knowledge among amateurs of colonial history. Thus it was that, through the interest aroused in his deeds, Samuel Argall, who drove the Jesuit colony away from Bar Harbor, contributed his share towards bringing the summer colony back there.

Clearing the French out of St. Sauveur left a void. All that remained in Acadia was Poutrincourt's son, Biencourt, wandering in the woods of the Nova Scotian peninsula and

with less than twenty followers keeping up the fur trade by leading the Indian way of life. This void, as far as claims went, the English soon filled, three times over.

First of all, in 1620, as everyone knows, a band of semi-communistic religious fur-traders, the Pilgrims, found themselves stuck north of Cape Cod and forced to settle not as they had planned on the site of present New York but at that of the present Plymouth, and to secure a grant, from the so-called Plymouth Company, of the lands they had settled upon. To pay their debts, in the early 1630's these religious fur-traders established posts west and east of Bar Harbor, one at what the French called Pentagoet (the Pilgrims' Penobscot, called by us today Castine), the other at what the French called Magesse, which the Pilgrims called Machias and we of today know by the same name. From these settlements, perhaps, population might have moved in upon Bar Harbor, as it did in the 1690's and again in the 1760's. Here was a fragmentary English claim to the land, even though the Pilgrims were here as traders and not as settlers.

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The next claim was a fanciful one. The fact of the Pilgrim settlement at Plymouth encouraged the Plymouth Company—or, rather, its successor, the Council for New England—to parcel out the New England coast among its various members. Some of this parceling took effect, notably, the Georges claim to western Maine and the Mason claim to New Hampshire, and became the basis of effective land titles. Other grants were nominal and soon forgotten. Such was the sale of Mount Desert Island to Sir Robert Mansell. An important man, with a minor interest in the Council, he secured, for his subscription of £150, title to the island and the right to name it Mount Mansell. The name stuck for a while; some English voyagers landed there

and found moose, and then the name drifted into oblivion.

But before it faded away and died it began a little piece of Mount Desert Island history. In 1630, the ship *Arbella*, that carried to Massachusetts the Puritan high command and the precious charter of the Massachusetts Bay Company, became separated from her consorts somewhere near the Georges Shoals, off Nantucket. One passenger, John Winthrop, the governor of the colony, for his interest, noted down the course of navigation of the ship, which shows where she went and why. He records the observed latitude and estimated longitude, the soundings that showed the ship was crossing the Grand Banks, the observation of Cape Sable, and, finally, the definitive landfall at Mount Desert, or Mount Mansell, this being complicated by mistaking the Camden Hills in Penobscot Bay for Mount Desert, and Mount Desert for the Gouldsboro Hills, on the second time of sighting. So it was that Mount Cadillac, whose summit is within the limits of the Town of Bar Harbor, welcomed to New England the charter of its freedoms. Which, again, is another example of the antiquarian interest that lies over the island, and will serve to explain why a postoffice opposite South West Harbor is named Mansett. Antiquarian pressure persuaded the postoffice authorities to name it "Mansell," a clerk crossed the "l's" into "t's," and there is the name, as Indian-sounding as one would wish. It took the Department of the Interior to put Mansell's name on the eastern peak of Western Mountain, in 1919.

In chronological sequence, the third claim of the English to Acadia was that of Sir William Alexander, to whom Charles I gave Nova Scotia, with nice, broad boundaries, adding to it, by a second grant—lest Sir William have too little—"the River and Gulf of Canada." All Sir William had to do was to take over, at his own expense, what Charles

had given him. That he did, by sending out Scotch colonists to live at Port Royal. He also started his own brand of feudalism, by creating "baronets of Nova Scotia," hereditary titles which still run in certain Scottish families such as those of the Earl of Gosford and the Duke of Roxburghe. When his colonists landed they found on shore not Biencourt, Poutrincourt's son and successor, but one Charles Estienne de la Tour, to whom the De Monts grant had been passed on. De la Tour was interested in land, not patriotism, and promptly took service under Sir William, receiving from him a baronetcy of Novia Scotia, to seal the bargain. For good measure, Sir William gave another to Charles de la Tour's father Claude, whereby hangs a dime-novel story of the father's having been sent over to persuade the son to give up his French allegiance. This story, told by the none too reliable Nicholas Denys, later Lord of Fronsec, contains one point of value—the fact that Claude de la Tour gave his son an example of how to marry a Protestant and switch allegiance. Soon after the arrival of the Scots, the French seemed driven out of Canada, for in 1628, during the short squabble over La Rochelle which is now known not so much as a battleground as the background for Dumas' *Three Musketeers*, an English expedition under the three Kirke brothers captured Quebec.

But then the pendulum swung back. Just as the English seemed about to get all of North America, Charles I discovered that the French were delaying the payment of the dowry of his wife, Henrietta Maria. To speed up an installment of \$240,000, he offered to give Quebec back. The offer was accepted, and Claude de Razilly was sent to Canada, to be governor general and feudal lord of Acadia—the French government having forgotten the previous grant to Poutrincourt, now held by De la Tour. Promptly,

De Razilly took over so thoroughly that the few Scottish settlers were merged in the flood of French, and Port Royal became a true French town. Razilly then died, and his successor, Charles de Menou d'Aunay-Charisny, then competed with De la Tour for the control of Acadia, in the process clearing out all the English. De la Tour took Machias from the Plymouth settlers, D'Aunay took Pentagoet from them. Then the two fought each other. The story of how De la Tour married a Protestant, got aid from Boston, and besieged D'Aunay in the St. John River, capturing Fort St. Jean; of how D'Aunay recaptured the fort; of how Madame De la Tour died of rage a month later; of how D'Aunay was drowned and De la Tour married his widow—all form a vivid page of Acadian history. As far as Bar Harbor goes, they add up to one thing—during the two decades from 1634 to 1654 the French wasted in feudal quarrels the energy and force needed to make good their settlements.

Then England and France had another petty war, and the pendulum swung the other way. This time Cromwell had sent out a fleet to take New York, (then New Amsterdam) from the Dutch, only to have peace come before the attack could be made. For want of better to do, the fleet then took over Acadia, Major Robert Sedgwick capturing the three key fur-trading posts of Pentagoet, St. John (Jemsec), and Port Royal, and stationing Englishmen there to take the revenues of the fur monopoly. Once England had taken Acadia, Lord Protector Cromwell found a use for it. He had on his hands, now that the Civil War had ended and Charles I had been executed, plenty of veterans' claims, with the problem of getting pensions for the colonels whose regiments he was disbanding. Here was a chance to help Colonel Sir William Temple, the Puritan son of the loyal

Cavalier, Thomas Temple. To him Cromwell handed over the Acadia monopoly which had been taken from De la Tour, and Temple, the gay ex-officer, now found himself living across the sea in Boston, guessing how much his agents in Acadia were robbing him, making a real place for himself in Boston society, and getting hold of some good land speculations, such as the site of the present East Boston, while Captain Robert Walker kept a garrison at Pentagoet.

Even after Cromwell died, and his son had passed on the reins of power to Charles II, Sir William Temple stayed in possession. Why should the restoration bother him? Could he not write to the new king that one of the old king's last messages before going to the scaffold had been, "Forget not honest Tom Temple?" Honest Tom's son hung on tight to the Acadian fur trade and kept his grant.

Now the Cross of St. George floated over the two posts nearest Bar Harbor, Pentagoet and St. John (Jemsec). It might seem, at last, as if the process of settlement that was then going on through all New England, from Pelham, New York, to Pemaquid, Maine, would reach across the Penobscot and bring settlers to Bar Harbor. But again a quirk of fate prevented settlement, and left, in its stead, romance.

Feudal Acadia

IN THE YEAR 1667, just as Sir William Temple was becoming comfortably settled in possession of eastern Maine, the pendulum swung again to the French side, and a chain of events starting in Whitehall Palace came close to making Bar Harbor a part of a French feudal manor. King Charles II of England, who was engaged in liquidating the British empire for what he could personally get out of it, handed over Acadia, and with it Bar Harbor, to his first cousin, Louis XIV of France, as part of a complicated deal. Louis, in order to build up his empire in Canada, sent out a great administrator, Jean Talon, the "Colbert of New France," to take over from the Company of One Hundred Associates and advise and control its successor, the Company of the West Indies. Jean Talon, in order to persuade the French in Canada to stop ranging the woods and to settle down, successfully revived feudalism, both in Canada proper and in Acadia. Then the accident of a raid by the Dutch West India Company transformed this new-born feudalism, as far as the coast of Maine went, from an agricultural to what might be called a forest economy, by driving the French seigneurs into the woods. As part of this later, or forest, feudalism, in 1688 Mount Desert Island, and thus Bar Harbor, was granted to Antoine de Lamothe Cadillac, as part of his manor or seigneurie of Douaquet. But just as Cadillac was about to make a settlement, the outbreak of a series of wars carried him off to

France and ended feudal Acadia. Then it was that the bay to the east of Bar Harbor stopped being Douaquet Bay on the maps and became Frenchman's Bay, so often did it form a staging area for French expeditions. Finally, at the end of the wars, all that was left of this attempt at feudalism was a claim to Mount Desert Island by Cadillac's heirs.

Charles II of England sold Acadia, and with it Mount Desert Island and Bar Harbor, because he was always short of funds. In 1660 he had been allowed to return to the throne on condition that parliament should hold the purse strings. Soon he found that parliament never saw eye to eye with him as to what were or were not legitimate expenditures. As he looked around for ways in which to supplement his income, he realized that since diplomacy remained in the king's hands and at times involved sales and subsidies, he could pick up money outside of parliament's control by selling off England's possessions. In 1667, when negotiating the treaty of Breda with Louis XIV, he exchanged for half of the island of St. Christopher such rights as Cromwell had secured to Acadia. Then he showed his true colors by telling the New England authorities not to honor his instructions. Acting on these orders, Sir William Temple, the owner of Acadia under the English grant, stood pat and refused to deliver his trading posts, Pentagoet, Jemsec, and Port Royal, to the French. Thus the year 1668 passed with the profits of the fur trade still in Sir William's hands. Thereupon the French ambassador in London had a showdown with the English, and got an ironclad order for the transference of Acadia. It was sent out from La Rochelle, but the ship carrying it was driven into Lisbon by stress of weather, and the year 1669 went by with Acadia and its profits still in the possession of Sir William. Finally, in 1670, the frigate *San Sebastien*, carrying the company of Grand-

fontaine of the regiment of Carignan-Salières, reached Quebec with a copy of the order among the papers of the one-armed veteran, Captain Hubert d'Andigny de Grandfontaine, who then began the slow work of showing King Charles's instructions to those who did not want to see them. A first try at Pentagoet received the answer that Sir William Temple in Boston was in charge, and it was only after Sir William had been faced by the direct command of his king that he laboriously and sadly penned instructions to Captain Richard Walker at Pentagoet to transfer the fort to Captain de Grandfontaine.

So finally, on August 5, 1670, His Most Christian Majesty's frigate *San Sebastien* came to anchor in Penobscot Bay. Someday a historical novelist should paint a picture of this event, using the license permitted in such fiction of adding the probable to the provable. He will be able to describe the red Cross of St. George flying over the square blockhouse on shore, the fleur de lys of France hanging from the mizzen peak of the frigate in the bay. He will contrast the redcoated English sentry walking his beat for the last time on shore, with the eager band of professional soldiers waiting for the long boats to take them to the land. He will put thoughts into the minds of the soldiers on each side—into the minds of the redcoated former "Ironsides" on shore perhaps memories of Marston Moor and charges behind "Brave Oliver," or of striding into the House of Commons when Colonel Pride made his "purge"; into the minds of the whitecoated men of Carignan-Salières on shipboard perhaps memories of stern fights in Austria against the Turks, or of long marches against the Iroquois through the Mohawk valley. Certainly, as an added touch, somewhere in the same picture he will place, peering out through the trees on the shore, the wise Indian chief Mockawando and

his daughter, the latter little knowing she would be baptized Marie Marguerite Pidianske and end her days among the Pyrenees as the Baronne d'Abbadie de St. Castin.¹

If such a book is ever written, the novelist should paint the contrast between the French aristocrats who were landing—D'Andigny de Grandfontaine, Joybert de Marson de Soulanges, D'Abbadie de St. Castin—and the Puritan middle-class veterans who were leaving. For therein lies the explanation of what was happening. Jean Talon, intendant of New France, had sent those noblemen to Pentagoet of set purpose. He hoped that they would provide the leadership whereby Canada, with one-fifteenth the population of the British colonies, might hold her borders against English and Iroquois. As he wrote back to France, he was intentionally copying methods of the middle ages and the Roman empire. Just as Charlemagne had defended France by feudal settlements on the Pyrenees, and as the Normans had set up Marcher Lordships on the Welsh borders, and as the Romans had settled veterans in Dacia to make it Roumania and a barrier against barbarian invasion, so Talon intended to disband Carignan-Salières where the disbanding would do the most good.

This was a perfectly practical idea. Essentially, feudalism is an exchange of protection from those who grant land for services from those who take over the land and live on it. Consequently, throughout history it has formed a frequent means of encouraging settlement in dangerous country. Under proper conditions it has worked well, and in Canada, in the 1670's, conditions were proper. Talon discovered that for himself, from the benefits he drew from the three villages he founded on the St. Charles River, opposite Quebec, which grew first into the barony of Des Islets and later into the county of Orsainville, thus giving him both profit and a

title of nobility to take back to France. So successful was feudalism in Canada that it lasted in full legal strength until 1854, and in an attenuated form until 1940. In the middle of the nineteenth century seigneurs would not have traveled to the "Castle of St. Lewis in Quebec," there to swear fealty to Queen Victoria and present her representative with an enumeration of the resources of their fiefs, had there not been solid advantages in the system. French-Canadian habitants would not have brought their grain and their logs to the seigneur's mills had not they found it worth their while. Nor would they have rallied to fight not only under French seigneurs against invading Iroquois but also under English seigneurs against Montgomery and Arnold's invading Americans, had there not been a solid bond between seigneur and habitant. In Canada proper, feudalism did just what it was intended to do, and brought the French settlers out of the woods and on to the farms.²

In Acadia, too, feudalism had proved itself by the time Talon came. In 1685 Antoine de Lamothe Cadillac found peasants there who proudly exhibited the grants that Poutrincourt had made to them or their sires sixty or more years before.³ It was very much part of Talon's plan to establish feudalism in the St. John valley and eastern Maine as well as in the Richelieu valley; in fact, his grants of seigneuries in Acadia antedate by a few days those he made in Canada proper.⁴ Talon also saw to it that something was done to link Acadia with Canada. Canoe routes were surveyed and opened. Seigneuries and forts and mission stations on the Chaudière, the St. Charles, the Rivière du Sud and the Temiscouta provided bases at the St. Lawrence end of the cross-country journey to match seigneuries and forts and mission stations on the St. John, the Penobscot, and the Kennebec at the Gulf of Maine end. In between these bases,

the rivers that connected Canada and Acadia, and the network of portages that connected the rivers, were well explored. When a later intendant, Duchesneau, wanted to show Colbert what Canada was like, by means of an ornamental map, Maine was filled up with pictures of Indians carrying canoes. As late as 1759, the year in which Quebec fell to the English, Montcalm was writing back to France that if something had to be given up to get peace, the communications by way of the Maine portages were more important than those by way of Cape Breton Island.⁵ Such was the store the French set on the eastern coast of Maine, such were the reasons for their establishment of feudalism there.

By 1672, a start had been made. Land had been granted; nobles had actually settled with their families; disbanded veterans of Carignan-Salières had been left to join them. Here, at Pentagoet and at Jemsec, were nuclei out of which might have grown little French villages, just as out of Pouttrincourt's Port Royal was growing the Acadia about which Longfellow wrote his *Evangeline*. Had the normal trend of settlement continued, the veterans turned peasants would have taken French wives, sent over by the fostering care of the government at home, the seigneurs would have become firmly established in the new world, and new seigneuries would have been granted, next to the old. The settled area would have spread, and in due course a French village would have appeared at Bar Harbor, perhaps headed by a noble, perhaps headed by a rich peasant who wished to turn noble. If this had happened, the fields of Mount Desert Island might have seen castellated manor houses, like that of Le Moyne de Longueuil, which so reminded Frontenac of French chateaux, and Bar Harbor's social life might have revolved around the lord of its manor. That

was what did happen in the Canadian summer resort of Murray Bay, with its Nairne and Fraser manors.

But all this remains in the realm of might-have-been, because Charles II of England again started a chain reaction, one that reached across the Atlantic Ocean from Whitehall, by way of old Amsterdam and New Amsterdam to Pentagoet and to Frenchman's Bay. In 1670, to get money and power, and inspired by debatable motives that do not concern this account, Charles went on from liquidating the British empire to selling out his country's foreign policy, religion, and safety. By the secret treaty of Dover he turned all these over to Louis XIV for £70,000 a year. Louis, who now had the British navy on his side, promptly attacked Holland. The Dutch naturally struck back where they could strike best, and sent the Zeeland and Holland fleets to raid the rich English and French possessions in the West Indies. These fleets, having exhausted the possibilities of the West Indies and finally coming to the point where they nearly fought each other by mistake, then joined, and sailed north to recapture the lost Dutch colony of New Amsterdam. Hardly had they done so when the news came that England had switched sides. Parliament, aghast at seeing England's ancient ally, Protestant Holland, about to be overrun by Catholic France, had forced Charles to go back on his bargain. Naturally, as one price of peace, Charles had demanded and secured the return of New Amsterdam.

With New Amsterdam back in English hands once more, the Dutch sea rovers had to set sail again and look elsewhere for booty. The nearest enemy point was the French settlement in Acadia. Captain Julian Aernauts of the frigate *Flying Horse* picked up in Boston the Yankee pilot John Rhoades, and went "down East" to see what profits he

could make. Ever since the Dutch West India Company had declared immense dividends after Maurice of Nassau's conquest of Brazil, the Dutch had had a tendency to go in for a refined form of piracy. The conquest of Acadia was easy. It took but an hour to capture the fort at Pentagoet and the two Carignan officers in it, Captain de Chambly and Ensign d'Abbadie de St. Castin. De Chambly, being valuable property, was sent to Boston for ransom, as was also Pierre Joybert de Marson of Jemsec, the Major of Acadia. As a matter of prestige, Count Frontenac paid what was demanded for these men. Then "persuasion," in the form of a cord knotted around his wrist, was applied to Ensign d'Abbadie de St. Castin, to make him sign up with the shorthanded freebooters. Probably this often worked with adventurous young men who were at first reluctant to switch allegiance, but who were good and even willing recruits once their initial reluctance had been conquered. It did not work with De St. Castin, who broke away from his captors, took to the woods, and by the newly discovered canoe routes carried to Quebec the news of the Dutch invasion. Aernauts also captured Port Royal, where he left one Petrus Ricardo. Then, rechristening Acadia "New Holland," and leaving behind him a commission that would make Ricardo governor of it and controller of the fur monopoly, Aernauts went back to Holland with his booty.

As long as Holland remained at war with France, Acadia remained technically "New Holland." * But its Dutch

* In law, at least eight flags have flown over Bar Harbor. These were Cortereal's Portuguese shields and castles, James I's cross of Saint George of England, Sir William Alexander's St. Andrew's cross of Scotland, Louis XIV's fleur de lys of France, the horizontal Dutch tri-color, Queen Anne's union jack of Great Britain, the United Colonies Cambridge flag which they took over from the East India Company, and the stars and stripes of the United States, not to mention the rattle-

garrison was well aware that when peace was declared Acadia would go back to France, and that they had better get what pickings they could as quickly as they could. Therefore they abandoned Pentagoet and Machias, and concentrated at St. John and Port Royal. Petrus Ricardo enlisted as many Yankee seamen as he could and tried to make his money by enforcing the Acadia fur monopoly. Naturally, with the departure both of Temple and the French, the Yankees of Boston saw a chance to get the fur trade for themselves and went "down East," ignoring the rights of the Dutch West India Company.

In Ricardo's cruises to enforce his monopoly, Bar Harbor again appears on the stage of history; for on December 4, 1674, one George Manning, in the employ of John Freke of Boston, and commanding the "shallopp" *Phillipp* was hailed "in Adowake Bay [the present-day Sullivan Harbor, as the context shows] to the Eastward of Mount de Zort by Capt. Petter Rodrigoe & Capt. John Rodes." Just what happened thereafter was a matter of contention in the court of vice-admiralty at Boston, six months later. Manning swore that Ricardo and Rhoades came up with Dutch colors flying, tried to force him to sign a statement that the furs they were taking were the produce of Acadia, and threatened to beach and burn his vessel. Furthermore, Manning alleged, they showed him a commission from Aernauts, but would not let him read it. The version of the Dutch was that their commission was good, that they had as much right to consider Acadia a monopoly as Temple, and that Manning

snake flag of the Revolution, the Massachusetts pine-tree flag, and the official flag of the State of Maine. Once, too, as a taunt to the British navy, the vierkleur of the Transvaal was raised during the Boer war. Records, however, show only the Dutch flag as above, by implication the fleur de lys in 1692 and 1696 on a warship, the union jack similarly in 1781, and in the present day the United States and Maine flags.

had first surrendered and then tried to murder his captors. The court was in no mind to acknowledge the commission of the Dutch West India Company, and soon adjudged that Ricardo, Rhodes, et al. were pirates, and as such deserved to be hanged.

But just at that moment another outside event, starting this time in Plymouth Colony, both saved the lives of the alleged pirates and changed the history of Bar Harbor. King Philip's War broke out, and Massachusetts Bay found itself in far too much trouble to warrant any experiments in international relations by hanging Dutchmen. The authorities found an excellent way out of their difficulty. They impartially drafted plaintiffs and defendants alike into the army, and sent them all off to the war. The Dutchmen fought bravely, with their freedom as a possible reward—witness the feats of one Cornelis, a sailor on Ricardo's ship. Manning's attitude was different; in later years he was found trying to escape the draft on the ground that he had served long enough. So it was that Bar Harbor's first and only pirates escaped the gallows.⁶

Perhaps Manning came back to these waters after the war; in 1677 we find a "Mr. Manning" capturing a French coaster off Douaquet. But before him another white visitor came to the island, and to Bar Harbor. This was the unfortunate Thomas Cobbett of Ipswich, an adventurous youth who had gone "down East" on a voyage of trade and mild freebooting at the start of King Philip's War, only to have the tables turned on him when he was taken prisoner by the Indians. The master to whom he was assigned seems to have roved the woods of Mount Desert, and brought Cobbett to spend an unhappy winter there. From the fragmentary account of all this that the Reverend Mr. Hubbard wrote down, it appears that the winter range was from Asticou

to Hull's Cove and across Frenchman's Bay to Waukeag. Finally, in the spring, when he was in need of goods, the master went to Pentagoet to trade with "Monsieur Casten." There the kindly French nobleman procured the sale of the Yankee boy for additional goods, and thus ransomed him. De St. Castin, until many years later Governor Andros goaded him into war, behaved as an Abenaki chieftain first, and as an officer of Carignan-Salières second, and kept his Penobscot friends off the war path.⁷

This policy of De St. Castin (whose return to Pentagoet is dated by Cobbett's ransoming) secured a chance for a new feudalism to grow up in Maine, that started to close the gap between Pentagoet and Jemsec. Censuses of Acadia show settled population at Quoddy and Machias, with a slight cultivation of the soil, and regular armories of weapons. Wealth was piled up. When Benjamin Church raided in those parts in the 1700's, he found Madame Chartier at Descoudet, in Quoddy Bay, had silk stockings worth taking as booty. When Yankees finally settled the coast, and dug up farms and railroad roadbeds, they uncovered several hoards of gold and silver coins of Louis XIV, as well as what seems to have been De St. Castin's trunk. In all, on this coast, from first to last, there were granted seven seigneuries, two paper, and four or five real, according to Quebec and Versailles records. These were, from west to east, Grandchamp, Villeclair, Douaquet, Magesse, Thi-beauveau, St. Aubin, and Descoudet.⁸

But none of these was an agricultural settlement such as Talon had wished to see. Thomas Lefebvre at Grandchamp, Jean Martel at Magesse, René St. Aubin at Passamoquoddy, Michel Chartier at Descoudet, all were deep in the fur trade. So deep were St. Aubin and Martel that they used to fight over the rookeries at Machias Seal Island.

Whatever promises these men made at Quebec, of bringing in settlers, or of setting up mills, on the spot they traded in furs. They were evolving a sort of forest feudalism where Indians, not Frenchmen were the tenants on the manors, paying in goods, not foodstuffs.

The basis of this feudalism being trade, the manors were stationed at points where Indians must foregather. Lefebvre was at Thomaston, at the mouth of the St. Georges. Shrewd old Pierre Thibeadeau, who wisely did not settle at his manor of Thibeadeau, picked on the mouth of the Narraguagus for its trade, before he packed up and went to better himself by farming at Minas Basin. Jean Martel, and his co-seigneur Pierre du Brioul, chose Machias not only for its seal island but also for the network of canoe routes that joined there, from the St. Croix and Penobscot valleys. Both St. Aubin and Chartier chose focal points at Quoddy Bay, where traveling Indians were sure to pass. All watched the migrations of the Abenaki, and settled where Indians chose to go.⁹

With these sites filled, it was natural that Douaquet, Adocket, Adowake, the Adowakeag of the Indians, the Waukeag or Sorrento of the present day, should attract the eye of a would-be lord of a manor. For there, at the Taft Point shell heaps, Indians had summered since time immemorial, as one can see from the collections of the Abbe Museum at Bar Harbor. Not only could Abenaki and Canibas come down the Sullivan or Taunton River, they could reach the Union River through the safe waters of Mount Desert Narrows. Up the Union River it was possible to reach the Penobscot by the Otter Pond Carry, and Lake Nicaud, the Machias headwaters, and thence even the St. Croix through Gassabias Lake. Douaquet—(that, for reasons which will appear, is the best name to choose for this variously named spot) was almost asking for a French lord of the manor in

these days of the forest feudalism of the 1680's and 1690's.¹⁰

The opportunity brought the man. At this point there appears on the stage of Bar Harbor's history a remarkable adventurer, who for reasons of his own invented a pedigree and noble title for himself, and then bluffed so successfully that he did honor to his assumed name. This was the self-styled Antoine de Lamothe Cadillac, later the founder of Detroit and Governor of Louisiana. Information about Cadillac's early life is scanty; except for the records of his birth, not one statement has come down to us, until that relating to time of his marriage, that was not made by himself and is not consequently highly suspect. He certainly was the son of a lawyer, Jean Laumet of St. Nicholas de Gave in Gascony, and not of an imaginary Jean de la Mothe. He may have been a cadet in the regiment of Dampierre, he almost certainly was not a lieutenant in the regiment of Clairambault, though he asserted that he was, when such an assertion seemed likely to do him good. He is said to have sailed the New England coast as a privateer under François de Guyon, though no direct authority for that statement seems to exist. In short, he was a self-promoting adventurer, of a type not uncommon in both old France and New France in those days.

This habit of self-promotion should not be judged too harshly. If a man of ability needed a title of nobility to secure a post he was eminently fitted to fill, how wrong was it to take a short-cut to get it? Cadillac certainly had ability; he proved this in later times as governor of Michilimackinac, as governor and founder of Detroit, and as governor of Louisiana. Which is the more praiseworthy, the genuine nobleman, Baron de Lahontan, who lay down on the job and deserted his post at Detroit, or the imitation nobleman, Cadillac, who two decades later made a success where La-

hontan had failed? If blame is to be bandied about, should not some of it go, not to the man who made a successful bluff, but to the institutions which forced him to lie before he could accomplish his life's work?

It was long thought that Cadillac first appeared in definitive history as a *Sieur de la Mothe* who engaged in a notorious tavern brawl, in May, 1687. The surrounding circumstances made the identification plausible. Cadillac all his life was a brawler; it has been suggested that he was the original of Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and Father Jean Delanglez, Jesuit historian, has taken up that suggestion as at least throwing light on Cadillac's character. The loser in the brawl in question was a *Sieur de Sabrevois*, who in later years seems to have carried a grudge against Cadillac to the point of getting him kicked upstairs out of his post at Detroit into the governorship of Louisiana, in order to secure the post at Detroit for himself. The occasion of the brawl was a slur upon a widow, the cousin of the lady whom Cadillac was to marry two months later. However, recent careful research into the *La Mothes* of Canadian history has shown that this brawler was a *Louis de la Rue de La Mothe*, whom the Iroquois killed two years later, and that at the time of the brawl Cadillac was probably in Acadia.¹¹

It is at his marriage that Cadillac finally appears in trustworthy records under the name he made famous. On June 21, 1687, he married *Marie Thérèse de Guyon*, daughter of the royal engineer at Quebec, and niece of that *François de Guyon* from whom he allegedly gained his knowledge of the New England coast. In the marriage record his signature reads as "*Antoine Launay de la Mothe, Sieur or Lord of the Place Called Cadillac, and son of Jean de la Mothe, Sieur or Lord of Cadillac, Launay, and Lemontel, a Judge of the Parlement or Supreme Court of Toulouse.*" Note

how clever this claim is. Cadillac, being the son of a police-court judge, who was also a lawyer in practice at the bar of the parlement, would not find it hard to pass himself off as the son of a judge. He knew the answers to all the questions anyone in Canada might ask him; and by that deft self-promotion he entered the "nobility of the robe," and as such a noble he was eligible for a militia, army, or navy commission. By signing himself "Launay" instead of "Cadillac," he admitted having an elder brother—as was then true—and also by that admission explained why he was in Canada seeking his fortune, in the manner of second sons.

Having thus stepped on the stage of recorded history, Cadillac took his Quebec bride to Acadia. Here he appears in his first and surest connection with Bar Harbor, according to English records. For the English were now challenging French control of eastern Maine. All New England, under orders of James II, had been joined into one dominion, under Governor Sir Edmund Andros, and Sir Edmund, in the spring of 1688, came "down East," to enforce his authority. He traveled to the St. Croix. For his own purposes, Sir Edmund made a census of the population between the St. Croix and the Penobscot. On his list,* dated May 11, are not only the Baron de St. Castin at Pentagoet, St. Aubin at Quoddy, and Martel and Du Breuil at Machias, all with "pretended grants from Quebec," but "Cadolick and wife," "at Winskeag Bay on the Eastern side of Mount Desert."

There has been much argument, and consequently much

* The actual paper, reprinted from the Hutchinson papers by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1827, has since then disappeared, being at neither the Massachusetts Historical Society nor in the State Archives. It has been therefore impossible to check with the original as to spelling and correctness of transcription.

touching to the quick of local pride, over the question where "Winskeag Bay" was. The late William Otis Sawtelle, who lived on Cranberry Island opposite Otter Creek, was sure that it was Otter Creek. Since Cadillac's granddaughter later lived at Hull's Cove, many have been sure Cadillac lived there. The comparison between Winskeag and Wonsqueak have led others to think Cadillac lived to the east of Schoodic Point. But the logical answer seems to be that Cadillac lived at Douaquet, the Indian Adowakeag. If English transcribers could call Cadillac "Cadolick," and Chartier "Sharkey," surely it is not too much to expect of their penchant for inaccuracy to transform Waukeag into Winskeag. And the Indian settlement at Waukeag would be the natural place for Cadillac to settle. Certainly, whether or not Cadillac and Marie Thérèse his wife lived there or only near the Indians there, it was the Indian camp that attracted them.¹²

How long the bridal pair stayed there must remain a guess. Compilers of Cadillac's genealogy have suggested that his eldest daughter, Marguerite, was born at Douaquet. When that suggestion is pushed as far as it will go, it makes Bar Harbor's first white child end her life with the Ursuline nuns in Quebec, after quite a struggle to conquer her father's reluctance to have her do so. But whether Cadillac stayed long enough to have his wife bear a child, he certainly stayed long enough to gain the information needed for an accurate description of the channels through the Porcupine Islands which he later put into the hands of the French ministry of marine, with a boost for Douaquet as a trading station. This report was considered so important as to have been frequently transcribed, as a guide for a "Manhattan Project" of attack on New York. Since copies numbered 76 and 78 survive, it might be guessed that nearly

eighty were made. But though Cadillac stayed long enough at Frenchman's Bay to know it well, his visit was cut short abruptly by a trip to Canada.

For shortly after Andros's visit, Cadillac took action to secure a "pretended grant from Quebec." Andros had left behind him the frigate *Rose*, with instructions to enforce England's authority. The crew of the *Rose* enforced it so well that they robbed the Baron de St. Castin of his best wine, and then, drunk, they burnt his house, after driving him to the woods, where his trunk and other belongings were lost for a century and a half. Just what effect this had on "Cadolick and wife," the records do not tell—or, rather, two records, both provided by Cadillac, contradict each other. In 1690 Cadillac told the French government he had defended his property so well he should be made Baron de la Mothe in recognition of his deeds. In 1719 he told the French government he deserved repayment of his losses, of an unspecified amount.¹³ One thing seems certain—in a very short time Cadillac was far away from Bar Harbor. In either May or July, 1688—depending on whether the Quebec or the Versailles clerk got the date wrong—he was in Montreal, procuring a grant of Douaquet and the Island of Mount Desert from Governor de Denonville. If the Versailles date is correct, then, by aligning the dates of Andros's census, May 11, old style and the grant, May 23, new style, it becomes clear that Cadillac traveled at high speed away from his home.

Whatever the cause of Cadillac's exit, it had an important result in Bar Harbor's history. For on that day, in May or July, Jacques de Brisay, Marquis de Denonville and governor of Canada, and Jean Bouchart de Champigny, intendant of Canada, granted to the Sieur de la Mothe Cadillac, "then living in La Cadie," "the place called Douaquet near

Magesse" with two leagues in each direction, one on each side of the Douaquet River, and two leagues in depth." Inserted in the margin of this grant in the Quebec register, but not in the confirmation in France, is this addition: "With the island of Mount Desert, and the other islands and islets that are in the foreground of those two leagues."

This, misinterpreted, twisted, revalidated by a sentimental Massachusetts legislature, and altered by court order, is the basis of all land titles in Bar Harbor.¹⁴

Because this document is so important in the history of the town, it will do no harm to clarify certain statements about it. First of all, there is no reason to worry because the Versailles copy does not mention Mount Desert Island. The Versailles copy was only a confirmation of the Quebec grant, and omitted some details. Perhaps, however, this discrepancy tells why Cadillac's grand-daughter sent Philip Langlois to Quebec to obtain a copy of the original, when she was asking the Massachusetts legislature to confirm the grant. Clearly, Cadillac both received at Montreal and had confirmed to him at Versailles a French title to Mount Desert Island, the islands in Frenchman's Bay, and "Douaquet."

As to the Douaquet River, that was clearly, according to frequently repeated French sailing instructions, the Sullivan River. A century later a surveyor moved the river one step to the west, so that the actual regrant made by the Massachusetts legislature centers on the Skillings and not on the Taunton River. But had the original grant been made from the Skillings River, there would have been no need to mention Mount Desert Island by name apart from the islands in front of the grant, for it was then proved by that very survey to be exactly in front of the land one French league each way from the Skillings. Regardless of what

happened to the grant later, when lawyers and land speculators whittled away at it, originally it ran from Schoodic Point—Little Douaquet on French maps—to Bartlett Island Narrows, and included the Porcupines, Ironbound, Jordan's and all other Frenchman's Bay Islands.

It is questionable that Cadillac ever returned to his manor. It is known definitely that he was living in Port Royal in 1689, and made trips to Quebec to get money out of his father-in-law's estate. He was then merely planning to go to Douaquet. All this is known because he got the royal Scrivener of Acadia, one Mathieu des Gouttins, to put in a word for him with the government at home, asking for a subsidy to help him to start his manor and trade with the Indians; this was done by a letter dated September 2, 1689. Perhaps he later spent some time at Mount Desert; a report in 1692 contains the words, "when we were at Mount Desert," in discussing the way the English during that year rebuilt their fort at Pemaquid. On the other hand, Cadillac's enemies, the Marquis de Vaudreuil and Intendant Radot, in opposing his claims for compensation for the destruction of his manor, said in 1719 that he had been at that manor only once, thirty years before.

However, this discussion of doubtful evidence is rather academic, for another of the freaks of fortune that so fill the history of Bar Harbor carried Cadillac away from Acadia to a career in the west. In October, 1689, His Most Christian Majesty's frigate *Embuscade*, under the command of M. de la Caffinière, entered Port Royal, and there stayed, windbound, while an engineer officer, Vincent de Saccardy, tried to hustle up some kind of fort. M. de la Caffinière was disgusted with the pettiness of the Acadian officials, who spent their time bringing mutual accusations against one another, instead of getting things done. That was a very

natural attitude for De la Caffinière to take; the correspondence of Scrivener des Gouttins and Governor de Menneval, still on file in Paris, shows how quarrelsome both men were, and how Acadia was split into two hostile camps. However, De la Caffinière made one exception; he found that the Sieur de Cadillac, who was pitching in to help Saccardy build the fort, was "the only man in Acadia with the king's interests at heart." Having that opinion of Cadillac, De la Caffinière turned to him in his perplexity.

For De la Caffinière had received an impossible assignment. Louis XIV was on the verge of going to war with England, and either he or someone close enough to him to get royal orders written had cooked up a wild scheme of a joint attack on New York by land and sea. Count Louis Buade de Frontenac, the newly reappointed governor of Canada, had come out with De la Caffinière, in the *Embuscade*, and he passed on to De la Caffinière top-secret orders to be off New York, ready to land De Villebon of the Acadia garrison, De Saccardy, and troops, on November 15. These troops were to fire guns in the air, and shout "Vive Louis!" Thereupon French and Indians would burst from the woods, shouting "Vive Frontenac!," join, and capture New York. These instructions went into full details for launching the pinnace with which the *Embuscade* was equipped, and they told who was to be governor of New York, and which Protestants were to be allowed to go to Pennsylvania after the capture, but no mention was made of how De la Caffinière was to meet the mysterious band of French and Indians. On that score, all he was told was that he was to find a good pilot in Acadia and get him on board, without revealing to him the plan of the expedition.

A short look around Port Royal seems to have convinced

poor De la Caffinière that the local pilots were untrustworthy. He therefore invited Cadillac to go off on a month's cruise. Cadillac accepted—probably the top-secret plan was by that time no secret, since it got into the ship's log before the *Embuscade* sailed from Port Royal. De la Caffinière got no further than Nantucket Shoals. There he ran into a storm. From the excited account he gave, we learn that apparently every time he hove the *Embuscade* to, she forereached so much he was afraid of running ashore, and every time he scudded before the wind he got many miles out of station. Finally, he gave up hope of even approximating his rendezvous, and went back to France. In so doing he was lucky, for the expedition from Canada never got started until February, and then got no farther than Schenectady, New York, which Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville and his brothers burnt to the ground.¹⁵

For Cadillac the result was that his month's cruise ended at La Rochelle and not at Port Royal, and he was forced to borrow from the impoverished De la Caffinière in order to keep alive. Here it was that Cadillac saw a great chance, and he took it. In an absolute monarchy, such as was the France of Louis XIV, the road to success lay through the right to correspond directly with the king's council, and Cadillac had a valid reason for writing to the Marquis de Seignelay, who, as minister of marine, reported directly to the king, in an endeavor to get his Canadian pay in France, since he was too far from Quebec to get it through normal channels. That afforded him an excuse for delivering a sales talk on his high qualifications. The letter, which Father Delanglez considers Cadillac's first direct communication with his home government, laid the foundation of the Cadillac legend, that set of agile improvements on the truth that got him the jobs he handled so well. The veracity of

this letter is slight. Though D'Abbadie de St. Castin was, at the very time of the writing, leading a successful attack on Pemaquid, Cadillac blandly stated that he was the only nobleman in Acadia and had been chosen by Frontenac to lead an attack on New England. Though to the end of his life Cadillac needed interpreters to speak to the Indians, he asserted he could talk "savage," besides French, English, Dutch, and Spanish. He had also, he claimed, been as far south as the Carolinas, and seven hundred and fifty leagues inland, which last statements cannot be disproved, and may even, by chance, be true. (A few years later Michel Chartier of Descoudet was taken prisoner in what is now Maryland, reaching the scene of his arrest from across the Alleghanies—which shows how far a roving Frenchman could go.) ¹⁶

True or not, Cadillac's letter was successful. He was called on for the job of replanning the attack on New York, and then shipped back to Canada. There he moved to Quebec and busied himself with aiding Frontenac and getting in the latter's good graces, where he stayed permanently. His reputation in France remained so great that he was recalled for more planning, in 1692, and then was sent out again, to build a fleet of whaleboats on the St. Lawrence. Frontenac squelched this waste of energy, and gave him, instead, the command at Michilimackinac. After a stormy career there, during which time he lined his pockets effectively, he got permission to make Detroit a trading post, where he would support a garrison at his own expense, out of his profits. Here he tried to set up just the sort of feudal establishment he had planned for Douaquet and Bar Harbor. The title of marquis, for which he blandly asked, was denied to him, and he was forced to reissue land grants as from the king instead of from himself, but he made, just the same, a fortune, as is shown by the in-

ventory of the property he left behind. Later steps on the ladder of fame were a governorship of Louisiana, a sojourn in the Bastille and, finally, the governorship of Castelsazzerin in France, for which he paid such a sum, just before the office was abolished, as to raise the suspicion that what he paid for it was really the sum needed to get himself out of the Bastille. He died rich, as his estate inventory shows, and a Chevalier of St. Louis. During these years he did not forget Mount Desert. Not only did he make his claim for damages, but at least once, when at Detroit, styled himself "Lord of Douaquet and Mount Desert" in an official document.

So he passed out of the history of Bar Harbor, having perhaps learned, in planning his manor there, the means of getting his wealth through what is here called "forest feudalism" for want of any other name given to it. With his departure, French settlement, or plans for settlement, at Bar Harbor came to an end.

However, French connections with Bar Harbor continued for a decade more. Two great Canadian sailors so used the waters off its shore as a staging area as to give to the bay the name "Frenchman's Bay," in place of the earlier name of Douaquet Bay. These two men were Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville and Simon Pierre Denys de Bonaventure. Le Moyne d'Iberville was as dramatic a figure as Cadillac, or more so. He was what would today be called a commando officer. It was he and his brothers who in 1690, in the dead of winter, surprised and burned Schenectady, New York. It was he and one brother who in 1685 and again in 1697 entered Hudson Bay by canoe and by frigate and captured three English ships and two English forts. It was he who discovered the mouth of the Mississippi River and so made possible the foundation of Louisiana. Close behind him in

ability, though not in opportunity, came De Bonaventure.¹⁷

As far as can be told, it was these men, and not English adventurers, who actually came to Bar Harbor. For to the English and to the French, Mount Desert harbor seems to have been two different places. English maps and reports indicate that the Englishmen went to the area surrounded by the present towns of Southwest Harbor, Mount Desert, and Cranberry Islands. That would be logical enough. The English expeditions of Captain Benjamin Church, of 1690 and 1704, traveled by whaleboat and schooner, and had as their purpose reaching Port Royal as quickly as possible. To them there would be no point in entering Frenchman's Bay and going along the shores of Bar Harbor. But the French had different vessels and different purposes. They sometimes traveled in frigates, and slipped into Penobscot Bay, to join forces with the Baron de St. Castin and his Abenakis. When they did that, they usually raised what is now Cadillac Mountain as a landfall, sailed to Mount Desert Rock, sixteen miles south of Mount Desert Island, and then bore northwest, through Merchant's Row and Deer Island Thoroughfare, to Pentagoet, the present-day Castine. Or, if they did not do that, they followed sailing directions Cadillac had given, and slipped past the Porcupines to anchor to the north of them. When they did this, if they followed Cadillac's advice they went between Bald Porcupine and the Bar Harbor shore, keeping a sharp eye out for the rock that now forms the end of the Bald Porcupine breakwater. Once behind the Porcupines, they could lie "as in a box." More than that, they could rendezvous with Indians in canoes who could come from Penobscot Bay, or down the Union River in calm water. Furthermore, the French frigates could, while waiting, lie concealed behind the Porcupines, safe from English scouting vessels. Natu-

rally, to the French the "Mount Desert Harbor" or "Mount Desert Roadstead" was the "four leagues in compass" of upper Frenchman's Bay.

The first visit of D'Iberville and De Bonaventure was in 1692—perhaps with advice from Cadillac who had boarded De Bonaventure's *Envieux* that August—when they slipped into Frenchman's Bay late in October to join forces with D'Abbadie de St. Castin to recapture Pemaquid, which the English had rebuilt. To make this junction, an officer of the Acadia garrison, Captain Jacques Testard de Montigny, was sent with three men in a birch-bark canoe, to secure the aid of "M. le Baron de St. Castin and his savages."

What happened to De Montigny was the sort of coincidence that a historian can solemnly record as being true but a novelist has trouble getting his readers to believe. There were two men who knew that D'Iberville's plan to attack Pemaquid had been betrayed, because they themselves had betrayed it. It was these two men whom De Montigny captured by accident just as they were about to climax their treason by kidnaping the Baron de St. Castin and carrying him off to Boston. By a freak of timing, the two deserters whom John Nelson, the English claimant to Pentagoet, had bribed in Quebec to carry the news of D'Iberville's plan went to Boston with his message, received an assignment to go to Pentagoet, and brought their fishing sloop there to arrive almost at the same hour and minute as did D'Iberville's messenger De Montigny. What finer justification could be found for Louis XIV's prescient warning to Count Frontenac of the danger to security of letting Nelson roam the streets of Quebec, without guard! Quebec and Ottawa archives contain proof that either Louis XIV or a secretary writing in his name foresaw this series of

events, and the traitors were captured by this narrow margin.

When De Montigny returned to Bar Harbor with the Baron de St. Castin and the two prisoners, D'Iberville came rapidly and correctly to the conclusion that the advantage of surprise had been lost. One thing was left for D'Iberville to do. He had a reputation for toughness which had already stood him in good stead and which he purposefully kept up. He went through the empty formula of suggesting to Governor de Villebon of Acadia that the two traitors be taken to Quebec for trial. On receiving the answer he had expected, Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville sent the Reverend M. Thury, a local missionary and French agent, to summon the Indians of the region, just about to move inland to their winter hunting grounds from their summer shell-heap camps, to see a formal execution. Trial was held one day, the sentence carried out the next. There and then, "at the Desert Mountains," "the heads of the traitors were broken open." So runs D'Iberville's report, probably meaning that the two men, Armand de Vignon and François Albert, were tomahawked in front of one hundred and twenty Indian men, women, and children, at either Bar Harbor proper or Hull's Cove. Two days later, with a fair wind from the northwest, the *Poli* and the *Envieux* slid out of Frenchman's Bay past Ironbound Island, leaving De St. Castin with the task of making a diversion along the coast that would keep the English men-of-war glued to their posts, waiting for D'Iberville and De Bonaventure. How these two great Canadian sailors hoped to slip into Boston harbor while this was being done, how the *Poli* was sighted off Cape Cod and a warning fire lit that put Boston on its guard when D'Iberville came in sight, is not a part of Bar Harbor's story except as it helps to explain how Frenchman's Bay got its name.¹⁸

In 1696 that name was riveted on the bay even more tightly. Fighting Father Baoudin, the ex-musketeer missionary who that year sailed with D'Iberville, tells in his *Journal* how the two Canadian sailors took their vessels past Mount Desert Rock to Pentagoet, picked up De St. Castin and his Abenakis, and then stormed Pemaquid. After this they used Frenchman's Bay as a refitting base, where they would be safe while the English recovered from the shock of defeat. D'Iberville somehow had a sixth sense of what the other man was thinking—the next year he was to show that sense when he sank the *Hampshire* in Hudson Bay with one broadside—and he slipped out of Mount Desert roadstead, past the Porcupines, at seven in the morning of September 3, just in time to escape H.M.S. *Sorlings* in a running flight to the eastward off Schoodic Point. Lieutenant de Villieu, who was left behind at or near Bar Harbor, did not fare so well. While he sent dispatches safely away to Boston and to Quebec—Pierre d'Ailleboust, Sieur de Perigny (later Lord of Grand Manan), carrying the latter to Frontenac—Villieu was himself trapped. Soon he found himself in Boston, arriving as a prisoner shortly after his letter of complaint about slowness in exchanging prisoners.

Even after 1696 the French continued to use Mount Desert and the waters off Bar Harbor as a rendezvous. In 1697 Gabaret, from the frigate *Neptune*, there put on shore Joseph Amyot, Sieur de Vincelotte, to carry to Quebec the operations orders for the year, which orders were canceled by the coming of peace. The next year, 1698, in peace now and not in war, Denys de Bonaventure and L'Hermite were expressly sent to Mount Desert Harbor, with sailing instructions telling how to use it as a landfall, the latitude being very correctly stated as 44 degrees and 28 minutes.

After this, De Bonaventure, in his report on Acadia in general, stressed the value of Douaquet as a base and as an Indian center.¹⁹

From 1700 to 1763 Bar Harbor remained uninhabited. English expeditions attacking Port Royal effectually prevented any French settlement, but, conversely, the power of the St. Castin family, those who remained in Maine and did not go back to the Pyrenees, prevented English settlement. Based at Pentagoet, the modern Castine, and later on at an encampment high up the Penobscot River, the St. Castins and their Abenakis kept effective control of the mainland of eastern Maine. None could live there without their consent, and the half- and quarter-breed heirs of Jean Vincent and of Bernard d'Abbadie de St. Castin still felt themselves to be French officers, engaged in holding open the communications between France and Quebec.

So it was that for those sixty years, once L'Hermite had returned to France with his report on the Acadian seigneuries and Queen Anne's War had been fought, Bar Harbor had no history. Ships did slip by; Colonel Westbrook was at Mount Desert in 1723, Benjamin Church found a message there in 1704, but they merely passed, to leave no permanent mark on Bar Harbor history. English naval surveyors sailed by, and made charts that were not too accurate, together with easily recognizable profiles of land masses. From one such profile, of Winscale Head, the present Schooner Head, Captain S. E. Morison was able to deduce the mistake the *Arbella* had made in confusing the Gouldsboro Hills with Mount Desert Island, Mount Desert Island with the Camden Hills. Perhaps fur traders bargained with the Indians. It has been conjectured that Frenchmen tried to build houses at Southwest Harbor. In the 1780's Nicholas Thomas, of Bar Harbor, then a young child, saw

a cellar hole at Southwest Harbor, and was told that Frenchmen had for a time lived there, in 1757. On this has been built a superstructure of tradition that Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord spent his childhood there. This tale may be true—if Talleyrand's birth records were forged, if permanent settlements existed at Southwest Harbor or Somes Sound without leaving any other trace, and if a large amount of corroborative evidence about Talleyrand's childhood in France can be waved aside as fiction. Probably there is no more basis for the tradition than there is for James Otis Kaler's vivid novel for boys *Defending the Island, A Story of Bar Harbor in 1758*. But it all adds up to the fact that once the *Embuscade* had taken Cadillac to France and the *Poli* had slipped away from the *Sorlings*, the British navy would not let the French live at Bar Harbor, and the Abenakis would not let the English live there, either. Forest feudalism had had a fleeting chance at Bar Harbor and had failed there, though in different circumstances it succeeded for a while at Detroit.

But of it something did remain to influence Bar Harbor. At Quebec, in the intendant's register, on page 18, Volume 3, lay the grant of Douaquet to the Sieur de la Mothe Cadillac, with the significant insertion, "Together with the Island of Mount Desert." And in far-off France a little girl, Marie Thérèse de la Mothe Cadillac, named after her grandmother, Marie Thérèse de Guyon de la Mothe Cadillac, who was also the child's godmother, used to listen to stories of Douaquet. What those stories were and who told them we do not know. Perhaps Marie Thérèse heard them from her grandmother; perhaps, at second hand, from her Detroit-born father; perhaps her Douaquet-born aunt wrote them in letters from Quebec, preserved for a child's amusement. But listen to them she did, for in

later life she told others how her father had known and loved the Indians and at least once she welcomed Indians to her Hull's Cove home, for that reason. Certainly, those stories drove Marie Thérèse de la Mothe Cadillac de Grégoire to petition various English secretaries of state to grant her the title to the manor of Douaquet, until in 1783 Mr. Elliot, then secretary, could derive a minor consolation for the loss of the colonies by referring her to the Continental Congress. Through an application to Thomas Jefferson, Marie Thérèse de Grégoire, driven on by those memories, and finally armed with a copy of the *registre d'intendance* in Quebec, at last regained not Douaquet, which was already occupied by Sullivans and others, but Mount Desert Island, and thus perpetuated feudal Acadia to this day, in a way its would-be founders would never have imagined.

Proprietors and Settlers

IT HAD BECOME clear by 1760 that England had conquered Canada, and also probable that England would hold Canada after the French and Indian War had ended. Now Yankees could look forward to making their homes east of the Penobscot, if they could secure legal titles. No longer need they fear that the rest of the St. Castins would come down upon them and drive them back to the New Hampshire border. At last, Bar Harbor could have real hopes of seeing settlers who would not only come but also stay.

But even by 1760 it was not certain that Massachusetts held sway over the lands east of the Penobscot. Just as previously they had been debatable ground between Massachusetts and Acadia, now they were debatable between Massachusetts and Nova Scotia. As late as 1755 English commissioners had been trying to persuade the French that the grant of Acadia by the treaty of Utrecht meant the grant of the lands between the St. Croix and the Penobscot, to which the French had had the pleasure of replying by quoting English assertions that the boundary of that province was the St. Croix. It was true that the English attorney general had held, in 1740, that Massachusetts went as far as the St. Croix, but what an attorney general said he might unsay, and all sorts of claims were flying about. Not only did Nova Scotia assert it ruled up to the Penobscot; the self-titled Earl of Stirling, William Alexander, of Bask-

ingridge, New Jersey, later Major General Lord Stirling of the American army in the Revolution, was offering for sale lands he held as the heir of the original Sir William Alexander, to whom Nova Scotia had first been granted. For Massachusetts to get full possession of this land would require that its royal governor, Francis Bernard, should out-argue "Lord Stirling," and more important, Governor Lawrence of Nova Scotia. The fate of Mount Desert Island and of Bar Harbor, as well as of the rest of the present Washington and Hancock Counties, for a time rested on one man's pen.

It might rest there safely. Governor Bernard poured out arguments again and again. They are to be found in the Sparks manuscripts at Harvard, some of which have been printed. He told of the old charter of Massachusetts, of 1691, that gave even Nova Scotia to Massachusetts; he told of the enforcing of that claim by Phips's expedition of 1690, which took effective control of Mount Desert Island, as shown by a journal of that expedition. In due course, the Lords of Trade and Plantation admitted that they agreed with him, and so notified both Massachusetts and Nova Scotia.¹

As realization grew that Massachusetts would have control east of the Penobscot, legal steps were taken to enable settlement. As early as 1760 Massachusetts set up a new county, Lincoln, with Pownallborough (now Wiscasset), as its seat. This brought a court house to hold trials, a registry for deeds and wills, to within a hundred miles of Bar Harbor. The next step was to arrange for governmental areas within the new country. It was agreed that thirteen townships should be laid out, six east of the Penobscot River but west of the Union River, seven east of the Union River, which new name, wet by a bottle of rum, had been given

to the old Mount Desert River. Promptly, would-be settlers organized into groups of potential township proprietors, as various speculators in Maine combined forces. The result was that the townships between the Penobscot and the Union Rivers became known as the David Marsh Townships, named for the leader of the speculators there who got the grant. But, as a similar group worked out plans for the next set of townships, they received a rude jolt. It appeared that His Excellency Governor Bernard had cast his eyes upon Township Number 2, Mount Desert Island. He had frankly come to America in the hope of building up a fortune, was engaged throughout the northeastern English colonies in speculation, and had a particular reason for wanting Mount Desert Island. Here, at once, was a conflict between two ideas of settlement—the Yankee township-plantation-town system, and what corresponded to the southern system of handing out large tracts. The Yankee system of settlement is known to its full extent only in New England. It began to evolve when the *Arbella's* passengers decided to move from their first home on the Charlestown peninsula and cross the Charles River to found Boston, on the Shawmut peninsula, since this was perhaps the first of the moves by which New England expanded to the west and to the northeast. In the course of a century and a quarter a set of basic principles was worked out, by which new settlers could fill the frontiers, and yet remain both self-governing and under at least theoretically close governmental control. First came the survey, without which no settlement was legal. Land so surveyed was divided into "townships," which in New England means areas planned for development into full-fledged towns. Then certain proprietors—who might be a religious congregation, a group of speculators, or a group of would-be settlers—

bought the "township," "planted it" with settlers, and saw to it that land was reserved for a church and a school. When enough settlers had been planted, limited self-government was granted, and the township was raised in status to a "plantation." When the population of the "plantation" should have grown large enough, another step forward was taken, the area received full civil rights, the full town organization came into force, and in those early days, one representative in the legislature or "General Court" was automatically allotted to the new town.

Such a system still holds good in Maine. Elsewhere in New England, since all unsettled land has been taken up, towns are the units of government, except where cities have been created, and the words "township" and "plantation" are forgotten or have new meanings. But Maine remains frontier, in some ways. To this day one can go thirty miles northeast from Bar Harbor and find, still unsettled, Township Number 7, just back of Gouldsboro and Sullivan, and then go twenty miles southeast—in each case as the crow flies—and find Swan's Island Plantation, where to this day there is not enough population for the full complement of town officials. This was the New England system which the settlers of western Maine wanted to bring to Mount Desert Island, and which Governor Bernard was blocking.²

On his side the governor had not only official position—that was something that the General Court of Massachusetts took delight in ignoring—but genuine gratitude. In the first flush of enthusiasm on arriving in Boston, before he had caught on to the vexations of his position as royal governor of a province with a charter, Bernard had paid out of his own pocket for the repairs to the Province House, the old State House at the corner of State and Court Streets, Boston. Now, as a matter of constitutional principle, the

were to do his duty. He got into more trouble than most English governors, since he had Sam Adams against him and since he was not blessed with too much tact or perspicacity. Newspaper writers found the grant of Mount Desert Island an easy mark at which to shoot, since it was improper on the face of it. That, or other reasons, caused the privy council in England to delay confirming it, thus adding to Bernard's troubles. When it finally came to a showdown between him and Sam Adams over the question of the new duties and the Massachusetts Remonstrance, the English government summoned him home, made him a baronet to ease the blow, and after keeping him away from Boston in England two years replaced him as governor of Massachusetts.³

So Sir Francis Bernard, Baronet, left Bar Harbor. He impinged on its history only slightly and indirectly, being interested primarily in the other half of the island. He left behind him doubtful deeds to lands, the sites of one or two mills, and a potential claim to the island. But while he was proposing, the plain people of the coast were disposing. Others copied Abraham Somes and James Richardson;—took to their Chebbaco boats, those sturdy Ipswich-built sloops that carried our ancestors up and down the coasts; steered “down East”; picked out likely spots; cleared ground; and went back to pick up their families and bring them to their new homes. Most of these men came from places in western Maine such as Arundel or Harpswell, while Cape Ann and Cape Cod provided their shares, and there were those who sailed across Fundy from Nova Scotia. These men moved away from the side of the island where Bernard had planned settlement—the rough sea side—to the fertile, or more fertile, northeast shores. It was they who at last made a true settlement, that would stick no matter

what happened in Paris or London or Quebec. The marsh meadows bordering the Mount Desert Narrows, having first attracted cattle, now attracted human beings.

It seems pretty clear who were the first settlers in Eden-Bar Harbor, since three sources of information corroborate one another. Some time before 1880 someone told George Varney who was compiling a gazetteer of Maine, that the first families in Eden were the Thomases and the Higginses, who came in 1763—which, of course, could be a misprint or misspelling for 1768. That might be called the “Thomas version.” Then Uncle Eben Hamor painstakingly collected genealogies and wrote them down. From evidence from family Bibles, and from the Eden and Mount Desert record books, he came to the conclusion that there were eleven families in Eden before 1770. According to this, which may be called the “Hamor version,” there were at Bar Harbor proper Israel Higgins, Daniel Rodick, and “old Uncle Ebenezer Salsbury,” the last named an immigrant from Nova Scotia who “settled in a log house where the Newport Hotel now stands” before moving to Salsbury’s Cove. At Duck Brook were Ezra Young and his wife Constant. At Hull’s Cove were Elisha Cousins, Levi Higgins, whose name still sticks to Cape Levi at the northern entrance to the Cove, and John Hamor, all of whom had moved to Hull’s Cove directly from their homes. There too were Simon “Hadly” and Timothy “Smallege,” who had come to Hull’s Cove as a second choice, Hadley coming to the Kowl, the little hill south of the “old town road” from Otter Creek, Smullidge moving across Blue Hill Bay from Naskeag. At Leland’s Cove was Amariah Leland. Less permanent settlers were Burrell at Cromwell’s Harbor, and Parker at Hull Cove. Now, this list of names is interestingly confirmed. In 1772 Samuel Holland, the surveyor for His

Majesty's Northern District of North America, made a map of the Maine coast that gives soundings in Somes Sound and between the Cranberries, and shows houses up and down Somes Sound, and up and down Frenchman's Bay. It was this map that Captain J. F. W. Des Barres copied—lock, stock, and barrel—for his *Atlantic Neptune* in 1776, even to the entire omission of Northeast Harbor. Now, this 1772 map shows a building at Cromwell's Harbor—presumably either the Jones sawmill or Burrell's house—two at Bar Harbor, one at Duck Brook, and three at Hull's Cove. Considering that this was an off-hand survey, and that only those houses which were visible from the sea would be put in, this seems to confirm the Hamor list completely.⁴

What is left unexplained, however, is where the Thomas family was, and what chance there is that the date 1763 can still be proudly kept as the official date of first settlement. The answer would seem to be that the Thomases, who were such good friends of the Somes's as to have Nicholas Senior marry Lucy Somes under what may be called frontier circumstances, lived inland, in the Thomas District, in a house not visible from the sea. As, for the dating, it should first be noticed that Nicholas Thomas Junior's autobiographical poem tells us that his family came in 1773, not 1763. Then it should be pointed out that many a settler probably began clearing land and living down East one year, and then returned to fetch his wife and family the next. The fact that a wife was having a child in Eastham or Harpswell—as was true of almost all the families named in the Hamor list—did not mean that the husband and elder sons would not be on Mount Desert Island, getting the new home ready. Voyages back and forth were common enough, to sell lumber and fish or transact other business,

and get supplies. It was on such a voyage that John Hamor was drowned, leaving his wife and five children to grow up into leaders in the town of Eden that was to be.

So far, with Francis Bernard a baronet and distant in England, there was little real government on the island. How little, is revealed by the *Journal* of Captain David Owen, R.N., who in 1772 touched at the Cranberry Islands. He tells the story of an irate brother, angry and confounded by the results of the custom of "bundling," demanding that his sister be married to the young man in question—which result, it appears, neither the sister nor certainly the young man desired. The young man tried to evade the issue by declaring that legal marriage was impossible, there being no justice of the peace available. Promptly Captain Owen, who was on the way to found the Owen estate on Campobello Island that later fell, in part, into the hands of the Franklin D. Roosevelt family, intervened. He pointed out that he was a justice of the peace for Nova Scotia, and without further regard for Governor Bernard's rulings as to the boundary of Nova Scotia justice was done, the wrong righted, and the brother made content as to the moral status of his sister. But, as this story reveals, even though there was not much government about, the settlers on the coast needed little of it. They were, as were their descendents, self-reliant men and women, who could handle their own affairs. In the township, or unorganized, stage of governmental development, they needed no more than to be left alone, with occasional visits by a justice of the peace using the great legal powers then held by such officials.⁵

However, events were brewing that were to raise Mount Desert Island from "Township Number 2" to "Mount Desert Plantation." The storm of revolution that had driven Bernard home to his eventful baronetcy was blowing up

stronger and stronger. Now, in 1775, it broke, when red-coats and minutemen fired on each other at Lexington and Concord. With those shots, English government ended everywhere outside the range of English guns, in Massachusetts and Maine, and a new government came slowly to birth.

East of the Penobscot, the American Revolution began in June, 1775, when the *Margaretta* affair took place at Machias. It both caused and typified the revolution in eastern Maine. It started because Nathan Jones of Gouldsboro made a deal with the English garrison in Boston. They held his relatives prisoners, and they needed lumber for building barracks. He was told that if he would go to Machias, under guard of the English armed vessel *Margaretta*, and bring back some lumber, his relatives could go free. The idea was that his friends there, themselves under the guns of the *Margaretta*, could not blame him for not being on their side, since both he and they would be acting under duress. This was a formula for trading in war time long known to Acadia. In the 1690's the habitants and even the Baron de St. Castin were not above reporting that they had been forced to trade at the point of a gun. In the 1770's, as can be learned from the pages of Professor Brebner's *Neutral Yankees of Nova Scotia*, the American Colonel John Allen got supplies from his technical enemies. The normal thing would have been for the men of Machias to knuckle under, and let the lumber go to Boston.

But there were those at Machias who were above such prudent self-preservation. Quietly, in the Yankee community way, the men of Machias met in an open field to discuss what should be done. Two patriots, Jeremiah O'Brien and Captain Foster, urged their fellow-townsmen to the brave course. The discussion waxed warm. Finally,

O'Brien challenged his friends. If they were brave, they would signalize their bravery by stepping across a brook that ran through the field and would then divide the patriots from the cowards. The challenge succeeded. Every man crossed the brook. The next morning O'Brien and his followers captured the *Margaretta*, and—so Maine claims—won the first naval action of the American Revolution.⁶

This move was both brave and shrewd. It had its effect in helping the American cause, for the lack of that lumber and of the barracks that might have been built with it, intensified the British sufferings in Washington's siege of Boston. Yet, as O'Brien may not have foreseen, Machias was in little danger of reprisal, for if the town should be taken and sacked, the saw-mills would be destroyed and would be unable to supply lumber. The population, discontented, would go away, and would leave the woods without workers. But England, to survive, had to have lumber. Masts cut on the spot were what enabled her ships to keep the sea; it was lack of masts, among other things, that prevented the British navy from rescuing Cornwallis at Yorktown. So it was that though the English blustered they preferred to use "measures short of war," and did not act in the *Margaretta* incident. Maine peacefully followed Massachusetts, its dominant partner, into the Revolution.

Since at the time of the Revolution Bar Harbor was the northeastern half of Township Number 2, east of the Union River, commonly called the Township of Mount Desert, its governmental history was that of Mount Desert. As such, its local government began, when in February, 1776, the Massachusetts convention—that is the provincial legislature or General Court, sitting in defiance of Governor Gage—ordered all townships large enough to be plantations to act as such. This was the natural course for a demo-

cratic revolutionary body to take, since it extended self-government. In compliance with this order, Alexander Campbell, justice of the peace, "at my dwelling house at Narraguagus, this twelfth day of March, in the sixteenth year of his Majestie's reign, Anno Dominie 1776," issued a warrant to Stephen Richardson of Bass Harbor to call a plantation meeting. The wording of this warrant shows that, in the mind of the Americans, King George—in name, at least—ruled the thirteen colonies. That was why his theoretically loyal subjects marched against him under the "Cambridge flag," of thirteen stripes, with the Union Jack where the stars now are.

It was on Saturday, March 30, that at Stephen Richardson's house at Bass Harbor the inhabitants of Mount Desert Township first exercised the rights of self-government the Revolution had given them, and met to consider their local problems. Besides the immediate one of finding cash wherewith to pay for a record book, there were three vital problems to be solved. One was the election of a committee of correspondence, safety and inspection, that committee which should be the local revolutionary organization. On this, besides Stephen Richardson, were Ezra Young and Levi Higgins, both of Hull's Cove and therefore of the subsequent Bar Harbor. The next was the protection of the precious island hay by a meadows committee of John Tinker, Thomas Wasgatt (then living at some place near Salisbury Cove) and Abraham Somes. This committee was instructed to "call on Mr. John Tinker and Mr. Amariah Leland to render an account of what hay was cut and carried off the Island last year." Apparently there was success in this, for at the next meeting a committee was appointed to settle an account with Mr. Daniel Sullivan of the present Sullivan, Maine, in the presence of Captain Crabtree, who gave his

name to Crabtree's Point. Thirdly, the plantation took to road-building. A "rode" was to be laid out from Camp Cove, on the north side of Hull's Cove, to Cromwell's Harbor, where Mr. Burrell lived, this to be done by John Thomas, Elisha Cousins, and Silas Parker, with Josiah Black and Ebenezer Salsbury to be surveyors to "repair the above said Rode." That meant that they would work out their taxes on that "above said Rode." Then the same committee was to lay out a road to Mr. Thomas Wasgatt's. These roads were accepted the next year, with one change, "that the road go through Mr. Black's field the old way as usual, and the landing remain as usual." Clearly, Mr. Black had not enjoyed his shores being a public landing and had almost succeeded in making a change. The same committee was also instructed to lay out landings, two at Hull's Cove and one at "Mr. Higgins' landing near Bar Island," the present Bar Harbor.

The meeting then adjourned, to meet again on June 10, and then choose a captain, Ezra Young, and two lieutenants, Abraham Somes and Levi Higgins, for the militia. One other vital action was taken. No one on Mount Desert Island had clear title to his land, as interlopers trying to cut hay probably often pointed out. Therefore Stephen Richardson was sent to Boston, to petition the convention, now sitting there, for confirmation of titles. That was granted; one James Cockle, whose Bernard title was in doubt, received a single share of marsh land, and Mount Desert Island went its way.⁶

For some time, war stayed away from the Island. Thanks for that were due to a Nova Scotian, Colonel John Allen, who threw in his lot with America. Colonel Allen, like the Baron de St. Castin, had a gift for handling the Indians, and was able at first to rouse them to raid their

hereditary enemies, the English. He was persistent. The Passamoquoddy Indians, it is said, still hold as their most treasured possession a letter sent them, at Allen's request, encouraging them to stand firm. The letter is dated on the lowest day of the fortunes of the colonists, Christmas Eve, 1776, and it came from the banks of the Delaware River. It was written just before the crossing at Trenton, and shows Washington as determined as ever in the face of adversity, and writing with that steady confidence of his that made that night's river crossing so memorable. The Indians did stand firm, and at the start of the Revolution Colonel Allen had the initiative, as he went up and down the waterways of the Penobscot, the St. Croix, and the St. John.⁷

During this time, Mount Desert Island was at peace, and left no recorded history. One thing seems noteworthy, the sorting out of the population into loyalist and Patriot. Perhaps it was more friendly than the happenings elsewhere, so vividly portrayed in such novels as *Oliver Wiswell*. John Thomas, Junior, for instance, is said to have slipped over to Nova Scotia for the duration, and then returned, while his father remained as a local leader of the committee of correspondence. But names begin to disappear from records—such names as Josiah Black and Silas Parker of Hull's Cove, "Mr. Burrell" (first name unrecorded) of Cromwell's Harbor. In their place came more Hamors, Rodicks, and Salsburys to double the population by 1779. It was at Mount Desert that Allen received news that was good for the nation but turned out to be bad for him and for eastern Maine. His letters record that at Mount Desert he heard the first rumors of the "Northern Army" having won an overwhelming victory. Thus eastern Maine learnt of Sara-

toga and of Burgoyne's surrender that brought in France on America's side.

And then war really came. In 1778, after Saratoga, the English gave up their hopes of a friendly reconquest of the united colonies, and settled down to fighting in real earnest, even though with smaller forces. With Halifax as a naval base, and with the lumber of Maine as a vital war material, it was only logical for an expedition to set up an advanced base at Castine. The same reasons that had led the Pilgrims there, and La Tour, Grandfontaine, and D'Iberville, brought the British. And, typically, the British sent too small a force at first.

So the men of Bar Harbor saw their first active service, when the militia of Lincoln County went out to aid Richard Saltonstall's flotilla in its attack on Castine. Typically, again, the unorganized Americans procrastinated, until the British relieving force, under Sir George Collier, sailed into Penobscot Bay. Allen, disgusted at the mess, withdrew. Now his job would be not one of raiding the British in Nova Scotia but of propaganda, trying to keep the Americans loyal. Some sign of that is seen, in the next to last entry made by the Mount Desert Committee of Safety, thanking Colonel Allen for visiting them with his Indians.

This was just a respite. On February 24, 1781 (February 25 by sea dating) war came to Bar Harbor. That evening, at five—that is, with the light already very low—in squally, west-northwest weather, H.M.S. *Allegiance* made her land-fall at Schoodic Point, in light conditions already so bad that she seems to have mistaken Petit Manan for Mooseabec. In the dark she slipped up through the Porcupines, to cast anchor about ten, when she rode at a light bower, hove short to half a cable. Two landmarks were supposedly in

view, the house at Duck Brook of Ezra Young, that at Frenchman's Bay of Daniel Sullivan. Just where the *Allegiance* anchored is uncertain, since the distances her log gives to these points make no sense. Probably it was in the channel just past Long Porcupine, where the lights of both houses would come in view. What was done is known with exactness. "Two boats were mann'd and arm'd," and at three a.m. Captain Young was roused from sleep by British seamen and marines, and taken on board for questioning. Some information the British possessed. They had their ways of knowing, from a family on Cranberry Island, as the settlers at Naskeag had learned to their cost the year before. At any rate, "by threats, etc." and "other information" it was discovered that Daniel Sullivan was at his home, and that Colonel Allen might be near by. Promptly volunteers were again called for, and another house was broken into at night. Daniel Sullivan then went on board. He is slandered, in the British records, by the assertion that he offered his daughter to a marine sergeant for freedom to escape, which offer the sergeant declined. Sullivan was a valuable capture and hostage, as the brother of a general. In consequence, he was sent to New York to the ill-famed hulks, and died in or, rather, just upon release from prison. It is he for whom the town bears its name. Captain Young went ashore, and Bar Harbor seemed to have dropped out of the Revolution.

The next day the *Allegiance*, in the light weather that follows a northwester, stood out of the bay. In a snow flurry, a sail was sighted, and boats again "mann'd and arm'd" after shots failed to bring the fugitive to. The boats returned, reporting contact but failure. Was this, by any chance, the legendary occasion when a British man-of-war fired at the "schooner" of Schooner Head, those three white

rocks that from the water, in a fog, seem to be a schooner's sails? This is the nearest evidence.⁸

After this, there are no more entries in the records of the committee of correspondence; indeed, the book is a blank till 1789, when it sees use again as the record book of the Town of Mount Desert. Probably, Mount Desert Island followed the lead of its neighbors to the westward and became quietly neutral, though of that there is no official record.

For a moment, as before, important decisions in Bar Harbor's history were made far away, in two cases in Paris. The first such decision came in 1782, when John Adams and Silas Deane came to help Benjamin Franklin to make peace with the British. For the old Acadia boundary controversy had flared up again. There were those loyalists at Castine to take care of, and by a little jiggle of the Massachusetts boundary two new provinces could be carved out of Nova Scotia, one a New Brunswick named in honor of the royal house of Brunswick that ruled over England, and the other a New Ireland, named in honor of the island that was at that moment fighting to win self-government from England. It would be possible to place the loyalists here as settlers. So Franklin of Pennsylvania and Deane of Connecticut were willing to give up this territory. To them a few miles east or west of uninhabited coast did not matter, and it would be pleasant to sweeten the negotiations with the kindly Richard Oswald, who was giving up so much, by a concession in return. But to Adams of Massachusetts, who knew how Bernard had struggled to maintain the old boundaries of the province of Massachusetts, the region was worth arguing for. He knew that the English government then in power held high ideas of strictly legal behavior. He repeated to the English authorities Bernard's

old arguments—indeed, showing them the *Journal* of Phips's expedition, that spoke of taking Mount Desert. The English agreed. The legal documents for founding New Ireland were canceled and the St. Croix River was made the boundary. Then the commissioners, after marking a map in Benjamin Franklin's possession in such a way as to show they did not know the difference between the St. Croix and the Megavudic Rivers, went on to other matters, having left Bar Harbor under the stars and stripes.⁹

Another decision in Paris came two years later. A middle-aged woman from Toulouse went to London, as she seems to have done several times, to lay claim to her seigneurie at Mount Desert. This time, she received the answer that under the newly negotiated treaty the land lay within the limits of the United States. In 1784, therefore, armed with a letter of introduction from the Archbishop of Toulouse, she addressed the French foreign minister, the Count de Vergennes. The latter, presumably delighted to be asking the Americans for something rather than having them ask him, passed her on to the American minister, Thomas Jefferson. Mr. Jefferson, in turn, passed her on, explaining that he represented only the congress of the United States, and that her seigneurie lay within the limits of one individual state, Massachusetts. But Jefferson did not merely give Mme. de Grégoire née De la Mothe Cadillac, a "brush-off"; he gave her letters of introduction to Governor Bowdoin of Massachusetts and Samuel Adams, and persuaded the Marquis de Lafayette to give her one to General Henry Knox, who knew Maine well. Likewise, De Vergennes wrote to Joseph de la Tombe, the consul at Boston, asking him to intervene in favor of Mme. de Grégoire.

This De la Tombe did. The Massachusetts archives contain the polite letter he wrote to Governor Bowdoin, which

the latter forwarded to the General Court, there to be referred to committee and let drop. That was natural enough. Why should the committee on eastern lands grant possession of property that had always been assumed to have an English title to it, merely on the presentation of a copy of a Versailles copy of a paper to be found in Quebec? But it took a year for Mme. de Grégoire to realize that she would not get her grandfather's seigneurie by writing for it, but must come and get it. Then she took ship, with her husband and three children, to secure the family properties at Douaquet and in Detroit.

It might have paid her to set sail sooner, for it was that delay that may have cost her half of Mount Desert Island. In the interval between her writing and her sailing another claimant appeared. This was Francis Bernard's eldest son, John, who had stayed on the Kennebec River, as a land speculator, when his father went back to England. At this he had been a failure. The Lincoln County deeds tell a sad story of bad guesses and diminishing assets, until the young man finally threw up the sponge, stopped trying to sell land to others, and went down East to try to make use of land himself. There, at Pleasant Point in Quoddy Bay, General Rufus Putnam and Park Holland found him. Poor Bernard was trying to do as other young men did, carve a home out of the wilderness, was making very heavy weather of it, and was perplexed by his failure. General Putnam and Surveyor Holland, who perfectly well knew why he was failing in something he had not been brought up to, took pity on him. They were down East surveying for the committee on eastern lands, added him to their surveying party, and thus gave him a job. More than that—they, or some other persons of influence, put him back on his feet financially, so much so that in 1785 John Bernard appeared be-

fore the General Court of Massachusetts with a proposal that at least one half of Mount Desert Island be granted to him, in consideration of the fact that he had been loyal to the patriot cause and had inherited the island from his father, in 1777, so that when the act of deprivation had been passed in 1779 it should not have destroyed his title. This request was fortified by a long list of signatures of Kennebec Valley settlers who would attest his loyalty. At the same time, John Bernard informally suggested to the committee on eastern lands that if he were granted one half the island he would buy the other half, and would not ask for any new survey. This pair of proposals seemed acceptable, and the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts granted to John Bernard of Bath, in the County of Lincoln, an American citizen, an undivided half of Mount Desert Island. Promptly, John Bernard, now styling himself Sir John, baronet, but still of Bath in the County of Lincoln (though he was not to keep that address long) mortgaged his half of the island and with the proceeds set sail for England, there to take up the family estates, become English once more, accept a West Indian governorship, and die without heirs, leaving, for all practical purposes, his mortgagor, Thomas Russell, as the effective owner of half of the island, through the mortgage he had had registered promptly at Pownallborough.

It was the day after the Senate had passed the act granting this land to John Bernard, that Joseph de la Tombe presented to the General Court the petition of Mme. Marie Thérèse de Grégoire, grand-daughter of M. de la Mothe Cadillac, to have possession of his seigneurie of Douaquet, to which the terms of the treaty of Utrecht entitled him. The result has been told.

In August, 1786, Madame and Monsieur de Grégoire,

armed with the letters of introduction mentioned above, set sail for Boston. At the autumn session of the General Court they again prosecuted their plea, with a new petition. This was again bandied about. The General Court was divided in mind. The Senate, which in those days deliberately represented property, wished to protect and further a property right, and wanted to make the grant. The House, which was chosen to represent persons, wished, perhaps, to protect the actual settlers, and refused. Yet there was sense in what the De Grégoires were suggesting. They spoke truth when they asserted that a local jury would not give them justice. They made a sensible suggestion when they offered to give good title to all settlers in occupation, or in possession of grants from the commonwealth. The natural solution was to procrastinate, using as a pretext the seeking of legal advice. This the General Court did.

Monsieur and Madame de Grégoire must have been puzzles to the legislators of Massachusetts. Clearly, very clearly, these two thought they had a valid claim to the land. Clearly, they were puzzled and frightened and ill at ease—the sort of people who won pity, a pity that was translated into loans of money. Also, clearly, they did not know what the situation was. And there the clarity stopped, for to the legislators of Massachusetts, either the propertied men of the Senate or the representatives of the towns in the House, there was something strange about giving land to a French family just because a forgotten army officer said he had landed near Mount Desert Island and cleared land. That was why it seemed natural to ask an advisory opinion from the supreme court.

The court, with justification, passed the question back, pointing out that it could not give an advisory opinion in a specific case where it might later have to render a final

decision. To the attorney general, then, the knotty problem was sent, of whether the treaty of Utrecht gave any legal right to the land at Douaquet. He solved at least his own personal problem, by not giving any answer at all.

Here the perplexed De Grégoires dug into their baggage and came up with the letter from the Marquis de Lafayette to General Knox. In itself the letter said little—simply that Knox would be the best person to advise the De Grégoires about getting possession of the land they *said* they owned. But it bore the precious name of La Fayette. Certainly, after it was sent to Knox and after De la Tombe had sent to the new General Court, that met June 1, a sharp note suggesting that something be done, the De Grégoires got results.

First the Senate acted, voting to give the De Grégoires their claim, but as a gift and not as a matter of principle. Not that its honorable members knew that heirs existed of Martel of Magesse, or of St. Aubin of Passamoquoddy, or of Lefebvre of Grandchamp, waiting for a rule to be established, but there was no harm in being careful. Then the Senate prepared to naturalize the De Grégoires, so that they might own property. However, the house balked at the snobbish naturalization bill, which stated that the naturalization was to secure the grant, and it took the November session, with a milder naturalization act, before Barthélemy de Grégoire, his wife, and his three children, as listed in madame's handwriting, took oath, through an interpreter, were made citizens of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and thus owners of the Seigneurie of Douaquet, or of such of it as had not yet been granted.

It might be thought that the De Grégoires were now in clover. Here they had accessible American land, 168 miles nearer to France than was Boston. In later years the Duc d'Eprémesnil thought he had a chance of securing a

real fortune by buying 10,000 acres of Township Number 7, the present Ellsworth, and made a calculation that 200 acres of land would in seven years pay for clearing itself and would in addition provide £595, 15 shillings of profit from crops alone, and then be rentable annually at the purchase price. But the De Grégoires—in this being in advance of the flood of later French exiles—learned painfully that the figures so gaily put down did not make sense, unless one worked the land with one's own hands.

For with the grant the De Grégoires' troubles had only begun. Having acquired the land, they had to find it. Therefore they, first of all, petitioned the General Court to have their grant surveyed, which was done by Nathan Jones of Gouldsboro, of the *Margaretta* affair fame. Jones, with a perhaps natural desire to get the new purchase away from his home, found that the Douaquet River was not the Taunton River, as had been first reported, but the Skillings River, thus removing some good land from the De Grégoires. Then he and John Peters surveyed the mainland, and left out some land across the Union River. This, however, did not establish the De Grégoires' claim to Bar Harbor. Their title to any part of the Island of Mount Desert was marred by the fact that John Bernard had an undivided half interest in the whole island. Promptly the De Grégoires began a division suit, only to run into difficulty in finding a representative of Bernard to appear for him. But at length, in 1788, title was secure enough for the De Grégoires to have their first land sale.

They went "down East" with Philip Langlois, who is said to have procured for them from Quebec copies of their grant, and acted as interpreter. In a day-long session, at Oak Point, Trenton, they issued, at \$5 apiece, in milled gold dollars, deeds to 100-acre settlers' tracts, plus a few

“acts of generosity,”—as the deeds put them—to doubtful settlers, and a few genuine sales, including one to the ever useful Mr. Jones. Then they went back to Boston, which the deeds, except for one to the Jones family, named as their home. If most of the \$5 paid for a settler’s deed went to the surveyor, the De Grégoires fared badly by this trip.

Probably they were in sad straits—by this time they were in the hands of Perez Morton, the moneylender. Now they offered for sale the whole 104,272 acres that they thought that they owned. Advertisements lyrically praised the lands they had to offer. But as soon as the *Centinel* reached Portland, a voice was raised in opposition. On May 21, Samuel Freeman published an advertisement, warning all and sundry that the proprietors of Trenton owned that township, the former Number 1. This forced the De Grégoires to reply, offering warranty deeds and pointing out that “the frivolous pretences of MR. FREEMAN do not extend to *Mount Desert* and a large tract of land near the same.” But no purchasers appeared.

Then, on August 25, a new device was tried. An auction of 1000-acre lots was announced, to take place at the Bunch of Grapes Tavern. Bar Harbor—for that, in effect, was the De Grégoires’ half of the island—was thus described.

All its coast is favoured with little harbours commodiously situated for fishermen and a number of creeks where Mills are established. The main Lands which surrounds [sic] the bay, is watered by several large rivers, on which there are a great quantity of Mills, where are supplied every year a number of foreign vessels with Lumber and Timber. All the coast abounds with fish of every kind, and the cod fishery is very handy, and carried on to very great advantage.

Everything that the advertisement said was true, except as to the size of the rivers. Fishing was good; to this day

there is, on the other side of Mount Desert Island, at Bass Harbor, an important fishing industry. Foreign ships did come for lumber; in a short visit in 1792 Bancel de Confoulens, D'Eprémesnil's agent, saw two such vessels, one loading for London, one for the West Indies. There were mills, too, on every creek. In fact, that was what was wrong with the whole offer—all the best sites were already taken. Therefore, all that happened was that no sales were made, and the De Grégoires sank deeper and deeper into debt. Finally, they had enough sense to move to their island and raise some more money giving quitclaim deeds.

There is little indication of just how they got there. Neither in Maine nor in Massachusetts do they appear in the 1790 census; but probably they were in Boston, for the census taker found there a curious household of a Madame Gregory and four "other free persons" at the head of which was not a woman but a free, white male. It sounds as if the census taker had tried to understand Madame de Grégoire's French—to the end of their lives the De Grégoires spoke no English—and in desperation put a man at the head of the family and made the notation that there were four more in it. Then the family had to leave Boston. Not only did they owe Perez Morton more than he felt the land was worth; they owed the bakers and Consul de La Tombe. Also, at last the Bernard partition went through, giving them the eastern half of the islands. But though the quitclaim deeds they gave must have brought in some money, not enough was raised to meet their debts.

Now one George Jackson appears. He was willing to take over all that the De Grégoires held, except land at Hulls Cove and a mill at North East Creek, pay off the mortgages, and give a lump sum in cash. It took some arguing. Philip Langlois's step-descendants still preserve a draft he made

for the deed that was not acceptable; but at last, in August, 1792, the hopes of the De Grégoires of being absentee landlords were ended, and their grant went into the hands of George Jackson.

After this there are scanty traces of the De Grégoires. They had to go to law with Colonel Cornelius Thompson over the mill at North East Creek. The local court decided against them, and there was an appeal, carried to Hallowell, where sat combined sessions for Lincoln, Hancock, and Washington Counties, to get the property. This they then turned over to Louis des Isles—a Frenchman left stranded by Madame Laval's attempt to found a colony in the present Lamoine, Maine, who seems to have replaced Langlois in their service—on a sharing basis, in a deed written in Frenchified English with a clause stating that a French original was to guide both parties. In 1798 they appear for a moment in Michigan records, trying to persuade a traveler, M. Sicard, who drops by with canoes full of Indians, to get them their rights in Detroit. This visit evoked in Marie Thérèse de la Mothe Cadillac memories of her grandfather's alleged ways with Indians. By 1800 their children had died or left them, so the census shows. Tradition states the three went back to France, though the Revolution had made their native land, for them, no place to which to return. Finally, there being no room in hardworking Maine for either nonresident proprietors or resident and nonworking proprietors, the De Grégories were reduced to turning over their remaining property to a newly arrived bachelor, Royal Gurley, in exchange for an agreement to support them for the rest of their lives.

In 1810, the end came for Barthélemy de Grégoire. The story printed by Samuel Wasson in the *Ellsworth American* in 1873 that De Grégoire was, as a Catholic, buried outside

the Hull's Cove cemetery has been indignantly denied. The truth seems to be that the day of the burial was too windy to allow the breaking of ground in the cemetery. So it was that Cadillac's grandson-in-law and later, next to him, Cadillac's granddaughter, were laid to rest in the island Cadillac had seen and loved and desired.

As for the title to the island, that was in truth vested in the actual settlers. But what there was of it went into better hands. The Jackson claim went to Senator William Bingham, of Pennsylvania. He also picked up the little corner of Bar Harbor, at High Head, that was once part of the Bernard half of the island, through purchase from the mortgagors. Then Senator Bingham went broke, and his Baring relatives set up a trust fund so deftly that to this day it survives the statute of limitations. In the course of years the trust fund has sold almost all the land of the De Grégoire grant, holding now only some fifty acres or so.

The Town of Eden, Maine

THE TWO families of proprietors who tried to take over the Mount Desert Island—the Cadillac-De Grégoires and the Bernards—failed because they represented a way of life that was becoming outmoded. Settlement by one owner, who relied on subordinates to do the work, did not fit the conditions of the Maine of the 1790's. Perhaps in the 1690's, had peace lasted, the forest feudalism of Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac would have succeeded. It was suitable for a fur-trading economy, and had made good profits in Maine and later at Detroit. Perhaps, too, in the 1760's, Sir Francis Bernard, using influence and capital, might have set up a great estate, with docile German tenants, if politics had not entered. The Owens accomplished something like that on Campobello Island. But in the 1790's the future was not for proprietorship as a means of settling land. Mount Desert Island would not be planted by Sir John Bernard, baronet, without a penny to his name, or by Barthélemy and Marie Thérèse de Grégoire, who would style themselves "gentleman and lady," and try to live in Boston off the proceeds of land sales. It would be planted by the Youngs and Hamors and Rodicks and Lynams and Higginses and Lelands and Thomases who had moved in, cleared their land, and gotten down to grapple with the situation, using their arms and skills as capital, their families as labor.

Those men who thus moved in formed a cross-section

of American life. Naturally, the majority of them came from near-by places, such as the coast towns of Maine, or Cape Ann, or Cape Cod. But they were not all neighbors. They represented America on the march. Many years later, Postmaster Eben M. Hamor of Eden, Maine, discovered what a migratory family he belonged to, when he entered into correspondence with Congressman Thomas Hamor, of Idaho, and found that their genealogies could be traced back to a common ancestor in Hamorstown, Pennsylvania. Through William Lynam of St. Augustine, Florida, allegedly a native-born American citizen since the ship on which his French mother bore him to his Prussian army officer father was at the moment of his birth in Virginia territorial waters, Bar Harbor-Eden had a connection with the South. This reappeared as Eden-built vessels turned up in Charleston, South Carolina, records. From Connecticut came William Hull, of Derby, brother of the general, uncle of the navy captain, to give his name to the cove he left.

For eastern Maine, beyond the Penobscot, was just as much America's frontier as was Kentucky, or Tennessee, or Ohio. Indeed, a comparison of dates suggests that it was America's first true frontier, for Abraham Somes settled across Penobscot before Daniel Boone settled beyond the greater barrier of the Appalachians. Certainly, Rufus Putnam, who surveyed both eastern Maine and Ohio, recorded the same set of conditions in his papers.

Whether or not it is true that the frontier movement, as opposed to colonial settlement, began in Maine—for which belief there are some supporting data—* it is true

* Not only is there the earlier dating of settlement by Somes, there is also a possibility that the legislation governing the Northwest and Southwest Territories was modeled on that of Massachusetts, especially the land ordinance of 1785.

that the frontier of Maine had much in common with the frontier of the West, and that similar causes were at work in each and had similar, though not identical, results. In each case, overcrowding at home drove settlers out; and the removal of the French and Indian menace afforded new space for settlers. Transportation methods differed. To the West, settlers went with Conestoga wagons and flatboats, to Maine they went by pinky and Chebacco boat. Essentials, however, remained the same. The younger sons, the adventurous, and the misfits, all moved out to seek new homes. If they could meet the requirements of the frontier life, they stayed; if not, they, like Sir John Bernard, moved again. When they arrived, they lived off the soil, and paid their unavoidable expenses with a cash crop. Here again there were differences in detail, and agreement in principle. In the Ohio valley, the crop was corn, sold either as corn carried by flatboat to New Orleans, or distilled into whisky and carried over the mountains. In Maine, lumber and fish were the cash crops, to be sold in Boston or, at times, in the West Indies. Some corn, too, may have been raised, for the earliest records speak of both saw mills and grist mills. But economic and social conditions were basically the same, whether a settler moved west or north. Just as much as were the men of Ohio, the men of eastern Maine were frontiersmen. They knew how to fell trees and clear the ground, bait hooks and catch fish, hoe ground and raise crops, notch logs and put up a log cabin, saw lumber and build vessels. Those were the skills needed for survival.

But the men of eastern Maine had another set of skills. They knew how to organize communities, as well as to survive as individuals. When, in 1789, Mount Desert Plantation was ordered to take on the responsibilities and duties of being a full-fledged town, the men of eastern Maine who



From the Bar Harbor Historical Collection

1 Bar Harbor of the hotel era—an imaginary bird's-eye view



Photograph by R. L. Scott

2 Hull's Cove today



Scenes from Cole's Sketch Book, Courtesy Princeton University Art Museum

3 Sand Beach and the Beehive as Thomas Cole saw them in 1844



4 Hull's Cove as Thomas Cole saw it in 1844



Courtesy Ben Hadley, Esq.

- 5 George B. Dorr and Mrs. J. P. Morgan at the Lynam farmhouse where Cole stayed in 1844



From the Bar Harbor Historical Collection

- 6 Stanwood, the home of James G. Blaine and Walter Damrosch



From the Bar Harbor Historical Collection

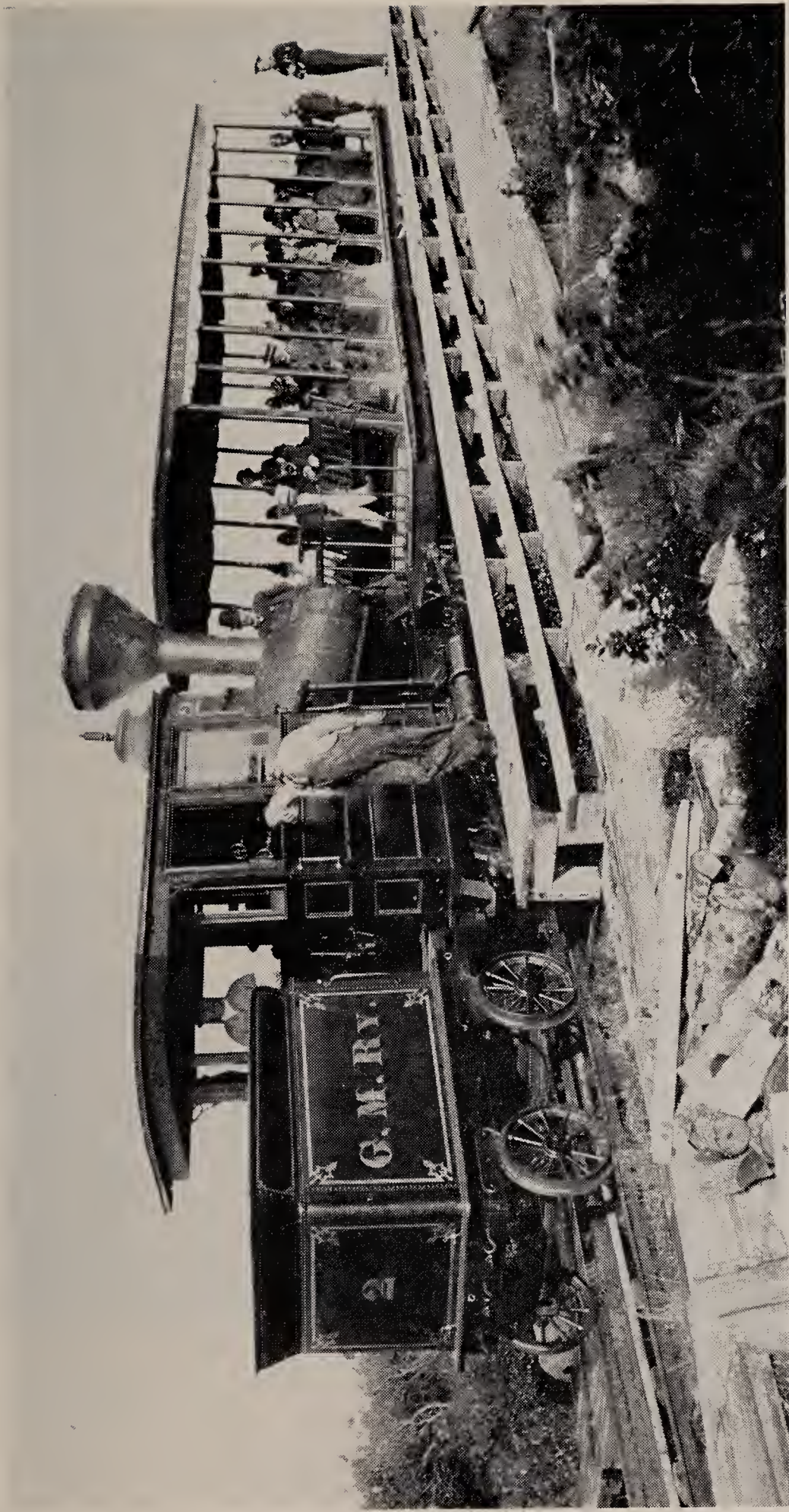


From the Bar Harbor Historical Collection

8 Robin Hood Park from Newport-Champlain Mountain



From the Bar Harbor Historical Collection



From the Bar Harbor Historical Collection

9-10 Two scenes from the heyday of the tourist era—the second Rodick House and the Green Mountain Railway



Photograph by R. L. Scott

11 Sand Beach and the Beehive in 1947 (see illustration 3)



Photograph by R. L. Scott

12 The countryside chosen by the early settlers of Eden—view from Salisbury Cove, 1948



13
 "A little bit of Nor-
 way on the Maine
 Coast"—the Beehive
 and Frenchman's
 Bay

Photographs by R. L. Scott

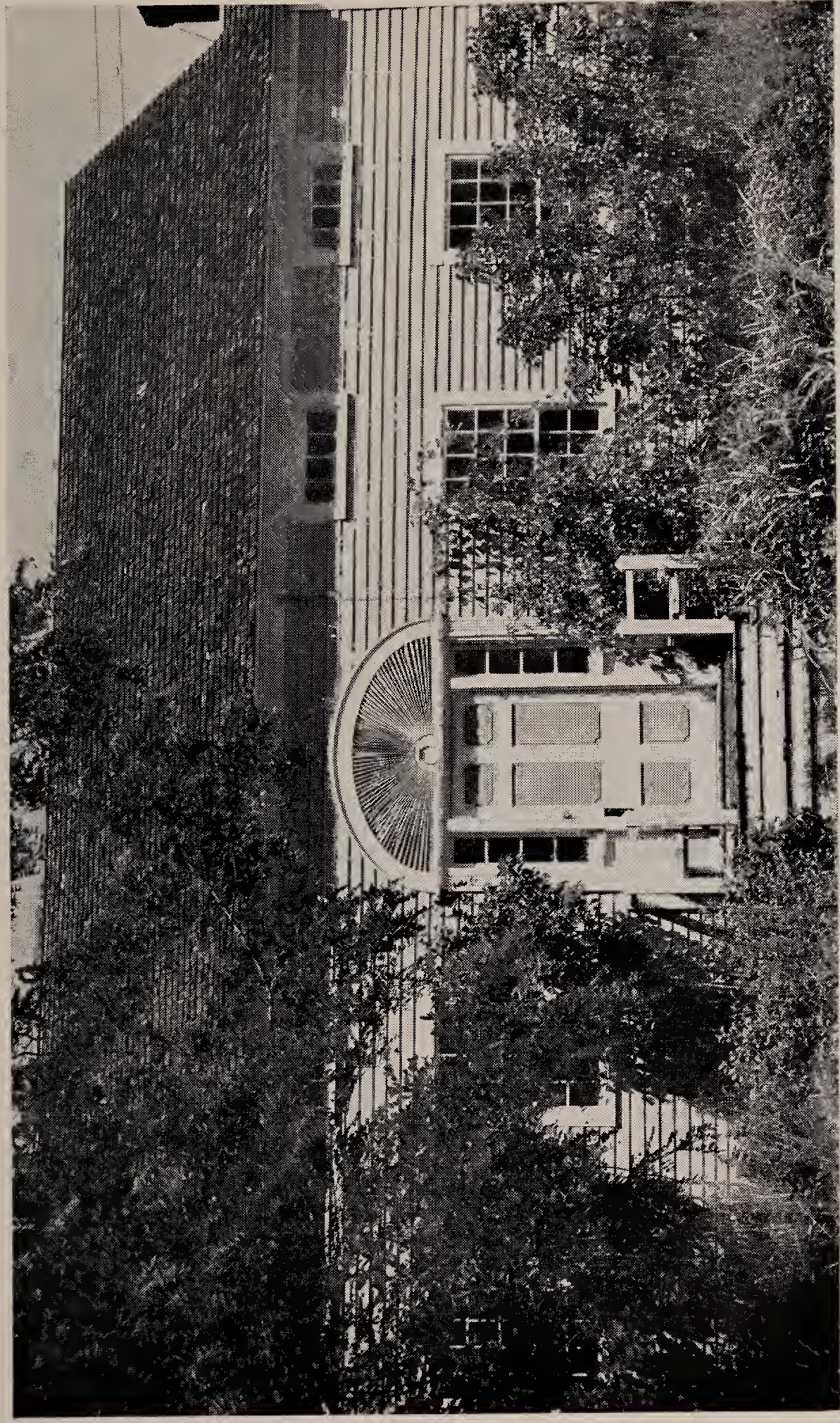


14
 A "Rockefeller Road" to-
 day — untouched woods
 near Eagle Lake



From the Bar Harbor Historical Collection

- 15 A view of Bar Harbor in the late 1870's showing the extent of change which has occurred since then—Main Street, the row of hotels in the distance, which then had a view to the water, now has no hotels and, with shops on both sides, no view to the water. The fields are built up with residences; much of the woods in the foreground is now the Athletic Field. Even St. Sylvia's Catholic Church—with its carvings from Oberammergau—from near the site of which this was taken, has been replaced by the present Church of The Holy Redeemer. Only Sheep and Bald Porcupine remain as they were then.



Photograph by Sargeant F. Collier

16 A shipbuilder's residence—the Benjamin Leland house—now the Mount Desert Island Biological Laboratory



From the Bar Harbor Historical Collection

17 The harbor in the early 1900's from near the Canoe Club



Courtesy of the Bar Harbor Club

18 The harbor today from the Bar Harbor Club

form the subject of this account pitched in and took their share of town offices. They were not afraid of responsibility, though they disliked going to Bass Harbor for town meeting. Within three years there was agitation for division of the town. Voted down, in 1793, it was accepted in 1795. A committee drew up plans for a boundary, a simple one, from the head of tide at Otter Creek to the head of tide at Somes Sound, thence straight to High Head. A polite petition was sent to the Great and General Court, asking for division. And, out of compliment to the then governor, the name of Adams was asked for the new town. The Great and General Court, accepting the petition, declined to compliment the governor, and, for some reason unknown, chose the name Eden. Why the English statesman Richard Eden was suggested as the name-giver of the town is a mystery; the idea was one of the conjectures spawned by Samuel Wasson in the 1870's. The more accepted version, published by Williamson, is that the beauties of the town gave rise to the name. But, at any rate, the deed was done, and in February, 1796, Samuel Adams signed the act creating the Town of Eden. By March, news of the event had reached Frenchman's Bay, and, as the act required, Paul Dudley Sargent, J.P., issued the warrant needed to call the first town meeting. On Monday, April 4, 1796, the inhabitants of the new town met at the house of Captain Samuel Hull—it is to be hoped promptly at ten o'clock, as the warrant instructed. The proceedings of that meeting tell the sort of place Eden had become.

The first business transacted was the choice of a presiding officer, or moderator. That was Captain Ezra Young, chosen to hold office for that meeting only. Then the vitally needed town officers were elected. At the head of the list was the recording officer, Town Clerk Thomas Paine. Then

came the executive board, the three selectmen, Ezra Young, Levi Higgins, and Samuel Hull, the financial officer, Treasurer David Hamor, the law-enforcement officer, Constable Israel Higgins of Bar Harbor proper, and four public-works officers, Thomas Wasgatt, Junior, Ebenezer Salsbury, David Hamor, and Joseph Mayo, the surveyors of highways. By these elections Eden set up the essentials of her government. With a moderator the town meeting could discuss and come to conclusions; with a clerk, permanent records could be kept; with selectmen the town meeting's votes could be carried out; with surveyors of highways routine public works could be kept up. And to this day Bar Harbor, the successor of Eden, still has those officers.

But Eden, living in the wilderness, needed specialists, to carry out duties vital to the town's life. Ezra Young and Elisah Cousins were elected surveyors of boards, David Higgins surveyor of shingles, Henry Knowles surveyor of staves, Daniel Rodick and Daniel Richardson fence-viewers, Elkanah Young sealer of leather, Timothy Smullage culler of fish, Stephen Salsbury hog reeve, Joseph Mayo and Ebenezer Salsbury pound keepers (with a vote that there be one pound in the center of town), Joseph Mayo and Solomon Higgins field drivers, Ebenezer Higgins and Moses Wasgatt tythingmen. These men almost automatically knew their duties, but the hog reeve, pound keepers and field drivers were given special instructions. Neat cattle might run at large, as might swine, "being well yoked," but sheep might not.

Since then, these specialists have disappeared from the life of Bar Harbor. In 1927, a squabble caused the appointment of fence viewers as arbitrators. Legend has it that sometimes a hog reeve finds himself automatically appointed

—as the newest married man in town—and learns of his appointment by finding a hog to deal with when he least expects it. But these specialists were needed for a life that has gone, when Eden earned its living from lumber and livestock. Should a coasting trader, buying lumber, fall into dispute over the quality of what he bought, he would know to whom to apply for a decision as to the merits of boards, shingles, or staves. Likewise, should he have suspicion as to his hides or his fish, there was a local expert who could give at least a quick answer, if not a just one. Again, should animals run wild, there was official responsibility. Cows that had been identified as owned in Eden might run at large, untethered. Each family recorded its cattle mark with the town clerk. But woe betide any outsiders, such as a Bartlett from Bartlett's Island, who tried to leave his cows to fatten in the lush meadow grass of North East Creek. Off-island cattle, unyoked or ill yoked swine, and untethered or unfenced sheep, would be driven to the pound, by Joseph Mayo and Solomon Higgins and there tended by Mayo or Uncle Ebenezer Salsbury. Should a dispute come as to the quality and strength of a boundary fence supposed to keep sheep in, it would be turned over for arbitration to Jesse Higgins and William Mason. (Daniel Richardson and Daniel Rodick refused to qualify). These men might not feel it their duty to see that all fences were horse-high, bull-strong, and pig-tight, but they would have the power to make both parties to a dispute build a fence that met the official views.

It took time to make these decisions—so much time that an adjourned meeting was called on April 18, 1796. For this meeting a special warrant was issued, lest any feel that the adjournment had been insufficiently legal. This time the town met further up the rudimentary road along the top of

the island, at Uncle Ebenezer Salsbury's house, following the old New England custom of rotating meeting places in order to make attendance easier. At this meeting money was voted, the great sum of \$288—\$60 for town expenses, \$168 for a bridge over North East Creek, and \$60 for a town school. It was voted that four shillings a day be the price of labor on the roads, which is where the \$168 would be worked out, and that Ezra Young, David Hamor, and Joseph Hopkins would be a committee to settle accounts with the Town of Mount Desert. And so enough was done to provide for Eden's government until the following March.

When the male inhabitants of Eden thus met to settle their affairs, they probably did not give a thought to the tradition that lay back of this. They knew, from long, practical experience, how to handle their affairs. And if they were in any doubt, probably someone had a justice of the peace's instruction book, which could be used to settle any difficulty. Yet if anything can explain why these men made a success of their settlement, when others had failed, it is just that tradition back of them. There is much truth in the old, almost trite, suggestion that the most precious cargo the *Arbella* carried to Massachusetts, or the *Mayflower* to Plymouth, or the *Sarah Constant* to Jamestown, was the Anglo-Saxon tradition.

Whole books have been written pro and con, discussing the extent to which New England imported her institutions from old England, and what it mattered, anyway. Into that long and acrimonious discussion it is useless to probe here, though a defensive footnote will be left behind, to cover one possibly contentious point. What is clear is that the combination of institutions that existed in eastern Maine in 1796 was well suited to meet the problems of the

day. Locally, the machinery of the English self-governing parish, imported by the Puritans of Massachusetts, had blossomed into the great machinery of self-government described above. This was an inheritance from the democratic congregations that had come to Massachusetts in the 1630's, and that carried on their business as had their forefathers in Elizabethan England, in those parishes where democracy had come uppermost.*

This pedigree of the New England town could be pursued further back. If the officials are those of the English parish, with modifications in name, the idea of government by assembly may go back further, to the Anglo-Saxon meetings, or "moots," to the German gatherings in the forest of which Tacitus wrote. Perhaps there is a parallel with the Icelandic public meetings, the "things" for the quarters of Iceland, the "Althing" for all Iceland, which Eric the Red attended, and which exiled him to Greenland. Here, again, there is a hornet's nest to be avoided, of ardent discussion pro and con, and here, also there is a point to be made. Frontier communities, from the time of ancient Germany, of the Anglo-Saxon invasion of Britain, and of the settlement of Iceland, down to the settlement of Eden, Maine, have succeeded in being democratic. Certainly, Captain Ezra Young and Josiah Black did not run the Eden town meeting as a conscious copy of a meeting presided over by Lief Ericson, of whom they had never heard. But with equal certainty, both Icelanders and Yankees knew the value of frontier democracy, and both succeeded in ap-

* As late as 1848, in the parish of Highgate, Joshua Toulmin Smith proved what the legal powers of a parish organization could accomplish when activated by an energetic man. His specific uses of laws going back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth proved what extent of New England democracy could have been practiced by the founders of New England before they crossed the Atlantic.

plying democracy in the frontier because it was ingrained in them.

Now, this frontier democracy of eastern Maine had not only a past, but also a future. Be it noted that it began to develop about 1770, and was properly organized when in 1783 the commonwealth of Massachusetts set up the committee on eastern lands. Be it also noted that Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts and of the committee on eastern lands, was a member of congress when Thomas Jefferson drew up the land ordinance of 1785. That ordinance follows the basic Massachusetts principles of survey before settlement, and of reserved plots for school and church, rather than the Virginia system of settlement before survey, and church supported by tithes. Dane is said to have been the moving factor in keeping slavery out of the Northwest Territory, in legislation written by Jefferson. Was he the moving factor here, too?

This may seem a wandering from the history of Bar Harbor. But is it? Is not the important point about the town that was Eden and became Bar Harbor that it had an ingrained democracy that was an unconscious part of a great democratic tradition and part of a great frontier tradition?

In its economics, Eden was a frontier town. The tax bill of 1796, preserved in copy, tells what conditions were. There were eighty-eight polls—that is, male taxpayers of voting age—who lived in thirty-five dwelling houses to which were attached twenty-four barns. In those barns were kept fourteen horses and sixty-two oxen, the horses valued at \$30 to \$40 apiece, while the oxen were valued at \$25. In all, the town possessed two hundred and twenty-two cows and steers, and one hundred and three swine. That works out at about two men and two oxen to each house,

with only two-fifths of the houses having horses, though two-thirds of the houses had barns. Those are figures for a lumbering town, not a farming town. The assessors agreed to that point, for they assumed that less than half the town's area, 11,665 acres, was improvable, and that of that acreage only 756 acres had been improved. The greater part of the land, those Mount Desert Hills which play such a large part in the town's life, was, 12,320 acres of it, unimprovable. The means to wealth was sawing; the town had six saw mills, and only four warehouses, three shops, and one grist mill. It also transported its own produce. The way the 202 tons of shipping, valued at \$12 a ton, is listed, suggests that the Wasgatts owned a sixty-two-ton vessel, the *Hamors* one of one hundred and twenty-six tons, and that either Andrew Monarch had a six-ton boat and Samuel Hull an eight-ton one, or that these two men shared a fourteen-ton boat. There, in a nutshell, is the economic life of Eden, Maine.¹

In one sense, the problems this frontier democracy had to solve were tiny ones. But that was only natural; Eden was a small town. This is the important point—it is by solving their tiny problems that the citizens of a Maine town get the training in self-government that makes them what they are. The town meeting over which Captain Ezra Young or Samuel Hull presided was a microcosm of American democracy, a little bit of America handling its problems for itself. No narrow specialists, they took on all problems as they came. When they built a bridge over North East Creek, to connect the two sides of the town, and when they persuaded the Justices of the Hancock County court to set ferry rates, they were doing their share in building up the country. It was a real community project, the assembling of the timbers for the bridge, and the bringing

together of the whole town, Monday, June 2, 1797, to provide labor. When they divided the town into twelve school districts, each, turn by turn, to have its one-room schoolhouse built at town expense, the turns to be chosen by lot, they were advancing America's educational system, even if only by setting up one-month schools to teach the three R's. When they built their pound, and thereby prevented cattle from straying, they were doing their share in building up America's agriculture. When, in February, 1798, they settled their debts with the parent town of Mount Desert and saw to a revaluation of the property of the two towns, they were doing their practical bit towards procuring the "equitable tax base" of which so many talk. Those problems were just as real as the larger national problems of which they were a part, and far more immediate.

Of course, there was plenty of self-interest in all this. Samuel Hull, before he left town, tried unsuccessfully to have islands in Frenchman's Bay granted to him, so as to get free stumpage. Joseph Mayo secured the relocation of the Narrows ferry so that people would not walk through his garden, and the county Court ordered Mark Shepard, John Somes, and Peter Haynes to take care of the matter.² When Colonel Cornelius Thompson grew irritated by the rate at which his neighbors assessed his property, he in turn went to the legislature and had Thompson's Island taken out of Eden and put in Trenton, with a clause in the act stating just how much the valuation of the two towns had been changed. That is why the Trenton boundary comes on to the Bar Harbor side of the Narrows bridge, to this day.

Likewise, the inhabitants combined to obtain what they needed. Twice they tried to build a bridge at the Narrows.

The first time, they persuaded the legislature of Maine—this was in 1826, after The District of Maine had become “The State of Maine,” in 1820—to let them raise money by a lottery. What happened to the lottery is unknown, but in 1830 we find the county court setting ferry rates for Captain William Thompson to charge. These were ten cents for foot passage, twenty-five for a man and horse, or a man and a yoke of oxen, thirty-one cents for a horse and carriage or an ox and cart, eight cents apiece for neat cattle, three cents apiece for sheep or swine. And then in 1836 the local magnate, George Black of Ellsworth, headed the Mount Desert Bridge Corporation, that soon built a bridge and almost as quickly became the property of the Thompson and Somes families, and functioned right up till 1917, when the county took over the bridge.³

In the town's life there turns up also the usual caginess of local politics. When the town line was drawn through Otter Creek between Eden and Mount Desert, the Eden members of the committee decided to be clever and move the line a bit north, by putting the “head of tide” at a higher point, and thus saddle Mount Desert with an inhabitant it thought would go on the relief rolls. Yet at the same time there was rugged honesty. When Eden later found that that same property was valuable, and that an Eden resident owned it and wanted to have it taxed in Eden, Selectman E. M. Hamor refused to go back on the original decision, and left Mount Desert that extra wealth. For the democratic town life brings up certain spiritual values—President Eliot recognized them in his sketch of John Gilley—and those spiritual values grew in the soil of Eden.

One thing in particular fostered those qualities; this was the church. In Eden, at the end of the eighteenth century,

it was closely tied into the community, as it was elsewhere in Massachusetts. For then, under the laws of the commonwealth, every citizen must support the church. However, there was religious freedom, too. Any town could support whatever form of Protestant religion it chose, and pay for it out of taxes. And if any citizen wished to support another religion, all he had to do was set up a congregation and employ a minister. This system, which is in effect in Holland today, and is called "concurrent endowment," tended, naturally, to draw to each town the followers of one sect. In Eden, the local sect was the Baptist.

The church in Eden was not as old as the town. Frontier Maine had its troubles in settling ministers, and had to rely, at first, on the services of ardent missionaries, such as the Reverend Mr. Littel of Arundel, who used to go through the countryside preaching and holding communion services and performing marriages. Such conditions lasted, in fact, up to 1816 or so, for the Congregational missionary society recorded sending mission trips to the island as late as then. The extent of those conditions is recorded in the first marriage certificate of Eden, dated February 22, 1780. In it X and Y, there being no "Lawful Authority within thirty miles," took each other "in the Sight of God and certain Witnesses"—and high time it was for them to do so, for on May 18, a son was born. Yet the men of Eden desired to have religion, and when without ordained ministers held their Bible readings and prayer meetings, preparing for a church organization.

In 1799, finally, the step was taken. On July 5, at the house of Levi Higgins, the Baptist church was gathered. Elder James Murphy came to preside and was chosen moderator, after having opened the meeting with "Prayer and Praise and Sermon." The church articles and the covenant

were twice read, that all might know to what they had agreed. The brethren pledged mutual fellowship and were pronounced by the moderator a church of Christ and "Intitled to all its Privileges." Elkhanah Higgins and Nicholas Thomas became deacons, on trial, Nicholas being the first to be baptized by immersion, and John Thomas became clerk. And so, as soon as it could "settle a minister," Eden had an official church.

It may seem strange that in Congregational Massachusetts—Maine being part of Massachusetts still—the Baptists could fit in so well. But in the matter of church government the Baptists do not differ greatly from their Congregational brethren; it is over the vital question of adult baptism that the difference arises. As do the Puritan Congregationalists, the Baptists call their pastors and ordain them and gather churches, and generally allow sway to the congregation. And except for the point of theology named, the Eden church was a Puritan church. As late as 1855 it was the Eden custom to sit to sing hymns and stand to take part in prayer, in the old Puritan way. And in the old Puritan way, the congregation was governed by an iron hand. The Eden church still holds the records of the lady who confessed her sins, and admitted she had been led into evil ways by low companions. She promised never again to be led from the true path, by their light-hearted gaiety, and never again to go to a quilting bee. Then, and then only, was she reinstated.

For among the Baptists, exclusion was a powerful weapon. Once one had been debarred from a congregation, that action was binding on all Baptist congregations, to which one could be admitted only on presenting a letter from the congregation from which one had been expelled. Not only could a member of a congregation be excluded;

so could be a pastor. Thereby hang not one but two tales. Twice did a minister trying to settle in Eden suffer exclusion for greivous ill behavior with a young woman. Twice did such a minister, flanked by the elders of eastern Maine, come penitent seeking readmission, that he might take another parish, and twice did he receive only partial readmission—as church member but not as pastor—thus requiring re-election by another congregation.

To the regret of gossips—but probably to the better doing of justice at the time—part of the remission of penalty seems to have been oblivion for the offense. The page on which were recorded the evil deeds of Benjamin Downs has been torn from the records of the Eden church. So no one today can tell what happened, whether he lightly kissed a pretty girl or whether the unmentionable crime was something more serious than attendance at a quilting bee.

There was another sad tale of the Baptist church discipline, one that seems more in line with the usual ideas held of Maine. Deacon John Owen Hotchkiss, a sea captain—or, at least, a coasting captain—was somewhat at odds with his first mate as to who owed whom how much. So, when the mate died, Deacon Hotchkiss sold such of the mate's effects as would satisfy the debt. It can be imagined how that story came out, after local gossip had done its share with it. Deacon Hotchkiss was ordered to explain in public. As a result, hot letters passed, and the church had to find a new deacon.

After the War of 1812 was over, Eden settled down to a regular church. In 1817, Elder Enoch Hunting was called, with a promise of the Stephen Salsbury farm if he stayed long enough. That he did. The agreement was for fifteen years' service; he stayed fourteen and a half, and lasted as

long as "concurrent endowment" lasted in Maine. That ended, even on a voluntary basis, in 1832,* and Elder Hunting then accepted a call to Dexter, getting the last installment of his farm as a parting gift.

And so religion went on in Eden. It was a deep thing in the lives of the citizens. "Uncle Eben" Hamor remembered attending hour-long sermons in the morning, and after Sunday dinner returning to another sermon in the afternoon. But the Baptists did not have things all their own way. They had to fight two great local battles, that of the meeting house, and that of free will. The meeting house battle was typical of local politics in a small town. Eden was, for all practical purposes, divided in two parts by North East Creek. Those to the west of it did not like the long trip to Hull's Cove to worship, and did not want Baptist worship when they got there. Most of them were Methodists, following John Wesley's "Methody Way" and relying on the ministrations of circuit riders who were doing what they could for the island and the rest of Hancock County. Perhaps votes and wealth were on the Baptist-Hull's Cove side of the dispute, but fair play came in to even things up. Maine town meetings don't usually vote down a large minority with a genuine grievance. You have to live for the rest of your life with those who differ with you—and there is always the chance, too, that they may become a majority. Furthermore, in Maine ways, the meeting house was not for the use of the church alone, but also for that of the town, a place wherein to hold town meetings. And in a town of large area it was customary to alternate the

* The Maine constitution apparently forbids "concurrent endowment," but Chapter 135 of the acts of 1820 permitted it on a voluntary basis. Once you had joined a church, you could be sued for its support, until 1832.

places of meetings. So, why not have a second meeting house, in the western part of the town, to allow both a chance for those over there to go to meeting more easily, and for preaching by non-Baptists? That question was settled easily enough, by free enterprise. Proprietors built a meeting house and rented pews.

The other battle was a combination of conflicts over theology and personalities. Even today those who know can detect traces of it in the line-up on some minor town issues, and chuckle when they see who takes what sides. For it is one of those pleasant old-time feuds that add spice to local politics, without doing harm. Hull's Cove, and the Hamors, took their Baptist creed straight, with old-time Puritan theology. Bar Harbor proper, and the Rodicks on Bar Island, didn't agree with the Hamors, even though members of the respective families had intermarried from the start. They didn't think that God had decided at the moment a child was born, or at the moment the world was born, whether that child had a chance of being saved. They believed that free will existed. And so they had their own church, not large enough to support a minister, but large enough to have regular prayer meetings, right down to 1885.⁴

This picture of one side of its life may seem to depict Eden as a static town. Perhaps that was true, but the men of Eden were not static; they went about widely enough. Eden was not out of the main currents of American life. Far from it; the District of Maine, and later the State of Maine, was as truly part of the expansion of America as were the other frontier states, Ohio and Illinois and Kentucky. The sea, especially, kept Eden close to what was going on, as long as Eden kept close to the sea. (Indeed, at one time, in 1814, Eden was painfully close to what was

going on.) All through the records of those early days are indications of a close connection with the whole country. Does the District of Maine want to become a State of its own, which question recurred with great regularity? Eden sends its delegates to a convention, although it is part of the eastern seaboard minority that agrees with Colonel John Allen in his opposition to immediate separation. Do communications improve? As has been told, Eden petitions for ferries and post routes. Does war come? Eden, as in the Revolution, both fights and yields. Does a foreign power * threaten to invade the New World? The navy plans a base within the Cranberries, and surveys the coast of at least part of Eden, for maps of a "great naval rendezvous." Do Canada and the United States verge upon war? Eden sends her volunteers to stand guard at Calais. Is there a political revolution in the United States, when the frontier states turn against "King Andrew Jackson" and his Democrats, the frontier party? It is Maine's swing that leads the way, when it went "Hell bent for Governor Kent," and started the tradition, "As Maine goes, so goes the nation." And Eden went for Kent. But to tell the stories of these events is not to tell local history. Postmasterships are set up; Nicholas Thomas of Eden got his commission in 1821 and passed it on to his son, Leonard J. Thomas, in 1825; the latter lived into Cleveland's regime, as the postmaster with the oldest commission. However, his was not continuous service, for

* Search in the National Archives has so far revealed no statement as to what enemy was feared when Portland harbor, Penobscot Bay, and Mount Desert harbor were surveyed. Probably the danger came from the threat of Spain and Russia, as agents of the "Holy Alliance," invading the Americas—the threat which, it will be recalled, evoked the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine. But let no one think that Bar Harbor saw the Russians only as enemies; in 1884, when a Russian fleet anchored in Somes Sound at the time of the Pendjeh crisis, the Imperial Russian Navy was welcomed as a warm friend.

he was a staunch Democrat and went out when Whigs and Republicans came in, even though there was a custom, when politics was quiet, of reappointing him. It is of interest to learn how the post was carried, from Ellsworth to South West Harbor, to meet the coach that went from Bangor to Cherryfield and Calais along the coast. It is of interest to note that the Deacon Hotchkiss of the Baptist troubles was Bar Harbor's first postmaster, in a local office that closed, which fact prevents the Roberts family, with its unique record of three generations serving the same office, from claiming that the first Bar Harbor postmaster was a Roberts, though the first postmaster of the present office was Tobias Roberts the First. But the other events that have been listed are not part of local history, though they affected it. There is one exception; that is the War of 1812.

The war was not popular in eastern Maine. Just before it broke out, the selectmen of Ellsworth, headed by Colonel John Black, published a broadside appeal against entering so foolish a war. Thus, even when the British chased the frigate *Adams* up the Penobscot River and burned her, and then occupied Castine, it is likely that the men of Eden did not become overexcited about patriotism. However, it was one thing to follow the old Acadian custom of neutrality and doing business with both sides; it was another thing to allow destruction of property. When a British privateer forced Amariah Leland to pay \$500 in gold to save a vessel on the stocks at Salisbury Cove from being burned, that was very different; and it was equally so when an American vessel loaded with pepper anchored at Bar Harbor, and William Mason was mortally wounded by fire from an English barge. Three men of Eden were prisoners of war—William Thompson, who found himself in Dartmoor prison, while Elisha Young and William Wasgatt went only as far

as Halifax. Matters came to such a pass—probably as the English planned—that coastal trade in lumber was made impossible, and Eden had to live on game and fish. Then it was that the raid on Norwood's Cove came, when the British tried to land near South West Harbor and the local militia came out to fight. Eden got there late, after Mount Desert had finished the job and had driven off the attackers, and can claim only a supporting part in that much recounted action. Then mysterious entries appeared on the town's books—the expenses of prisoners of war.

But after that glorious local victory, in which great pride is still taken, Eden yielded, and again seems tacitly to have let George III rule her. The selectmen of Trenton wrote, September 5, 1814, that they were giving in to the enemy, and then, on September 6, 1814, the Town of Eden sent, to "treat with the British at Castine," Nicholas Thomas, Richard Higgins, and John Cousins. There are no surviving details, but presumably the town yielded. And so Eden went back to its peaceful ways.

The peace was threatened again, when the Maine militia was called out in 1839 for the "Aroostook War," but General Winfield Scott's diplomacy prevented a loggers' quarrel from making America fight Canada. Eden men, who are listed, went to Calais to do border guard; they drew their pay, and came back. But, aside from discomfort and a free trip to Calais, nothing happened. And the even tenor of life again resumed its way.

For the Eden of the early nineteenth century was what a sociologist would call a "static society," in that respect being unlike its mobile and adventurous inhabitants. Its life was largely self-contained; it manufactured most of the products it needed. As late as the 1880's, on Bar Island, then known as Rodick's Island, the Rodick family raised their

own sheep, clipped their own wool, carded it, washed it, spun it into threads, wove it into cloth, and then sewed the cloth into clothes. Those were members of a family that owned the largest summer hotel in America. The work described was done because the Rodicks, like most families in Eden, had always made good use of what lay to hand. Mr. and Mrs. Rodick knew how to do these things, and did them. They would have thought themselves foolish not to, with the equipment at hand and plenty of time in the winter in which to use it. And if the Rodick family did this, as is known because a reminiscient member of the family wrote down an account of her early days, presumably their neighbors throughout Eden did the same. The rain barrel, the lye barrel, venison in the larder, salt fish, a barn full of hay—all the means with which the farmer keeps going were part of Eden's life.

But Maine—and Eden—do not think intelligent specialization is foolish. If much was done at home, much, too, was done by itinerant blacksmiths, itinerant tailoresses, itinerant pedlers. Even the doctors were itinerant—either Dr. Kitteridge, who came over from Somesville, or “Madame Milliken,” from Prettymarsh. They traveled not only to Eden, which was not far, but off the island. If someone turned up who could do something better than you could, and charged a fair price, you let him or her do it.

But, though Eden's economic life was static, her population was not. It was almost a rule of frontier life that some of the population should move away. That was true in Kentucky, from which Daniel Boone moved out, to get away from too many neighbors, to the quiet emptiness of Missouri. That was true, also of the Lincoln family, which wandered from Kentucky, where Abraham Lincoln was

born, through Indiana, and, in Abraham's case, to New Salem, Illinois, until he ended up at Springfield. It was equally true of Maine. The only difference is seen in the fact that Maine did not, as did the West, have more fertile lands to which to go. There "the only fertile field"—with apologies to Aroostook County—"was the sea." And though Israel Thomas, for instance, went to Houlton, in Aroostook, as the Thomases began to fill up the Thomas District, others went to sea.

It was especially natural for Maine to go to sea, for Maine provided the lumber from which to build the ships. In a sense, Maine had two frontiers, the logging frontier and the sea frontier, manned by the same kind of men. Those very workers who cut the logs then rafted them to the yards, cut them into timbers, and, very likely, sailed the ships that they built. A curious result came from this: The whole seafaring world took to singing Maine songs, and giving them Maine names. The songs sung in the "shanties" of the loggers became the "shanties" sung at sea, and were copied by seamen on all oceans. The name "shanties" proved a good one, and stuck, by misinterpretation of its origin as some derivation from the French verb "chanter," to sing. (Just so had Verrazano's "Arcadia" become, by confusion with the Abenaki "Quoddy," the place name "Acadia.") Thus it is that songs as old as the Elizabethan "Maid of Amsterdam" have had their names given to them from the waters of the Penobscot-St. Croix region. Conversely, the "shanties" reach back to the very center of the State. The most nearly complete text of "The Flying Cloud," the full thirty-six verses, was found not on the waterfront but far inland, almost at the Allegash. Its double frontier was Maine's way of expansion.

And that is the truth that lies behind "Uncle Eben"

Hamor's statement that "the most profitable and perhaps the most extensive business engaged in by the early settlers of Eden was building vessels and sailing them." The story of Eden shipping, from the time when Israel Higgins bought the *Sally* in 1787 until the *Elibu T. Hamor* was launched at Bar Harbor in 1889, is typical of what happened along the Maine coast, from Casco Bay eastward. The first settlers built sloops and schooners, the next generation sailed them the world over. Finally, shipbuilding ceased, and, as vessel after vessel broke up, the men of Maine turned shorewards again. Such was the story of Penobscot Bay, now with towns filled with retired sea captains and a maritime museum. Such was the story of Eden's sea frontier.⁵

The first record of seafaring from Eden is the bill of sale of the *Sally*, now fortunately preserved by the Maine State Historical Society. After that there is a gap without records until the new enrollment list of Frenchman's Bay was started, in 1815. Various reasons, as will be seen, explain why an exact count of vessels constructed cannot be made, but it seems that at least one hundred—probably more nearly one hundred and twenty-five—vessels were built in Eden from the time when the schooner *Hazard*, of 120 and 90-95 tons, was built at Bar Harbor, and enrolled at the Frenchman's Bay customs house on May 22, 1809, until the schooner *E. T. Hamor*, of 52 and 70-100 tons, was built, apparently at Bar Harbor, and measured on July 26, 1889, at Ellsworth. During those years, and especially from 1815 to 1858, there was amazing activity. Vessels of varying sizes were built at Cromwell's Harbor, Bar Harbor, both sides of Hull's Cove (in 1838 Jonathan Hamor built the schooner *Garden* "on the opposite side of the road from the school house and launched down the hill into the cove"), Salisbury's Cove, Hadley's Sand Point, Emery's Cove, North

East Creek, North West Creek, Indian Point, and John McFarland's yard, as well as on Thompson's Island before that was set off from Trenton.

Shipbuilding in Eden was not a consistently active trade. There were bumper years and empty years. In 1853 seven vessels were built; none in 1836, and again none in 1856. During several years only one vessel was built; again, at times Eden provided three-quarters of the vessels built in the Frenchman's Bay customs district. In fact, the number of vessels built in Eden seems to have been a rough index of national prosperity. When things were doing well, shipyards elsewhere had more orders than they could fill, and Eden turned from logging to shipbuilding. When things were dull, Eden went back to logging.

Gradually, however, Eden became the shipbuilding center of the Frenchman's Bay district, which extended from Naskeag to Schoodic Point. For a time, in the mid 1830's, when fishing bounties came in, and men in New England built ships to catch bounties as well as fish, there were a number of Eden-owned fishermen. But soon the local capitalist, Tobias Roberts, William Thompson, and Stephen Higgins, found that they had better uses for their money. After that, though, almost every year someone in Eden went off to the Banks, while the fishing industry concentrated in Gouldsboro and in Southwest Harbor, and particularly in the hands of Horace Durgin and Deacon Clark. In later years, Hancock and Lamoine became fishing ports; as late as the 1890's the Lamoine fleet used to combine summer fishing with that old Yankee stand-by, winter trade with the West Indies. What happened was that Eden built the vessels which others sailed, even to the peculiar point that the few fishermen that were in Eden hands, such as Benjamin Ash's *Glide*, had been built out of town.

That did not mean that Eden did not have its quota of sea captains. In later years the usual stories were told of how many were living in town in retirement. Perhaps the large number was correct, being swelled by a local business practice. Apparently, when a vessel was built either on speculation or on order, an owner, acting as master, sailed it to the port of delivery, probably at his own risk. For this there was a sound reason, sadly recounted in Nicholas Thomas's rhyming autobiography. Of his brig *Royal Arch* he wrote: "I sold her to some Boston men, They sailed her from the Bay, And I have never seen her since, And never got my Pay." If Mr. Thomas is to be believed—his remarks about Talleyrand make his veracity dubitable at times—there is a confirmation of this story in the utter absence of any *Royal Arch* from either the registers or the enrollment lists of Frenchman's Bay. Presumably the risk that the purchaser might thus "pay with the foretopsail" led to the many entries of vessels in the enrollment lists as new vessels built in Eden, and re-enrolled, after a partial change in ownership, at some port to the west, the owner-builder being listed as the master in the first registration. How many vessels were thus lost to the Frenchman's Bay registry can only be guessed.

Mr. Thomas's other adventures, as told in his autobiography, show how the builders of Eden went at their work. His verse tells of three vessels—which seem to have been the schooner *Victory*, later wrecked on Nantucket Shoals, after which, for some reason probably connected with the rescue of the crew, her papers were surrendered at Passamoquoddy Bay; the brig *Nestor*, a joint venture with the Spurlings of Cranberry Islands, which was wrecked on Martinique; and the above-mentioned *Royal Arch*. Mr. Thomas seems to have had bad luck at sea; he also wrote

a verse about a brig driven into St. Thomas, Danish West Indies; it sailed from New York with him aboard. He was compelled, however, by the exigencies of verse, or faults of memory (he composed the poem, legend states, on his eightieth birthday) to neglect several other ships he built or shared in owning, one hailing from as far afield as Machias.

Part ownership of a vessel was a common custom of those days. When the painting of the schooner *Katherine* by John S. Sargent caused a search into the vessel's title, out of curiosity, it was discovered that the divorced Mrs. Jack London, the former Charmian Kitteredge of Eden, owned an undivided thirty-second part of her. So it was that many a young man took his wages, for working on a vessel, in a share of her, or invested savings in that way. For part ownership of a vessel was a means of spurring activity in the builders. Nicholas Thomas remembered the reverse of that, to his cost. That same *Royal Arch* that brought him in not a penny was built by paying a daily wage, and getting slow work in consequence, even though he stimulated his workmen with rum and beer. This last was a shock to Mr. Thomas to remember, as he ended his life as a temperance stalwart, and deeply regretted having kept a "tippling shop" in early days. But he was always an unrepentant Democrat.

No famous ships were built in Eden—most Eden vessels were schooners, of about 100 tons burden—but two builders who moved from Eden built a very famous vessel on the other side of Frenchman's Bay. Jeremiah and Joseph Stevens of Hull's Cove succeeded in confusing the records by first building a schooner named *Pilgrim*, of 196 tons, and selling her to William Thompson, who sailed her to New York and changed her into a brig. Then they spent the winter on Stave Island and there built a brig, also named

Pilgrim, of about the same tonnage, also sold in New York, and also captained by a William Thompson. The latter was of so much the same tonnage as to seem the same as the former, remeasured after the change in rig, but it was provably different. It was this brig *Pilgrim*, that carried Richard Henry Dana, for the first one of his *Two Years Before the Mast*.

Of the shipbuilders of Eden, one attracts attention by reason of an anatomical peculiarity. William M. Richards of Bar Harbor had two thumbs on one hand. Information goes no further, and does not record which hand it was; nor does it tell whether the double thumb helped him in his trade. The great builders seem to have been the Hamors of Hull's Cove, who built more, finally, than did their competitors the Higginses. In the early days there were the two Stevens brothers, the Thompson family, who had their fingers in every pie, John McFarland, who launched his ships into the deep water that in later years attracted the Mount Desert Island Biological Laboratory to the same site, and, above all, Edward Brewer, known far and wide as Master Brewer. He built the biggest vessels; his full-rigged ship *Cornelia* was just a little bigger than the Hamors' *St. Helena*, the only other Eden ship properly so called. Master Brewer built the most vessels and kept on building for the longest time; then he most profitably turned from shipbuilding to logging, buying from the Bingham estate much of the mountain land including the top of what is now called Cadillac Mountain. But the glories of shipbuilding ended here, as elsewhere in America, with the coming of the Civil War.

It is true that the Jordans built in 1863 a schooner, named so soon after Gettysburg as to be perhaps the first American vessel named *General Meade*. And whenever there seemed

a market for it, the Brewer yard launched another vessel, right up to the *E. T. Hamor* of 1889. It is also true that as late as 1946 one Eden-built schooner was still afloat, but that year it was abandoned on a reef. However, Eden remained ship-minded for many years. When the Eden Baptist Church moved from Hull's Cove to its present lovely spired meeting house in Salisbury Cove, the new pew plan was drawn up on the back of a ship-registration form. As late as 1871 the Dodge directory lists in Eden's trades twelve "builders and ship carpenters."

But that very title tells its tale. By 1871 the men of Eden had turned from building ships to building hotels and cottages. A new industry had reached town.

Artists and Boarders—with a Military Interlude

UNTIL SOMEONE comes along with a better date, September 3, 1844, will go down in the records as the day on which the Bar Harbor summer colony was founded. For on that day Thomas Cole, founder of the Hudson River school of painting, drove across Mount Desert Island to stay at Lynam's at Schooner Head. He had been painting in Penobscot Bay and at Castine, had visited Beech Mountain, and had come to the conclusion that the best place in which to find fitting subjects for his pencil and brush was the northeast shore of Mount Desert Island. So he filled his sketchbook, still to be seen in the Princeton University Art Museum, with drawings of "Sand Beach Mountain," "Hull's Cove," "Islands in Frenchman's Bay" and other Bar Harbor subjects, and went off, by way of Ellsworth, to New York, where he told his friends and his patrons of the beauties he had seen.

Bar Harbor was fortunate in its first publicist. Thomas Cole was an unusual man. A native of England, but brought up in up-state New York, he was a pioneer of a new artistic movement. He loved the beauties of the Hudson Valley, he had a gift for accurate drawing, and by sheer persistence and independent pride in America he taught those who were becoming patrons of art to like American subjects faithfully depicted. He also taught the rising generation

of young artists to follow in his footsteps. So it was that in a later year he brought to Bar Harbor his friend and pupil, Frederick Edwin Church. Gradually, Schooner Head and the Lynam farmhouse, Bar Harbor, and the houses of Tobias Roberts and Albert Higgins, became frequented by certain leaders in American art—Robert Gifford, Thomas Birch, Albert Bierstedt, Parsons, Warren, Brown, and Colman—and in later years by William Morris Hunt. These men drew and painted, and, what was most important, sold their paintings. By doing this they told just that group which could afford long summer vacations of the beauties of Mount Desert in general and of the ocean side of Bar Harbor in particular. After the artists came the scientists, the yachtsmen, the sportsmen, and simple vacationers or “rusticators,” and a new industry came to the Town of Eden.

It is possible to picture to oneself the sort of life these artists led, because Miss Henrietta Rowe, in her *Maid of Bar Harbor*, published in 1902, wrote a few pages of nostalgic description of the Bar Harbor that had gone. There she told how the young men with their easels had come to the shores of Frenchman's Bay and made friends with the men and women of Eden with whom they took lodging. It was a happy sort of life, since the young artists—Cole, their leader, was only in his thirties when he died in 1848—enjoyed the real Maine life. They liked to have their meals at hours that fitted a farmer, not them; they liked to sleep in hot attics—or, at least, to tell about it later on. And they liked to be treated as slightly mad human beings who were all right as long as one left them alone. Because it was such a happy life, the artists spoke of Mount Desert as a heavenly spot in which to rest and enjoy oneself.

So it was that the idea spread that Bar Harbor, in particular, was a good place to which to go. Nor was New York the

only place in which this gospel was preached. There were those in Bangor who had the money and the leisure for some weeks or a month or more in the complete quiet of the "plateau extending from Cromwell's Harbor to Duck Brook," where stood open fields and one or two farmhouses. This Bangor tradition in the summer colony lasted long, even after the form of those fields had utterly changed. It was in 1852, so a photograph records, that Albert Higgins of Bar Harbor took in the first long-term summer visitors. Bar Harbor's reputation was extending.

Then another cause put Bar Harbor—in this case literally—on the map. Professor Alexander Dallas Bache, superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, was, in the 1850's, alternating his time between mapping the coast at Charleston, South Carolina, and the coast of Maine. In 1854 the time came to set up triangulation points eastward of the Kennebec. He therefore journeyed "down East" to see what mountains would be most helpful. Obviously, "Mount Desert" as he called it—Green or Newport Mountain as the islanders called it, "Adam's Grave" as his assistants facetiously called it, Cadillac as the National Park now calls it—was the right place for a station. C. O. Boutelle, of a Maine family, on August 6, 1853, put up the signal on "Mt. Desert" which was in steady use until 1860. Every year, some use or other was made of it. The Tracy family, of whom more anon, found a surveyor at the top, not too happy, when they made their visit in 1855. In 1856 there was a large party, including Superintendent Bache himself, who worked from August to October at basic observations, from which the coastal charts, to this day, are drawn. In order to secure enough angular measurements, a fifty-six-foot scaffold was built at New London by Lieutenant James Totten, so that observers on Mount Harris, near Augusta,

could receive heliograph messages from Mt. Desert over the top of Mount Waldo. It took much correspondence to arrange this, and to estimate the height needed to be sure of crossing Mount Waldo. As late as 1865 Assistant George Fairfield was engaged in secondary triangulation, from "Mt. Desert," of the waters of Frenchman's Bay and the Narrows.

Probably it did Bar Harbor no harm to have "Mount Desert" spoken of by these men as they traveled all over the United States. Almost certainly the visits of Professor Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, the great Harvard geologist, were stimulated by the existence of Bache's surveys. But the importance of all this lay not only in arousing interest and putting Bar Harbor on the map, much as Champlain had done in 1605. There was a more direct result. For in 1853, when it was planned to erect a survey station on the top of Green Mountain, Richard Hamor of Eden was commissioned to build "in a sheltered place near the top" a "house 10 x 12 square & 9 feet high of boards battened with 3 x 1 inch battens on the roof and sides, floored with table & 2 bunks inside, to have one window with 8 lights and a sliding shutter or deadlight outside to secure it." For this Deputy Collector of Customs Daniel E. Somes, of Mount Desert, Maine, was instructed to pay Mr. Hamor \$50. Likewise, Artificer Thomas McDonnell, of the Coast Survey, hacked out a usable road, up which a team could drag the survey instruments to the top of Green Mountain. So it was that a Federal subsidy unconsciously built the first Green Mountain Hotel, the predecessor of the present Mountain Tavern, the fourth in succession of such buildings.

After the scientists, who left behind them the hotel, came the sportsmen, the yachtsmen, and the plain and simple

visitors. Some of them left records, some did not. One such record comes from Frederick Edwin Church's friend, Charles Tracy, who brought his whole family and his piano to Mount Desert Island at the artist's suggestion, and then kept a diary. From that diary, now preserved in the Jesup Library in Bar Harbor, one can learn the problems involved in moving a family from New York to Mount Desert Island. The route was via the old Fall River Line to Boston, with breakfast at the Revere House, then the steamer *Penobscot* to Rockland and the steamer *Rockland* to Tremont, where, after a meal at Deacon Clark's tavern, the Tracy party moved by wagon and sailboat to the house of Abraham Somes at Somesville. After this arduous journey the party idled away a month, the highlights of the sojourn being climbing what they called Newport Mountain, to find the surveyor on top, one trip to Bar Harbor, and two trips to Schooner Head. There such a friendship was struck up with the Lynam family—Mrs. Lynam having been a Tracey (with an "e"), that the younger Miss Tracy was left behind for her health. When this had been done, father Tracy was rowed sixteen miles from Schooner Head to the mainland, where a wagon took him to Bucksport. Then, after three nights spent at Bucksport, Boston, and Hartford, he arrived in New York in mid-morning, in time to do a half day's work at the office. Such were the rigors of travel in Maine in those days. His daughter, later Mrs. J. P. Morgan, for many years returned to Schooner Head. There is still in the possession of the historical collection a photograph of her and the late George B. Dorr at the Lynam farmhouse.

Mrs. Morgan brought her husband, and those who in their youth were choirboys at St. Saviour's Episcopal Church have not forgotten J. P. Morgan as he sat in a front pew; his face caught their eyes. In local tradition

the Tracy party founded the summer colony, since with it was linked the Morgan family. The records, however, show that no such single line of attraction existed. It was in 1850, by one account, that Church took to staying with Albert Higgins. It was, as has been said, in 1852 that a whole farmhouse at Bar Harbor was filled by one party. By 1857 Bar Harbor had become a spot frequented by all sorts of people. In 1855 Tobias Roberts opened his Agamont House, at the foot of the present Main Street, where in 1935 the Town of Bar Harbor built a park. In 1857 the Washington newspaper correspondent Robert Carter chartered a schooner and took with him, naturally enough, a scientist and an artist, to sail the Maine coast. It was an obvious terminus to the trip to land at Southwest Harbor, and take a wagon to Bar Harbor. There the party divided, and its busy members rode by stagecoach over the Mount Desert bridge, to catch a train at Bangor. It was equally natural for the Harvard member of the party to find a classmate fishing at Eagle Lake, which name Frederick Edwin Church had succeeded in fastening upon Great Pond, because he saw an eagle fly over it. By 1857 another change had come. Captain Charles Deering began taking the steamer *Rockland* up Frenchman's Bay, on its route from Southwest Harbor to Machias. The next year he opened the Deering House, as a second hotel. Meanwhile Daniel Rodick converted to summer occupancy two cottages, the precursors of his hotel.

It was in these years that the manners and customs of Bar Harbor must have developed, though the stories told are dated, at present, from the period after the Civil War. Mount Desert Island is a biologist's paradise, for it is on the edge of Acadia, botanically as well as legally. There the common Atlantic region flora and fauna meet the specialized

flora and fauna of the northeast, hence such plants as the Bar Harbor juniper. For those interested in sea life, too, it affords unusual opportunities, especially for young, would-be scientists who roam the shores, poking into rocky pools to identify the mollusca living therein. The law of supply and demand being what it is, and the supply of young men being less than the demand for them, the young ladies also who came to this distant open field soon discovered a fascination in the study of biology. And so the sport of "rocking" arose, wherein pairs or groups roamed the shores, studying something or other. Natural physical limitations cut down the range of "rocking parties." They seem to have gone by foot about as far as the "Assyrian's Head" on the shore at Sol's Cliff, to the south, and perhaps to Duck Brook on the north, when traveling by foot, and to Schooner Head or Great Head to the south, to the Ovens to the north when traveling by buckboard. Such expeditions naturally avoided human habitations; that was why the fishing village of Southwest Harbor was shunned, except as a means of arrival by steamer, and why the built-up centers of Hull's Cove and Eden proper were left alone.

Meanwhile, the life of the town of Eden went on much as usual. Probably there was the beginning of an economic down-swing. Shipbuilding dropped, also the amount of fishing bounties granted in Frenchman's Bay. Seagoing America no longer saw the lush days of the California trade, and when that ended the lumber boom ended, too. Furthermore, by that time Mount Desert Island was largely cut over, as far as accessible lumber went. And so a supply of labor was being unconsciously freed for the new industry that was to come into the town, the tourist trade.

Suddenly, a knife stroke cut across American life. Democratic Maine saw the rise of a new political party, that was

to gain its allegiance, the Republican Party. Political lines changed, and the next thing America knew, Hannibal Hamlin of Ellsworth was elected Vice-President of the United States, and the "Rebellion" had broken out. And Maine, under the leadership of Representative James G. Blaine, enthusiastically supported the Federal cause in the Civil War.

Perhaps the first effect that the Civil War had upon Bar Harbor was to cut down transportation. The navy needed ships as it never had before, and, in one sense, even in 1940 never did again. Anything that could float and move was wanted for the blockade of the South. And so the *Rockland* found herself off the Bar Harbor run, replaced for a short time by the aging *T. F. Secor*, the pioneer steamer of the coastal trade. Then even the *Secor* went to help to win the war, and Bar Harbor was cut off from sea transportation except for the ubiquitous lumber schooners. However, the Civil War was not, judged by modern standards, an intensive war, even though it was a bloodily fought one. And still the summer visitors came to Bar Harbor, though in reduced numbers.

As for the Town of Eden, the war came to it, as it did to the rest of America. A very creditable number of Eden seamen went to the navy, nine in all, for the seamen's register at Ellsworth shows that Eden did not normally send men to sea, even if she did send captains to deliver vessels. Eden's contributions were to the army, and chiefly to two regiments, the Eleventh and Twenty-sixth Infantry, and the First Maine Heavy Artillery. This was a natural result of the recruiting methods of the times, when volunteers were gathered by recruiting parties; and each company of each regiment had a special local connection, often electing to command the officer who had raised it. So it

was that the men of Eden saw service on the comparatively dull fronts of the war, the landing at Beaufort, and the Red River campaign. By a freak of fate, only one Eden man was in a regiment that served so heroically at Gettysburg, and he was absent on special assignment the day of the battle.

Eden, even in the hardest times of recruiting, could hold its head up. The town did vote money for bounties, but that was an informal form of selective service. If so-and-so could volunteer if his family were helped out, a bounty was given. And when the draft came, the town voted to pay for substitutes, and used such payments as a way of getting the right men to the front. That, in one case, kept at home a Mexican War veteran, Orient H. Carpenter, though another such veteran went to the war, and died. And, as was natural in an army that was pretty genuinely a volunteer army, with some compulsion to volunteer, most of the men were either eighteen and single or thirty-five and married, when they went in. Any recruiting sergeant will explain why that is so.

All this service was important in the growth of Eden-Bar Harbor; it had, however, largely a negative value. Eden did what the rest of Maine did, and eventually, when the population grew, there were enough veterans in town to set up a G.A.R. Post, the James A. Parker Post. The Civil War did not affect Eden directly, through the service of its men. Most of them came home afterwards, particularly those who were mustered out in August, 1863, when the Army of the Potomac was reconstituted into regiments that would stay in until the war was over. But there was one piece of service that more directly affected Bar Harbor, even though the man who served was not a Bar Harbor man. That was the time Captain Charles Deering, of Rockland, spent at the war, for he came out of the navy with

a new steamer, *City of Richmond*, that had been well built for the purpose of taking troops up the James River. When Deering came back he persuaded the Eastern Railway, running from Portland to Rockland, that there would be money in the passenger traffic through to Bar Harbor if a wharf were built. Tobias Roberts, interested in getting customers for his Agamont Hotel, built his wharf, which the Eastern Railway took over. And so the steamers came to Frenchman's Bay, and suddenly the few houses at Bar Harbor proper blossomed into a village.

The result was not too prepossessing. Here is what was written in William Cullen Bryant's *Picturesque America*:

The Village of East Eden, while possessing a charming look-out over the bay, is without one feature of beauty. It is built upon a treeless plain, and consists for the most part of a group of small white houses, rapidly extemporized for the accommodation of summer boarders. Every structure, with the exception of a few cottages erected by wealthy gentlemen of Boston, stands without trees, garden or any other pleasant surroundings.

What was happening was that Bar Harbor was beginning to boom. The sportsmen and scientists and artists and simple vacationists who had come there were now returning, and bringing their families with them. The ship carpenters of Eden stopped building schooners, and built what passed for hotels. And in five years the open field was transformed into the village so unflatteringly described by Bryant. In 1866 Tobias Roberts was able to put through the construction of Main Street by ending his petition to the selectmen with, "And your petitioner will ever repeat his request until it is granted." By 1871 there were eleven hotels, most of them along Main Street, so that the open, grassy area

that stretched down to the bay earned the two names it still bears, "Albert Meadow" and "The Field." John S. Lynam came in from Schooner Head to build his Lynam House. Captain Deering ran his hotel in conjunction with his steamer. Daniel Rodick expanded his cottages into an ever-growing hotel that occupied the area, eventually, from Cottage Street up to the entrance to the open parking lot, half way to the village green. Above all, the Higgins family built itself hotels, so that a summer legend arose that no hotel existed without a Higgins.

Both a cause and a result of all this was a steady flow of guidebooks. The first one was some short paragraphs that Mrs. Clara Barnes Martin, a contributor to *The Nation*, of New York, put together and later had Brown & Thurston reprint. Loring, Short & Harmon, who still sell books in Portland, took over the reproduction of this guidebook which expanded from thirty-six pages in the original edition to one hundred and fifteen in the final one of 1885. At first just a pleasant account of the author's travels, it soon became padded out with ever-changing details of means of travel and comments on the change in the Island. Benjamin Franklin De Costa followed the next year with his *Scenes in the Isle of Mount Desert*, which appeared also in expanded form, and juggled around in the earlier chapters to drag in the Jesuits more effectively. It, too, was a travel book, narrating how a group took a yacht to Southwest Harbor and found Mount Desert Island the perfect place to stay. There also exists, but hard to discover, an account printed by some Quaker families, of how they took their schooner to the place of which everyone seemed to be speaking, and of how they enjoyed the trip that ended at Bar Harbor. From it, perhaps more than from any other document—except, perhaps, Dr. Derby's diary or the

cartoons of Swift—can be learned what sort of life these early visitors led.

The *Forest Home* set sail from near Hicksville, Long Island, with its cargo of Quakers, in July, 1866—the chronicler religiously avoids heathen names for months and days, and gives such dating as Fifth Day, the Tenth of the Eighth Month, for Friday, August 10. It was that Fifth Day, the Tenth of the Month, that the Willetts and Hicks families spent drifting about in Mount Desert South Harbor, looking at the mountains and planning to cross over to “the North east end of Mount Desert, which is reported to contain the grandest coast scenery on our Atlantic seaboard.” This the party did on the 11th, on a rainy day. Their own account of the adventure should be given in their own inimitable words.

Here is the description of the start: “After a deal of mysterious consultation, the ladies all disappeared in the cabin, whence they soon after emerged, dressed for the trip. They had wisely discarded their hoops and long cumbersome dresses and appeared arrayed in gay-colored balmoral skirts, white stockings, and fancy head-dresses. The latter were of four varieties, comprising sailor and Scotch caps, with a gentleman’s straw hat and one of black felt.” So dressed, the party climbed into Deacon Clark’s sloop and set sail in the light air for Otter Creek, which was reached only by double banking oars, when they were becalmed at Hunter’s Beach Head. Then, after landing “the rain commenced in earnest,” and “the gentlemen donned their yellow ‘oilers’ and the ladies put on india rubber overcoats and oil-cloth caps. In this novel apparel, which was more useful than ornamental,” they “marched gaily off in the rain.” The party took the old “path under the Mountain,” came out at Monument Cove, and started making to itself the most

exaggerated picture of the beauties of the coast. Monument Cove was where "the sea had here eaten its way into the rock, making a basin of about two hundred feet wide and the same in length, with walls of seventy feet sheer depth to the roaring surf below." Then the narrator told how "it was a pretty sight to watch the party, in their picturesque costumes, winding in single file along the narrow woodland path, often stopping to avoid a drooping limb, or to gather specimens of moss and flowers." Eventually, after failing to get free glasses of milk at Great Head, the expedition reached the Lynam farmhouse, and proceeded to praise the beauties of the "Spouting Horn," which they estimated at one hundred feet high, and Anemone Cave, which they knew by Church's name of "Devil's Oven." They considered this to be one hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred feet wide, and fifty feet high, to be entered only by boat at high tide. If they so doubled the measurements of everything they saw, it is no wonder that Captain Mayo, their guide, "who was a very jolly fellow, entertained us by relating some of his sea-faring adventures in foreign lands." With so gullible an audience, he must have had a field day.

But probably he enjoyed the audience, too, for they were appreciative folk. They had been thrilled when a lady had sung an aria from *Ernani*, in the evening in Southwest Harbor. They probably were fun to talk to and fun to sing with, as the sloop returned to Southwest Harbor. And certainly these simple Quakers carried back a high opinion of Bar Harbor. They wrote: "Amid such grand scenery, the landscape painter can find a field for the exercise of the highest genius of his art, and we do not wonder that our artists love to rusticate here, sketching beneath the shadow of these mighty cliffs or exploring the picturesque recesses of their wild ravines." And, they added, "it was the opinion

of members of the party, who had stood upon most of the celebrated mountain peaks east of the Mississippi, that in comprehensiveness and variety of interest the view from Mount Desert exceeded them all."

Such people, clearly, liked the sort of hotel where one had to get up at 6:30 for a 7 a.m. breakfast, and where complainers were told, "You came here for a change, didn't you?" They liked the feeling that between them and the nearest other summer resort were some fifty to seventy-five miles of sea. They liked the feeling that their fellow guests were literate, intelligent persons with whom one could strike up a friendship. And, in consequence, a special set of manners and customs arose. Fortunately for posterity, Henry Walton Swift, of the *Harvard Lampoon*, amused himself by writing a versified account of his visit to Mount Desert Island in 1873, when its summer life was at its height. In that account are all the usual jokes of the summer season—there is the attempted pick-up on the boat from Boston. There is the pleasure in the crudity of Bar Harbor's accommodations. There is humor in the number of Higginses. There is the amazement at the name "Des Isles," and its anglified or yankified pronunciation "Dezizzle." There is the usual sort of jest about "rocking" and its avowed and actual purposes, and about canoeing. There are jokes about the way in which Dr. William J. Morton attended his patients on the porch of the hotel. And anyone can see that a resort that tempts such cheerful verse must have a special quality of its own.

Bar Harbor, in those days, was really isolated, and, as a consequence, attracted people of individuality—just because it was a long ways from anywhere. When, starting in 1871, Dr. Richard H. Derby of New York and Colonel Albert Stickney, sometimes accompanied by Mr. William

Robeson, rowed their wherries from the Union Boat Club in Boston to the Roberts Wharf in Bar Harbor, it was their custom to take in provisions at Cape Elizabeth. Up to that point they could count on staying at various hotels on the seashore, at Nahant—to them a Capua of luxury—at York, and at other points along the beaches of western Maine. But from the Ocean House on they must fend for themselves, stay in lighthouses or at farmhouses. All the way along, past Owl's Head, through Fox Island Thoroughfare, and Deer Island Thoroughfare, along Merchant's Row, from Naskeag to Bass Harbor and Southwest Harbor, the masters of the *Ilse* and the *Voyageur* met no more personal friends lolling on piazzas. Instead, they renewed acquaintance with Maine fishermen and seamen, and took down names of lighthouse keepers to whom to write in the winter. Then, at Deacon Clark's at Southwest Harbor, the signs of rusticators began again. Once more did the wherrymen stop in an inn, to refresh themselves for the trip around Otter Cliffs, Great Head, and Schooner Head. Then, as they passed the Thrumbcap and sighted Ogden's Point, the news spread that the doctor and the colonel were on their way, and again a unique social event took place, as their friends came to greet them. In due course, the press of America reported to the country their safe arrival.

For Bar Harbor, with communications growing, was building up. The *Lewiston*, of the Portland, Bangor, and Machias Steamship Line, competed regularly with the *Rockland*, and the Mount Desert and Sullivan's *Ulysses*. For a while, with the *Charles Houghton* of independent management, in 1870, and the *City of Richmond* spelling the *Lewiston*, Bar Harbor would see four steamers in a week, appearing and reappearing. No wonder the town grew.

The census records show plainly what was happening.

The trend from the sea to the farm, begun in 1860, was reversed. The number of farmers in Eden, which in 1850 had been thirty-one, and in 1860 as great as ninety-nine, by 1870 had dropped to only sixty-two. Eden had had eighty-one seamen and master mariners in 1850, ninety-nine seamen, mariners, master mariners, fishermen, and master fishermen in 1860, and one hundred and five sailors, sea captains, and fishermen in 1870. New trades were coming to town, too. Shipwrights and master carpenters still ply their trades, according to the 1870 census, but their number steadily diminishes. Now there are signs of the new way of life. A cotton factory and a woolen factory employ, between them, ten hands, largely girls of the Leland family. School teachers show the existence of a private school. There are seven hotel keepers listed, seventeen domestic servants, two masons, a brickyard employee, a marketman, a watchman, and a daguerrotypist, as well as a locksmith and notary, Leonard J. Thomas, temporarily out of the Eden postoffice in the shuffling by which, at Bar Harbor, Mr. Des Isles adds to his storekeeping the attraction of handing out mail, and then transfers the job to Tobias L. Roberts. Clearly, new influences are coming to what still was a primitive or frontier town.

Yet—and this was the important side of Mount Desert life, as was emphasized in the *Harper's* article, the old simplicity remained. The island was still enough out of the way of New England proper, and in the wilds of Acadia, for the two wherries to row through a fleet of Indian canoes on one trip to Bar Harbor, the same trip on which the wherry-men found no fresh meat when they landed. It was a very sophisticated kind of simplicity at times, when young ladies showed off their knowledge of Latin names for sea shells and plants, and when "wealthy gentlemen of Boston" built

cottages that needed the year-round attention of a watchman. It was a kind of simplicity that was inevitably on its way out, as more and more summer visitors poured in. But while it lasted, and while still the voters of Eden saw no reason to raise taxes for any public works, Bar Harbor would have to stay simple. Its roads would remain rough, travel would be by buckboard, sidewalks would be nonexistent, water would come from local wells, sanitation would be primitive.

Such was the condition of Bar Harbor in 1873. It had been publicized in a national monthly, the August, 1872 issue of, *Harpers*. It had fifteen hotels: Carpenter and Brewer's Mountain House, Tobias Robert's Agamont House, J. H. Douglas's Atlantic House, Hamor and Company's Bay View House, Charles Higgins's Deering House, the Ash brothers' Eden House, James Hamor's Hamor House, A. F. Higgins's Harbor House, A. J. Mills's Kebo House, William M. Roberts's Newport House, Tobias L. Roberts's Rockaway House, Daniel Rodick's Rodick House, Fred A. Alley's St. Sauveur House, R. G. Higgins's Way Side Inn, and Samuel Higgins's Ocean House. Three guide books were on sale: the Dodge, Martin, and De Costa books. The hotels were doing a record business, so much so that the newly reelected President of the United States, Ulysses S. Grant, was planning to extend his summer cruise to Bar Harbor, and was prevented only by bad weather. Bar Harbor had achieved a national reputation.

Suddenly—overnight, if Henry Walton Swift's verses are to be believed—the Bay View House was emptied:

One night, when laugh and gay reply abounded,
And loud with mirth the Bay View's walls resounded,
The doctors, in a muffled conversation,
About their troubles held a consultation,

But listeners keen, by anxious terror stirred,
The words of evil omen overheard.
Dark fell the cloud; concealment now was vain:
From lip to lip flew one wild word: "The drain!"
No caution could the dread announcement stay,
That all must leave within another day.

What boots it now to bid them stop till morning,
The timorous boarders bide no second warning;
As robins that a cherry tree invade,
Upon a gun-shot rustle from the shade,
As rats that overrun the farmer's store,
By footsteps startled scamper from the floor—
So madly rush the guests from hall and stair
In terror flee, and leave the mansion bare.
While those whose illness must their flight postpone,
In dreary comfort hold the house alone.

It was more than drains. It was typhoid, eight cases of it, with five more to break out when rusticators returned to their homes. Nor was that the only disaster:

But hark! what voices pierce the shuddering breeze?
What stirs the natives from accustomed ease?
To catch the cry each startled ear is turning:
Help! Water! Quick! The Atlantic House is burning!

In valiant deeds the gallant boarders vie
One tears the matting from a chamber floor,
And bears it bravely through the flaming door;
Another brings a tray of tinkling glass,
And flings it from a casement on the grass;
And Jack, the while, o'ershed with smoke and glory,
A bathtub rescues from the upper story;
The hostess, with a gesture of despair,
Tears from her head her wealth of auburn hair
(Not by the roots; t'was fastened by a pin),
And casts it far among her trembling kin,

That to some doting relative or friend,
Though she should burn, the treasure may descend.
In one short hour the fated house lies low,
Upon the dust its smoking rafters glow;
And now our friends may drive upon their way,
Insured of talk to last them through the day.

Mr. Swift might take it lightly, and celebrate in verse the happenings of the summer. Others took it more seriously—so seriously that when Dr. Derby and Colonel Stickney at last rowed up to the wharf, they landed almost unnoticed. For yet one more crisis had come. Bar Harbor had yet another epidemic, scarlatina in the Rodick House.

All this was national news, and, as such, so much the worse publicity. It was carried in Boston and New York papers, and spread even further. There might be a lighter side to it—such as the formal introduction of her rescuers to a bedridden lady in the Atlantic House before she was carried out to safety—but, very obviously, Bar Harbor was “on the spot.” Many a budding summer resort has failed because it got a reputation for unhealthfulness. Others have failed because improvements and sanitation cost too much, and put taxes up to levels above the capacity to pay. Bar Harbor, and the Town of Eden, must act if there was to be a future in the resort business.

Here is what appeared in the *Syracuse (New York) Morning Journal*, on Monday, September 1, 1873, over the signature, “Amos Cottle.” Bar Harbor’s problems were succinctly stated:

If the permanent dwellers on this charming island would not have its name a prophetic indication of its fate, they must clean up and secure an abundant supply of pure water. There must be no more typhoid fever, such as emptied the Bay

View in a week, nor scarlatina, like that which has closed the Rodick House. To all parts of the country the word has gone out that this is a fever-infected town . . . The people must be roused to earnest action, or this loveliest of all the seaside resorts will be shunned like the pestilence.

The challenge was met. Fortunately, the character of the outbreak had been studied, and the study made public. In the eighty-ninth volume of the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* appeared an article by Dr. William James Morton, "Mount Desert and Typhoid Fever, During the Summer of 1873," which reassured the world at large that one well and only one had been infected. The article was reprinted, and circulated as an eight-page pamphlet, one copy of which, at least, got into the hands of Joseph Williamson, to be recorded in his bibliography of the State of Maine.

But counter-publicity was not enough. Action had to be taken. Fortunately, Edwin Des Isles had, along with other inhabitants of Eden such as Orient H. Carpenter, had his try at mining in the West and had come home. He knew from that experience how to bring water not in expensive pipes, but in cheap wooden troughs, as is done in placer-mining flumes in California. When the legislature met in January, 1874, a petition was promptly introduced for enabling legislation. By the end of the month it had been reported out of committee, and on February 4 it went to the governor for his signature. Work then started, to be ready in time for the coming of summer visitors. The ship carpenters of Eden still found their skills useful to the town.

This was not all that was done. Surface drainage was ended. Again, this was done cheaply, by cesspools as well

as by sewers leading into the sea water. No more would the conditions of the Bay View House continue, with the sewage visibly flowing past the well.

As a result, confidence returned to Bar Harbor. "A fleet of comfortable rowboats" was bought or was brought to Eagle Lake, to cluster round the miniature dock there. A trail was cut through to Jordan's Pond, from which latter place came the comforting news that two men, "in a short day's fishing," had caught five hundred trout. A new Atlantic House was "built on the site of the one destroyed by fire one year ago, in the modern French style and finish, surmounted by a Large Observatory, giving one of the best *Panoramic Views* of Mountain, Forest, Lake, and Ocean, that can be obtained at this celebrated watering-place." And it was announced it would be "well Supplied with Eagle Lake Water." As far as Bar Harbor went, all was well.

But—and here the results of the efforts of selectman and innkeeper Stephen Higgins may be seen—the world outside was told that all was well. On June 10, 1874, the *New York Tribune*—"The Tribune" of those days—still America's most influential paper even though Horace Greeley had died—bore on its editorial page, to which the nation would first turn, a letter from an "Occasional Correspondent." All this information was poured out, under these emphatic headings: "Mount Desert Island—Cause of the Typhoid Fever There Last Year—The Drainage regulated so as to Prevent all Possibility of a Recurrence of the Trouble—Delicious Drives, Mountain Walks and Scenery—Abundant trout." Mr. Selectman Higgins—with no mention of his innkeeping profession—was given as authority for all this.

Later on, July 4, 1874, a seventeen-piece band aided in the celebration of the turning on of the Eagle Lake water, with the opening of more cottages than ever before for

that time of year. The first was the ostensible cause of the celebration; doubtless, the latter was the basis of just as much rejoicing. The crisis was over, the resort business was saved.

More than that—Bar Harbor was started on the way to high health standards, step by step, through the formation of a board of health, and the installation of a complete sewer system, to the foundation of the Mount Desert Island Hospital. A new era was opening for the town.

Cottagers versus Boarders

WHEN, within a year, Edwin Des Isles and Fountain Rodick had freed Bar Harbor from typhoid so thoroughly that it has had only four more cases in its history—two in 1899 from a broken sewer pipe, two in 1922 brought in from outside—they had turned a vital corner in the town's history. Not only had they saved the summer resort; they had given an impulse to energetic action that made the town forge ahead. The years 1866 to 1872 saw Bar Harbor transformed from a field into a resort; the years 1873 to 1887 saw an unequipped resort supplied with the equipment, institutions, services—whatever one chooses to call them—which are needed to make a first-rate resort. Those were the days of new sewers, the Green Mountain Railway, the Oasis Club (that became the Reading Room), new steamship lines, the Canoe Club, the Village Improvement Society, the Fountain Rodick Hose Company and the William M. Roberts Ladder Company, and, above all, of many new cottages that were really mansions, and of the land boom. It was in those days that the town that was still legally Eden but was becoming in fact Bar Harbor had to fight to retain its economic independence, and won the fight.

The year 1874 was, so far as the summer trade went, better than ever. Loring, Short & Harmon brought out a new edition of the Martin Guide. The men of the summer colony rented a house for a male hide-out; it was called,

presumably with reference to the "Maine Law," the Oasis Club. Confidence in the town's future rose, and this led, naturally enough, to a family squabble over the division of profits. The Robertses, father and son, had sponsored competing wharves. Tobias the younger wanted to extend his into deeper water; Tobias the elder, the original builder of wharves, feared that that would block what he had done. Both sent petitions, couched in salty terms, to the legislature. Both circulated petitions and got signatures. But progress—and the support of the Rodick family—was with the younger man. The legislature accepted the statement of David Rodick, the fisherman of Bar Island, that no interference with commerce would be caused by a new pier.

By this time, two steamship lines plied to Bar Harbor—the Portland, Bangor and Machias Line, with the *Lewiston*, and the Rockland, Mount Desert and Sullivan Line, with the *Ulysses* and, after the *Ulysses* had been rammed at its mooring, the new and fast *Mount Desert*. That made two ways to reach Bar Harbor. One could take the Boston-Portland train, arrive at Portland just before midnight, and sleep on the boat. Those who could sleep on trains, or who had taken the Sanford Line boat to Rockland, could go on in the early morning. Then, after a passage through Egge-moggin Reach, Bar Harbor was attained at 11 a.m. If, however, one could not leave Boston so early, there was a night train to Rockland, which, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings, found waiting for it the *Ulysses* or the *Mount Desert*. This, it was claimed, made the total trip, Boston to Mount Desert, take less than twelve hours, thanks to the saving of going through Deer Island Thoroughfare, by a route sixteen miles shorter. In 1878 the line could boast that it had missed connections on the return trip only once in three years, and then in unusual circum-

stances, though probably there was an advantage in having the train wait on the Rockland wharf for the steamer.

Yet a third way existed—to go by train to Bangor, and by stage from Bangor over the hills to the island. This, too, began to boom. In 1850 Bar Harbor had supported, according to the census, a stage driver. No such employment existed in 1870, but in 1880 two were back on the lists. At the Mount Desert Bridge, where the famous—or, at least, well remembered—Negro servants of the Thompsons acted as tenders, profits went up. Annually the bridge corporation leased to one Thompson or another the rights to the tolls, in return for a promise of upkeep and a lump sum. As the years went on, that sum mounted to \$800. And, at last, a new competitor arose for the travel trade, the Bangor-Bar Harbor steamship line. With a grand party and a special excursion to Bar Harbor, including a free stay at the hotels, the *Cimbria's* service was inaugurated, in 1882. This meant more than an improvement in transportation; it was an economic invasion. Here was outside capital coming to Bar Harbor. Soon other Bangor business men would seek to make money on Mount Desert Island, only to lose out in competition with the natives of Eden.

For, as business in the village of Bar Harbor grew better and better, the resources of the local enterprisers increased. Daniel Rodick was twice able to enlarge his Rodick House, in 1875 and in 1882, until it could hold over six hundred guests. The Belmont Hotel was put up, “on the edge of the plain that is Bar Harbor,”—which was an apt description of its position in the days when a clear view went from its site to the water’s edge at the mouth of Eddy Brook.

Naturally, with such growth the life of the town of Eden changed. Internally, the change could be seen in the increased gaiety of social life. Invitations exist to a “sheet and

pillow case ball," that was held on February 27, 1877. Soon traveling theater companies took to visiting Bar Harbor, which now had contact with the outside world throughout the winter, by sea as well as by land. This naturally induced pressure on congress for the construction of the Porcupine breakwater that now covers the route into Bar Harbor which Cadillac recommended. A coastal town was thus being transformed.

Also naturally, the transformation was observed by outsiders. In 1874 Mrs. Clara Barnes Martin added to her guidebook a lyric description of the farmers and fishermen who made up the population of Eden, and lamented that they would not turn the mountainsides into sheepfolds, and thus improve their standard of living. By 1885 she had altered her tune. Then she stated that that passage was kept in the guidebook as a record of an Eden and a Maine that were passing away. But as she wrote this, at the same time she pointed to the adaptability of the men of Eden. She praised the way in which they were cutting forests to make hayfields, once they realized that there was money in the fodder needed for the horses of summer visitors. Here she made a point that can be repeated again and again: "Nearly all the hotels at Bar Harbor are in the hands of the families who lived in the half-dozen houses of the little hamlet of twenty years ago."

These conclusions are confirmed by the census of 1880. This, taken by Eben M. Hamor, contains information missing from the earlier censuses; there is an impression about the terms in which entries are made that suggests that the man who made them knew the town. This census, for the first time, makes a distinction between Eden and the "Village of Bar Harbor." Eden is still the same old coastal town. It has one hundred farmers and farm laborers, thirty-two

sailors and eight sea captains, as well as four ship carpenters and six blacksmiths. But change is coming to it, too. The cotton mill and the woolen mills still employ, between them, five hands. Twenty-eight carpenters find work in building. One entry speaks, in terms that would befit Monsieur and Madame de Grégoire, of a "Lady" with a son "living on his income." Of the one hundred farmers one is Charles Dorr, of Oldfarm, who does not need to make money, and who has living with him a son, George Bucknam Dorr, listed as a student,—of whom more, much more, hereafter, in this narrative. There is a harness maker, Charles B. Pineo, and one William S. Wasgatt, who moves buildings for his livelihood. There is also a well remembered character, Robertoff, the Russian coachman with an Irish wife, who lived out near Otter Creek in a house built in the sensible Russian way over a stable, thus having only one heating problem. And clearly, there are now those in Eden who make their year's income out of the summer visitors.

As one runs through the entries for the village of Bar Harbor, this impression is confirmed. Now there appear many service industries. There are two telegraph operators, Cora Higgins and George H. Grant, of the Mount Desert telegraph line that was opened in 1871, with a facetious message (so legend runs) to the "Mayor of Eden." John Harden runs a livery stable; it is he who has cleared Harden farm, that will one day be the Kebo Valley Club golf course. Twenty-three men make their living as teamsters or liverymen—showing that there is profit in driving buckboards. There are eighteen hotel keepers, all but one natives of Maine. There are three "boatmen," who row and sail the summer folks, and only one sea captain. There is a junkman, Willard S. Hamor, and three grocers, J. B. Barry, Samuel E. Reed, and, above all, H. D. Sproul. Edson Higgins runs a

"meat market," Walter D. Hodgkins a fish market. The Copp family have already opened their hardware store—still, like the Hodgkins fish market, a going concern in the same family hands. Fayette Rowe is a carriage manufacturer, while Bryant Bradley and Fred Wadsworth compete, one being a Photographic Artist, the other just a photographer. There are a musician, and a jeweler, as well as a physician, William Rogers.

Here, where once Tobias Roberts had to petition to have a town way laid out, is now a growing center. The reason for this is to be found in four entries. William A. Jordan builds houses on contract. Everard N. Greely is a "speculator in houses." De Grasse Fox is a real estate agent. Charles How "oversees real estate," and lives with De Grasse Fox. Such employment classifications show that a land and construction boom is on, which is paying for this development.

This land and construction boom is on because the summer life of Bar Harbor is changing. In 1878 Benjamin Franklin De Costa, now himself a cottage owner, could write: "There is much life and gaiety in the season at Mount Desert and the visitor will find the same varied society usually seen at watering places; the bad element excepted. There is much sociability amongst the people at the hotels and less regard is paid to the strict conventionalities that prevail at many summer resorts." This shows already a change from the earlier sort of visitor, whom Parkman described as "the wandering artist, the roving collegian bivouacked on the shore, the pilgrim from stifled cities renewing his jaded strength in the mighty life of nature." It is a change that progresses steadily. In 1881 the *Boston Traveler* writes of "more dressiness now than at the opening of last season," of "natty dark blue suits giving place to

yellowish flannel for young men and maids," of "yachts vieing with mackerel" in the harbor, and of there being money in a toll road up Green Mountain, of the number of permanent boarders being greater than at similar times in previous years.

The simple customs of Bar Harbor began to change under this prosperity, and how they changed can be recorded here, for Joseph W. Wood, a business man who had run various stores, now began publishing the *Mount Desert Herald*. From it can be learned that Mr. R. H. Mehesey actually put an awning over the buckboard that ran to his Eagle Lake House. Here pride came before a fall, because a "liquor violation" was pinned upon him, and others took over the Eagle Lake House, which had grown from the pier and rowboats of 1874. Still, prosperity increased, and a Village Improvement Association was founded, in the winter of 1881, after the summer folks had gone. But it was short-lived.

Other improvements—if they were such—came in 1881. By August there were five telephone circuits in operation and "a system of additional bells now so arranged that calls are not heard by others, save in case several subscribers are on the same circuit." So it was that four hotels, a livery stable, Bee's Store, and Dr. Amory were linked together.

The town might feel safe too, as it saw "our new steam fire engine" throw a stream of water a hundred and sixty feet through an inch-and-three-quarters nozzle, at the end of five hundred feet of hose. After a trial, at the March meeting, the town formally bought the engine, and that winter Fountain Rodick organized the official volunteer fire department, whose records lie to this day in the fire-house. Two years later the engine more than justified its purchase, by stopping the Strawberry Hill fire from cross-

ing the Otter Creek Road and destroying the woods on Newport Mountain.

Another invention came to town, the next year, when enthusiasts founded an electric light company, which by 1887 could take over the Phoenix roller-skating rink, and could look forward to handling not only the one thousand lamps contracted for, but, if need be, four thousand more. Indeed, by 1889 such was the advance in illumination that the selectmen installed twelve street lights, ten of which, interestingly enough, are at intersections now controlled by traffic lights. In electricity competition arose, and Mr. Rodick of Hancock, in the State senate, could introduce a petition in the session of 1883 for another telegraph line, which in 1889 joined up with the Postal Telegraph system. In 1883 the Casino skating rink opened, vaunted at the time to be the largest rink in New England, just as the Rodick House was the largest hotel.

There were, too, creature comforts. A Mr. Morse suggested to the Rodicks that salt-water bathing would be pleasant if the water were not so cold, and, in due course, bath houses were installed on the newly opened West Street. Their existence reflects on an age when Bar Harbor hotels could limit the number of candles used by guests, and a hotel keeper could fly in a rage when a bridegroom cut candles into small pieces to increase illumination for his wife. Even in the 1880's Bar Harbor was still primitive. That, however, was why it was growing. It was a low-cost town, where ship carpenters built hotels quickly, where money came from a big turnover rather than a few high-priced deals, where quantity rather than quality was the secret of success, where there was much money in transportation.

Here it was that the struggle was joined against an outside invader, who sought to make money in mass transportation.

In 1881 Frank Clergue, of Bangor, wrote to Walter H. Dunton, the owner of the side of Green, now Cadillac, Mountain, asking permission to use his land. Mr. Clergue was a good, old-fashioned Yankee capitalist, willing to make money on whatever line seemed good, whether a fertilizer factory or the Persian empire. He had an idea that if it paid small boys to collect informal toll on the road up Green Mountain it would pay to haul people up to see the sunset and stay the night for the sunrise. He knew how to get measures through. Quietly, but legally, the official notices necessary for opening a railway were published. Before anyone knew it, the time for objections had come and gone, and the railroad commissioners held a "public hearing" on February 2, 1883. In the meantime, the survey had been made. A. F. Hilton, who later that year built the Megantic Railway by which the Canadian Pacific got access to salt water at Portland, spent the months of December, 1882, and January, 1883, prowling over the sides of Green Mountain. Of several suggested routes, the one chosen first proved best, and was duly reported as such.

The actual construction of the road was simple. When the snow cleared enough to permit work, rails were when possible bolted to the rock, being laid on ties cut a few feet from the roadbed, and hauled by oxen to where they were needed. To keep a good grade, occasionally, trestles were set up. Meanwhile, the hotel at the top of the mountain was transformed first into a boarding house for workmen, later into a combination hotel and restaurant that would sleep fifty and dine one hundred.

Naturally, with a man like Clergue at the helm, there was plenty of advertising of the Green Mountain Railway. The *Bangor Mining Journal* carried a laudatory account comparing the proposed road with that up Mount Vesuvius

and that at the Rigi—with, of course, a puff for the construction car and the two passenger cars that were being built at Hinckley & Edgery's, in Bangor. Meanwhile, until the cars and the locomotive came, gravity furnished at least a one-way route down the mountain. The record for slide-board travel was one and one-eighth miles in one and one-quarter minutes.

The locomotive, when it finally arrived at Portland and was put on the wharf, proved too large for the *City of Richmond* to carry, and had to wait until the schooner *Stella Lee* could pick it up. Once brought to Bar Harbor, the locomotive had to struggle to reach its destination. It took fourteen horses to pull it from the wharf to a point between West and Cottage Streets. Then wheels were substituted for the runners on which it had been slid, and by April 21, three days after the landing, it had reached Eagle Lake, having been, apparently, winched along the road. But there its troubles were not over. That was a bad winter on that lake; and in May, Alexander Cameron was shipwrecked as he carried track material across it. So it was only when the snow melted, at the end of the month, that the scow of Richard Hamor—the builder of the original inn on the top of the mountain was still connected with things—carried the locomotive to the base of the tracks.

Locomotive and cars were all "high-behinds." They rode level, with tiny front wheels and large rear wheels, and backed down after they had gone up. The gauge was four feet, seven and a half inches, that of the Mount Washington cog railway, in which a legal change had been made on January 30, 1883, by a special legislative act. In the center was a cog rail, which engaged the locomotive's driving wheel, and allowed the locomotive to act as a brake going down. With the locomotive in place, and burning the wood

that lay by the roadside, the completion of the work was easy. On May 10, two of Bar Harbor's professional photographers, Bryant Bradley and a newcomer, C. A. Paul, were able to take shots of the new engine in motion. By May 30 a party of ladies, Mrs. F. J. Alley and the Misses Alley, and Mrs. W. P. Dickey and her daughter, of Bangor, were able to ride to the top of the mountain. On June 23 the great day came. The railroad commissioners were invited to make their formal inspection. The steamship *Cimbria* was chartered for the use of guests of the Green Mountain Railway, starting at 7 a.m., to arrive at Bar Harbor at 2 p.m., then to return the next day, while the more convivial guests were to return the day after, using the same tickets on the *Queen City*. These passengers were the first to follow the regular route set up, by horse-drawn "barge" from Bar Harbor to Eagle Lake, by the steamer *Wauwinnet* from Eagle Lake to the foot of the mountain, and then up the cog railway.

The venture proved a great success, winning praise from the highest circles. Did not Senator Hale, of Ellsworth, bring his friend and fellow senator, the great John Sherman of Ohio, who had just restored gold and demonetized silver, to the top of the mountain? In good Republican circles, what higher praise could be found than that? Or that the railway paid six per cent dividends, the first year, in spite of its expenses in fighting forest fires? Indeed, the Green Mountain Railway got "too big for its boots," and used methods not customary, it is to be hoped, in the State of Maine. For fear of competition by the carriage road, it blocked traffic by putting gates across the roadway. Naturally, these gates were pulled down. Then it sent to Bangor for sixteen men, who worked all night setting dynamite, and that dawn blew the charges and destroyed

the road. This, however, was the last such effort, for when the carriage road was rebuilt, it was left alone.

The Green Mountain Railway had other plans at that time, and wanted public support. Clergue felt that if he got money from one railway, he could from another. One attempt at a railway on the island had failed, when he had tried to slip a clause into the special act about the railway gauge, to allow spur lines to go to "Bar Harbor, the top of Newport Mountain, Seal Harbor, Northeast Harbor, Somesville, Greening's Island, Bass Harbor, and Southwest Harbor." This trick Section 2 had been dropped in committee. Now, in November, 1883 Clergue revived his plans. A "blurb" appeared in the *Mount Desert Herald*, announcing that the Green Mountain Railway wished to open the first electric railway in America to replace the "barge" line that carried passengers to Eagle Lake. Here, however, Clergue met his match; the summer colony swung into action, and showed what it could do to protect the island.

The struggle took place in front of the railroad commissioners, who held a public hearing in the autumn, on November 3. For the proposed Mount Desert Railway Company, Clergue appeared. Against it were two lawyers, A. P. Wiswell, and Hannibal Hamlin himself. Whatever hopes Clergue had had must have been squelched when he saw the caliber of the opposition. If men affluent enough to pay for such representation opposed him, a man with a case as doubtful as his had no chance—as he doubtless knew from having been shouted down in a public meeting in Bar Harbor, when he had tried to lessen opposition by suggesting a railway station near the Belmont Hotel in place of the wharf. Clergue was down, but not out. The records of the commissioners show that, with the utmost ingenuity, he kept the Mount Desert Railway Company legally alive until

1890. However, he had other interests. His Mount Desert Fertilizer Company he transformed into the Bar Harbor Packing Company, a more genteel name. He founded a Mount Desert Land Company. And finally, as has been told, he quietly moved around the world, and exercised on the Shah of Persia his talents for salesmanship, to which endeavor he went with the blessings of his local enemies.

His Green Mountain Railway soon fell on evil days. Its first dividend was its best. Soon it did not pay the railway to run large barges to Eagle Lake, since buckboards could take all the traffic. The transportation and land boom broke, and the railway quietly stopped running. In 1893 the end came. The *Wauwinnet's* boiler was taken out of her, with all her other fittings, and she was scuttled in Eagle Lake. A notice was given of a sheriff's sale, and the fittings of the railway were sold to pay its final debts. If the stockholders put up the \$100,000 Walter Dunton's daughter says they spent, they got remarkably little for their money.

Though the railway tracks were torn up, and the corporation no longer existed, its engine still puffed on. In 1895, there was a disaster on Mount Washington. In desperation, the managers of that cog railway bethought themselves of the only other one of the same gauge, and sent for the Green Mountain Railway Company's engine.

If the Green Mountain Railway failed, and the Mount Desert Island Railway died aborning, a somewhat different fate befell the Shore Line. This was just older than the Green Mountain Railway, or just younger, depending on the basis of measurement. In January, 1882, a conference was held at Cherryfield. Delegates from towns in Washington and Hancock Counties interested in the project of a shore-line railroad from Calais to Bangor were summoned to meet "a gentlemen, having full power to speak for an

association of capitalists." A "liberal proposition" was presented to the convention—which in actuality turned out to be that if a town paid the railroad enough the railroad would be kind enough to build some tracks in it. It all started with the fanfare of a petition to congress to allow the building of an international bridge at Calais, and a mere request for the citizens of Bangor to subscribe, not pay, \$12,000. Without more than the usual hitches, the road-bed was completed from Bangor to Ellsworth, in December, 1883, and in the spring of 1884 the Mount Desert Ferry was opened. Now by rail, and by the steamer *Sebenoa*, Bar Harbor had a direct connection with the outside world. Things had changed greatly since Thomas Cole made his slow visit to the island, taking a week to get there from Bar Harbor from Castine. Forty years had brought a difference.

If the Gouldsborough Development Company is to be believed—which is, of course, optional—the shore line to Mount Desert Ferry and Hancock Point carried a phenomenal amount of traffic. It is highly likely that it did, since this was the heyday, until the coming of motor traffic, of visits to Bar Harbor. But the rest of the shore line was another matter. This seems to have been fairly close to a "racket." In 1888 Russell Sage pumped some money into it, to enable it to go on, but the *Mount Desert Herald* reported an ugly story of building two miles of track at Calais, at one stage, to get a guarantee, and then quitting. At last the line did reach Calais, and it is now the Calais sleeper that in winter brings passengers to Bar Harbor.

This new facility, by means of which Bar Harbor and Frenchman's Bay could be reached, changed land values. As early as 1883, the Bar Harbor Land Company had been formed. The year 1887, which saw the coming of the day-

time all-Pullman Bar Harbor Express, also saw a rash of land companies breaking out. The *Mount Desert Herald* listed the values of the stocks of six: The Frenchman's Bay, the Sullivan Harbor, the Lamoine and Mount Desert, the Lamoine and Bar Harbor, and the Penobscot. It could have listed seven more: The Mount Desert and Tremont, the Mount Desert (in which Frank Clergue was a leader), the Mount Desert and Eastern Shore, the Mount Desert Real Estate Company, the Mount Desert Land and Improvement Company, the Mount Desert and Maine Coast Land Company, and the Mount Desert and Penobscot Bay Real Estate Company, all of whose names can be found on the list of deceased corporations in the secretary of state's office in Augusta. There was something in all this, for these were the days when the Vanderbilts bought Ogden Point for \$100,000. However, much of this land activity was sheer gambling, as is shown by the fact that only the Frenchman's Bay Land Company was selling its stock above par in 1888.

The rivalry of the business men of the town was intense. On July 24, 1887, the *Boston Herald* and the *Boston Globe*—or, rather, their local agents—went so far as to charter rival vessels for a race for the Sunday paper, Sunday being the day on which the Rockland steamship lay over in Frenchman's Bay. But as all hands knew the reputation for speed the *Mount Desert* had achieved, and was to keep till the old *J. T. Morse* replaced her, the race was thought to be a joke and an advertising trick. Indeed, so obviously was there something "fishy" about the whole build-up of the usual Sunday sail around the bay that Mr. Bee cagily realized that something was wrong. He therefore took his excursionists to Hancock Point, loaded on the *Heralds*, returned to Bar Harbor, unloaded them, and then put off again, to

spend half an hour cruising in Frenchman's Bay with his somewhat puzzled shipload of sightseers. Among those sightseers, as he had shrewdly suspected, was a "secret agent" of the *Globe*, who had had hopes of sneaking his wares down to the wharf in the crowd, but had to fume and fret at sea while his competitor cornered the market.

What was happening was that Eden-Bar Harbor was growing up, in the field of economics. In 1887 the Bar Harbor Banking and Trust Company was formed, the firm of Grant & Little having become tired of cashing checks and seeing the banking business go out of town. In 1885 competition came in the water business. Charles How, then engaged in development, secured the incorporation of the competing Eden Water Company. The Rodick interests, at the same time, secured the right to enlarge the capital stock of the Bar Harbor Water Company to \$250,000. A showdown between the two water companies came in 1887. How employed the services of Maine's "Grand Old Man," James G. Blaine, of Augusta and Bar Harbor, to present his case before the judiciary committee at Augusta. But the Rodick interests fought back. They showed that whatever profits they had made had been counterbalanced by the cost of replacing Edwin Des Isles' open flumes with iron pipe, and that they were giving Bar Harbor full service.

Quite rightly, the *Mount Desert Herald* gave full space to this piece of news, and to the Portland paper's comments on it. For here was epitomized the struggle that must take place if the Town of Eden, rapidly being overshadowed by Bar Harbor, was to call its soul its own. Either Bar Harbor would own itself, or outsiders would own it. On one side was a man who failed only by chance to become President of the United States, the year he opened his campaign from his Bar Harbor summer home; on the other side were a

boarding-house keeper whose boarding house had grown and a fisherman whose fortunes had risen. Behind the great statesman were outsiders from New York and Philadelphia; behind the local business men were their fellow residents of Eden. And when it appeared that the local business men could manage their own affairs, and it was so proved in spite of Blaine's silver tongue, it was clear that Bar Harbor was a summer resort that would preserve its independence.

This was not the only issue where outside pressure had benefited the town. The Eden Water Company—which, in fact, never supplied any water—had acted as a spur to the Bar Harbor Water Company, to improve its service. In another case, but in a different way, pressure from outside caused the Town of Eden to consider the problem of sewers. What had been done in 1873 and the years afterwards was adequate enough for the care of hotels in the village of Bar Harbor, and they were successfully made typhoid-free. But the problem of taking care of homes now came up. As was shown by the formation of the Mount Desert Construction Company and the Mount Desert Building and Improvement Company, a new form of wealth was coming to Bar Harbor, the "cottage" trade. If the many visitors who had come to know and love the village were to stay, they must have permanent homes, and if they were to have permanent homes they must have sanitation geared to a different set of needs. It was all right for the individual cottages at Schooner Head, that had been built near the Lynam farmhouse to have their own private sewers; such short sections of pipe running to the sea were not expensive. But for any growth of houses within "carriage-drive" distance of Bar Harbor there must be more than that. And such growth was pressing fast. These were the days when the Ocean Side became comparatively

deserted, when Schooner Head sank back to its present unimportance, and when the long rows of houses on the Bay Side grew up to make their impression of splendor on travelers by land and on yachtsmen anchored in the Bay.

Consequently, the issue was presented to the town squarely, at a meeting in May, 1887. At Salisbury Cove the town voted, willingly, to issue bonds that would pay for a full-scale sewer system. By this action Eden voted, willy-nilly, to become Bar Harbor. The Maine coastal town of fishermen and farmers and ship carpenters was betting its own property that it could make a profit as a summer resort, for the default of a bond issue allows the sale of private property.

Bar Harbor, once a resort for a few friends of Thomas Cole, was now seeing many a distinguished visitor. It almost became a summer capital of the United States. In 1884, Professor Charles W. Young was almost pestered to death by office-seekers who thought he was James G. Blaine, counted on as sure to be President. In 1888 the presence of Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney, and of the wife of Daniel S. Lamont, secretary to President Cleveland, filled the town with political rumors. The legend that President Cleveland held a cabinet meeting at the Reading Room is, alas, untrue, although as ex-President he met there political supporters and probably engaged in political planning. Proof that President Harrison came to Bar Harbor to visit Secretary of State Blaine is preserved in the Sawtelle Collection at Isleford. There can be found one of the cigars handed out on that auspicious occasion, complete with its printed commemorative wrapper. Blaine's presence attracted many an ambassador or minister to seek refuge from the Washington heat at Bar Harbor.

Certainly, the town became a social capital of the United

States, so that the writer of a guidebook of 1890 could say, of those walking down the village street:

“Here come Peepy Marshmallow and Lina Van Rooster, Chicky Chalmers and Poodle Van Ulster, and the Hon. Hare Hare; and there in the background, in their moiré and black lace, are Mrs. Gatling Gunn and Mrs. Wellman Heisdeck, and even Mrs. Stylington Ribblehurst herself.”

On the boardwalks that did duty as sidewalks, as well as in the big room of the Rodick House—known far and wide as the “Fish Pond,” where young women fished for young men—a new sort of visitor to Bar Harbor led his or her social life. Rank and fashion had come to the village and had changed its ways. Some might not like it. A flower painter might say, as she moved away, “If I were to come again next year I should expect to see the rocks and trees all decorated with lace flounces and bows of ribbon.” But others would come in her stead, and the economy of the town would be built around those who came and stayed. When Alpheus Hardy of Boston, in 1867, built his cottage, little did he know it, but he transformed Bar Harbor.

The Summer Colony

THE SUMMER colony of cottagers had become deeply rooted in Bar Harbor by 1890, though "cottage" may seem a misleading description of some of the houses that had been built. One such was Mrs. Bowler's "Chatwold," that had been passed on to Joseph Pulitzer, and to which had been added his famous but not too successful "tower of silence," where the almost blind old wizard of the newspaper world could be at peace from the noises that disturbed his sensitive ears. Another such, more modest by far but still hardly a cottage, was "Stanwood," from which James G. Blaine had opened his campaign for the Presidency in 1884, and which his biographer calls a "mansion." Yet others, built or building, were "Kennarden Lodge," first owned by John P. Kennedy and now by Mrs. John Dorrance; the Edgar Scott house, torn down after Major Scott's death in the Philippine Sea, in the tragic sinking of a Japanese prison ship by an American submarine; the Vanderbilt house at Point d'Acadie, still a center of hospitality, but in other hands; "Bogue Chitto," whose building by John A. Morris of Louisiana evoked a burst of applause in the *Mount Desert Herald*; and many another house to which the word "cottage" might not seem to apply.

Yet though it might seem, "mock humility," of which De Quincey wrote, to speak of a "cottage with a double coach house," in one sense the word "cottage" still fitted the homes of the Bar Harbor summer colony. The old free-

and-easy spirit of the first summer visitors still hung over its life—and, for that matter, it still does. On social matters no one, not even a historian looking back, can be authoritative. Every social group has its own estimate of its own importance, and will, automatically, disagree with any rating or estimate; just that sort of special reason probably brings that social group together. But it is possible to say that such and such a resort has such and such general reputation and shows such and such general tendencies. And with that point in mind, it is possible to say that Bar Harbor stood in the top rank in America in fashion—if that is the right word—and linked in popular estimation with Newport. Of all the summer resorts that were then fashionable, it had perhaps the easiest and most tolerant social life.

The reasons for this go back into the early history of the summer colony. As has been told, originally it had been a colony of artists and their friends, and of scientists and hunters. The pleasures of early days had been “rocking,” sketching, and canoeing. The more permanent summer residents, as contrasted with those who came for short week-end trips, had first lived in hotels or near hotels, before moving into cottages that were true cottages. They had built up their social life on the assumption that anyone who took the trouble to make the then long trip to Mount Desert Island shared common interests and could be trusted to live up to common standards. Consequently, when whole families took to coming to Bar Harbor, the chaperonage rules of the Victorian era were relaxed, though still formally in force. Girls were allowed to walk, drive, and canoe with young men far more readily than at home. For, as Robert Grant pointed out, in his “Plea for Bar Harbor” a tippy canoe was in itself a chaperone, which automatically prevented a young man from being too forward. Naturally

enough, marriageable young women passed the word around, so that to Bar Harbor came the sort of person who wanted the combination of freedom and decorum to be found there. As the summer colony made itself permanent, it set up institutions that furthered this combination of decorum and ease. In their turn, those institutions preserved the old atmosphere for later times.

Prominent among those institutions were the old Oasis Club, which grew into the Reading Room, the Canoe Club, the Kebo Valley Club, the Pot and Kettle Club, and, later, the Swimming Club. Institutions—in another sense—were certain private houses, such as that of “Aunt Sue” Dimmock (Mrs. Henry F. Dimmock of Washington), where parties were traditional. Such houses, and the last three of the five clubs mentioned above, exist today, and the life of the summer colony can perhaps best be told in terms of the clubs, whose history is a matter of public record. But it should be realized that these were outward manifestations of an inward social life that cannot yet be recorded. Perhaps, when in the future some diarist publishes his or her Bar Harbor memories, or some novelist sets down the life of the present, we shall have such written record to go on. But until then, the story of the summer colony can be most fittingly told in terms of the institutions that have already directly or indirectly published accounts of themselves.

The Reading Room, historically the oldest of the meeting places, since it stems from the Oasis Club, was in its heyday much what the Reading Room at York Harbor is today. Originally, as the Oasis Club, it was a place where the men of the summer colony could be free from women’s control and find newspapers and, in circumstances winked at by the county enforcement officials, liquid refreshment. In 1881 it moved from its original brown cottage to a new

and more splendid building, designed by the Boston architect, William R. Emerson. This building has had an interesting subsequent history, having been taken over by the Maine Central Railroad and used first as a yacht club, then as the "Shore Club," and, finally, after a period as United States naval quarters in World War II, it now forms the base of the new hotel. In front of it stood a steel lattice-work pier, at which yachts could land their passengers, and on the upper level of which tea could be served. In front also stood a flag pole, that once, to the horror of all but one concerned, flew a Boer flag. The horror came from the presence, during the Boer War, of a visiting British squadron, mingling cordially with an American squadron. The flying of that flag, the angry representations of the American admiral, the indignation of the members of the "Gentleman's Club," and the expulsion of the offender, naturally became a front-page story in the press. And for many years, from 1881 to its collapse for financial reasons in 1921, the Reading Room served a useful purpose.

The economics of the Reading Room—all social institutions have an economic side—were simple. In days of low costs and plenty of visitors to Bar Harbor, the average summer resident of social standing was glad to pay ten dollars a year or so for a masculine hide-out, to which he could give his house guests a card, and which could contain a locker into which the sheriff might not inquire. And as long as these conditions existed, the Reading Room flourished. But when Maine's prohibition law was differently enforced, and when costs went up, the Reading Room was not worth the dues, and slowly sank away.

In the matter of prohibition and temperance Bar Harbor has seen fluctuations of opinion. In 1825 Elder Hunting founded the Mutual Temperance Society of Eden, with only

fourteen members, against "much opposition . . . even by Deacons and members of the church." By 1835, after the Elder had left town, it had 202 members. In the 1880's the Templars were strong, so strong that once, outraged by a drunken driving carriage accident they stormed through town forcing all liquor dealers to spill their stocks on the ground. Yet Sproul's Restaurant became nationally famous for the way it served wine in defiance of the "Maine Law," and by 1916 the *Bar Harbor Times* could editorially attack the appointment of sheriff's deputies as a waste of money since it was clear that they had no intention of earning their pay by enforcing the law.

Perhaps Bar Harbor's most typical club was the Canoe Club. For some reason unknown to present-day yachtsmen, men and girls who feared with reason the cold waters of Frenchman's Bay, and who refused to sail, confidently embarked in canoes, which cannot have been too safe, and paddled around among the Porcupines. Of course, it soon became a minor local industry to rove among the Porcupines in rowboats, rescuing those who had fallen overboard or who had forgotten that the tide rises and had left their canoes to float away while they explored an island. Just the same, it is amazing to look back at the years in which ladies now less young and never of the reckless type had their swains paddle them about Frenchman's Bay, and never thought it out of the ordinary. Such is the effect of fashion. It was the thing to paddle a canoe, and one did so. Almost the only legend left is not a canoeing but a boating one, of how X landed on what is now called Bald Rock—but was then known by three other names, Smullidges', from time immemorial, "Isola Bella" to the lady who had bought it to preserve it from the desecration of that name, and ——'s Rock to those who could not quite see "Isola Bella"

as the name for a piece of granite off the Maine coast. Many a dinner party has been regaled by the story of how X's boat and his clothes floated away on the tide, and how he struggled after it, fearing telescopic observation and shivering every time a gust of a light norther blew the gunwale out of his grasp. The informal boating of those days soon became formalized. The ever-useful Rodick family had a site on Bar Island on which was established a canoe house, safely away from the waterfront of West Street and to be reached at low tide by a walk or carriage ride, at high tide by a fee and a ride in a hired boat. At the Club House were established the ever-present Indians of the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes, who would give instruction in the fine art of paddling or themselves furnish propulsive power. And at least thrice a year, the ladies of the Canoe Club would entertain at tea, sending out engraved cards to announce the event.

This club, too, flourished as long as it served a need. When there was still a large visiting population, some of which came by yacht, the full harbor offered a great inducement to canoeing. When the New York Yacht Club fleet was in, one could in one afternoon easily see a large number of one's friends from New York and the rest of the Atlantic seaboard, by lazily paddling around Bar Harbor from Bar Island to Sheep Porcupine. Then, as the hotel life lessened, and as the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot Indians found other things to do, the Canoe Club died away, being replaced in the scheme of things by the Swimming Club. For the Canoe Club depended on young men who wanted to paddle canoes, and in these days young men either drive cars or go to the north woods. And so Bar Island saw less and less social life. As late as the 1920's, there was still one cottage on the island, but the daughter of the house found,

after one sad experience, that her swains did not like to drive her home through the rising tide on the bar, even in a car with a high clearance.

Perhaps the most colorful Bar Harbor institution is the Pot and Kettle Club. It was founded in 1888 by members of the so-called Fishhouse Club of Philadelphia, and their friends. In the winters they had been accustomed, of a Sunday, to retire to the freedom of an island in the Schuylkill River. There, in their "State in the Schuylkill," free from the outside world, they would cook their own meals, to their own taste, and then, stimulating their appetite with "Fishhouse Punch," in which brandy, rum, tea, and certain secret ingredients are so mixed as to be comparatively harmless, they would enjoy the food they had cooked and each other's company. In such company, with men of affairs who knew one another well, talk is frank and free. In the summers, on another day in the week, the members of the Pot and Kettle enjoyed the same pleasures, in similar ways.

The customs of the Pot and Kettle resemble those that the Fishhouse has allowed the *Saturday Evening Post* to describe. The presiding officer for the day is the "Caterer," who is responsible for both physical and mental entertainment. He settles questions of menus and sees to it that there is a member or a guest who has something to say that is worth hearing. What is there and then said is "off the record." What has been said can be inferred, after the passage of time, from the guest book, where are to be found, among others, names of William Howard Taft, Theodore Roosevelt, Warren G. Harding, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Harry S. Truman. (There was some to-do about adding Mr. Truman's name. He visited the club as Senator Truman of the war investigating committee, when on a semi-secret

trip with his colleague Senator Brewster, and happened not to sign as a guest. It later occurred to the club secretary that this omission was a huge mistake, when such a tradition of Presidential visits had been built up, and the book was, for once in the club's history, taken from the clubhouse; then, in the White House, the President added his signature.)

There are many ways to reach the Pot and Kettle—when invited. In the old days many a yacht managed somehow to drop anchor off its pier, and the Bar Harbor Yacht has been known to call off a race at Googin's Ledge when a majority of the race committee belonged to the Pot and Kettle. Or so the legend goes—and who would stop a good legend for want of facts? And on days of the meeting many a member managed to sail up, no matter how rough the seas. Buckboards drove others up, as today automobiles. During all this time the Pot and Kettle has preserved its combination of privacy and hospitality, and should be left in that privacy. In the strictness of its membership rules and the cordiality of its welcome to visitors, it typifies the aspects of the social life of Bar Harbor which are part of the history of the town.

Another club that survives is the Kebo Valley Club. Today this is a golf club, though in 1889 it began, at Arcadia Park, as a racing club. Then, as golf grew in favor—this was in the days of America's only seven-hole course, which Herbert Jacques laid out at Schooner Head, where three holes were dangerously close to the tees of the opposite pairs of holes—the Kebo Valley Club left to Edward Morrell the patronage of racing. It built a nine-hole course on the slopes under Cadillac Mountain, survived a fire in 1898, and flourished steadily. The racing that was otherwise organized evolved into the well remembered Bar Harbor horse shows. Year after year, until 1922, the horse show

was one of the great events of the season. Many a house shows with pride the cups won in competition; many a fine handler of the "ribbons" showed his or her skill at that August event. It drew together many who would not otherwise enter into the social whirl, and made a focus for local life. It was only to the horse show that the children in Helen Train's *Mile of Freedom* went, in that happy summer she described, of idyllic peace away from the gay life of the resort. And, in a sense, it was the horse show that caused the great automobile war, whose story is a part of the history of the summer colony.

Bar Harbor, like Detroit, the other place that Cadillac founded, early saw automobile building. In the days when daring people put engines in buggies, took off the shafts, and smoked their way about, Paul Hunt, who is still among the living, varied his interests in architecture by building an automobile; this was in 1896. In due course of time, automobiles increased in number, and consequently in disturbance to the horse-loving public. Men and women who came to Mount Desert Island for peace and quiet were vexed by this. They arose, being people of influence, and secured legislation to keep automobiles off the island. Just how this was done is not known, as the participants in the effort are now dead, and did not write down what happened. Presumably, all sorts of influence was used. By that time Bar Harbor had established good connections at Augusta, and the legislation that was drafted had about it the marks of deft political handling. But this was not a purely Bar Harbor venture; the island summer colony was almost unanimous for it, under the leadership of such men as President Eliot of Harvard. And so it was that while much of the rest of Maine had cars, the horse lovers of Bar Harbor could drive on their roads in peace, confident

that no "gasoline buggies" would frighten their favorite steeds.

This state of affairs did not meet with complete approval. The people of Bar Harbor were divided in mind. Some wanted to do as their customers wished. If summer folks wanted a haven for equines, and would pay for it, why not let them have the haven, and pocket their money? Others felt that the automobiles had rights, and that they, too, had money. Those it was who sniped at the law.

The first draft of the law had been softened, to ease its passage, by having a limit on the roads which could be used, those roads being the only ones by which the island could be reached. Obviously, the thing to do was to bring cars in by boat—and, of course, all that that meant was a legal change. No automobiles on wharves. At that challenge Leslie Brewer, in the spring of 1907, built a car locally, with a motorboat engine for power, but without a differential. This moved legally about the unrestricted streets, with some difficulty in steering, until the law was changed again. Mr. Brewer prizes the photograph he made of his automobile; the engine has long since returned to the sea whence it came. In 1909 a New York honeymooner took his turn and had his Oldsmobile towed by horses over the hills, keeping the motor running as he did so. The testimony, as given before Judge Clark in the municipal court was amusing, the result inevitable.

However, change had to come. It was perfectly easy to take a selected poll of summer residents and find them ninety-five per cent against cars. It was fun for Arthur Train to take time off from more serious fiction to write a futuristic skit about the death and destruction that would ensue when cars raged about the streets of Bar Harbor. It was feasible, when Mr. Sherman presented a petition for

cars, to employ the late Luere B. Deasy as counsel in the hearing, and have him tie Mr. Sherman up with quotations from his own guidebook. But the fact was that a growing number of the people of Bar Harbor wanted two things—the automobile tourist trade and the chance for local doctors to get to their patients in time. Pressure grew. It was, for a time, held back by influence. This time it is known how—for the late George B. Dorr wrote down the story—by money used in the legislature; it was, to use President Arthur's indiscreet phrase, "spent where it would do the most good." Here it was, Mr. Dorr relates, that he stepped in. In his many schemes for the island, he had secured a route for an electric railway, never built; this he offered now as a potential automobile road, to allow access to the town. He persuaded the anti-auto group in the summer colony to drop their more drastic methods and adopt the plan for a special road. By the quick action that was Dorr's characteristic in any lobbying he did, he secured partial consent from the group, and had the bill submitted before a recalcitrant element could talk their fellows into renewed stubbornness. In effect, this plan for a special road kept automobiles out for another year, for the road was never built. Though the Town of Eden voted its share of the cost, the expected contributions did not materialize. And the next year, permissive legislation allowed the towns of Mount Desert Island to vote for or against automobiles, and Eden voted for them. Soon the rest of the island followed, after a death had occurred because a doctor had had to drive by buggy from the town line. And, not unnaturally, the horse show withered and died.

To return to the change in the summer colony in general: As the 1900's came on, both the cottage colony and American life altered. As canoes went out, and as hotel after hotel

closed, the summer life acquired a more permanent basis. A substitute was needed for "the Fish Pond" as a natural meeting place, and a substitute was needed for the old and not too good swimming baths. The natural answer was the Swimming Club, metamorphosed in 1929 into the present Bar Harbor Club. Its original purpose was to provide good salt-water swimming, at bearable temperatures, and tennis courts. Using the site to which the Oasis Club house had moved, when the Reading Room was founded, it put up a brown clubhouse, dug a pool, and became the equivalent of a local country club.

Having built such institutions as these, the summer colony by 1910 had established itself as a permanent element in the Town of Eden—so permanent an element that Eden soon changed its name to Bar Harbor. And, as a result, there are many who look back to the 1900's as the "golden age" of Bar Harbor's social life. Such a retrospect is natural. That was the time when there were still enough hotels to afford prosperity and extra sales for local market gardeners and shopkeepers, so that the cottagers could have their cake and eat it too, could have the advantages of an exclusive colony and of a populous resort. In retrospect, too, it is surprising to note how long the old service industries held on. The Rodick House lasted on past 1900, to come down only because the successor to Daniel Rodick did not have either his personal touch or his clientele. Sproul's restaurant, still defying the Maine law—hung on, too, until it also went the way of all service enterprises that rely on the touch of one aging person. And so, one by one, went the landmarks of the old pre-cottage era.

Meanwhile, the cottage era bloomed. Tales are still told of how an ambassador of a country now seeking a loan from the United States (this should be inclusive enough for con-

cealment) put lights all over Bar Island for a party to honor the young lady he was courting but did not succeed in marrying. The fire of 1947 destroyed a dining table made in that golden era, whose center used to sink through the floor to the kitchen, and, usually, rise again with another course; legend happily dwells on an occasion when it allegedly sank not to rise again, leaving guests eating while looking into a void. It was in Bar Harbor that Mrs. John Jacob Astor, widowed by the sinking of the *Titanic*, chose for the scene of her remarriage. Rightly, she felt that she thus could escape publicity, and succeeded in doing so, thanks to excellent co-operation by the authorities of St. Saviour's Church. The waiting camera men, hoping for one of the first motion-pictures of news events, were foiled, deftly, by the use of an alternative door. Such are randomly chosen stories of that era that may help illustrate the background of the summer colony.

There are other ways for taking a somewhat objective look at the summer colony. One is through real-estate transactions. Now that deeds no longer tell the price of land but run "for one dollar and other valuable considerations," the Hancock County registry of deeds no longer tells at which price who moved in and who moved out. But an eager follower of the real-estate transactions on the *Bar Harbor Times* can learn the steady flow of new personalities into the Bar Harbor summer colony. Former owners died, and the next generation had, perhaps, other ideas. Yet in their places came new buyers, bringing new life to the community. As long as fluctuations in value are not too extreme, either a rise or a fall in property can be helpful. When good houses are cheap, new owners move in, induced by bargains to settle permanently. When houses are hard to get, building takes place, and higher standards are set as

modern improvements come in. But though there has been a flow of new blood into the summer colony, there has been a surprising loyalty to it. Families come year after year, generation after generation. They will cling to their property, renting instead of settling, and pay flying visits off season. Then, suddenly, they will reappear. Naturally, many things attract them; one is the special character of the life. This serves to bring in new blood as well as to keep loyal the old supporters of the colony.

Here again, there is another means for observing the summer colony with some objectivity, this time through the fiction of the past that has dealt with the cottagers. It shows that Bar Harbor, for all the high standards it sets, accepts newcomers readily. The ways in which new blood comes in vary. Usually it is a matter of introduction by visiting friends, or residence at a hotel, then gaining a liking for Bar Harbor and buying. Bar Harbor's social ease has done its work again. (This does not mean that John Doe can walk into Bar Harbor, ring anyone's doorbell, and be invited in to make himself at home; it does mean that John Doe, when he has made proper contact, will feel at home quickly.) Francis Marion Crawford, the novelist, in the 1890's wrote not one but two books about this cordiality. One was *Number Three*, of Harper's summer resort series. It tells the usual stories about boardwalks and buckboards and canoes and flirtations. The other was a pot-boiler novel, *Maidens Call it Love in Idleness*, which winds up with the lady accepting the gentleman in a canoe. In both, one can see how Bar Harbor of the 1890's led the social world in ease—or, as an editor of the *Harvard Lampoon* put it, in effect Bar Harbor was a place where nice Philadelphia girls taught slowgoing Bostonians how to flirt. It is noteworthy

that Crawford, as did Robert Grant, made it perfectly clear that the standards of behavior were high. Similar evidence, though of an earlier time, is to be found in Henrietta Rowe's *A Maid of Bar Harbor*, with its thumbnail sketch of the cordial little dandy who explains life to the returning Civil War veteran, after a chance introduction. A different slant, but the same basic idea, is to be found in a letter which Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, wrote to the *Boston Transcript* in 1896; in it he asserted that Bar Harbor was the place in America where the best conversation was to be found. A similar—though not, in that case, unprejudiced statement—is to be found in the writings of Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, after a visit to George B. Dorr made in 1918.

All this adds up to the fact that several keen observers saw that in the early cottage days Bar Harbor had a catalytic effect on people, and made it easy for them to get together. This is just as true for the period after World War I. Much of the summer population changed. The names of Astor and Vanderbilt drop out of the cottage directory, to be replaced by others as prominent. But the cottage directory that records the names has the same general effect. An American social historian could consult it and say: "Here is a paradox; here are the owners of very varied industries, some highly competitive, the managers of certain great fortunes, who come from cities a thousand miles apart, living cheek by jowl." He could then expatiate, if he wanted to get away from the point, on the curious combinations that were neighbors. But in doing so he would go wide of the mark. What the cottage directory shows is a social and not an economic process at work. And to understand the meaning of neighbors living beside neighbors, emphasis

should not be put on wealth of some, but on the mingling by all. The names in the directory that do not have economic importance have equal social importance.

Here it might not be amiss to put in a paragraph or two of philosophical reflection, which may be skipped by those who care not for such things, and read by those who want a few words on "social significance," in the other sense of "social," in the Bar Harbor summer colony. For Bar Harbor is a national phenomenon, even an international one, and the name is sometimes used as a by-word for wealth at ease, such is the reputation it has acquired. What does such a reputation mean to a community, what effect does it have on the community?

An answer is, recreation can be considered just as much an industry as any other. To the extent to which Bar Harbor is a one-industry town, which it is not, or a town with one major industry, which it is, the circumstances of that industry control the town. Since many citizens of Bar Harbor sell their services during a short period of the year, they tend to provide in the summer for the winter's income. Or, conversely, they follow their clients from summer resort to winter resort. Because there is much purchasing power in town, it has become a shopping center. These tendencies are what might be expected.

There is, however, another tendency. The cottage trade, compared with the hotel trade, is a long-term one, and long-term businesses demand a reputation for integrity. There are constant arguments as to costs, but, generally speaking, the free-market economy of the United States in general and Maine in particular sees to it that the customers stay satisfied and the suppliers of recreation stay in business. For so long as there is no monopoly or monopsony—all one

seller or all one buyer—the workings of competition will go on.

Now, in a competitive market, quality goods must be distinctive. What, then, does Bar Harbor have to offer as high-quality recreation? There the argument turns full circle, for what is offered is ease and relaxation, caused by and combined with natural beauty. So Bar Harbor sells a double brand of goods. On the one hand it sells fashion. It has its houses with butlers and footmen, where the young guests are awed by splendor—or amused, as the case may be. On the other hand, it has simplicity, so that a society magazine could jest that the custom of Bar Harbor was to have a big house and then a camp to get away from the house, and that soon the leaders of society would have camps in which to get away from their camps. Bar Harbor's essential qualities are still those which attracted to it the artists of the 1850's. And the "cottage economy" of Bar Harbor, distant as it is from sources of wealth such as New York and Chicago, can attract the owners of wealth only as long as the type of freedom and ease marked by, say, the Pot and Kettle Club, sets the tone of the resort. Such a tone of freedom and high standards will remain as long as the purveyors of recreation keep their high Maine standards of integrity, and as long as the summer residents continue, through public opinion and the management of their special institutions, to uphold lofty standards of social behavior.

These thoughts, as applied to the present, are of course, the author's own interpretation. They are based on personal observation over a period of years, and the close parallel of what goes on today with what writers have seen in the past. They also fit in with the facts of the summer colony's institutions, as recently made public.

Within two years, Major George McMurtry, who has since become the president of the Bar Harbor Club, compiled an interesting history of its first fifteen years. Since he has used names, the owners of those names may not mind their being used again. That history tells how certain men—be it noted, many of them newcomers to Bar Harbor—decided to put the bankrupt Swimming Club on its financial feet. One of them, the late E. T. Stotesbury, purchased the majority of the stock of the Swimming Club. As a partner in a Morgan affiliate, it was doubtless not the first time he had bought a working control to put his ideas across. This was done in the summer of 1929. Subscriptions were obtained from various members of the summer colony who could afford to make them, an opportunity being given to the former members to “get in on the ground floor.” With Mr. Stotesbury were associated, among others, a newcomer to Bar Harbor, A. Atwater Kent, of radio manufacturing fame, and the late Potter Palmer, of Chicago, a member of a family that was returning to Bar Harbor after an intermission; the family had founded the famous firm of Palmer and Leiter, and the Palmer House hotel, and had been legendary figures in Chicago society. This group floated a loan and proceeded to build a clubhouse as quickly as might be, wisely not waiting for bids, in the knowledge that they had better spend their construction money fast while it was still available, before the stock market misbehaved further. It might be suggested, in passing, that this action may explain the good showing made by Bar Harbor in the study of relief made in 1939 (see Thorndike and Thorndike, *Survey of the Town Relief Situation*, 1939.) It seems a good description to say that the kind of clubhouse that was built was the kind that Messrs. Stotesbury and Kent and Palmer wanted and could afford.

That club became what they intended it to be, the social center of Bar Harbor. For dances, swimming meets, and tennis tournaments, they extended its facilities on a broad basis, throughout the summer colony. The control they kept in the hands of those who were paying the bills, being perfectly willing to let who would do so join them. (Anyone who wishes to confirm these statements need only go to Major McMurtry's well written brochure and a copy of the published club rules.)

The Bar Harbor Club, as the brochure shows, has been managed as a club of rich, shrewd business men would be managed, when its directors aim at a balanced budget and their money's worth of comfort. It has slowly but steadily retired its bonded debt, and has served to make Bar Harbor a more enjoyable place, even for those who grumbled at the scale on which it was run. The published facts about the club suggest that the same social spirit as that of the 1890's is still at work. And a little genealogical research into the connections and interconnections of the old families of the summer colony will show that both new blood and old blood share in the management.

Again, take the Kebo Valley Club and its adventures. Captain John J. O'Brien, of the Hudson Motor Company, recently published its history, to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary and its second rebuilding after fire. That history tells much the same story as in the case of the Swimming Club. Again and again those who loved the club made good its deficit. It was discovered, that, speaking in terms of economics, Bar Harbor could not support a public golf links. In 1916 there was a genuine attempt to start a public course, in which the management of the Kebo Valley Club heartily joined. George B. Dorr provided much of the needed land, from his purchase of the Harden farm. T. De

Witt Cuyler put up the funds, amply, and persuaded the Town of Eden—as it still was—to share in the investment, in order to keep the course public. But the venture did not succeed, and the Kebo Valley Club bought the land to make its second nine holes.

In all the account that Captain O'Brien has given, what stands out is that after every "down" of the club there has been an "up," because its members were so fond of it. It is an unusual sign of vitality to have funds raised by dedicating holes to former members and have all the holes endowed, including one hole dedicated to the manager, who has been made an honorary member.

The Yacht Club, or clubs, show another side of Bar Harbor's life. Here a meteorological phenonemon comes into the picture. Ever since the days when Benjamin Church came to one side of Mount Desert Island with his whaleboats, while Le Moyne d'Iberville and his frigates and Father Thury and his canoes came to the other, sailors have known that the two sides of the island favored different types of vessels. At what used to be called Mount Desert South Harbor, between the Cranberries and the main island, there was always enough wind and not too much, thus affording the type of conditions needed for open-boat sailing, whether whaleboats in 1690 or the A and B boats of the North East Harbor Fleet. To the north, in the roadstead of Mount Desert, as Cadillac truly pointed out, a whole fleet could lie as if in a box, and canoes could safely ply their way, whether with Father Thury and his Indians or with Robert Grant's young lady safely chaperoned by the tippiness of the craft into which her swain had put her. Off Bar Harbor winds have tended to be lighter, but the swell has come in from the mouth of the bay. Sailing there has demanded the qualities that length gives a vessel, of

higher speed and ability to keep moving when waves roll.

Consequently, for two reasons, one meteorological, one financial, Bar Harbor has favored large-size yachts. There was one period, of the Mount Desert Racing Association, when the Bar Harbor Thirties, a very sound type, as their subsequent owners realized, raced regularly. These were big enough to move through the water as did D'Iberville's frigates. Legend has it that the fleet broke up in a law suit, when an irate competitor discovered that the rules of the road for racing and the rules of the road under United States law were different, and that, in one set of circumstances, you could ram a man who was winning a race from you, and collect damages. Unfortunately, the source of this legend is no longer alive, and it can be set down only as an example of what good legends exist. Anyway, after 1913 the association died a lingering death, the Thirties were dispersed to serve as cruisers, and, finally, no one could be found to pay the annual corporation fees; the association was listed in the secretary of state's files as a "dead corporation."

In the late 1920's a new club arose. It hoped to have two boat classes, one for learners, one for the older and more expert sailors. The late Edsel Ford subsidized the design and construction of the very safe Mount Desert Island class for the smaller size. These, too, were good boats. In a light wind and no sail at all, they had surprising speed, and would then overhaul vessels of reputedly swifter and larger classes. But this happened about once every two years. Usually, since they had no overhang to speak of they just bobbed up and down safely, while other boats knifed ahead and left them far behind. And enough of the young sailors had enough money behind them so that when they were not interested in a docile learning period they either started out

with the S. class or moved into it quickly. Thus, when the depression came, the Yacht Club gave up its lease of the old Reading Room and the hopes of building up younger sailors by small boats was given up. The Yacht Club had a surprisingly successful life when it consisted of a few enthusiasts, some buoys for courses, and a rented mark boat.

This Yacht Club was an accidental casualty of World War II. Its officials went off to fight and forgot where they put the club's records. So it automatically expired. Then, aided by a town subsidy a new organization, humorously insisting that it was the Bar Harbor Yacht Club, Inc., was created; it took no responsibility for the loss of the records, and incurred no legal penalties for not making an annual report. This new club hopes it has found the answer to the meteorological-financial problem of yacht racing, with its new Luders class that is both safe in sea and has a long overhang to make it move, with ability to carry sufficient sail, and yet small enough for amateurs to sail—in short, a combination of the virtues of canoe and frigate.

Here again, present events show something typical of Bar Harbor throughout the years. Here a combination of wealth and weather has hampered small-boat sailing and the sporting pleasures of yachtsmen. Wealth and weather have brought the use of a type of boat that is too expensive to allow a big sailing group, and lack of that group has weakened racing. But twice the demand for yachting has come to the fore, in spite of these handicaps; Bar Harbor, not thought of as a sportsman's resort, still has a yacht club in full activity.

Each of these accounts seems to have the same moral: The Bar Harbor summer colony, as seen through its active institutions, has had true vitality, and keeps to this day the

special characteristics that were created in the 1880's and 1890's.

This whole account is a generalization of the story of the summer colony. It has avoided personalities, except where names are already in print. There is another story of the summer colony—indeed, several other stories—containing personalities whose rich flavor has made the summer colony what it is. That story can be obtained, or part of it can, from any summer resident who, not bound by the laws of libel, will talk “off the record.” Indeed, if it be assumed that there are about 19,500 living summer residents, of the present or the past, it may be assumed also that a researcher or team of researchers could in the course of time get about 19,500 different stories. All would have a flavor that can only be hinted at here. Perhaps some day, fifty years or so from now, one or two of them will be set down. And then future readers will know why it is that people have continued to buy land at Bar Harbor.

Recent Events

THE OLD Town of Eden, as its founders knew it, had in one sense come to the end of its life by 1890. There, as elsewhere, in a few years a change would take place that would alter Maine's nickname from "Pine Tree State" to "Vacationland." There were still loggers, but they would soon use portable power-saw mills. There were still farmers, but they would now be market gardeners rather than subsistence farmers growing their own food. There would be fishermen, but they would catch lobsters for the local markets, or for shipping in smacks to Portland or Boston. Foodstuffs would come in from outside and upset the town's economy, so that no longer would the typical resident of Eden be the logger-shipbuilder-farmer who had flourished up to the late 1850's, but a man engaged in some "service enterprise" connected with the resort business.

Naturally, there was lamentation for the passing of so attractive a type of person. Writers such as Charles W. Eliot in his *John Gilley*, and Edwin Day Sibley, in his *Stillman Gott*, pictured the "half farmer, half fisherman who lives in the towns along the shores in the neighborhood of Mount Desert . . . industrious, law-abiding, and patriotic, the three things which go to make the best citizen of the best country on God's green footstool." But while it was easy for an outsider to sit by and praise the real John Gilley and the fictional Stillman Gott for virtues that were rare because they fitted an age that was gone, those on the

spot had to recognize that a change had come, and had to do something about it. Thus, the task of the story of the past sixty years of Bar Harbor is telling how well it adapted itself to an altered world. It is worth noting that the democracy that the founders of Eden brought with them from Western Maine and Cape Cod flourished and developed further as the problems of these years were met.

Since 1890, much has stood the test of time, much has been added, and surprisingly little has been swept away. Since that year there have come to town the Hancock County Trustees of Public Reservations, the Acadia National Park, the Mount Desert Island Biological Laboratory, the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory, the Mount Desert Island Hospital, the Seacoast Mission, and Morrell Park. Into the town's life, and out again, have come and have gone the Otter Cliff Radio Station, the Cadillac Mountain Radar Station, the Building of Arts, the two steamships *Kronprinzessin Cecilie* and *Iroquois*. When the story of these has been told, most of the story of the past sixty years will have been told with it.

The outstanding new element in the town's life is the Acadia National Park, the creation—if it was the creation of one man—of George Bucknam Dorr. Whenever a crisis came in the fortunes of the mountains that became the park, it was he who saw to it that something was done. Consequently, to this day, the park reflects his personality.

A very unusual personality it was. He was a great scholar, in the old sense of the world, a true amateur lover of the classics. When past the age of eighty he read Homer, in the original, for pleasure, he inquired of his younger friends, to their embarrassment, which texts they preferred. He had a fund of that sort of available and illuminating knowledge that can be so impressive. In person he was impressive, too

—a tall, big man, with a striking, down-sweeping moustache. He had a gift for arousing friendship that verged on the remarkable. In the published letters of Franklin K. Lane can be found what that secretary of the interior wrote to a newly made acquaintance after meeting Mr. Dorr. It seems almost out of character that a member of Woodrow Wilson's cabinet, presumably a pretty hard-boiled practical politician, who had had ample experience in judging character when he was a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, should be so "bowled over." The friendships Dorr thus gained benefited not himself, but what was truly *his* park. (For example, that conquest of Secretary Lane meant a recommended budget of \$50,000 for the newly fledged park, when Mr. Dorr had planned to ask for \$10,000—in the hopes of getting \$4,000.)

Circumstances placed George Bucknam Dorr in a strategic position for founding the park to which he really gave his life. Son of a renowned hostess, and scion of an old Massachusetts family, he was already known to exactly the persons who could do the most for making the mountains into a park. A moneyed bachelor, he was free to give his full time to his plans. And, being himself, he could influence all he met.

But though George Bucknam Dorr was the man who made the park, he could not have done what he did, had he not had other human forces working with him, as well as great natural beauties to work for. The mobilization of these forces began when Parke Godwin, a New York reformer, with others, did some summer reforming by founding the Village Improvement Society. This was not the abortive movement begun by Joseph Woods in 1881 but a sturdier plant, that was the work of the summer colony. As such, the Village Improvement Society did what village

improvement societies do all over the country—vexed the town fathers until street lights were put in, and concrete sidewalks, and then turned around and complained of increased taxes. The Bar Harbor society also provided excellent public-health advice. Besides forming a useful taxpayers' opposition, the society set up a path committee, which to this day supervises the marking and clearing needed on the Bar Harbor side of the island. An outgrowth of that was the Bates, Rand, and Jacques path maps, continued also to this day on the basis of Professor Shaler's surveys. Another outgrowth was the painting of various colors on the Newport Mountain paths. Legend still dwells on what Herbert Jacques said the time he fell down just below the Bowl, with assorted paints girded about him. Dispute has risen as to how far his voice carried in objurgation, and for twenty years the paints were to be seen on the rocks. But Mr. Jacques persisted, and, thanks to him and to Rudolph E. Brunnow, the beauties of Newport-Champlain, in the park nomenclature, were made accessible. Mr. Brunnow even succeeded in combining safety with the thrills of mountaineering, with his skilfully designed "ladder path" or "precipice path," that allows one to cling to iron rungs and look out over impressive cliffs which have been neatly skirted in the ascent. This path work ended, in part, that Bar Harbor classic excuse couples sometimes gave for disappearing until dinner time, that they had been lost on Newport. A large body of walkers grew up, determined to keep the beauties of the hills, and acting in much the spirit in which a hunt club preserves trails and easy jumps in farming country. For the path committee, like the committees of hunt clubs, assumed, successfully, the right to enter upon other person's lands, in order to maintain its paths. Naturally, this was done with due courtesy,

but also with an implied feeling on everyone's part that it was a public service. Some owners used ceremoniously to close the paths on their lands once a year, on some one day, to prevent the creation of a public right of way, but they always chose a time when it would inconvenience no one.

With summer-colony public opinion of this sort tied to love of the mountains, there was support automatically in existence for any plan of preservation. Furthermore, there was a blueprint, which was appealed to by all as the basic policy to be followed for Mount Desert Island. In 1901 President Eliot of Harvard had given his Seal Harbor neighbors a pamphlet of good advice, *The Proper Development of Mount Desert Island*. This was a very able document; it consisted of statements of the obvious facts that the natural beauty of the island was a community asset and must be preserved for the financial good of the inhabitants. The statements were couched in clear, effective English, in a way that compelled attention. The prestige of a man of national authority was put behind any movement for conservation.

Doctor Eliot did not stop with words; he acted. His son, also Charles William Eliot, whom he adored, and whose ideas of landscape architecture he always loved to further, had in Massachusetts created a body of trustees of public reservations, to hold title to land that might be given for public use. President Eliot secured the incorporation, in Maine, of another such body, the Hancock County Trustees of Public Reservations. To this was then given the site of the Champlain monument at Seal Harbor—at a point Champlain may have twice seen, in 1604 and 1605, as he passed by the island, but where he certainly never set foot. After that the trustees slumbered, until Mrs. Charles Homans, in September, 1908, turned over to them the Bee-

hive and the Bowl, reserving to the Beehive Mountain Aqueduct Company its water rights.

Just at that time, as the Honorable John A. Peters has truly said, the portable sawmill created the Acadia National Park. As long as saws were water driven, or steam-engine driven, saw mills stayed on low ground, and it was uneconomical to cut wood on high hills. For that reason, the Bar Harbor Mountains, untouched by the fire of 1848 that had ravaged the Mount Desert side of the island, could be left in private hands without fear of cutting. But gasoline power saws could be taken higher up, and the last stands of good timber were on the mountains, whose beauty was the town's asset.

The news came to Mr. Dorr and George Stebbins of Seal Harbor of plans for purchasing land, at prices the owners could not resist. Here he showed his gift for quick fund raising. There are epic tales of purchases made by minutes—Mr. Dorr was never one to spoil a story—which preserved the lands on Cadillac. That having been done, Mr. Dorr became aware, by their use, of his unusual powers as a disinterested lobbyist. He had the brilliant idea of combining the protection of Bar Harbor's health, which was being investigated by Dr. Robert Abbe, and of its mountains. He went to Augusta and there got for the trustees of public reservations the power of eminent domain, so that they might condemn land and force its sale, when needed to protect the water supply of Eagle Lake.

Naturally, there was a reaction to this. Logging interests felt suspicion of a charitable corporation of the summer colony, with its local lawyers, which could condemn exactly the lands they needed. They counterattacked with the just suggestion that the trustees of public reservation were taking off the tax-collectors' books valuable sources of revenue,

and with another, not so just, suggestion, that the property of the trustees be made subject to taxation. Who were the men behind those logging interests does not matter; Mr. Dorr does not name them, but merely states that their existence was reported to him by long-distance telephone as "them fellers." Like an avenging angel, Mr. Dorr descended upon Augusta. There he borrowed the speaker's office for headquarters. With the force of a man who knew he was right, with the winning charm of a scholarly man of the world who loved Maine, he pitched in. While the admiring speaker looked on—and doubtless helped—it is the speaker who has told this tale—Mr. Dorr, in one evening's series of conferences, won the leaders of the legislature to his side. The proposal was quietly smothered in committee, and that was *that*.

However, it was plain to Mr. Dorr that the Hancock County trustees were at the mercy of their creator, the Maine legislature. This event made him fear that some day a pressure would come that even he could not withstand, and that the good work would be undone.

Promptly, with Woodrow Wilson's inauguration, Mr. Dorr went to Washington to learn the lay of the land. There he found a political situation ready to fit his needs. Maine was a debatable state. It had shown in the election of 1910 that "as goes Maine so goes the nation," by electing a Democratic legislature which in turn had elected a Democratic senator. As is well realized, states where elections are in doubt get preferences in the distribution of federal favors. So, when Mr. Dorr returned to Washington, a year later, he could rely on getting help for the simple proposal that the Federal government accept as a gift the lands he had had put together. Surely if a Democratic senator would not help him a Republican one would. Further-

more, behind Mr. Dorr was the Honorable John A. Peters of Ellsworth, now congressman from the third district, who wholeheartedly supported his aim of preserving the island's beauties.

To get the gift accepted, Mr. Dorr found, needed only executive action. Under the national monuments act, the President was authorized, to accept gifts, if the proper cabinet officer made the recommendation. The next task was to find the proper cabinet officer. The story of how this was done has been written down by Mr. Dorr in a privately printed book. In this he tells how he persuaded the Department of the Interior to help, how a feud between Interior and Agriculture blocked his way, and how, by meeting the right friend of Secretary of Agriculture Houston the block was melted away. And at long last President Wilson was persuaded to accept the *Sieur de Monts National Monument*, on July 27, 1916.

In the intervening time Mr. Dorr and his lawyer, Harry Lynam, had gone again over the land titles of the properties to be conveyed. Those land titles, now printed in part by the trustees of public reservation, tell the story of the town's life. Among them are deeds from the Green Mountain Carriage Road, the corporation whose property Frank H. Clergue had had dynamited, and which wound up as did some other local property-holding bodies, with George B. Dorr as sole stockholder. There was a deed from the estate of John S. Kennedy, implementing a whispered death-bed promise to his wife—"Remember . . . that I promised Mr. Dorr . . . to help him get that land." There was a tiny strip around the edge of Eagle Lake, condemned by the trustees under the powers they had secured to protect the local water supply. There was, back of these, the usual complexity of country land titles, which

has been a constant stumbling-block to those who try to put deeds in order to fit Department of Justice standards. Oral wills, undivided property passed on through varied subdivisions, unrecorded deeds, warranties given by men long dead, all complicated matters in tracing back title through woodsmen like Walter Dunton, Daniel Brewer, and John D. Gilmore to the Bingham estate and the De Grégoire grant, with its connection with the Bernard grant through the partition suit of 1788-94. Then, back of all that lay the original grant of Douaquet to Cadillac, and all the complexities of the ownership of Acadia. So fascinated was Mr. Dorr by the insight this gave into the island's history that he had republished, by a photographic process, the grant of Acadia to the Sieur de Monts, and thus justified the giving of that nobleman's name to the National Monument.

However, a national monument needed support, and the federal government was not inclined to pay out money. The sum of \$5,000 usually covered the costs of all national monuments. Now that in 1916 the National Park Service had been set up, under the Department of the Interior, there was a further chance to get funds. If a national monument could not get real support, why could not a national park? Certainly, the Maine delegation in congress—Senator Johnson was running for re-election in 1918—would be back of any plan for justifiable expenditures in Maine.

Here was a chance for Mr. Dorr's special abilities. He persuaded Secretary of the Interior Lane to come to visit him at Old Farm, and gave him the time of his life. Mr. Dorr could do this because he was a hospitable, old-fashioned gentleman, with no personal ax to grind. He delighted in having guests at Old Farm, and when he and Henry Lane Eno were finished with the secretary, Mr. Lane had had the

kind of relaxation at Sieur de Monts National Monument that he would wish others to have. After so pleasant a stay in the company of the best sort of person that was attracted to the beauties of the monument, he needed no urging to feel that the beauties he had enjoyed should be properly preserved for the nation. All Mr. Dorr had to do was to leave in his lap the question of naming a sum for which to ask congress, and to keep a straight face when Secretary Lane said \$50,000.

With that success behind him, Mr. Dorr's next task was to get his congressional friends to push a measure through in the 1918-1919 session. This was no easy task, with a President away in Europe and busy with world peace, and smarting under the political defeat that had taken from him and his party the control of congress, after March 4, 1919. But gladly the Maine delegation put the necessary bills in the legislative hopper. Shrewdly, Senator Hale tacked the name "Lafayette" to the park. And in a wave of Francophile feeling, similar to that which had ensured the granting of Douaquet to the De Grégoires, the Sieur de Monts National Monument became a national park, the first and only one which was given as a free gift to the federal government.

By its establishment it brought national parks east of the Mississippi, serving as an inspiration to those who founded the Great Smoky Mountains Park in 1930.

Now the National Park Service found on its hands a park that did not obey the rules. There had been some puzzling correspondence, during World War I, when "dollar-a-year rangers" of the Sieur de Monts Monument were asked to protect the coast against submarines. Now such puzzles were multiplied, for the Lafayette Park had at its head a "dollar-a-year" superintendent, who at the flick of

a hand could command his friends' wealth, and who was too broad-gauge a scholar to understand government routine. The national archives contain humorous reading, especially the official requests for budget estimates and Mr. Dorr's charming personal letters in reply. Somehow, matters were straightened out, although it was necessary to suggest to Mr. Dorr that the sum to be spent for incidental expenses was not a bookkeeping convenience to cover items that ought to have been included but had been forgotten. But to the park service the advantages of Mr. Dorr must have far outweighed the disadvantages. The national archives still has the letter of thrilled pleasure written on November 29, 1918 by Miss Mary E. Daly, in which she described the new world of beauty and pleasure to which Mr. Dorr had introduced her. What if some busybody found that Superintendent George B. Dorr of the Lafayette National Park had signed a contract with George B. Dorr, president of the Wild Gardens of Acadia, Inc.? That sort of thing could be arranged. What mattered was that the Lafayette National Park was making a great success. It had been publicized, when only a national monument, by an article in the *National Geographic Magazine*. It had at once attracted visitors, Miss Huldah Z. Kelley of 2115 Twenty-Fourth Avenue, North, Nashville, Tennessee, being the first to write in to ask permission to camp. The first year, if Mr. Dorr's figures were correct, by October 2, 1916, 15,361 automobiles and 101,255 persons had visited the monument.

What the Lafayette National Park needed was development. However, these were the days of postwar economy, and, furthermore, it was hard to persuade congress to vote money for what might look like a rich man's park, no matter what the attendance figures were.

Here private enterprise stepped into the breach. John D. Rockefeller, Junior, had loved horseback riding and driving, and had been displeased when the automobile came to the island in 1913. He wished to preserve, on special roads, what had been lost on the town roads, and expressed himself as willing to pay for roads for horses only, in the national park. Senator Fernald of Maine saw to it that the necessary arrangements were made, and roadbuilding was begun. One official prophetically suggested that a small amount of money for roads might save a great deal of money's worth of trees in a forest fire.

Naturally, such roadbuilding aroused opposition. The very group which had, as walkers, supported the national monument and the park, now as conservationists turned around and attacked the roads. Criticism of them rose to such a point, especially as a United States senator, Pepper of Pennsylvania, belonged to the North East Harbor summer colony, that on March 26, 1924, Senator Hale arranged for a hearing in the Interior Department, before Secretary Work. The Maine delegation in congress was enthusiastic for the road work, for Mr. Rockefeller had promised to put up the Cadillac Mountain Road for automobiles. Senator Pepper put the case for preserving the woods, and a compromise was reached. One road would be taken out of Mr. Rockefeller's program, the rest would go through.

For a new factor had come to Bar Harbor's life, the automobile tourist. As early as June 17, 1922, Arno B. Cammerer, assistant director of the park service had suggested an auto camp for the park. Two sites were chosen, one near Morell Park, one, later on, at Otter Cliffs. The results were most successful, winning the praise of the Vermont commissioner of forestry, Robert M. Ross. The Lafayette Park was proving itself of genuine service to

the nation, not merely as preserving a beauty spot but as making that beauty spot genuinely available to everyone.

Gradually the park grew. One temporary obstacle to growth was Mr. Dorr's decision to keep in the possession of the Trustees of Public Reservation any land where road-building was taking place, that he might have direct control, free from Washington and government regulations. Another reason was Mr. Rockefeller's desire not to remove from the tax rolls large areas of the Mount Desert Island towns, and thus throw a greater burden on others. But steadily the trustees transferred land, once it had been built upon. By intervention of Mr. Rockefeller, the Otter Cliffs radio station, which had sunk from being the chief means of communication with Europe to being a compass-direction station, was moved to Moose Island, at the end of Schoodic Point, Mr. Dorr seeing to it that part of that headland also came into the park. That gave the woods of Otter Cliffs to the safety of the park. It took a little courtesy to Congressman Cramton of Michigan to secure this, since the donors of Schoodic objected to the name "Lafayette." What could be easier—just change it to Acadia, and give Congressman Cramton a word-picture of the romance of early Acadia, to whet his enthusiasm.

Along with this addition came the gift from the Homans heirs, of their house at Oak Bluffs. The same legislation that changed the name of the park also accepted what Mr. Dorr calls its "guest house," what some who paid the Homans heirs thought would be a superintendent's house, and what has been known in the press as the "Ickes House."

Thereby hangs a Bar Harbor tale that should be recorded in print. It was the belief of some, who did not wish at the time to be quoted, that the raising of the money for the Homans house had implied a moral pledge that it would

be used only as a superintendent's residence, once Mr. Dorr had retired. There was a certain amount of consternation when Harold L. Ickes appeared there, and lived rent-free during what seemed a rather prolonged inspection trip of a minor park. During this inspection-vacation Mr. Ickes had the access to Anemone Cave blocked off and guarded by a park ranger, to ensure his privacy. As might be expected, correspondence ensued, between the late Richard W. Hale, of Schooner Head, and Mr. Ickes. The next year Benjamin V. Cohen and Thomas G. Corcoran, then at the height of their eminence as advisers to the President, also occupied the Homans house. Here there was no pretext that they were there on park business. Therefore, the Beehive Mountain Aqueduct Company, the private water company of Great Head, Oak Bluffs, and Schooner Head, which runs one of the few siphons in the world as a water supply, gleefully demanded that either Mr. Ickes or Mr. Corcoran pay the water bill in person, lest it be accused of embezzling government funds by accepting a park check. For some years the corporation carried on its books a bad debt which gave its directors immense pleasure, and a Hale-Ickes correspondence was carried on which was finally printed and sent to every congressman, the point at issue being the moral right of the secretary of the interior to have free lodging at government expense. Those who have read the correspondence in full will probably agree that the two antagonists had a good time writing, and covered quite a bit of ground. Finally, Mr. Ickes sent a personal check to pay the Corcoran water bill, thus removing a cause of secret delight, and the Homans house was declared renting quarters by the secretary of the interior for which Mr. Secretary Ickes, on his last visit, paid rent in due form.

The more recent history of the park is not directly that

of the town, but what the park has done has affected the town. It has provided services, naturalists' programs, fire watching, and the like, and it has preserved the beauties of the island; in both ways it has served the town. It has attracted a more varied summer population than that which came in the years of the cottage colony's first heyday, and has thus added new service enterprises such as over-night camps, and it has increased the importance of Bar Harbor as a shopping center. Thus, the work of George Bucknam Dorr, as is commemorated at Sieur de Monts Spring, preserved and enhanced the town's greatest asset.

Similar impulses, of other persons and groups, have led to the growth of other institutions of Bar Harbor. Take, for example, the Maine Seacoast Mission, the outgrowth of an inspired idea of a clergyman who surveyed the wealth of islands to be seen from the summit of Cadillac. Since it was founded in 1901, the Seacoast Mission has had three *Sunbeams*, becoming increasingly larger and has carried medical comfort to the islands, along with religious ministrations. Basically, the idea that makes the Seacoast Mission work is that there is a common denominator in Protestantism in Maine that allows co-operation, just as in 1796 it was possible to have the Baptists established in Eden, the Methodists in Mount Desert, and all go on smoothly enough. "God's tugboat," as it has been affectionately called, sails out of Bar Harbor to the islands, which have not been fortunate enough to be able to change their economy, as Bar Harbor has done, from fishing to tourists, and are thus stranded in economics, unable to keep up the life that was led in the 1850's, or to attract the missionaries of the trustees of the Eastern Mission or fledgling ministers such as those who served there in those days.

A similar joint effort is the Mount Desert Larger Parish,

which concerns chiefly the other side of the island, but now includes Salisbury Cove and Town Hill, which were respectively included in the services it gave in 1928 and 1927.

For fifty years the Mount Desert Island Hospital, originally the Bar Harbor Hospital, has given good service to the island and the nearby mainland. The Village of Bar Harbor had some hospitalization early. The census of 1880 found some children boarded out at maternity homes. As late as 1930 Dr. Carl Buck, doctor of public health, making a survey at the request of the Village Improvement Association, found six unlicensed maternity hospitals—which was natural enough, since the hospital could not, in the summer, add maternity cases to its usual load. But what has made the difference in the health showings found both by Dr. Buck in 1930 and Dr. Fremont Smith in 1916 has been the existence in the town of hospital facilities better than average. This has been a locally managed affair, for Bar Harbor's charities, like its businesses, are home-owned. The hospital has also been an organization that has enlisted the following of the island. When, in 1948, the hospital was faced with the need for raising over \$100,000 to meet its wants in a time of rising costs, it was able to get more than was asked for. Such a record speaks for itself.

The Mount Desert Island Biological Laboratory was originally the Harpswell Laboratory, when it also was founded in 1897. In 1917 the friends of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, wishing to erect a practical memorial of their affection for him, purchased the Benjamin Emery farm, near Leland's Cove, in the hope that a study of the marine life of Frenchman's Bay might be made there. In 1921 the Harpswell Laboratory, for internal management reasons, gave up its home on the west side of the Penobscot and moved to the shore of the deep water into which

Benjamin Emery had launched his schooners. There, ever since, research has been conducted in the summer time.

The biological laboratory must not be confused with what is the largest corporate employer of labor in Bar Harbor, the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory, which came to Bar Harbor a year later. That is the home of a series of strains of inbred mice and rats which are hereditarily susceptible to cancer. From research done on them, at Bar Harbor and in laboratories the world over to which these pedigreed animals are shipped, precision has come to the understanding of cancer. For with animals of known characteristics it is possible to determine how, though not yet why, cancer strikes.

The laboratory is at Bar Harbor for several reasons. Its founder, Roscoe B. Jackson, was a summer resident; its head, Dr. Clarence Cook Little, is a native of Maine. But, above all, Bar Harbor affords conditions for work that are far better than in most sites. The climate is such that year-round scientific research is possible. The hard rock base of the building makes it possible to mount microscopes without fear of any tremor shaking them out of their very delicate adjustment. The population of Maine, accustomed to hunting, make keen observers, whose record is high for accuracy in spotting significant small variations from the normal. In other words, those who conduct routine observations can be trusted to detect something unusual about a mouse or a microscopic slide and bring to it a researcher's attention. And absence from an urban site makes for quiet concentration on work. Thus, much the same sort of special quality of the town that attracted Thomas Cole and his friends has attracted scientists, too.

With growing interest in trotting races in Maine, Morell Park, next to the laboratory, has recently been revived. Of

it there is not yet enough information to allow a judgment, except to point out that in this case, as in others, there seems to be much vitality in the town's institutions. Here is something that so struck into the memories of the people of Bar Harbor that of their own initiative they revived what had been Edward Morell's cherished summer pleasure.

The business records point to similar conclusions about the Town's initiative. Bar Harbor owns itself to an unusual degree, for a town which has in it such wealthy outsiders. There are examples of summer residents owning important properties. William Pierson Hamilton's farms, the real-estate ownership of A. Atwater Kent, both are extensive. The late John S. Kennedy put large sums into revising the management of the Bar Harbor Water Company, just as Edward Morell put much money into paying for the race track. There are also examples of stores with outside ownership; one can go up and down Main Street and see signs that read "New York and Bar Harbor," "Palm Beach and Bar Harbor." At one time Jordan, Marsh and Company of Boston had a Bar Harbor branch.

But all this outside ownership has a tendency to pass. A survey of local business showed a remarkable degree of local ownership, from the two firms, Copp's hardware store and Hodkin's fish market, that are still held by the same families as in 1880, on through more recent establishments. Garages, the boating firms and companies—of whose varied adventures a Norse saga could be written—the construction firms, the offices of architects who maintain local addresses and keep in their attics the building plans of the 1880's, all show that same local vitality. Indeed, matters go further: Bar Harbor goes outside. The Bar Harbor Banking and Trust Company has a charter, whose terms have stood a test in court, which forbids non-resident ownership of

stock. However, in 1937, to celebrate its half century, the company was amalgamated with the Lubec Bank, so that money which in the summer is lent to further the resort industry moves fifty miles or so east and in the winter furthers the fishing industry. Likewise, it was the Bar Harbor and Union River Power Company that absorbed the Bangor Power Company, as far as corporate existence goes, to become the Union River Power and Light Company, and then the Bangor Hydro-Electric Company believed to be the only entirely hydro-electric power company in America, and in consequence a leader in the use of certain special devices to ensure constant current without having to rely upon emergency steam or other auxiliary power plants. Here, in two cases, Bar Harbor has gone out to secure control outside the town, rather than the other way around. In business, the town has a record of good Maine independence.

Not every venture in Bar Harbor has succeeded. There was, for example, the Building of Arts. It started off with a fanfare, in 1907. Supported by George B. Dorr, Henry Lane Eno, George W. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Henry F. Dimmock, and Mrs. Robert Abbe, it was to be "in this country the first conspicuous effort to crystalize the diverse elements that form the summer colony into a real society, having as its objective the highest esthetic and intellectual stimulation . . . not only to encourage liberally the arts but to contribute to self-education and the helpful mingling of city and village life." So wrote Owen Johnson, in the *Century*. Some of this high aim was accomplished. Recitals were held, the Boston Symphony Orchestra often sent players for the summer, and unusual theatricals were given. But somehow the mortgage always ate up and ate up the money that should have gone to improvements in the program

or the building, and when the Great Fire of 1947 swept the building away, few tears were shed.

In this, there is seen a marked contrast to the Abbe Museum and the Jesup Library. These were not founded with the same fanfare, but succeeded in the aims outlined by Johnson. The Abbe Museum, the fruit of Dr. Robert Abbe's interest in the Algonquin Indian which came to him toward the end of his life, had the financial misfortune to be endowed in 1929, with what seemed to be ample funds in the existing state of the stock market. After a classical rotunda for exhibits had been built next to the Sieur de Monts Spring, the financial crash came, and it was found that there was not quite so much to go round. But a local board of trustees has secured enough funds to allow a series of excavations and the publication of a series of monographs which tell the tale of the Indians who built the shell heaps in the Frenchman's Bay area.

As for the Jesup Library, it is the outgrowth of the library founded in 1875 by summer visitors who left their books for winter use, and clubbed together to get the services of a part-time librarian. In 1905 a building was put up, and endowed, and after the death of Mr. Morris K. Jesup, named for him by his widow, the principal donor.

It has since then gone on, under the control of a board of summer and winter residents, to be more than just a local public library. Its exhibition rooms have for many years afforded opportunities for artists and for collectors to have very varied shows. It houses the Bar Harbor historical collection, from which have come many of the photographs that illustrate this book. It exists because it is possible to raise the money needed, over and above its endowment, for keeping it going. Thus, from Professor James Bradley

Thayer of Harvard, who guided its fortunes in 1875, to such present-day board members as Mary Roberts Rinehart, and without any pomposity about it, in the library there has been a "mingling of city and village life," to mutual benefit.

So much for those institutions which have come to the town since 1890, and help to make up its life. There have also been accidental events which have added color to the history of the town. One such was the arrival, in August, 1914, of the German steamship, *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*. She sailed for Europe while peace still prevailed, but war was imminent. When she was halfway across the Atlantic, her captain was ordered by wireless to open an envelope marked "Siegfried." The Baker's Island lighthouse keeper, at dawn two days later, saw a sight he was never to forget—a liner's bow emerging, at unsafe speed, from a bank of fog. A summer resident of Bar Harbor, on board the vessel, woke up to find her own cottage opposite her porthole, when she expected to see Bremen harbor. And the United States Supreme Court had to decide whether turning a ship around in time of peace was a violation of an agreement to deliver freight.

Another story of Bar Harbor in World War I was that of the experimental radio station that Alessandro Fabbri set up, on a tower at Otter Cliffs. When war broke out, he was able to din into the minds of those in Washington the fact that he had achieved what no one else in America had, a guaranteed twenty-four hour contact with European radio stations. The navy took over his station, enlarged it, made use of his radio compass, built a transmitter at Seawall which was handled by remote control, set up direct wires to Washington, and conducted most of its European traffic with the benefit of the radio reflection of the Mount

Desert hills. So states the historical record that was filed away, and so indicates also the citation on the Navy Cross given to Lieutenant Fabbri, U.S.N.R. With the improvement of technical knowledge, the importance of Otter Creek diminished. From having over 100 officers and men on duty, the station sank to being one of many radio-compass stations, until the "Rockefeller interests," as the navy records stated, procured the moving of the compass across Frenchman's Bay to Schoodic.

It was in 1936 that the cruise steamer *Iroquois* climbed onto the north shore of "Wheeler's," "Fremont's," or Round Porcupine. Naturally, local legend is more explicit in telling why she went ashore than are the official records of the investigation. She was pulled off, by seamanship on the part of the Coast Guard cutter that knew the trick of stopping the *Iroquois'* propellers, which were dragging her deeper into the water, and yanking her off as her stern rose. But she stayed on shore long enough to figure in many a snapshot collection, and to point a moral by her presence, that the steamer trade could still bring money into town.

When World War II began, the topographical position of Bar Harbor brought to it a small naval and Coast Guard base. Green Mountain, or Cadillac, was a natural point at which to establish a radar station. The Reading Room afforded easily "winterized" quarters for navy personnel. The airport gave a jumping-off place for a detachment of the Civil Air Patrol which Captain Morison selected as exemplifying the good work of that organization. Locally, it is felt somehow significant that German spies landed the day after the Cadillac radar station was discontinued, and much speculation is heard as to what that connection was, whether a mistake or a deep-laid plan to entice the spies into a trap. As in the days of Church and D'Iberville, once

again Frenchman's Bay became a minor staging area because of its position.

All these events and occurrences may seem disconnected, yet, when looked at together with the highlights of the town's administrative history, they show what has happened in the past sixty years. In those years population has remained stationary, as if the town reached its "optimum" size. So seems to think Mr. Bartholemew, the town-planner, who made a survey in 1948. During those years of living up to its capacities—which is what being of "optimum" size seems to mean—the town has seen perhaps five important administrative events. These are, in order, the seven-man-selectman-town-manager experiment; the school union district, first with Hancock, then with Trenton; the taking over of the bridge by the county; the change in name from "Eden" to "Bar Harbor," and the setting aside of a park area, paid for with bonds, at the wharf. Each of them was an attempt to meet changing conditions.

In 1915 somebody had a bright idea, and, legally enough, increased the size of the board of selectmen from three to seven, at the March meeting. On that board were put two men who were legally residents of Maine but in fact members of the summer colony, George B. Dorr and Ernesto Fabbri. The board promptly hired Harry S. McFarland as "town manager," without any vote in town meeting authorizing the appointment. The hope was that he would run the details of town administration, and that the selectmen, including two representatives of the large taxpayers who were not voters, would be the policy-making body. But the experiment did not work. McFarland resigned to go to California, but stayed in town long enough to be defeated as a candidate for a diminished board. The seven-man board, without a manager, was kept on for some time, but without

success. "Summer colony" representation was ineffective, since it was hard for Messrs. Dorr and Fabbri to be in the selectmen's office long enough to be properly in touch. And in due course the town cut down the number of selectmen, so that only genuine residents belonged to the board.

The change in the town's name was another matter. It was becoming more and more of a nuisance to have a nationally known village, Bar Harbor, go under another name, in legal use. Naturally, the voters of Eden did not want to change their century-old name, but the force of events finally secured, in 1917, the enactment of permissive legislation, allowing the town to change its name if it wanted to. And in 1918 it so chose, recognizing thus how its life had changed, too.

In 1917 Hancock County finally took up the powers it had had since 1836, of taking over the Mount Desert bridge. The arrangement of 1836 was naturally remade, conditions of 1836 no longer prevailed in 1917. It was necessary to issue bonds to pay for a modern bridge, that would carry auto traffic, and to set up a Mount Desert bridge district, to pay off those bonds. The bonds were floated, the bridge was built, it was ceremoniously opened, a movie film of it is still held in town, and in due course of time the bond issue was paid off. Now the Town of Bar Harbor has in its safe the canceled stubs of the bonds, and sees going through its streets the tourist who has come by motor.

In 1913 the Towns of Eden and Hancock formed a permissive school union, which union was renewed for a second three-year term in 1916. Then, in 1918, the school union act of 1917 caused the joining of Bar Harbor and Trenton into Union Number 97. Behind those simple statements are the stories of two changes in the town, as well as of the change in its name.

The first change is one of transportation. Eden and Hancock, when Mount Desert ferry was the terminus of daily steamer trips, were closely connected. Bar Harbor and Trenton, once the motor-car had come in and the Narrows bridge had been made toll free, were brought closer, by 1918, whereas World War I, as had the Civil War, had taken steamers away from Frenchman's Bay, and had started the long decline of steamer transportation in favor of the automobile.

More important, the formation of the school union marked a climax in a long evolution. The typical school of Eden's sixteen school districts of 1796 was a one-room house which saw a teacher perhaps one month a year. By 1865, the consolidation of districts had begun, with teachers for all the year round. By 1870, a private school existed, going beyond the 3 R's, and an experiment had reached the country districts of Hancock County, the idea of the high school. Eden tried it in 1878 and liked it. Although in 1879 State aid was cut off, as an economy move, the town continued to vote the money for enough more teachers to give education to those whose families wanted them to go on. After experiments with a "free high school" at Salisbury Cove, a recalcitrant chairman of the school committee was outflanked by an appeal to Augusta, and from 1891 on Bar Harbor village saw a high school, its first building being the present Masonic Hall. Summer visitors admired the spirit shown, and gave scholarship money to help boys and girls to go to college; among such was the annually awarded Jesup Fund. Finally, for administrative convenience, education spread outside of the town, with the formation of the union as related above.

More and more tourists kept on coming by auto. In 1930 the Maine Central ran its last trains to Mount Desert

ferry, whose pier was then turned over to the Standard Oil Company for use as a tanker dock, so that today oil trucks from as far off as Fort Fairfield fill up where the Bar Harbor Express Pullmans used to discharge their passengers. In 1934 the Eastern Steamship line, the lineal successor of Captain Deering's *Lewiston*, gave up its Frenchman's Bay runs. That took out of the picture any organization interested in keeping the waterfront in proper shape. The results were inevitable, and the citizens of the town, after thinking the matter over, came to the conclusion that it was worth a bond issue to get the sore spot cleaned up. So another bond issue was made, and the town was made more attractive, thus going back, in a sense, to the outlook that had been so charming when Tobias Roberts opened his Agamont House and Alpheus Hardy built his cottage, both overlooking the site of the new park.

It was said, just above, that the citizens thought the matter over. In fact, that was how every one of the successful actions mentioned in this chapter was handled, except for the founding of the two laboratories. Most of what is done in Bar Harbor is a community effort. The methods are not those of 1796, but the spirit seems to be the same. If something has to be done, people get together and do it. Just how successful they have been cannot be said. Enough time has not passed to allow judgment. But it can be said that the record of recent years proves that the old democratic town way of doing things still flourishes.

The Great Fire, and After

IN OCTOBER, 1947, the Town of Bar Harbor was suddenly faced with a test, to prove whether its methods of community action were sufficient to meet the emergency of the Great Fire. What happened then has, most certainly, a place in the town history. However, this account should be prefaced with a few words of explanation. There is no need of repeating details, vital as those details were to people at the time. What is here told is how the community as a whole reacted to the call of the emergency. Furthermore, as this account is written with a hope for its reading in the distant future, it concerns itself with the reasons for the things that happened, and for what was done afterwards, and especially with the background of forest-fire fighting in Maine as a community problem.

Unfortunately, forest fires are nothing new in Maine. Every summer, from one cause or another, a fire breaks out. All hands turn out to fight it. Therefore, from July on, in front of the Bar Harbor firehouse hangs a placard, telling the degree of fire danger. This custom was suspended during World War II, as giving out information that might aid the enemy, but it was promptly resumed in 1945, after VE Day. During the period of danger, the needle-covered forest ground, and the dry grass in the fields, can become tinder. Only one thing can bring this period of danger to an end, and that is rain, drenching rain. Fools can be stopped, sometimes, from throwing lighted cigarettes away

indiscriminately. The rare lunatic who sets fires intentionally can sometimes be caught and sent to an asylum, although he is far rarer a bird than excited people think. But nothing can stop acts of God. Lightning can strike a tree. A wind can fell a tree across a high-tension line; that was what caused the Richmond fire of October, 1947. Far more often than people realize, a discarded bottle, acting as a burning lens in the sun, can kindle a little blaze that a brisk wind can spread into roaring flames in a matter of minutes. Chief Forest Warden Barnes of Hancock County estimates that for each cigarette fire there are fifty bottle fires. (The author, when given, on a hot August day, this—to him—unusual piece of information, within ten minutes picked up in the woods two bottles almost too hot to handle.) And once a fire has started, under these conditions, it will spread and spread. The fir and pine needles on the ground seem to suck it in, the roots of trees and peat bogs can carry it underground, the prevailing southwest wind fans it and blows embers from tree top to tree top, over firefighters' heads. When such a fire really gets going, it is extraordinarily hard to stop it from in front, except by making a stand at some open clearing, or perhaps creating a clearing by making a "backfire" or plowing a field. These facts are part of the knowledge of the people of Maine, and have been, even before the great fires of 1762 swept across what was then the District of Maine.

Since Maine people know all this, they have worked out a set of customs to solve the problems of their forest fires. Firefighting is a civic duty incumbent on the whole available population. If one sees a fire, and has spare time, one fights it without being asked, or without asking for any but the most general directions. Firefighting pay may be given under the law, but is low—for there have been those who

did not work too hard at putting out a fire when doing so would take money out of their pockets, and stories float about New England communities of fires not so much set as allowed to continue. On the other hand, when fires are fought, prudence is used. There is a willingness to let a fire burn until it comes to a spot where it can easily be stopped, that to a city-bred person may seem callous neglect of property. But any one who has spent an hour or so in front of even a small forest fire that is being urged on by a capricious wind knows why this is done. It is foolish to waste scanty man-power in useless effort, and then see the fire get past what should have been a barrier. The strategy of fighting a forest fire is to fight it where it is at a disadvantage, not where you are at a disadvantage.

The usual equipment—and scanty enough it seems—is brushes, axes, and shovels. By the use of such hand tools a fire that is not moving rapidly can be hemmed in and beaten out. Here the whole community must do the work. Active boys can do things, and will find more incentive in fire-fighting pay, which their elders cannot do. Men with past experience, cannot, perhaps, carry equipment on the run and then use it, but they can give directions and use the tools that others bring. As for the women, there is, with a long-drawn-out fire, plenty of work in feeding the fire-fighters. The Hancock County Red Cross has an excellent mobile canteen that unfortunately finds only too much to do every summer.

Not only with the canteen, but in others ways, Bar Harbor is fortunate. Compared with other Maine towns of the same population, it has more fire engines and also more available water. Not only does the gravity-fed Eagle Lake system give all the hydrants in the village all the water that they can pour out, there are many water holes all over the

area of the town. That area, comparatively, is more cut up by roads than is true of most wooded towns. Therefore, ever since, in 1882, the town's first fire engine, pumping from the Otter Creek road, stopped the fire that was raging over Strawberry Hill and saved the woods of Newport Mountain, Bar Harbor has relied, whenever possible, on water rather than on hand tools, to stop fires. A hose line, if one can get it to the fire, will allow three men to do the work of forty with brushes and axes and picks and shovels, and will allow those three to do the same work better.

This strategy of firefighting has high sanction. In May, 1947, the National Park Service conducted a firefighting school in Acadia Park. It was attended by the staff of the Bar Harbor fire department. Experienced firefighters, used to conditions in areas such as the Yellowstone Park, explained, in discussions of local problems, just how to use hand tools. But as the discussion wore on, and as they learned more of local conditions, they reversed their opinion and agreed that at Bar Harbor reliance should be placed on water and on engines, whenever possible, as affording far more logical methods to use.

This, then, was the situation in October, 1947. All the town—or by far the largest portion of the population—knew from past experience how to fight ordinary forest fires. They knew that those on the spot should rally when the whistle blew the signal to announce a fire in that district. They knew that when things were really bad there were two calls to listen for, the chief's call for assistance by all hands, and the evacuation signal to take persons and property out of an area that was threatened. And if they read the papers, or looked at the placard on the firehouse—or even if they laid their hands on the ground—they knew that the woods were in the “fifth degree of danger.” As for

the fire department, it had consulted with the highest authorities in the nation on methods, and had worked out with them the methods to use in case of a fire. They had had also, in the Hull's Cove fire in August, a dress rehearsal, which had given department, volunteers, and canteen workers experience once more. Yet, in those months of September and October, 1947, when no rain fell and the period of danger extended longer and longer, there was, almost miraculously, no fire, up to October 17.

Here the fire record book brings out a fact not generally realized. In the days from October 16 to October 21, the outbreak of the Great Fire, two other fires were discovered and put out. Both originated within one hundred yards of the spot where the Great Fire broke out. Each was near but *not* at "Dolliver's Dump." One was a fire caused by hunters that broke out on the south side of the "Crooked Road" in the morning of October 16. It was put out before more than an acre had caught fire, because it had been reported promptly and because, by good fortune, there was a ditch full of water near by which was not exhausted by pumping until the fire had been brought under control. Had this fire not been stopped, it would have raged, under the pressure of the north wind then blowing, past Town Hill to Somesville. Then the whole island might have gone.

The second fire broke out next day on "the Heath"—that is, on the grassy meadows where North East Creek meanders between the Crooked Road and the village of Salisbury Cove. The cause of this fire is unknown, whether it was brought about by cranberry pickers, hunters, or the focusing of the sun's rays through the windshield of an abandoned car. The spot in which it started is known with certainty; it was *outside* Dolliver's Dump, where throughout all the period of fire there were paper and other com-

bustibles. The fire began forty feet outside what was then the edge of the dump, near one or two abandoned automobiles, which have since been buried in other refuse. It swept northeast, the wind now being from the southwest. Fortunately, a passing motorist reported it promptly. The engine sent out emptied its tank to localize the blaze, hurried to the nearest telephone, at Jim Shea's farm at the corner of the Crooked Road and the Norway Drive, there to telephone for aid and refill and return to fight again. For a moment the fire seemed to have gotten out of control, because no engine could proceed on the soft ground of the heath, and conditions were such that the use of hand tools was impossible. Fortunately, a wood road ran from the corner of Norway Drive and the Crooked Road to the bluff over the heath and the creek. Road Surveyor Leslie Hamor—"crossing his fingers," as the narrator described it—drove a truck with a portable pump and hose, through the blazing woods to the creek. An active young crew rushed the hose to the top of the bluff, and just caught the fire as it was crossing the crest of the bluff. The fire was checked twenty yards from the crest, with no other place where it could have been stopped, in that wind, short of Salisbury Cove. The fire, having been checked, was then ringed with hose, from which ring lines were pushed in towards the center of the fire, and the hundred acres of burning ground were put under control. This fire was carefully watched; at one point a boat carrying a pump was rowed up and down North East Creek, as a precaution. Finally, after a weekend's hard work supervised by Chief Sleeper, the fire area was sufficiently damped down so that it was considered safe to stop the pumping and let the water out of the hose. The hose and the pump were still left in position, however, because the fire was technically not out, there being a mass

of peat in the heath still smoldering. Never less than six men were on duty here, as pay records show.

On the morning of Tuesday, October 21, at 6 a.m., a new shift of men was brought out by Chief Sleeper, who drove his car down the wood road used by Road Surveyer Hamor, to the edge of a meadow. He then superintended the refilling of the hose, as a precaution considered wise, since the wind had begun to blow up from the north. At this time there was, naturally, no fire at or near the hose line. While doing this Chief Sleeper sent two volunteer workers through the woods between the hose and the Crooked Road. One came back suddenly, to report a "spot fire" outside the hose line. Sleeper ran a quarter of a mile to his car, drove another quarter of a mile to Jim Shea's farm, and sent for help. A strong northwest wind was blowing, and the situation was already critical. This was the start of the Great Fire, the third fire in one locality.

Naturally, not until long afterwards did Chief Sleeper bother himself about the ascertainment of exact causes. He had enough else to do. Equally naturally, confusion automatically arose from the fact that the fire was reported as starting *near* Dolliver's Dump, and a belief sprang up that it had started *at* or *in* Dolliver's Dump. This was clearly not so. The author has walked over the ground in question, with the burnt ground still showing black, and has seen an untouched belt of pine trees between the place in which the spot fire was seen and Dolliver's Dump. He has gone over the line where the hose lay around the heath fire, and has measured eighty-seven paces from the nearest part of the hose line to that same spot. Those eighty-seven paces go over a slight elevation where it would be difficult for fire to go underground and stay concealed. All possible witnesses have been questioned by the fire department, and

none remembers seeing embers flying from the peat they had come to watch; in fact, this peat smoldered quietly along, without any eruption of sparks, during the whole of the Great Fire. What was the cause of the third, and great, fire cannot be told. All that is certain is that it had no connection with either of the first two.

From the midmorning of Tuesday, October 21, the Bar Harbor fire was loose, to do damage wherever the winds drove it. From then on, until Saturday, October 25, it might be described as thoroughly out of control. Even "if 'ifs' and 'ans' had been pots and pans," it could not have been stopped under the conditions then prevailing, after it had gone on for a few hours. For a while it stayed to the west of Norway Drive, and there was hope that it might be held there and kept in the much burnt-over area of low pines and firs between the Crooked Road and the Eagle Lake Road. But means of control hardly existed. It took three engines to relay the water from the ditch at the Shea farm to the fire roaring ahead, and soon that ditch was exhausted and a fourth engine was needed, to take water from a hole still further away. The fire was moving away from all supplies of water, as fast as hose could be laid and engines pressed into service. Then one flying ember caught the Hugh Kelley barn, to the east of the Norway Drive, and it burst into flames, spreading the fire across the last line of defense between that point and Eagle Lake. For in that wind a backfire would have spread as fast as the original fire, besides trapping the workers who were trying to slow the fire down in its progress through the woods.

By this time, assistance was coming, in the form of engines from off the island, from Camden, Bucksport, Brewer, and Ellsworth, and a firefighting crew from the army air base at Dow Field. Likewise, a spotting plane came

from Dow Field, only to find, soon, that there was so much smoke that no useful observations could be made from the air. As the fire spread, other towns sent apparatus.

All that could be done then was to move to Eagle Lake Road, and prepare to catch the fire as it rolled over McFarland's Mountain. That was where, on Wednesday, October 22, another attempt was made to stop the fire. The attempt was partly successful, but a tongue of flame ran unexpectedly out to the west, crossed onto Sargent's Mountain near Aunt Betty's Pond, and thus transformed the Bar Harbor fire into the Mount Desert Island fire. Here previously laid plans were put into effect, and the Acadia National Park authorities took over. Meanwhile, the Mount Desert fire department took responsibility for any shift to the west, and in subsequent days prepared a firebreak.

At this point, a firefighter's history would recount what happened on all three fronts. But for the town history of Bar Harbor all that need be done is to record enough to outline the course of the fire as a whole. What happened was that the wind shifted steadily in such a way as to put much of the brunt of the firefighting on Bar Harbor's sector. The wind never let the fire test the preparations that Mount Desert made. It also blew away from Sargent's Mountain long enough to allow the trained park service firefighters, flown in from all over the East—from as far away as Florida and the Great Smokies—to check the fire and hold it within bounds. On Wednesday, as the northwest wind shifted to the west and south, pressure was on the Bar Harbor fire department, since the fire threatened to move eastward, along Eagle Lake Road, to the village of Bar Harbor. There was never a chance of making a stand at the narrow, winding Breakneck Road which connects Eagle Lake and Hull's Cove. All that could be done was to narrow down the fire

front when it was close to the Eagle Lake pumping station.

It should be remembered that as the fire moved ahead it left behind smoldering trees, roots deeply burnt, and little spot fires which might break out in any direction. Consequently, as the fire moved on, more and more manpower had to be thrown into the work of cleaning up. More and more of the population of Bar Harbor found itself on the fire-lines in one way or another, and a greater and greater strain was being put on the community's resources. It was then that the possibility of having to evacuate Bar Harbor was first considered. No firefighting in the town would be successful, no matter how ample the water supply, unless the firefighters' full attention could be given to their jobs, and they could know that all who were unable to take care of themselves were out of the danger zone. All others were actively engaged in the battle.

Though these matters were discussed by Chief Sleeper and his cabinet of advisers, there was found no need for putting the plan of evacuation into effect. For the capricious wind swung further into the south, and swung the fire up the Breakneck to Hull's Cove.

By Thursday morning the wind was coming in great gusts and rising. Sparks flew ahead of the fire itself, so that the front of the fire was actually a series of spreading pools of fire on the ground and of torches of fire in trees. Up to this point, the fire had been purely a forest fire, and a remarkable number of houses had been saved, because in open fields it was possible to make a stand, and by drawing water from the house supply to fight the fire more effectively. But by noon, Thursday, the village of Hull's Cove was in danger. The advance sparks of the fire fell on the Thayer house, near the De Grégoire cellar, and on the old Hamor house, of the shipbuilding Hamors, that brick

house which legend likes to give to the De Grégoires. It seemed certain, so hard was the wind blowing, that the open fields of the village would go, and that the fire would destroy the woods to the north of Hull's Cove and the houses in them, including that of the Honorable Sumner Welles and the Pot and Kettle Club. So far, in two days, the fire had moved about six or seven miles and had returned to a point about two miles and a half from where it started.

Then, at three on the afternoon of Thursday, October 23, Bar Harbor suffered from a freak of nature. For a moment, just as sparks were beginning to cross the shore road at Hull's Cove, the wind dropped completely. Then, with a roar, it swung into the north, and the fire leaped forward "as if from a thousand blow-torches." Those are words used by an eyewitness. The velocity of the wind has been variously estimated, at from sixty to sixty-five miles an hour. Perhaps it was higher and attained the true hurricane force of seventy-five miles an hour, since a velocity of seventy-four miles an hour was logged by the anemometer of the United States Coast Guard Cutter *Laurel*, off Rockland at that time. Of the force of the wind there can be no doubt; it blew over a lattice iron-work bench at Porcupine House.

This terrible blast caught up the front of the fire that was reaching Hull's Cove, and threw it back, saving all but the houses the advance guard of sparks had ignited. It also picked up the flames all through the woods, and threw them southeasterly and then southerly. Even before the flames shot over from Hull's Cove to Bar Harbor, flames from the Breakneck came over Great Hill and tore up Cadillac and over to the Kebo Valley Golf Club, from there striking down the east side of Cadillac to Sieur de Monts Springs, and eventually over to the Jackson Lab-

oratory, then beautifully surrounded by woods. Eventually, the fire blew out to sea at Schooner Head and Great Head, where houses were still flaming as the *Laurel* steamed into Bar Harbor about eleven-thirty that night. The speed with which the fire moved during the hours of "the Big Blow" was amazing. From three p.m. at the Breakneck, to six p.m. when it struck the Beehive, it traveled between five and six miles—that is, nearly as far as it had gone in the two previous days.

At this point it suddenly and grimly became clear what had to be done. The evacuation call was blown, and the Dow Field personnel did a splendid job of getting out of Bar Harbor all hands who were not actively firefighting. Only one person was left behind, an aged man under mental treatment who three times returned to his house and twice was taken out, only to slip away from those in charge of him. These evacuees were sent out by the only available road, through Sieur de Monts Tarn, until that was closed, and then halted at the obvious point at which to rally, the open athletic field.

Now, with the unexpected alteration in the wind and the terrible intensity to which it had risen, all firefighting plans had to be changed. Fortunately, all authority had been centralized from the beginning. There was none of that diversity of effort that in western Maine hampered some action. Though sectors had been handed over to park and town, and the firebreak to Mount Desert, within the sectors there was real unity of command. At Bar Harbor Chief Sleeper rapidly selected those points where a stand could be made. The retreating Bar Harbor trucks quenched sparks on the shore side of Eden Street, and probably preserved many houses from Hull's Cove almost to the town, by so staying to the last moment to put out spot

fires. Many of those who had hurried to abandon their homes in a shower of sparks expected never to see again anything but charred ruins, and were amazed to find their houses still standing when they came back to the island. The station at the corner of Eddy's Brook, where the "Guzzle" and the De Gregoire Hotel faced each other, went to Camden and Surry. To Bucksport went the corner where Eden Street and the Eagle Lake Road meet with Mount Desert Street and Kebo Street. If a stand could be made anywhere it was there, where there was a plentiful supply of water from hydrants. At that corner, thanks to the inspiration of Chief Payson of Camden, who sent men forward under wetted-down blankets, it was possible to maintain streams of water at the very point of the fire. Naturally, it was impossible to save the three great hotels, the De Gregoire at West Street and Eden, the Belmont at Mount Desert and Kebo, and the Malvern on Kebo Street. Once anything caught, it went. But what was wetted down could be saved, and by intense effort—these words are gross understatement—the fire was held out of town.

But only at the edge of town, where the side of the fire could be eaten into by heroic men working with an ample supply of water, could that fierce fire be fought. Isolated cases existed of wetted-down white houses, in dips in the ground, where the fire did not catch. One brick and slate house, Callendar House on the Schooner Head Road, was saved by its fire-resisting construction. Three of the five buildings at Great Head, all wetted down before the fire reached there, were saved. All else in the fire's path went. As all the world knows, it was impossible to save the Jackson Laboratory. Its walls stood, its files remained untouched in fireproof cases. But its precious store of 100,000 mice for experimentation, one of the world's chief weapons in

the fight against cancer, were roasted to death, save for a mere thousand who were found to be sterile and incapable of passing on their hereditary traits.

It was about this time that there descended upon Bar Harbor a swarm of newspaper correspondents, who came by plane and train and car and even destroyer. They arrived at perhaps the worst moment for getting information. Those who knew what had happened were dog-tired, and too busy to talk. Only the uninformed had time to spare. Furthermore, there was no reason to believe that the Bar Harbor fire department had achieved the miracle of saving the bay-side houses. There was further complication in the fact that a store of dynamite, known to be at How Park, blew up at the height of the fire's fury, thus starting a legend that houses were being dynamited to save the town, though, in fact, using dynamite in such a gale would merely have spread the fire. Last of all, no one knew how far the flames had spread, and whether the national park sector, which was guarding Seal Harbor and Northeast, could do as it did, and stop the fire there. Naturally, the reporters, anxious to meet a deadline, sent back word that all the bay-side houses had gone, that Northeast was about to go, and the fire was so deep into the town that it was doubtful that even dynamite could save it. From the evidence at hand, such was a legitimate inference, and, if not true then, would be true when the papers went to press. The dispatches as filed seem to have been good reporting, affording bases for the scarehead headlines that spread all over the country, far beyond New England, until even the *Paris Figaro* put on its front page an account of the fire: "La ville de Bar-Harbor est à demi détruite." As for the cause, all that one could say—Chief Sleeper not being available for anything but the duties of command—was that the

fire had started at or near Dolliver's dump, from unknown causes, and they did not know whether or not it had been set. Properly twisted, that was the basis of *Le Figaro's* front-page statement in Paris that the city of Bar Harbor had been almost destroyed by fires set by the peasants of Maine in protest against the existence of the great landed estates.

This set of scareheads has not been Bar Harbor's greatest public relations asset. Almost equally unjustified, in another way, has been another legend, the story of a water rescue as "an American Dunkirk." The facts of the case are these: At least three sorts of requests were made for help from the sea in evacuating the town. One, before the fire turned and the hurricane-force wind drove it in a reverse direction, was made by a private individual who telephoned from the police station to the First Naval District in Boston. Another, the moment the wind turned, was made by collaboration between the police department and the coast guard at Southwest Harbor. A third was made by telephone officials and others calling fishing corporations and private owners of boats in the neighborhood of Mount Desert Island immediately after the police department request. The appeals were promptly and generously answered. The Coast Guard Cutter *Bibb*, already famous for mid-Atlantic rescues, and the destroyer *Powell*, fortunately stationed at Portland, set out for Bar Harbor as fast as the wind would let them go, the *Powell*, for instance being able to steam at only twenty knots. Other vessels, such as the cutter *Laurel*, followed as soon as they were available. Nearer, and able to come more quickly, were the motorboats from across Frenchman's Bay. The arrival of this aid was extraordinary welcome and a wonderful reassurance. Fortunately, however, comparatively little evacuation had to be done by sea.

In fact, Bar Harbor, from the firefighters' point of view, was cut off only for two comparatively brief periods. But that does not mean that it was safe to go in or out. For example, one witness can tell how he entered Bar Harbor against the traffic on the Seal Harbor Road, and bounced in and out of the ditch, so intense was the smoke. Another, driving into Bar Harbor, hauled with his car a red-hot electric-light wire, which, a few minutes later, two others hauled back to Hull's Cove. Many such tales can be gathered of getting in and out of town, by those justified in taking risks. The temporarily cut off evacuees, who were waiting patiently at the athletic field to drive out when the roads should be opened, were, however, uncomfortable, to put it mildly, in the smoke, and were moved by army authorities to the wharf, which action made elementary sense. There they could be more comfortable, and if the worse came to the worst they could go along the rocks by the shore path, and by ducking into the water, survive the fire if it came past them. Such an escape was made by one boy, cut off on Schooner Head Road, who came by the shore to Pointe d'Acadie.

At this point, those in Sullivan and Sorrento, who were observing the fire, realized that there were people on the wharf, and being State of Maine people, who act in need without waiting for orders, went over to get their friends. Though some of those friends accepted the invitation others took one look at the tossing waves and stayed put. Then the *Bibb* steamed into harbor, having, by a superb feat of navigation in the smoke-filled waters, passed the Porcupines with the use of radar. She was not equipped to go anywhere, having but little fuel in her tanks. She took on some more evacuees from the wharf. Most, however, remained, in justified faith that they could get out by road, glad as

they were to know that help had been so splendidly brought.

Here is the place for dealing with another legend—the change of wind to the northeast, mentioned by Mr. and Mrs. Drake, in the *Reader's Digest*, that is seriously doubted by many. The wind was gusty and veering and might have veered in any direction, for a moment. But the fire department conclusion is that all that happened was that the wind did *not* veer to the west. A glance at the map will show that a straight line down Eden Street, and continued in the same direction, marks the eastern edge of the fire, from Hull's Cove to the point at which it crossed the Schooner Head Road and reached the sea. That the wind held true north, with not too much westering, was miracle enough to save the village.

In due course of time, as had been expected and as usually happens in forest fires, a road was cleared. Bulldozers pushed the bricks of the De Gregoire Hotel away and dealt with other obstructions, and a caravan of cars, guided by the police and police reserves, drove out Eden Street. That caravan left at the earliest opportunity, when it was still risky, as there was fire on both sides of it. Yet not one car pulled out of line. The death caused in that trip was from a car, coming the other way, driving an evacuation car off the road. That feat of heroism of the Bar Harbor community went almost unmentioned in the press. With that mass movement, the people of Bar Harbor went elsewhere. In one sense, the true Bar Harbor was at the city hall at Ellsworth, for the ensuing week.

That night on the wharf will pass into legend, as stories of it are handed down from generation to generation, since legend sometimes brings out underlying truths that otherwise would be forgotten; perhaps here it will redress

a balance and correct the stories of what did happen that night. For so much was said, and so truly, at the time of the fire, of the aid that came from outside, of the splendid seamanship of those who came to the rescue, and of the promptness with which State and national agencies acted, that the self-help shown on the inside was overshadowed. But there, in the bravery and the calm intelligence that were demonstrated on the athletic field, on the wharf, and, above all, in the convoy of evacuating cars, is a heritage in which future generations in Bar Harbor should take great pride.

Before midnight, aid was on the spot, and no longer did the citizens of the town, and the neighboring fire departments, whose aid will never be forgotten, have to carry on alone. That afternoon, the moment the wind had changed, Chief Sleeper had telephoned to the National Guard headquarters in Augusta, and the army of Maine, for such it legally is, was on the march. The first arrival was Battery B, of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Field Artillery, from Brewer, which seems to have come into town just as the evacuation convoy went out. Soon it was followed by Batteries A and D, and the headquarters battery. These, under Major Pooler, were engaged in the vital task of helping Police Chief Abbot protect property and keep the firelines clear. Sensibly, martial law was never proclaimed, for that would have made a National Guard officer responsible for firefighting and would have raised a set of questions of authority with the federal officials of the interior, army and navy departments, and the coast guard. But military measures were taken. A pass system was set up, keeping off the island all who were not engaged in the actual quenching of the fire. The basis of this in law may have been doubtful, its common-sense was obvious. And the fact that

the National Guard was responsible to Governor Hildreth and no one else gave Major Pooler a most useful independence. At a later date, this authority was buttressed by making Dr. C. C. Morrison emergency medical officer for the whole island. Before this, acting as a volunteer, he had been testing the chlorination of the water twice a day. With the power of quarantine behind it, the National Guard had all the authority it needed.

That night New England Telephone and Bangor Hydro-Electric crews were hard at work. The telephone company, when questioned, was somewhat apologetic, pointing out it had not been able to restore full service, with lines up on poles, until Sunday, the 26th. But why it should have been so apologetic is a mystery solvable only by telephone men, since for a two-hour period only, between twelve and two, was the town cut off; at first, when service was restored, only messages of the highest importance could be carried on the wires on the ground. During that period, coast guard ships maintained communication by radio telephone with Southwest Harbor.

From the army air base at Dow Field personnel came in steadily, as it could be spared, throughout the night. The next morning—the Bar Harbor fire department has on its walls a picture of the navy vessels steaming in—came two destroyers and plenty of personnel, as well as the beginning of a flow of portable pumps. Likewise, volunteers from the Bangor Theological Seminary came in to bring fresh manpower to spell the Bar Harbor volunteers, who had been, some of them, firefighting for a week without more than two hours' sleep a night.

At the same time the Hancock County Red Cross, acting as the organization that mobilized the county for relief, took over the double job of caring for those evacuees who

could not care for themselves, and feeding the firefighters who did not have time to feed themselves. At the Ellsworth city hall was set up a registration center, where were collected the names and temporary locations of all evacuees. There too, the mainland end of the pass system was controlled, with telephonic communication with the bridge at the Narrows. Either through Ellsworth or directly from the G.A.R. Hall in Bangor rolled the truckloads of food that came regularly to the firehouse at Bar Harbor, once communications had been reopened. This was a community enterprise. In the same way in which the men of Eden had raised the bridge at North East Creek, by sharing out the work, so the women of Hancock and Penobscot Counties shared out the work of feeding Bar Harbor, whether at Ellsworth or at the firehouse. In a part of the world where town life is co-operative life, such matters get themselves managed with surprising smoothness. The knowledge of all this was heartening to those at Bar Harbor, who told one another tales of how trucks were loaded in the streets of such and such a town, with housewives and grocers and all who had something to contribute handing what they had to the driver. Indeed, so heartening a story was it, that Charles Luckman, in search for a telling plea for co-operation in helping to feed Europe, used the example of Bar Harbor in his nation-wide address.

By no means was the Mount Desert Island fire out, after the intense wind of Thursday the twenty-third. Up to the afternoon of Saturday, the 25th, it wandered about, out of control, but steadily being throttled down, till its last burst, back across the Crooked Road, was checked in the woods—thanks in part to a drop in the wind, thanks even more to the plentiful supply of manpower and engine power that allowed the overwhelming of the sides of the

fire and the narrowing of its front; without this the drop in the wind would not have meant so much.

From Saturday to Wednesday, the twenty-ninth, the fire continued to hold so large a part of the town limits of Bar Harbor that it was impossible to let the evacuees return. Bar Harbor had been deprived of all utilities except water and sewerage. The essential business and legal records of the town were safe, but needed to be brought into line for use in starting things anew. A whole special organization had to be set up to deal with problems of relief and insurance. In four days that was done by a combination of modern know-how and Maine resourcefulness. The Bangor Hydro-Electric Company, for example, picked up a spare transformer unit at Millinocket, and set it up for use at Bar Harbor, making a new substation on the island. The telephone company, the light company, and the water company all listed those who had been burnt out; a combination of the lists, plus the assessor's list, formed the master list used by the Red Cross. Those lists in themselves furnished intimate pictures of the town's life; for examples, discrepancies between them told which man had dug his own well, which man lighted his home by means of a home electric unit, who was living in retirement by the rental of houses he had built in his active days. Another picture of modern Bar Harbor ways was discerned when Mr. and Mrs. Tripp returned from Florida to reopen their restaurant to act as a Red Cross canteen, once the firehouse had closed up shop. Best example of all, two days after the fire the community leaders had organized the Bar Harbor citizens' committee, as a suitable recipient for the donations pouring in from all sides.

Finally, on Wednesday morning, October 28, at 10 a.m., it was possible for the authorities to allow all those with

standing homes to return to Bar Harbor. Radio and press announced it, and all day, until the 6 p.m. curfew, cars streamed in, while two overworked national guardsmen stuffed the bosoms of their shirts with passes. All this was accomplished because men knew how to work together. In law and theory, there were nine authorities: The board of selectmen of Bar Harbor, the fire chief, the police chief, the emergency medical officer, the National Guard, the army, the navy, the park, the coast guard. In fact, however, there was unity of command, for the men of all these agencies knew how to co-operate, and did so. The fire was not out when the evacuees came back. It was not officially out until November 7, and later on, after snow had fallen, it was found that it still, technically, was not out, for digging in Sieur de Monts Meadow turned up fire four feet underground. There was a vast area to be quenched; fortunately, a means was worked out for much of the quenching. Miles of hose, and many "Pacific pumps," distributed by Commander Ellsberg, went throughout the burnt area and controlled the fire. If the fire afforded any lesson, it is the value of such portable pumps, which put out the October 17 fire, and of portable radios, which might have prevented the Great Fire from breaking loose.

Those lessons have been learned. Bar Harbor now has more pumps. Even more important, thanks to the generosity of private persons, it has a radio-telephone station and radio-equipment on jeeps, which allow for communication throughout the whole island. The forests are now better protected.

The Great Fire was a dramatic event; but it was only half the story. Even more important was what Bar Harbor did to pull itself together. Damage had been great. In area, fifty-five per cent of the town had been burnt; in buildings,

sixty-seven of the two hundred and twenty-two summer cottages, one hundred and seventy of the six hundred and sixty-seven year-round residences. This meant a loss of \$1,077,000 of assessed value, seventeen per cent or one-sixth of the 1947 assessment, for winter residences; \$1,128,000, or two-fifths or forty-one per cent of the cottage assessed value.

What could be done about this loss? Here, too, outside agencies gave invaluable help. A magnificent gift from the Damon Runyon Fund ensured a year's running expenses of the Jackson Laboratory, and allowed it to concentrate on rebuilding its income and the other gifts that poured in. Other reconstruction was aided by the prompt settlement of insurance claims. The completeness of the destruction simplified the adjusters' work; proof of loss was horribly simple to effect. The generosity of the summer colony and of the rest of the island gave ample funds to the citizens' committee. Above all, the trained disaster workers of the national Red Cross came into town to administer to immediate rehabilitation needs.

The task of the Red Cross was difficult, for local conditions were, as is almost always found to be the case, unusual. For example, in solving the problem of emergency housing, the suggestion was made that government surplus prefabricated houses would supply the need. By splendid efforts, such housing was discovered and was shipped to Bar Harbor, only to have it found that local contractors could build more quickly and cheaply from wood in stock. Fortunately, elsewhere in Maine the "tin houses" found welcome and use. So it was in other matters. Red Cross officials discovered that a larger proportion of Bar Harbor residents had insurance coverage than usual, which forced a reconsideration of the usual formulas for assistance. Nat-

urally, local ways of life—and local special needs varied, and they required learning by the trained staff, as they worked away in the old Reading Room. Such work of rehabilitation is always difficult, in the period of exhaustion that follows on a disaster, when the excitement is over and the future looks bleak, because the Red Cross has funds, and also the duty to say “no” at times, in order to conserve those funds. Despite all this, the job was done ahead of schedule, without any of the complications that had been feared, and in a way to win grateful admiration.

However, “God helps those who help themselves.” At the time, the question was naturally raised as to what proportion of the population would have to leave town to make its living. Such was a natural question for trained disaster workers to have to ask. The answer was, to Bar Harbor’s credit, that practically none left. They stayed because the community solved, in due course, the problems with which it was faced.

The first were financial. With assessments down, town funds for the future would be seriously lower. Yet costs of the fire had to be met. It would be one thing to give no firefighting pay for the dread day when all had been fighting fire for their own lives; but the simple bill for the work of quenching the raging forest fire was staggering, \$25,819.89 more than appropriations and receipts. Fortunately, the Maine legislature was called into special session, and granted an abatement of half of the State tax of \$52,356.19, which almost exactly met this overspending. That met the immediate financial emergency. Future expenses were met by rigid economy, and by the adoption of the town-manager system of government, as had been recommended in a governmental survey made in 1939. When the warrant committee had finally dealt with the town budget,

and when the town officers, including the newly appointed town manager, had voluntarily cut their own salaries, so much had been saved that the tax rate after the fire was actually lower than that before the fire, despite the great loss of taxable property.

Having made economies, Bar Harbor also prepared to build up its income. Clearly, there was a good side as well as a bad to the destruction of property. Here, if ever, was a chance to make a long-range town plan. Immediately, with the fire still in the woods though under control, the town-planning board met. Through the generosity of John D. Rockefeller and Joseph Pulitzer, the services of Harland Bartholemew and Associates, city planners, were obtained. On the basis of the suggestions made by their report, the same town meeting that voted the town-manager plan voted a new zoning ordinance. That done, work by the planning board, by Harland Bartholemew and Associates, and by a steadily enlarged group of advisory committees, is progressing, at the time of writing, towards working out a long-range plan that will express the intelligent desires of the community.

However, inducements to future building would not be enough. Bar Harbor, which once had had sixteen hotels, now had only four small ones. A capacity for over two hundred summer visitors had been wiped out when the three big hotels, the De Gregoire, the Malvern, and the Belmont, went. Traditionally, Bar Harbor's permanent summer visitors had begun their attachment to the resort by staying in hotels. To exist, it was generally believed, Bar Harbor had to have a hotel.

Those who generously wished to help the town from outside paid immediate attention to this problem. Fruitful and helpful suggestions were made, and important efforts were

made to find means for building a hotel. But none seemed feasible. At that point, in the spring of 1948, the Bar Harbor Lions Club took a hand. Knowing that at Fort Fairfield, Maine, there had been a similar community need for a hotel to replace one lost by fire, the club paid for a survey by the same advisory group, and discovered that such a hotel as Bar Harbor needed might be an economic possibility if the funds could be raised locally. The same organization provided technical assistance, local effort raised the money, and the residents of Bar Harbor raised their share of funds before going to the summer colony for aid. By Labor Day, 1948, the capital needed for a new hotel was in hand. More than that, so attractive had the proposition become that a hotel chain offered to buy an interest in the project.

There, at this time of writing, the story of rebuilding after the fire halts. But progress is still being made, and seems to have a moral behind it—the moral that underlies the whole story of Bar Harbor.

For Bar Harbor is a place in which democracy has succeeded when other forms of government, other ways of life, have failed. Here is where the Jesuits, who made an earthly paradise out of Paraguay, were unable to set up a colony. Here is where Antoine de Lamothe Cadillac, who later made a fortune when he founded Detroit, was unable to establish a feudal manor. Here is where Francis Bernard, whose family knew how to manage great landed estates, spent money to no avail. But after these men of power and position had failed, along came ordinary, everyday Americans, bringing with them the town-meeting system of government and the co-operative way of handling problems, and succeeded.

Of course, there is, here, no complete parallel. The Jesuits and Cadillac were driven out by war, Bernard by revolu-

tion; if conditions had been different, perhaps any of their settlements would have lasted. But there is this to say about the parallel: Bar Harbor also met with obstacles—the Revolution, the War of 1812, the typhoid epidemic of 1873, the Great Fire of 1947—and it did surmount those obstacles, and it surmounted them because it was a democracy of Americans who knew how to help themselves.

Sources, Notes, and Bibliography

The purpose of any discussion of sources is to answer questions which may arise in the minds of readers. When dealing with sources as varied as are those of *The Story of Bar Harbor*, perhaps the most efficient way of fulfilling this purpose is to take four generalized questions, and attempt to answer each in the way most suitable to it. These would seem to be: Who helped in this? Where can proof be found for the statements made? What have been the reasons for including or omitting material? And why are names spelled and printed as they are?

To answer these in reverse order: Names have been spelled in accordance with usage of the time referred to. On this principle, Antoine de Lamothe Cadillac, who was unique among the French in Canada in his day in sticking to one spelling, has his name spelled as he signed it; his grand-daughter, who wavered between De la Mothe and De la Motte, is held to the former. Her married name, De Grégoire, has the accent she put on it; the hotel named after her and her husband does without the accent. Uncle Ebenezer Salsbury has his name spelled as Town Clerk Thomas Paine wrote it down, as have other early settlers; the cove named after him is spelled as the Town of Bar Harbor and the Salisbury family spell it, and not as the Coast and Geodetic Survey spell it.

Here we find a sore point in the matter of local nomenclature. Local residents, summer visitors, and the federal government—including its highly individualistic representative, the late Mr. George Buckman Dorr—have had their own ways of choosing and spelling names. The dark question of having at least seven names for five Porcupine Islands can be avoided, since the Maine supreme court decided they were part of the Town of Gouldsboro, when it passed on the purchase of one island by General Fremont. But the mountains cannot be dealt with so easily. The answer has been the use of the names marked on the Bates, Rand, and Jacques path map before Mr. Dorr sought to impose his own to further the acceptance of the national park, with one exception. For though the path map names are still current, in most cases, the chief mountain of the island, the Mount Desert of the old charts, has become Mount Cadillac. It is therefore so referred to, except when, as in connection with the Green Mountain Railway, it was found more natural to use the earlier name, "Green."

As to capitalization, one idiosyncrasy has been adopted. When the words General Court have been used to refer to the legislature of Maine or Massachusetts they have been capitalized, as a reminder of their special New England meaning.

In deciding upon inclusions and omissions, the aim has been to relate matters of general interest, and to avoid present-day personalities. When many data could be boiled down to a sentence or a paragraph, that was done, if it did not affect the picture of the development of the community. When one incident could exemplify many incidents, one was chosen from many. When dealing with the present only a few events were mentioned which had not previously been discussed elsewhere in print.

But this has not meant that research has not gone into those events which have been narrated so briefly, or that record has not been kept of such research. It was part of David O. Rodick's intention that a sesquicentennial history should provide a body of information about the town's past. In consequence, all the notes gathered have been transcribed on uniform 4- by 6-inch slips. In certain cases, as with original deeds, records of military service in the Civil War, of shipping and of some aspects of the census, as well as of early post-office appointments, fairly extensive collections of notes afforded the basis of a paragraph or of a single sentence. Much manuscript material has been acquired in photo-copy, either as photostat or as microfilm. Perhaps a listing of what was thus obtained may be of interest.

From the French Colonial and Marine Ministries, respectively, have come microfilms of Volumes 2 and 10 of the Acadia papers (C 11 2 and 10 in the usual numbering), and the log of the *Embuscade*, the former found on this side of the Atlantic only in transcript at Ottawa, the later not in any form. Negatives of these microfilms are now at the Library of Congress, with positives at Bar Harbor.

From the Library of Congress has come a microfilm of French manuscripts bearing on Cadillac's early career and on his grand-daughter's request for land in Maine, together with photostats of key pages.

The National Archives have provided a composite film of Frenchman's Bay Customs District records, a film of the 1830 census, and photostats of vessel enrollments and registrations, of survey correspondence, and of navy records of the Otter Creek Radio Station, as well as of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century maps.

The Census Bureau has provided microfilms of the census reports of

1840 to 1880. The Dominion Archives at Ottawa and the John Carter Brown Library at Providence have provided photostats from their collections of maps and of copies of maps.

The Massachusetts Archives have provided photostats of legislative material connected with Mount Desert Island, when part of Massachusetts, and the Massachusetts Supreme Court Archives have provided photostats of the litigation concerning the De Grégoires' title.

The Massachusetts Historical Society has provided photostats of newspapers and Lafayette's letter of introduction for the De Grégoires; the Maine Historical Society allowed the making of microfilm of their holdings.

The Secretary of State's office at Augusta had photostats made of legislative petitions. Jointly, the Princeton University Art Museum and the Frick Art Reference Library have provided photographs of Thomas Cole's sketch book.

The Provincial Archives at Quebec have provided photostats and transcripts of the records of French feudalism in Maine.

Warm thanks should be expressed to the officials of these institutions. The provision of films and photostats was accompanied by thoughtful and suggestive help in searching for source material, which made investigation a real pleasure. Here Mr. Douglas Leach, as research assistant, made his important contribution.

Nor were these the only institutions which offered help. The Ayer Collection of the Newberry Library, in Chicago, and the Burton Collection, of the Detroit Public Library, made searches whose importance was no less great because the results were negative. The Acadia National Park facilitated work at the Sawtelle Collection at Isleford, that treasure house of Mount Desert sources which is now open to the public, after being closed since Dr. Sawtelle's death. Mr. Robert Applebee gave freely of his fund of information about the shipping of Eastern Maine. Officials of the Lincoln and Hancock County courthouses aided in search among deeds and county records, as did the Maine Railroad Commissioners. The Honorable Harry A. Crabtree of Ellsworth provided analyses of land titles from the time of Louis XIV through the grants of the Bingham Estate. Mr. Pierpoint Johnson drew to the author's attention the house sites shown on the Des Barres Map. Mr. Harry Binnse allowed use of the Bancel de Confoulens Papers. Gratitude should be expressed to them, as well.

Unusual assistance was given by Madame Bouvet de Maisonneuve, in

securing microfilm from France, and by the Société de Microfilm of Paris in reproducing the documents she had edited and collated. Mrs. Evans, of the Jesup Library, showed especial kindness in making its facilities available. But, above all, thanks should be expressed to the many inhabitants of Bar Harbor—too numerous to be mentioned individually, and among whom it would be invidious to select representatives to thank by name—for all they did to help this work on. They, and above all the town officers, and the town committee, with Messrs. John Ash, Seth Libby, Ben Hadley, Horace Croxford, and Tobias L. Roberts, as their hard-working agents, rendered most valuable help in compiling this book.

The sources for Chapters I through Chapter IV are on the whole sufficiently simple to be referred to by footnotes, except for the De Grégoire grant material, and shipping, census, and Cranberry Rendezvous material, in Chapters III and IV, respectively. In the later chapters, however, fullscale footnoting would be burdensome and of no especial aid to the scholar who might want to use similar sources for other purposes. In those chapters, and in the instances given above, footnotes have been replaced by paragraphs of comment on sources.

1. *Explorers and Claimants*

1. To avoid confusion, the reader should be reminded that a New England town is not an urban center but a rural area. The limits of a New England town may be as far from signs of habitation as the fabled "Los Angeles City Limits." However, the town is also a self-governing group of citizens, living in that area; the context in which the word is used shows which meaning is intended.

2. See Bascom, Florence. *Geology of Mount Desert Island*. n.p., n.d., revised and reprinted from the *Bulletin of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia*, October, 1919.

3. Parkman, Francis. *Pioneers of New France*. (1897 ed.). p. 261, foot-note. De Costa, Benjamin Franklin. *The Handbook of Mount Desert*. 1878, pp. 7-9. (Not in earlier De Costa guides.)

4. Lawton, Jordan, and Maddox, Compilers. *The Island of Mount Desert Register*. Auburn, Maine. 1909. p. 17.

5. Whether one should agree with Babcock that Vinland was at Quoddy, with Gathorne Hardy that it was New York Harbor, or with Fernald that it was in Labrador, is not here the question. The point is not the location of Lief's Booths and Straumey, but the fact that the attempt to make that identification can arouse interest. Mrs. M. L. Abbott, teaching in the Bar Harbor Grammar School, makes Lief's Voyages live to

her pupils by suggesting that Vinland was near Rockland, Maine. Much local controversy has been roused by the suggestion that Crossness, where Thorvald Ericson was killed and buried, was Jesuits' Cove. It is equally sound—and equally unsound—to put Lief at Taft's Point. Be it noted, for the record, that the Abbe Museum has found no viking remains in its excavations.

6. Harrisse, Henry. *The Discovery of North America*. London, 1892, pp. 116–22, 176–86, 232–42. Kohl, J. G. *Collections of the Maine Historical Society*. Second Series, Vol. I, *passim*. Mr. Douglas Leach has gone through the writings on early exploration, and especially I. N. P. Stokes. *The Iconography of Manhattan Island* to sort out the possible and impossible visitors to Bar Harbor.

7. Ganong, William Francis. *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada*. 1917. II. pp. 105 ff.

8. Ganong, William Francis. *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada*. 1902 II. pp. 127–232. This tercentenary article on Dochet Island gives references to the eye-witness accounts of Champlain and Lescarbot. See also *Commissions du Roy et de Monseigneur l'Amiral, au Sieur de Monts, pour l'habitation es terres de Lacadie, Canada & autres endroits en la nouvelle France*, photographically reproduced by George Bucknam Dorr in 1915. The Prince Society edition of *Champlain* Vol. I, p. 41, Vol. II, pp. 39–41, 55, 137, also contains the Rev. Mr. Slafter's identification of Otter Creek as Champlain's landing place.

9. Sources for the French version of St. Sauveur are the *Jesuit Relations*, Vol. III, and the English *Haklyut*, Vol. XIX.

10. The adventures of Alden and Bradford are in Willison, George F., *Saints and Strangers*. New York. 1945. pp. 289–305. A good general account is in Parkman's addition to his *Pioneers of New France*, the section entitled "The Lords of Acadia," written after a visit to Bar Harbor. See also Morison, Samuel E. *The Course of the Arbella from Cape Sable to Salem*, Colonial Society of Massachusetts Publications. Vol. XXVII. pp. 285–306, and Buffington, Arthur. *Sir William Temple*, *ibid.* pp. 308–19.

2. Feudal Acadia

1. Daviault, Pierre, *Le Baron de St. Castin, Chef Abenakis*. Montreal. n.d. *passim*. Buffington. *op. cit.* Rameau de St. Pere, Edmond. *Une Colonie Feodale en Amérique, L'Acadie*. Paris. 2 vols., 1889, is suggestive, but in spots—e.g. Castine's arrival at Pentagoet by canoe, I, p. 131—is sheer fiction.

2. Rameau de St. Pere's guesses do not stray too far from the researches of Professor W. B. Munro into Canadian feudalism.

3. France, *Colonial Archives*, C 11, D 10, pp. 37-44. (Hereafter referred to as C 11, D, etc.). Though most statements by Cadillac are suspect as self-interested twistings of fact, this is close enough to usual Canadian custom and refers to a period far enough in Cadillac's past to justify believing it.

4. Roy, P. G., compiler. *Inventaire des Fiefs et Seigneuries*. Beauceville. 1927. Vol. II, pp. 132-187.

5. Paris, Service Hydrographique Archives. No. 12, 5.1, copy by kindness of the John Carter Brown Library.

6. Tuttle, Charles W. *Historical Papers*. Boston, 1889. pp. 127-59, 341-99. *Documentary History of Maine*. VI, pp. 42, 183.

7. Hubbard, William. *History of the Indian Wars*. Boston, 1865. II, pp. 33, 174, 197. Daviault, *op. cit.*, *passim*.

8. Morse, William Inglis. *Acadiensia Nova*. London, 1935. 2 vols. I, 143-98; Moorehead, Warren K. *Report on the Archaeology of Maine*. Andover, 1922, pp. 163, 166-7; *Inventaires des Fiefs*, III, 241, IV, 33, 108, 116, 138-9, 178-80; Rameau *op. cit.* II, 402.

9. Raymond, W. G. *Earliest Routes of Travel between Canada and Acadia. Proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada*. 1921. II, 33 ff.

10. Letter from Mr. Lawrie Holmes, Northeast Harbor, Maine.

11. Delanglez, Jean. *Cadillac's Early Years in America*, in *Mid-America* XXVI (1944, n.s. XV), pp. 3-39, and a forthcoming publication of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, *Antoine de Lamothe-Cadillac, Lord of Douaquet*, by Richard W. Hale, Jr., both go into the sources of information on Cadillac's early career.

12. Massachusetts Historical Society. *Collections*. Series I, Vol. III, p. 82.

13. Paris. Bib. Nat. Clairambault 849. 70. Copy from Library of Congress. Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society. *Historical Collections*. Vol. XXXIII (1904), pp. 648-9.

14. Quebec, Provincial Archives. *Registre d'intendance* No. 3, f. 18, and *Insinuations du Conseil Souverain*. *Cabier* No. 2, f. 89.

15. C 11, D 2. 135. Date is clearly 1689, though misfiled as 1690. A.M. B 12, 83-88.

16. See above, Note 11, for reasons why Miss Laut's *Cadillac, Knight Errant of the West*. Indianapolis, 1931, which makes Cadillac a sort of Lanny Budd to Louis XIV as Franklin D. Roosevelt, has been superseded as an account of Cadillac's early life.

17. For D'Iberville's career see the excellent but indexless Fregault, Guy. *D'Iberville le Conquerant*, Montreal, 1944. Also, BM 12, 83-88.

18. C 11, D 3, 103, D 4. 36; Admiralty Library, Map No. 22 in America, Vol. 2. Dominion Library Number T 30. Sawtelle, William O. *Acadia, the pre-Loyalist Migration*. Philadelphia. 1926.

19. Mr. Kenneth Roberts has handled this so well as to need no further comment.

3. *Proprietors and Settlers*

1. See Sawtelle, William O. *Mount Desert Island from Champlain to Bernard*.

2. See *Tercentenary History of Massachusetts*. Vol. II.

3. Based on search made in the Bernard MSS (part of the Sparks MSS) at Harvard, Vols. I, II, III, IV, V, X, and XI, by Mr. Douglas Leach.

4. This and subsequent material, unless dated and noted as from another source, comes from Eben M. Hamor's untitled but well indexed volumes on Eden Town history, or from microfilm copies of town records.

5. Owen, William. *Narrative of American Voyages and Travels*. New York. 1942. pp. 137-8.

6. Houlton, Augustus F. *Maine Historical Sketches*. Lewiston, Maine. 1929. pp. 231-54.

7. Kidder, Frederick. *Military Operations in Eastern Maine*. Albany, 1867. pp. 265-6.

8. Admiralty 52 Vol. 2127, No. 4. p. 29 (enlargement lent by Mr. Leslie Hotson, of Sorrento, Maine).

9. Adams, John. *Life and Works*. Boston. 1850-56. 10 vols. III, 300-7. De Grégoire material; Chapters 5 and 16 of the Acts of 1787, including many supporting documents filed with the texts, are in the Bar Harbor archives, as are quotations from the press as referred to by date.

4. *The Town of Eden, Maine*

1. This, like most such material, is an analysis of Hamor and the Town Records, as under dates or names ascertainable in indices.

2. Court Records. 1795 session.

3. Court Records. 1801 session.

4. Eden Church Records. 1801, 1814.

5. Millet, Rev. Joshua. *A History of the Baptists in Maine*. Portland, Maine. 1845. p. 309 ff.

Material on shipping is an analysis of microfilm prepared by the National Archives, lists made by Hamor, and by Mr. Robert Applebee, and of photostats of Shipping Registers.

Nicholas Thomas's "Autobiography," which is printed in Mrs. Eckstrom's *Minstrelsy of the Maine Border* also, is quoted from the family copy of Mr. John William Somes, as is Thomas's other verse.

Census material taken from printed Census Report of 1790, tran-

script of Town Clerk's Vital Records, photostats of Census Reports of 1800-1820, microfilms of Census Reports of 1830-1880.

Sources for Cranberry Rendezvous: National Archives. Records of the Topographical Engineers. Cupboard 13, Shelf 2, 7, 19, survey books; correspondence, 1820-22, entries 952, 963, 971, 1099, 1722; Service record, Bache, Hartmann.

5. Artists and Boarders—with a Military Interlude

Besides the printed diary of Thomas Cole, and photographs of his sketchbook, the basic sources are the diary of Mr. Charles Tracy, especially pp. 1-8, 23, and 83; the several editions of the Martin, De Costa, Lapham, Sherman, and Chisholm Guides, many of which have annually changing steamship advertisements; Mr. John Richardson's *Steamboat Lore of the Penobscot*, especially pp. 43-52, 63-72; the relevant census microfilms; the Hamor typescript; and the Roberts *Scrapbook*, from which last come the newspaper clippings quoted. Maine Regimental Histories were used to check on the Hamor lists of Civil War service.

Quotations are from: Bryant, William Cullen, editor, *Picturesque America*. New York, 1869. p. 3; Willetts, Joseph, *The Cruise of the Forest Home*, New York. 1866. pp. 103-46; and Swift, Henry Walton. *Mount Desert in 1873*. Boston, 1873. pp. 12-14.

The diary of Dr. Richard H. Derby, and additional information, were supplied by Mr. J. Lloyd Derby, of New York.

6. Cottagers Versus Boarders

Sources are the legislative files of the Secretary of State of Maine, especially for the session of 1875, Filing Number (not Act) 289; guides and census reports as above, and the *Mount Desert Herald* and its successor newspapers the *Bar Harbor Record* and the *Bar Harbor Times*.

For the Green Mountain Railway see the file in the Sawtelle Collection, which contains tickets, notices, etc., Maine Secretary of State legislative file 199 of the 1881-3 session, the *Ellsworth American*, April 26, 1933, and *Appalachia*, December, 1943, article *Mount Desert's Mountain Railway*, by Frank H. Burt.

7. The Summer Colony

Much of this chapter is based, as is obvious, on information generally current in the Bar Harbor community. But it has been the author's policy, in writing this chapter, to avoid personal names, unless they

have already been printed, and to support generalizations by references to fiction.

The article by Robert Grant referred to is his *Plea for Bar Harbor*, in the December, 1883, *Outing*. The Bar Harbor Historical Collection has the records of the Reading Room, and notices, lists of members, cards of invitation of it and of the Canoe Club. Information on the great automobile war was obtained at a meeting at the Jesup Library, in 1947, organized by Mrs. John De Witt Peltz, the *Bar Harbor Times*, August 7, 21, and 28, 1907, and from Dorr, George Bucknam. *Acadia National Park, Its Growth and Development*, Bangor, Maine. 1948. pp. 5-14.

8. Recent Events

The story of the National Park is to be found in Mr. George Bucknam Dorr's two thin volumes, *Acadia National Park, Its Origin and Background*, Bangor, Maine, 1942, and, posthumously published, *Acadia National Park, Its Growth and Development*, Bangor, 1948. These have been checked with the National Park, National Monument and other Interior Department files now open to the public in the National Archives, and light upon them has been secured by an interview with the Hon. John A. Peters of Ellsworth, Maine. Other sources are the privately printed Hale-Ickes correspondence, the late David O. Rodick's typescript *History of the Bar Harbor Banking and Trust Co.*, the card catalogues of corporation records kept by the Maine Secretary of State, and the official records of Lieutenant Fabbri and of the Otter Creek Radio Station in the National Archives, the files of the *Bar Harbor Times*, and Linscott, Edward L., *The History of Secondary Education in Washington and Hancock Counties*, Orono, Maine, 1932 (University of Maine Publication Number).

9. The Great Fire and After

Three types of sources were used. The press of the immediate time; official reports issued by the fire and police departments and the National Red Cross; and, above all, personal knowledge and interviews with all officials concerned. The author reached Bar Harbor the night of October 24, and stayed on the island for a week thereafter.

The following books and pamphlets, though not referred to in the notes, form a basis for statements made in the text; this is not, however, a complete list of books and other writings consulted:

Burton, Clarence M. *A Sketch of the Life of Antoine de Lamothe Cadillac, the Founder of Detroit*. Detroit. 1895. 24 p.

The same. *In the Footsteps of Cadillac*. Detroit. 1899. 15 p.

Chase, Eliza Brown. *Over the Border. The Separate Towns of Nova Scotia and a Chapter on Mount Desert*. New York. 1889. 215 p.

Detroit Public Library. *Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac and Detroit before the Conspiracy of Pontiac*. Detroit. 1912. 30 p.

Crawford, F. Marion. *Love in Idleness*. New York. 1897. 218 p.

Davis, William Morris. *An Outline of the Geology of Mount Desert*. (pp. 43-71 of Rand and Redfield. *Flora of Mount Desert*.)

Fairfax, Mildred. *At Mount Desert, A Summer's Sowing*. Chicago. 1893. 374 p.

Forestie, Edouard. *Lamothe-Cadillac, Fondateur de la ville de Detroit*. In *Bulletin Archéologique et Historique de la Société de Tarn et Garonne*. Vol. XXXV (1907) pp. 175-96.

Ganong, William Francis. *A Monograph of Historic Sites in the Province of New Brunswick*. In Royal Society of Canada, *Transactions*, 1899. Section II, pp. 213-357.

Harrison, Mrs. Burton. *Bar Harbor*. In *The Independent*, June 4, 1903. pp. 1808-13.

The same. *Bar Harbor Days*. New York. 1887. 182 p.

The same. *Golden Rod, an Idyll of Mount Desert*. New York and Bar Harbor, 1879. 115 p.

Lapham, William Berry. *Bar Harbor and Mount Desert Island*. Augusta, Maine, 1887 and 1888. (3 editions).

Le Blant, Robert. *Une Figure légendaire de l'histoire d'Acadie. Le Baron de St. Castin*. Dax, France, 1936. 177 p.

Murchie, Guy. *Saint Croix, the Sentinel River*. New York. 1947. 281 p.

Street, George E. *Mount Desert, a History*. Boston, 1905, and (revised by Samuel A. Eliot) Boston, 1926.

(This, which reprints verbatim many documents, is not quoted in the notes, since in each case checks were made with the original documents.)

Wasson, Samuel. *A Survey of Hancock County*. Augusta, Maine. 1878. 91 p.

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To Airport

Trenton

Goose Cove

Thomas Island

Shipbuilding
Biological Laboratory
at old Celand Shipyard

Eden Baptist Church

Thomas Bay

Shipbuilding

Heath



The fire of 1947 started here

Thompson Island
and the Bridge

Alleys Island

Shipbuilding

WESTERN BAY

Stage Coaches from Bar
Harbor to the Bridge

This line and Somes
Sound formed the
division between the
Bernard (English) and
de Gregoire (French) grants.

Bernard

de Gregoire

Town line as drawn in 1795.

Doctor's Creek

High Head

Little Round Pond

SOMESVILLE
1762

Somes Pond

Round Pond

Ripple Pond

Captain Argall in the
Man of War "Treasurer"
destroyed the French
Jesuit Mission on Somes
Sound in 1613.

SOMES
SOUND

Pretty Marsh

Long Pond

Hodgdon Pond

Beech Hill

Joseph P. Sims
Fecit. 1949.

Brown Mt

Cadillac's Harbor.
Anchorage recommended by Cadillac to D'Iberville.



