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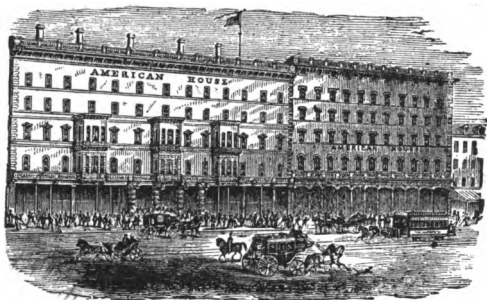
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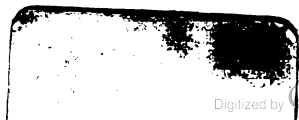
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Sorrento is a picturesque peninsula jutting out from the main coast far into the waters of Frenchman's Bay, directly opposite to Bar Harbor, with which it is in constant communication by means of the regular steamers of the Maine Central Railroad and the company's own steamer Sorrento, which will make regular trips daily.

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Sorrento contains over 4000 building lots, with six miles of shore frontage. Many beautiful residences have been built and are building, and the company's books to-day contain among its increasing list of land-owners, representative people of the principal cities of this country, prominent among which are Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington, in which cities the company have opened branch offices for the sale of its land.

During five months in the year the climate at Sorrento is most salubrious and pleasant, the average height of the thermometer during June, July, August and September seldom passing 70° Fahr. during the warmest hours, while at night it is not over 64°.

Sorrento possesses two of the finest harbors on the Maine coast, known on the charts as Eastern and Western Point Harbors.

Three large and substantial wharves have been built, one directly opposite the Mount Desert Ferry. Passengers for Sorrento will be landed at this wharf by the steamers of the Maine Central Railroad Co., who issue tickets from Boston to Sorrento.

A large and well appointed café, with accommodations for 150 people, has been erected the past season. It became the popular thing for the élite of Bar Harbor to give dinner parties at this café. The chef the past season was from Delmonico's celebrated establishment of New York. The standard of excellency attained will be kept up in the future.

A system of water-works have been put into operation, which brings an abundant supply of pure water from Long Lake; distributing pipes conveying the water to all parts of Sorrento.

In addition to the other attractions, the company have purchased a magnificent tract of forest, comprising about 3500 acres, embracing a number of beautiful lakes, famous for trout, bass, pickerel, perch, and other variety of fish, and in the season are the resort and feeding grounds of many variety of ducks.

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***The Frenchman's Bay and Mount Desert Land and Water Company
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The main office is at Bar Harbor, Maine.

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always prepared to show maps, plans, and photographic views.***

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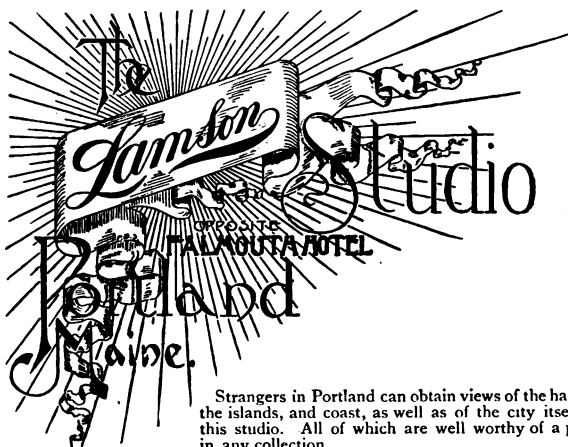
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BY

M. F. SWEETSER,

AUTHOR OF TICKNOR'S AMERICAN GUIDE-BOOKS, ETC., ETC.

"Oh, where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to Bar Harbor, sir;" she said.

PORTLAND:
CHISHOLM BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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INTRODUCTORY.

MOUNT DESERT is an island containing nearly 100 square miles, being 14 miles long and about 9 miles wide. It is 110 miles eastward from Portland; and is joined to the mainland by a bridge at the north, leading to Trenton. The island is politically divided into three townships, — Tremont, on the south, fronting the roaring sea; Mount Desert, across the centre, abounding in mountains; and the comparatively level town of Eden, on the north. The resident population is nearly 5,000.

Mount Desert was perhaps visited by the Norsemen, and certainly by Hendrik Hudson and his Dutch mariners. Champlain explored its shores, and gave the name which it still bears. The French settlements here were broken up by a Virginian naval expedition, as early as the year 1609; and for a century and a half thereafter, no one but Indians dwelt on the island. Then the Massachusetts fishermen began to colonize this eligible coast, and were not driven away by the forays of the British fleets in the Revolution and in 1812. Agriculture is not lucrative here, by reason of the sterile soil; but a few score good farms were established by iron diligence, and several small fishing-villages dotted the rugged coast. Then came the artists and summer tourists, a vidette or two full forty years ago, and yearly a larger column of them, until the present time, when the summer visitors outnumber the inhabitants.

The reasons for this development of an obscure and sterile island into the foremost summer resort on the New-England

coast are found in its marvellous combinations of mountain, lake, and ocean scenery, and its vivifying and exhilarating climate. To meet the popular demand, dozens of hotels have been erected, at eligible points; several lines of steamboats have established routes hither; and the Maine Central Railway has built a costly and first-class line, more than two-score miles long, from the city of Bangor. Thus the way is open to the pastoral tranquillity of Somesville, the quaint beauty of Pretty Marsh, the unconventional pleasurings of Southwest Harbor, the peaceful rest of Northeast Harbor, the charming scenery of Seal Harbor, and the metropolitan splendor and social distinction of Bar Harbor.

The great scenic features of the island are in four groups: the lovely and picturesque islets that surround it, the majestic cliffs that line the shores, the romantic fresh-water lochs among the highlands, and the mountains, thirteen in number, rising gradually from the west, falling off sharply on the east, and stretching across the middle marches of the island in a long line east and west. These elements, with forests, brooks, meadows, beaches, and capes, combine in wonderful groupings of natural scenery, unequalled elsewhere on the North-Atlantic coast, and richly repaying a pilgrimage of thousands of miles.





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MOUNT-DESERT GUIDE-BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

THE ROUTES TO MOUNT DESERT.—THE RAILWAY FROM BOSTON AND PORTLAND, VIA BANGOR.—THE STEAMBOATS FROM PORTLAND AND ROCKLAND.—THE RIVER ROUTE FROM BANGOR.

THE RAILROAD ROUTE.

THE celebrated Boston and Mount-Desert limited express of the Maine-Central and Boston & Maine Railroads, makes the run between Boston and Bar Harbor (three hundred and one miles, the last seven miles being on the ferry-steamer on Frenchman's Bay) in less than nine hours. This famous train is composed of Pullman cars, joined by vestibules, and affording every possible luxury for travellers. It may well be doubted if any train in the railway systems of the world excels this one in swiftness, security, popularity, and comfort.

The lines of the Boston & Maine Railroad, by both its eastern and western divisions, from Boston to Portland, are well known to all travellers in New England. The eastern division traverses the interesting old coast-cities of Lynn and Salem, Newburyport and Portsmouth, and gives many a view over the open blue sea, by Nahant and Swampscott and Hampton Beach. The western division runs through the inland country, past Haverhill, into New Hampshire, and so along the crest of Old-

Orchard Beach, and near Scarborough. The two divisions unite at Portland, the beautiful "Forest City," rising on its twin hills over the azure waters of Casco Bay. From this point the route lies nearly across the State of Maine, traversing the famous rivers Androscoggin, Kennebec, and Penobscot, and passing scores of well-remembered towns and cities. One of the Maine-Central lines ascends the beautiful Kennebec Valley for many leagues, following the banks of the broad blue river; and the other line runs through the manufacturing cities of Lewiston and Auburn, not far from the famous Poland Springs, and then rolls along the high wooded shore of Lake Maranacook. At Waterville, a brisk manufacturing city at the Ticonic Falls, on the Kennebec, and the home of Colby University, these two divisions unite, and the train rushes thence over the water-shed between the Kennebec and the Penobscot, and descends to Bangor, the bright and enterprising metropolis of Eastern Maine.

The distance from Bangor to Mount-Desert Ferry is forty-two miles, the railway crossing the broad Penobscot at Bangor, and running down through the thinly settled and picturesque towns of Brewer, Holden, Dedham, Ellsworth, and Hancock. In Holden and Dedham the route crosses a singular line of boulders, the remnants of an ancient glacial moraine. Among the abrupt metamorphic hills of Dedham (named for the old Massachusetts town) the train flies along the shore of a lovely pond, which is three miles long, and famous for its black bass. The Colony neighborhood was once proudly named *New Boston*, but for many years the town has been losing in population. Beyond the tannery village of North Ellsworth come the clustering mills at Ellsworth Falls, and then the pleasant little municipality of Ellsworth, with its hotels and brick city-hall, newspaper and public library, half a dozen churches, and the public buildings of Hancock County. Here is the head of navigation on the Union River. Senator Eugene Hale lives at Ellsworth. The population is about five thousand. The train next traverses the level and arable Baptist town of Hancock, running near Skillings River, and soon reaching its terminus at Mount-Desert Ferry, close to the high-placed summer hotel called The Bluffs.

Here the traveller boards the swift and powerful steamboat *Sappho*, and, after a glorious run of half an hour down Frenchman's Bay, passing Sorrento and the Porcupine Islands, reaches the busy wharf at Bar Harbor.

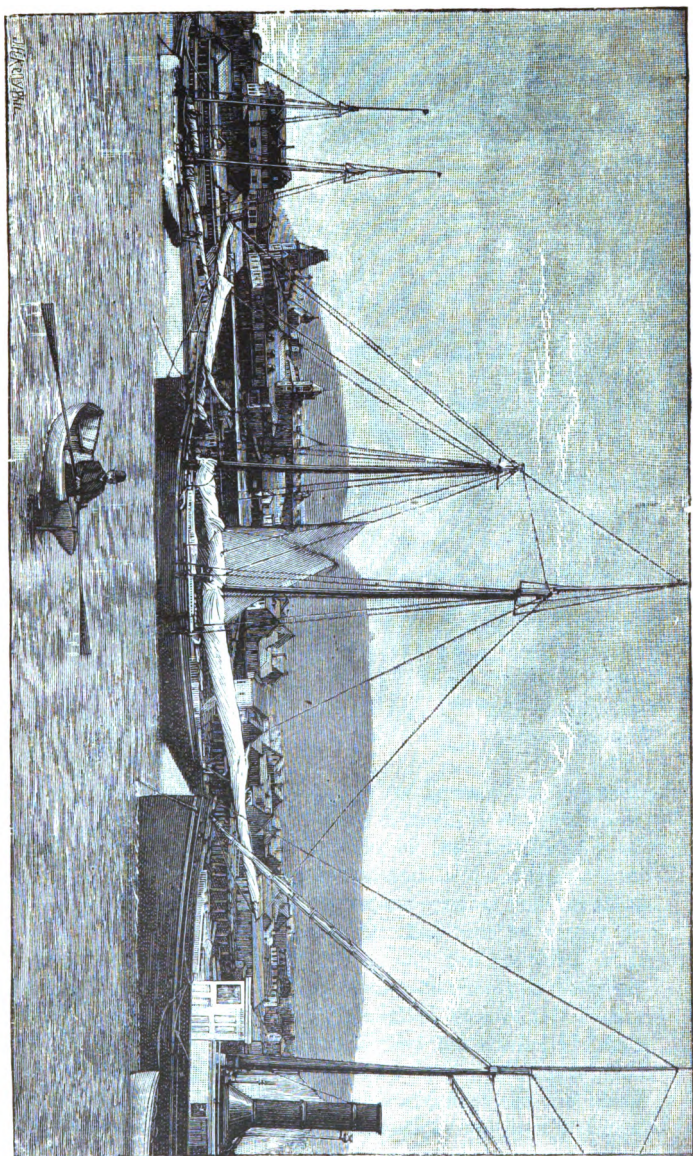
Another route which is taken by many travellers in summer is by the steamboat *City of Richmond*, leaving Portland late on Tuesday and Friday evenings, on the arrival of the train from Boston (three and one-half hours distant). The first landing is at Rockland, about sunrise, after which the boat runs across the broad, land-locked, and picturesque Penobscot Bay, with the Camden mountains on the west, to the ancient and historic village of Castine, now a well-known summer-resort. The course next lies down the river-like Eggemoggin Reach, touching at Deer Isle and Sedgwick, and then crossing the beautiful Blue-Hill Bay, with the great peaks of Mount Desert ahead. A brief stop is made at Southwest Harbor; and then the boat runs eastward, by the openings of Somes Sound and the Cranberry Isles, Northeast Harbor, and Seal Harbor; rounds Otter Point; and ascends Frenchman's Bay, with Schoodic Point on the right, Newport Mountain and Green Mountain on the left, and the Porcupine Islands ahead; and so it reaches Bar Harbor, with its shores lined by cottages and hotels. The *City of Richmond* thence runs eastward to the Maine coast-villages of Millbridge, Jonesport, and Machias, whence a few hours of stage-riding lead to Eastport and Campobello.

The steamer *Mount Desert* leaves Rockland at early morning, after the arrival of the steamship running from Boston to Bangor, three times a week, — Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, — and crosses the broad Penobscot Bay, through the picturesque Fox-Island Thoroughfare, and then across Isle-au-Haut Bay, with the lofty Isle au Haut out to sea on the right, and through the thoroughfare of Deer Island, touching at Green's Landing. It then runs eastward by Swan's Island and the Placentia Isles, with magnificent views of the peaks of Mount Desert in front. As Bass-Harbor Head is rounded, the great ridges emerge from behind Western Mountain, and the steamer fares on to the pier at Southwest Harbor. Thence it runs eastward, sometimes touching at Northeast Harbor and

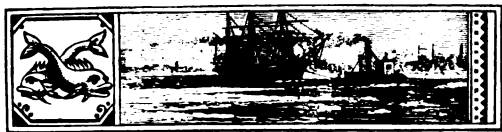
Seal Harbor, and rounds Otter Point, and runs up Frenchman's Bay, amid beautiful scenery, to the crowded wharf of Bar Harbor.

Another small steamboat makes trips several times a week (Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays), down the Penobscot River, leaving Bangor at 7.30 A.M., touching at Hampden, Winterport, Bucksport, Sandy Point, Fort Point, Castine, Islesboro, Hughes' Point, Deer Isle, Sedgwick, Bass Harbor, Southwest Harbor, and Bar Harbor, which is reached at about 4.30 in the afternoon.





AT ANCHOR OFF THE WHARF — BAR HARBOR, ME. (Face p. 12.)



CHAPTER II.

BAR HARBOR. — ITS CLIMATE. — FOG. — WINTER. — A BIT OF HISTORY. — THE HARBOR. — MAIN STREET. — THE CHURCHES. — THE SHORE WALK. — EDEN STREET. — ABBY'S RETREAT. — MONTE CARLO. — KEBO STREET. — MALDEN HILL.

BAR HARBOR, the unchallengeable queen of Eastern summer-resorts, occupies a beautiful situation on the western shore of Frenchman's Bay, where the Porcupine Islands afford a good protection against northerly gales, and the highlands of Mount Desert give shelter on the west. The lonely islets off-shore, the distant blue hills of Gouldsborough, and the neighboring Green and Newport Mountains, present scenery not unlike that of Lake Winnepesaukee. But the air is *tout à fait* different; and the coming and going of large vessels and stately ships-of-war clearly indicate its close connection with the world-encircling sea.

There is perhaps a tendency to exaggerate the mountain scenery of Mount Desert, resulting in frequent disappointment to visitors. The White Mountains, or the Adirondacks, are of course higher than these peaks, and in all respects more Alpine. Their cascades and ravines are grander, their meadows fairer, their summits more amazing. But here all scenes are re-enforced by the majestic ocean, and the contrasts make peculiar and noble effects, more than satisfactory to every one who has not brought hither unduly exalted ideas of the scenery. Charles Dudley Warner says that "the Bar-Harborites made a mistake in killing the stranger who arrived at the resort from the mainland, and said it would be an excellent sea and mountain place if there were any mountains or any sea in sight."

But it needs only a few hours' familiarity with the surroundings, to perceive that the local scenery is more prolific in varying charms than that of any other place on the American coast.

The summer climate is admirable in its coolness, and its moderate balance between heat and cold. Mr. Hassard says, "Nowhere, except in the Mediterranean, have I seen waters of such a brilliant blue as those which wash the coast of Frenchman's Bay. The charm of color, which is lacking on most of our sandy Atlantic seaboard, is felt in its full perfection here, where the quiet ocean rivals the tints of the clearest sky, and the border of the bare cliffs—gray granite, and pink, and ruddy brown—divides the wave from the light-green meadow and the sombre wood, with white birch gleaming among the dark pines." In June and in early autumn, the climate is much more enjoyable, and the air more clear and bracing, than in the heart of summer. Some of the more sagacious cottagers come by the 1st of June, and remain into October. In this wise also does Warner commend the climate: "This activity, this desire to row and walk and drive and to become acquainted, was all due to the air. It has a peculiar quality. Even the sceptic has to admit this. It composes his nerves to sleep, it stimulates to unwonted exertion. The fanatics of the place declare that the fogs are not as damp as at other places on the coast. Fashion can make even a dry fog. But the air is delicious. In this latitude, and by reason of the hills, the atmosphere is pure and elastic and stimulating, and it is softened by the presence of the sea. This union gives a charming effect. It is better than the Maine Law. The air being like wine, one does not need stimulants."

The fog is a frequent visitor at Mount Desert, coming from the warm south-east winds blowing across the icy northern currents outside. It is more abundant at Southwest Harbor than at Bar Harbor, and goes less frequently to the head of the bay. It creeps in in great snowy masses from the open sea, and drifts over the islands, and up the mountain slopes, blotting out the yachts and the blue waters, and hiding the houses from each other. Sometimes the higher trees on the Porcupines, and the pennons of the yachts, rise above this gray bank, and

shine in the sunlight; or the fog breaks away in rifts, and shows the white waves churning around the great brown rocks, and the dark mountains, clear cut against the sky. And when it dissolves, in gossamer-like wreaths and folds, beaten down by the sunlight, and is replaced by the vivid Mediterranean tints of the bay and its islands and hills, the effect is one of wondrous beauty. But these are optimistic views, and the sea-fogs have drearier aspects; and one should read Leigh Hunt's essay on fog, or De Costa's delightful chapter on "Fog and its Effects" (in *Rambles in Mount Desert*), to win philosophy wherewith to bear them.

The water is too cold for bathing, and even the hardest swimmer must be content with a momentary dip, which is as startling as an electric shock.

By winter all the fashionable world has bidden farewell to this region; and the Bar-Harbor villagers are left to enjoy their sociables and hops and masquerades and sleighrides, their hunting of deer among the mountains, and of sea-fowl along the shore, and their trout-fishing through the thick ice of Eagle Lake. As many as 1,500 men are sometimes kept at work here all winter long, on sewer and water-main excavations, new hotels and cottages, grading, and other avocations connected with the summer city.

Most of the shops are open, and one or two of the hotels; two of the newspapers keep up their issues throughout the year; and doctors, lawyers, pastors, storekeepers, and others find the winter an active and cheery season. The bay is then filled with field-ice; and wagons have been driven across its firm surface from Bar Harbor to South Gouldsborough. As Mrs. Burton Harrison finely expresses it, "By December the whole face of nature had changed to frowns and darkling glances. The soft Italian sky was draped in nun's gray. The sapphire bay was blurred with frequent gales, and blocked with floating ice. The granite ledges of the Porcupines were lashed with curling surf, leaping at times so high as to deposit the shells of sea-urchins upon the skeleton roots of fir-trees on the cliffs."

The chief features of this sea-blown Bar Harbor are a crowded harbor, devoted to summer pleasures; a long main

street, lined with great wooden hotels and bright shops; several divergent streets of smaller houses; and three or four tolerably distinct groups of summer cottages and patrician estates. The water-supply of the village is copious and pure, being drawn from the limpid highland reservoir of Eagle Lake. The sewerage system is a complex, costly, and efficient work, constructed by the town of Eden in 1887-88, and discharging into the sea through a 24-inch main, at Ogden's Point, far enough away to obviate all danger or unpleasantness from its outflow. It was designed by Ernest W. Bowditch, C. E., of Boston.

It would be invidious to discuss the hotels which so thickly line the streets of Bar Harbor, or to tell why the office of one is popularly known as "The Fish Pond," because of its matrimonial anglers; or another has won the name of "The Morgue," on account of its dullness; or to give the other pet names that fancy has applied elsewhere, in recognition of local peculiarities.

The beautiful and refined Malvern, on the slope of Malden Hill, with its fragrant gardens and rich lawns, is mainly occupied by wealthy persons from Philadelphia and New York. Its rates are \$5 a day. The Louisburg (formerly the Atlantic) is secluded down near the Musgrave estate, and has a profitable and satisfied clientage of blue-blooded Bostonians, who pay high rates for capital accommodations. It is kept by Mrs. M. A. Balch.

The West End (O. M. Shaw & Son), on West Street, is a large and well-kept modern hotel, in Queen-Anne architecture, with elevators, electric bells, electric lights, and a dining-room seating 400 persons. The Rodick House is a vast building on Main Street, with 400 chambers, and famous halls for music and dancing. It is said to be the largest hotel in Maine, and is the centre of much of the joyous summer-life of Bar Harbor.

Alongside the Rodick stands the Grand Central, also fronting on Main Street, and a quiet house, though of large proportions, and accommodating several hundred guests. Nearly opposite the Rodick is the handsome Old-English front of the Marlborough.

On Mount-Desert Street stand the Lynam, the Belmont, and

the St. Sauveur. As far as such civic distinctions can be made, the Belmont is a favorite resort for Bostonians, while the Lynam gathers into its halls many Philadelphians, and the St. Sauveur has been a resort for army and navy people and their families. The little Hotel Des Isle is just off Main Street, in the south part of the village. Near the steamboat wharf, and overlooking the harbor, is the Newport House (built in 1871), with its annex, the Rockaway (built in 1873). The Hotel Brewer, at the foot of Main Street, is open all the year round, and entertains many commercial travellers, etc. The Hamilton is on School Street, near the Methodist Church. The Birch-Tree Inn is in the northern part of the village.

It would tend greatly to the general prosperity of Bar Harbor, if several large and inexpensive boarding-houses should be opened there, like those in the villages of the White Mountains. But the difficulty of securing eligible sites near the shore, the high cost attending the importation of provisions from Boston and beyond, and the shortness of the season, render it doubtful whether such enterprises would be profitable in the long-run.

But great as are the accommodations of the village, they are sometimes inadequate to the demands made upon them. Life at the public houses is more comfortable at any other time than in August, when it is really imprudent to come to Bar Harbor without having definitely engaged quarters in advance.

All this summer bravery has grown up lately, from small beginnings. Before 1791, on the east part of the island, dwelt the families of Higgins, Hamor, Rodick, Salisbury, Richardson, Wasgatt, Manchester, Bunker, and Hadlock; nearly all of which are still represented there by their descendants, who have had enough Yankee shrewdness to avail themselves of the changed conditions, and amass comfortable properties. When Tobias Roberts came hither, in 1836, he lived in a small store near the harbor, and bartered goods for fish. About ten years later he opened a small tavern, which, indeed, soon became inadequate, so that the younger guests, mostly from New York, used to sleep in the barn. In 1839, the "Gazetteer" credited Eden with a population of 1,024, with "good soil, good harbors, and great advantages for the shore-fishery, and an

annual product of 500 bushels of cranberries." The pioneers of the great summer army at Bar Harbor were the artists; and as early as 1844, Henry C. Pratt and Thomas Cole (the painter of "The Voyage of Life") came hither, and filled their portfolios with sketches. They were followed by Church, Morton, Hart, Harry Brown, and other well-known artists, whose glowing canvases showed to the cities to the southward the beauties of this unknown land.

In the old-time hotels at Bar Harbor, the accommodations were rustic and simple to the last degree. The rising-bell rung at 6.30, and breakfast was served, *de rigueur*, before 7. One complaining city guest was answered, "Wal, you came here for a change, didn't you? Now you've got it." To another, who sarcastically asked the Boniface, who taught him to keep a hotel, the rejoinder was, "The Lord Almighty." A complaint that the butter was inferior to that of the previous year, brought out the reply, "Oh, no, that's impossible." Another unsophisticated New Yorker asked what kind of griddle-cakes were those mentioned on the bill of fare. "Wal, I call 'em fust-rate," calmly said the table-girl. General complaint was made of the fried meats supplied, and the housekeeper testily exclaimed, "Fried fresh beef's good 'nuff for me and the cap'n, and I guess it's good 'nuff for them starched-up city folks. We've allus eat it that way, and them city folks ain't no healthier than we be." Another metropolitan guest said, "Mr. Landlord, I shall put my boots outside my door to-night." And the hearty old innkeeper roared out, "All right, sir, you'll find 'em there in the mornin'. We're all honest folks down here." The porter, bringing a bottle of ale to a guest's room, and opening it on order, shouted out in great alarm, "She biles! She biles! I say, cap, won't all this stuff fush aout when I pull the cork?" It was an alleviation to these mischances, that board was then held at \$5 a week, with carriage-hire and boat-hire in proportion.

The plateau extending from Cromwell's Harbor to Duck Brook was devoted to agriculture, with two or three farmhouses upon it. In 1855 the Agamont House, the first hotel in the place, was built by Tobias Roberts. By 1858, the business had

increased so much that the Deering House came into existence, on the site of the present Marlborough House. It received its name in honor of Capt. Charles Deering, of the steamer *Lewis-ton*, who made the first steamboat landing at Bar Harbor, and was instrumental in constructing the wharf, and otherwise building up the village as a summer-resort. In those halcyon days, land was held at \$10 an acre, which is now worth a thousand-fold that amount. The valuation of the entire township was \$195,000 in 1870. It is now not far from \$4,000,000.

The number of persons *from outside of Maine*, who stopped at the Bar-Harbor hotels in 1887, was 9,168, and 1,605 more dwelt in the cottages. The amount of money paid out by these guests was close upon \$900,000.

There were many who bewailed the fashionable conquest of Bar Harbor, and the change from fish and skeleton chickens at \$5 a week to reed-birds and sweetbreads and champagne at \$5 a day, from "rocking" and mountain-climbing to musicales and lawn-parties. When Ellen Robbins, the flower-painter, sold her cottage, and moved away, she said, "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."

As one of the poets of Maine hath said, —

"Vague rumors of this rock-bound isle,
With its beauty wild and grand,
Were heard in the distant cities,
And echoed throughout the land.

"And fickle Fashion turned her steps,
Seeking a fairer field,
Where she might rear her lofty shrine,
And a powerful sceptre wield.

"And Fashion's eager followers
Hastened to join her court,
And made this grand old island
A famous summer-resort."

The harbor is a snug little nook under the lee of the Porcupine Islands, scarcely secure during hard easterly and southerly gales (when vessels are carried around to the bight north of Bar

Island), but usually adequate to its summer duties. It carries from two to five fathoms of water at low tide.

Here is a favorite anchorage-ground of famous yachts; *Iroquois*, *Viking*, *Meteor*, *Mohican*, *Adrienne*, *Ambassadors*, *Wanderer*, *Gitana*, *Priscilla*, *Stranger*, *Galatea*, and many another renowned ocean-racer. Delightful receptions are given on these vessels, whose discipline is as stringent as that of a man-of-war. In summer, also, comes the North-Atlantic squadron: the *Atlanta*, in salmon-color and black; the white-and-gold *Dolphin*; the black old *Richmond*; the *Ossipee*, *Galena*, *Yantic*, *Dispatch*, and others, lying at anchor for weeks in the harbor, gay with bunting, and thunderous with salutes. As many as a thousand blue-jackets have been landed at Bar Harbor at once, to be reviewed by their gray old admirals.

Then there are the local passenger-steamboats, the *Sappho*, from Mount-Desert Ferry; the *Sebenoa*, running up Frenchman's Bay; the *Cimbria*, or the new *Bar Harbor*, of Bangor; the *City of Richmond*, from Portland or Machias; the *Mount Desert*, from Rockland and Southwest Harbor; the *Silver Star*, from Winter Harbor and West Gouldsbrough; the *Electa*, *Creedmoor*, and other gallant little steamers, fearless of the August sea.

The Connors and Pendleton and other boatmen have more than a hundred rowboats and canoes, and a score or so of yachts, besides three or four small steamers, for lease. There are also catamarans, Rob-Roys, canvas-boats, cat-boats, and all manner of small craft, insomuch that the harbor is at times fairly crowded with little shipping. The rates for row-boats are 35 cents an hour, or 75 cents with a boatman. People unacquainted with these waters should take boatmen with them, for the rocks are scattered about inconveniently; and there are occasional unexpected squalls, attended with little or no danger to one familiar with the place, but hazardous for strangers. Cat-boats and yachts, with competent skippers, can be hired for longer voyages up and down or across the bay, to the lower Heads, Egg Rock, Ironbound, the Ovens, South Gouldsbrough, Winter Harbor, Sullivan, or Sorrento. The most expert of the

canoeists, naturally, are the Indians, who carry visitors in their frail boats around the harbor and islands, or even on longer and more daring voyages. Lewey Mitchell, one of these aboriginal Argonauts, recently paddled his canoe entirely around the island of Mount Desert, a distance of sixty miles, in twelve hours. The Mount-Desert Canoe Club was founded in 1886, and has its headquarters at Bar Harbor, with Edmund Pendleton as commodore, and a membership of more than sixty persons. Its flag bears a red *fleur-de-lys*, couched with blue, on a white ground. The club-house, on Bar Island, was built in 1888; and its chief feature is a cheery and capacious fireplace.

Turning from the harbor and its crowded wharves, let us stroll about Bar Harbor. **Main Street** runs from near the steamboat-pier to the foot of Strawberry Hill, a distance of not quite a mile, and is lined by the chief shops of the village, and several of its hotels. It is a busy, crowded street, with plank sidewalks, and borders of irregular and huddled wooden buildings. In the Oriental stores are treasures of Benares brass and India silks; at Huyler's, delicious ice-cream soda and confections, Jacqueminot roses and pink pond-lilies; at Sproul's, ice-creams and dainty viands; at Bee's, the novels and newspapers of the day; at the Indian store, odd baskets and carvings; at Koopman's and Clothier's, rare antiques and old English furniture, Norwegian silver-ware, and other precious *bric-à-brac*. Here, also, are apartment hotels; rooms to let; the newspaper offices of *The Bar-Harbor Record*, *The Bar-Harbor Tourist*, and *The Mount-Desert Herald*; the financial house of the Bar-Harbor Banking and Trust Company; the fashionable ladies' store of L. P. Hollander & Co. (with Jordan, Marsh & Co. just off the street); decorators, milliners, lawyers, doctors, and many other offices and stores. Near the sidewalks stand the public carriages of the village, drawn up by scores; buckboards, single and double and quintuple, cut-unders, and barouches, with their drivers, keenly vigilant for fares, and familiar with all the island roads. Here, also, are the private equipages of the cottagers, dog-carts, village-carts, tally-ho coaches, phaetons, chaises, road-wagons, and ponderous and resplendent family carriages, with drivers and footmen in full livery, and a silvery rattling of

harness-chains. Equestrians, men and women and children, ride up and down the littered street; and here and there a wheelman pursues his solemn way.

In these equipages, and along the sidewalks and in the stores, move the beauties of Belgravia and Vanity Fair, their trim and well-groomed appearance contrasting strangely with the unkempt surroundings. The young men, in their vivid-colored and striped blazers, or garments of white India silk, their bright-colored caps and Tam-o'-Shanters, tennis suits or yachting suits, are hardly less resplendent than their sisters, the high-bred patrician girls, dressed like Parisiennes of the Faubourg St. Germain, in trim tailor-made suits, impressive in their apparent simplicity, or fairy-like in delicate summer gowns, with marvellous pleatings, vests of India silk, panels of rich velvet, sprayings of lace, and shimmerings of white lawn. 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 Heidsieck, and even Mrs. Stylington Ribblehurst herself.

The social rendezvous of the gentlemen is the Mount-Desert Reading-room, built in 1887, on Birch Point, between the Newport House and Alpheus Hardy's cottage. It was designed by W. R. Emerson, the celebrated architect, and cost \$30,000. The great piazza is supported on a cyclopean wall of masonry, near the water. The house contains the spacious hall, billiard-room, smoking-room, reception-room, parlors, library, and reading-rooms, each with a great fireplace, and beautiful architectural details. The membership of the club includes many of the foremost gentlemen of the summer population, — men well known in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. The president is Charles T. How, the treasurer Dr. Robert Amory, and the secretary Ogden Codman.

The religious welfare of the people, natives and visitors, is guarded by several churches, which are well filled on pleasant summer Sundays. St. Savior's Episcopal Church, on Mount-Desert Street, is a picturesque building, with low and massive granite walls, a high timber roof, stained-glass windows, and a

costly memorial altar erected in remembrance of Gouverneur Morris Ogden of New York. The church was built in 1878, by the summer residents, and several services are held every Sunday, patronized by the wealth and fashion of the place. St. Sylvia's Roman Catholic Church, near the Malvern, is a quaint wooden structure, accommodating 500 worshippers, and attended by the Indians from the camp at Eddy Brook, the Milesian dependents of the hotels and summer homes, and several well-known families of cottagers. The altar crucifix was carved by Joseph Mayr of Ober-Ammergau, and presented by Dr. Derby. The new Baptist Church is on Ledge-Lawn Avenue; the Congregational Church, on Mount-Desert Street; and the Methodist Church, on School Street.

The Indian encampment at the outlet of Eddy Brook, just north-west of Bar Harbor, will be found a pleasant place to while away an hour or two. These semi-savages are of the Penobscot, Passamaquoddy, and St.-John-River tribes, mainly half-breeds, crossed with French-Canadian stock, expert with their canoes and at hunting and fishing. The village is composed of a score or two of little wood and canvas shanties, in which are sold a great variety of aboriginal trinkets, skins of seal and deer, baskets of birch-bark, moccasins, bead-work, snow-shoes, gulls' breasts, stuffed birds, clubs, carved tusks, bows and arrows, etc. Here dwell scores of fat squaws, not clothed by Redfern, black-eyed little papposes, and lazy braves, idling in the welcome sun.

One of the pleasantest rambles at Bar Harbor is **The Shore Walk**, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile long, on the edge of a sea-bank, about 15 feet high, with beautiful lawns and villas on one side, and the weedy ledges and lapsing waves and open bay on the other. It may be entered alongside the Rockaway and the Newport, near the steamboat wharf. The first edifice beyond the Club House, on Birch Point, is the simple little cottage built in 1867 by Alpheus Hardy of Boston, and for many years the summer home of his son Arthur S. Hardy, the author of *But Yet a Woman*, etc., and also the boyhood home of J. Montgomery Sears, Mr. Hardy's ward, now the celebrated Boston millionaire. Alpheus Hardy died in 1887. This was the first summer cottage at

Mount Desert. A little way back is the handsome stone mansion built by Mr. Hardy a year or two ago. Just off the shore is Pulpit Rock, a natural rostrum looking out upon the sea.

The next two houses on the shore belong to F. M. Weld and G. R. Minot of Boston, plain buildings, with broad verandas, famous for their elegant hospitality. Back of these is Mrs. T. C. A. Linzee's (of Boston) Yellow House; and next to the Minot place is the cottage of H. A. Grant, Jr., of Tarrytown, N.Y. This region of cottages between Main Street and the Shore Walk and Cromwell's Cove, is known as the Back Bay, or The Field, and contains over a score of well-known houses. On the shore is Balance Rock, a huge glacial boulder, which can be stirred by a strong hand. Next to the Grant place appears the sombre mansion (with stone terrace) of Dr. Hasket Derby, the celebrated Boston oculist. Then comes the smaller Villa Mare Vista, belonging to the Musgraves, and lately occupied by Leon Del Monte, a wealthy Cuban New-Yorker. Beyond is dark Edgemere, pertaining to the Hon. Thomas B. Musgrave of New York, with the stone tower at the end of its bowling alley almost closing our shore path. Then comes Reef Point, belonging to F. R. Jones of New York; followed by the noble lawn and long façade of Devilstone, once owned by Mrs. G. P. Bowler, and occupied by the Vanderbilt family. It now belongs to James T. Woodward of New York, who paid \$40,000 for it. The lower story is of gray rubble stone, with wide piazzas, rich lawns, and fragrant pine groves. The next house is Fernierest, belonging to W. F. Cochrane of Yonkers, N.Y., followed by the handsome mansion of Joshua Montgomery Sears of Boston. Wayman Lane leads from the shore path at this point to the main street of Bar Harbor, passing Crow's Nest, where lived the late Wayman Crow of St. Louis, and near the cottages of Professor J. B. Thayer of Harvard, and Mrs. Rodman Rotch (Ledge Hollow) of Boston.

Beyond the Sears place, on the shore, is the Ledge, the home of Professor Lucien Carr of Cambridge; and some ways farther on rises the long façade of Redwood, belonging to Charles J. Morrill of Boston, and one of W. R. Emerson's finest architectural triumphs, with a beautiful lawn and other appropriate

surroundings. Beyond Redwood the path comes out on Cromwell's Cove, and the rambler can regain Main Street by following its north shore.

At the head of the cove stands the cottage occupied by Col. Markoe of Philadelphia. Close by is Aldersea, a lovely estate, owned formerly by Mr. Prentice of Bangor, and now by Edward Coles of Philadelphia. Near Cromwell's Cove the patient explorer may find the rocky figure called the Assyrian, sitting on a natural pedestal on the face of the cliff. The Indian's Foot is a singular impression, as of a footprint, in a rock near the old Conner farmhouse.

Out on **Ogden's Point**, on the south side of Cromwell's Cove, is the beautiful villa called Watersmeet, famous for its lawn parties and its cool breezes. It belongs to Mrs. Gouverneur Morris Ogden, the earliest of the New-York cottagers at Bar Harbor, and has lately been rebuilt, and leased for a term of years to Mr. George W. Vanderbilt of New York.

The cottages south of Ogden's Point are reached only by the Schooner-Head road, from which they are far secluded. The first is Glen Gordon, pertaining to Gardiner Sherman of New York; beyond which comes Old Farm, owned by Charles H. Dorr of Boston, and built of Newport-Mountain stone, at a cost of \$50,000. South of the pretty little cove that makes in here, on the crest of Sol's Cliff (once owned by Solomon Higgins), is the cottage of Miss Lucy Ellis of Boston.

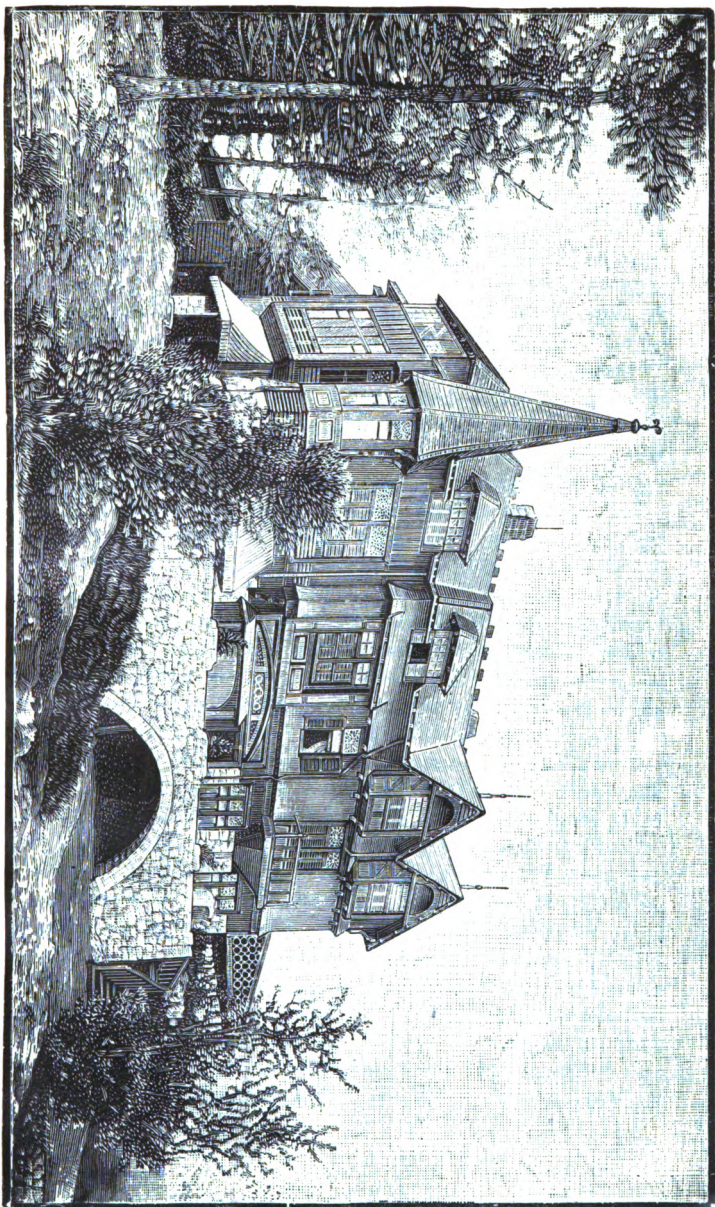
Farther down the shore, near the mouth of Bear Brook, is Chatwold, the immense and beautiful summer estate of Miss Bowler of Cincinnati, with its walls of red granite and stucco, its round stone towers, carved balconies, dormers, etc., and its interior rich in curios from all over the world. It is a quarter of a mile from the Schooner-Head road, hidden among thick trees.

Turning now from the south shore to the north shore, we may take a pleasant stroll toward Duck Brook. **Eden Street** runs from Mount-Desert Street, near the Malvern, past the cottage of Mrs. E. L. Stanton of Washington, and the retired home of De Grasse Fox of Philadelphia (both on the left), to the bridge over Eddy Brook, about which are several shops.

Beyond the bridge, we see near the shore (on the right) the cottage of Miss S. E. Elwood of Boston, with its rich lawns and flower-beds. Beyond the Elwood house (and also close to the bay) is the yellow-and-white colonial building of Mainstay, the summer home of Walter S. Kane of Newport, between which and Eden Street stands the cottage of Mrs. Rufus King of Cincinnati. Next (also close to Eden Street) comes The Barnacles, leased for 1888 to the Del Montes. The next large estate on the right (close to the bay, and back of The Barnacles) is Bagatelle, belonging to Edmund Pendleton of Cincinnati, with parlors and balconies on the water-side, and an environment of trees close to the bay. On the left are two cottages belonging to James Eddy, of Providence.

The Highbrook Road diverges to the left; and just beyond, on the opposite side, is Clovercroft, a two-story house surrounded by verandas, and the summer home of Mrs. George Place of New York, famous for its receptions and musicales. Nearly opposite comes the stone-and-plaster house of Professor George Harris of Andover; alongside which is Buena Vista, a cottage with shingled sides, and The Bungalow, also on the left.

Back of Clovercroft, towards the shore, stands Villa Mary, belonging to the Rev. F. H. Johnson of Andover; and Wyche Clyffe, pertaining to Mrs. F. H. Manning of Boston; and the similarly-built cottage of the Misses Lombard, of the Hotel Pelham, Boston. Next is the cottage of Arthur Biddle of Philadelphia. The rocky shores of Frenchman's Bay come quite near these cottages, and their boating facilities are capital. Down in the fields near the shore is The Sea Urchins, a white mansion, belonging to Mrs. Burton N. Harrison of New York, the author of several charming books, and a prominent leader in metropolitan society. Mr. Harrison was the private secretary of Jefferson Davis, during the Rebellion. The Sea Urchins was occupied in 1887 by Secretary Whitney and his family. Nearly opposite the red cottage (on the right, near the road) of Robert L. Fabian, of New York, and on the left, is the cottage of Dr. William Tod Helmuth of New York; and just beyond rises Mizzen-top, the home of the family of the great Boston artist, the late William M. Hunt. Beyond The Sea Urchins (and down



STANWOOD COTTAGE — JAMES G. BLAINE'S. (Face p. 26.)

near the bay) is The Moorings, belonging to Mrs. Violet Whitaker of Cincinnati. The next house on the left is Cleftstone, belonging to John B. How of New York, and occupied in 1887 by Mrs. Nathan Matthews of Boston.

The Highbrook Road winds gracefully over the hills, with many noble views of the bay and the mountains. Two of the chief cottages are close together on high ground, with prospects of amazing grandeur. The larger of these is Mossley Hall, belonging to William B. Howard, a celebrated railroad king of Chicago. It is said to have cost upwards of \$100,000. Not far distant is Stanwood, the summer place of the Hon. James G. Blaine, with rich flower-beds and shrubberies, and fine views of Frenchman's Bay and its islands, and Green Mountain. On the crest of the hill stands the handsome red-granite house built by McKim, Mead & White, in 1887-88, for Capt. George M. Wheeler, U.S.N. The hill was bought by Capt. James B. Eads, the engineer of the Mississippi jetties, and Capt. Wheeler, and on Capt. Eads's death his portion was added to the Wheeler estate. For fifteen years this noble and sea-viewing eminence has borne the name of **Abby's Retreat**, in memory of a dear old island lady, who for many years used to visit its summit (then her own property), to look out over the ocean, and dream long dreams of the past. In the white winters of her fourscore years, she asked the rich Bostonian who bought the place to give it her name, and with gentle courtesy he did so.

To the westward of Abby's Retreat is Woodbury Park, with the new cottage built by W. R. Emerson for H. Le Barre Jayne of Philadelphia; and the summer-homes of Arthur Dulaney Addison of Washington, Edward Macaulay of Washington, and Robert Bowler of Cincinnati. Still farther to the westward, across a meadow-like upland, is **Monte Carlo**, the most northerly spur of the Green-Mountain range, reaching a height of 320 feet, and commanding an enchanting view over the bay and the sea, Hull's Cove, and the Gouldsborough mountains. A practicable carriage-road was built to its summit, in 1888, by Mr. Charles T. How of Boston, who has developed this entire region of Highbrook and Woodbury Park and Abby's Retreat.

Opposite the northern end of the Cleftstone Road (on the route to Hull's Cove) is the driveway to Guy's Cliff; a noble estate, belonging to E. C. Cushman of Newport, and famous for its magnificent views. Mr. Cushman is the nephew of Charlotte Cushman, and his wife (the author of "What is Theosophy") was the daughter of Wayman Crow, the famous Western merchant and millionaire. In the angle of the Highbrook and Cleftstone Roads and Eden Street is Highbrook, pertaining to Mrs. James Leeds of Boston; a house designed by W. R. Emerson, and with an imposing front 110 feet long. A little way beyond, on the right, is Beaudesert, the home of W. S. Gurnee of New York, with its rich lawns and rose-beds, the finest on the island. The great house, with its 200 feet of front, stands like a castle on the edge of the cliffs over the water, and is the scene of many brilliant receptions. President Arthur was at one time a guest here. It is a long walk thence to the next houses — the Phillips cottage (near the road); the half-stone house of W. P. Walley of Boston; and that occupied by John De Koven of Chicago, the two latter far back from the road near the bay.

Beyond these is Edenfield, the square stone house of Samuel E. Lyon of New York. The Lyons were among the earliest summer-visitors at Mount Desert, and (at vast expense) raised the first lawn here. On the hillside opposite Edenfield is the handsome mansion of Mr. Lea, the Philadelphia publisher. Some ways farther out, a road diverges on the right to Brook End, the summer-house of Mrs. Gen. William Farrar Smith of New York, which is on a point at the mouth of Duck Brook. One season was spent here by Miss Marion Langdon, the famous belle of New York. Beyond the Duck-Brook Bridge, on the left, is Sonogee, the Swiss chalet of E. C. Haight of New York; its lower story of stone, with verandas above.

Returning from this road (which soon leads out to Hull's Cove), and going up Mount-Desert Street to the south-western corner of the village, we reach the neighborhood of the Malvern. Mount-Desert Street runs hitherward from Main Street, at the Grand Central Hotel, by the Congregational and Episcopal Churches, the Public Library, and the Lynam and Belmont

and St. Sauveur hotels. Nearly opposite the Lynam is Ledge Lawn, the pleasant summer-home of Miss Shannon of Newton, Mass., amid extensive grounds. The Shannons began to spend their summers at Bar Harbor as long ago as 1865. In the edge of the Shannon estate, on Ledge-Lawn Avenue, is the Shannon Mineral Spring, with its pretty canopy. The water is one of the purest known, containing less than four grains of mineral matter to the gallon. It is a powerful solvent, colorless, tasteless, odorless, and alkaline, and valuable as a remedial agent. **Kebo Street**, running south from the head of Mount-Desert Street, has been changed from a barren and rocky waste into a region of fine cottages by De Grasse Fox of Philadelphia. Here is the beautiful Malvern Hotel, of which Charles Dudley Warner says, "Bar Harbor has one of the most dainty and refined little hotels in the world,—the Malvern. Any one can stay there who is worth two millions of dollars, or can produce a certificate from the Recorder of New York that he is a direct descendant of Hendrick Hudson or Diedrich Knickerbocker." Near the hotel are the Livingston, Griffin, and other cottages. Beyond the Malvern is St. Sylvia's Church, a quaint and picturesque Roman-Catholic shrine. Beyond St. Sylvia's stands the cottage of Morris K. Jessup, the New-York banker; opposite which is the handsome new place of Col. E. W. Bass, a professor at West Point. Beyond (on the right) is Marigold, built in 1888 for Clermont Livingston of New York; and The Boulder, the new house of Clermont De Peyster, of New York; and one, beyond the Jessup place, pertaining to the Malvern. Alongside the Bass cottage a road diverges, leading to the top of **Malden Hill**, on whose summit, over 200 feet above the sea, is Toppingwold, the great house of Col. Francis W. Lawrence of Brookline, Mass. Here, also, stands Thirlstane, the loftily-placed mansion of Mrs. Rebecca B. Scott of Washington. Toppingwold is known as "the tower with the house," and Thirlstane as "the house with the tower." These two mansions are very conspicuous from the harbor, and command vast and magnificent views. Another new cottage on Malden Hill belongs to the Rev. William Lawrence of Cambridge. The hill was named from one of its owners of a few years ago, who belonged in Malden, Mass.

A little way to the southeast is **Ash Hill** (named for an early proprietor) on which is The Craigs, inhabited in summer by Mrs. James S. Amory, of Boston; and near it on the south is The Eyrie, the home of Dr. Robert Amory, of Brookline, son of James S. Amory. The Amorys have built a costly road up through the woods and over the ledges to the summit of this steep and far-viewing hill.

Eagle-Lake Road runs out from the end of Mount-Desert Street, by the cottages of Mrs. E. L. Stanton, of Washington (on the right), Mrs. John Sanders, and Mrs. H. C. Wilkins, both of Philadelphia (on the left); Mrs. Moncure Robinson, Mrs. H. J. Biddle, and Mrs. H. C. Hart, of Philadelphia (on the right); and others. The last house on the right belongs to J. P. Norris, of New York. So the road winds around the base of Malden Hill, and off into the wilderness beyond. Out near the Eagle-Lake Road, over a mile from the steamboat-wharf, is a race-course, with base-ball ground, tennis-courts, and other provisions for athletic games. It was bought by a party of wealthy New-Yorkers, in 1887, and greatly adorned and improved; and provided with a Country-Club house, and other gentlemanly accessories.

Down in another corner of the village, on West Street, beyond the great West-End Hotel, are the cottages of Professor Austin S. Phelps, of Andover, and Daniel Hinckley, of New York. Beyond these are four large and handsome cottages belonging to William B. Rice, of New York, and entitled *Casa* *far Niente*, *The Tides*, *Salt Air*, and *The Buoy*. The first named is Mr. Rice's summer-home, and the others are leased to wealthy families. On the left-hand side of West Street are *Bay View*, the home of Calvin Frost, of Peekskill, and the *Foster and Norris Cottages*.



CHAPTER III.

THE DRIVES. — FORESTS AND FLOWERS. — MOUNT KEBO. — DUCK BROOK. — EAGLE LAKE. — MOUNT PEMETIC AND THE BUBBLES. — GREEN MOUNTAIN AND ITS VIEW. — NEWPORT MOUNTAIN. — SCHOONER HEAD AND GREAT HEAD. — OTTER CLIFF. — SCHOODIC AND PETIT MENAN. — THE CORNICHE ROAD. — HULL'S COVE AND THE DE GREGOIRES. — THE OVENS. — SALISBURY COVE. — THE PORCUPINE ISLANDS.

BAR HARBOR is the means to an end, for all who come to it. Hymen, Mammon, Hygeia, whatever the divinity that has induced the pilgrimage, will lead its devotees into the grand scenery that infolds the place, like a mantle of glory — and of charity. Some of these points of beauty can best be visited on foot; but others require riding, and carriage-hire is very cheap, with good service. Tariffs of the legal rates for riding to the various points may be obtained at the hotels, and elsewhere. Two passengers can be taken to Southwest Harbor and back for \$5; to Otter Creek and Northeast Harbor and back, for \$4; to Beech Hill and back, for \$3; to Somesville and back, or Jordan's Pond and back, or Tower Hill and back, for \$3; to Hunter's Creek, or to Hull's Cove, or the Ovens, or Great Head, and back, for \$2; to Schooner Head, or the foot of Green Mountain, or Eagle Lake, and back, for \$1.50; to Newport Mountain, or Mount Kebo, or Duck Brook, and back, for \$1. Each additional passenger costs half as much, in addition. It is well to get a loquacious driver, who will tell you many interesting things about the various localities and people.

The woods on Mount Desert are mainly of coniferous trees, firs, pines, and spruces. The wild flowers that border the roads

are of marvellous abundance and variety, and include great masses of red and white and the rarer pink clover, and daisies of prodigious size; the wild iris, showing its blue petals on meadow and upland; and vast quantities of dogwood and campanula, sheep-laurel and fly-honeysuckle, wild roses and pond-lilies, meadow-rue and vetch, harebells and ferns, golden-rod, and twin-flower. Here also are treasures of blackberries, raspberries, huckleberries, bunchberries, and mountain-cranberries. In the deep forests roam red foxes, minks, squirrels, and deer; and overhead fly blue-birds and song-sparrows and peabody-birds, and now and then a noble eagle.

Mount Kebo, about 400 feet high, is within two miles of Bar Harbor, by the road past St. Sylvia's Church, and down to the site of the old mill on Kebo Brook. The mountain was burned over in 1882, the conflagration lasting for several days, though doggedly fought by large gangs of men. The view from the summit is partly circumscribed by Green Mountain, but includes much of Frenchman's Bay, the Porcupines, and the romantic shores beyond. South of Kebo is the Gorge, famous for its wild woodland scenery, and sometimes followed up to Green Mountain.

Duck Brook is not visited now as much as in the older days, when its woody glens were resorted to by many parties of ramblers. It is something over two miles from the outflow at Eagle Lake to the pretty little cove at its mouth. A dim wood-road diverges from the Corniche Road, a quarter of a mile beyond the Duck-Brook bridge, and runs about half the way up the valley of Duck Brook, to a point under Great-Pond Hill. The usual route for ramblers is up the path which leaves the highway at the Duck-Brook bridge, and by which one can ascend to the water-works dam, and come out near Eagle Lake. The best of the scenery lies below the dam; and a pleasant reconnoissance may be made up Witch-Hollow Brook (coming in on the north, not far from the bridge), to the lonely pond in the glen above. But even this tranquil valley of Duck Brook has been trampled by alien and hostile feet. In 1781 the British sloop-of-war *Allegiance* sailed up Frenchman's Bay, and destroyed a few houses at Waukeag Neck, and swept off as

captives several bold militia officers of the 6th Lincoln (County) Regiment. Among these was Capt. Ezra Young, who lived near Duck Brook, and was haled away by a boat's-crew of blue-jackets, landing on the shore hard by.

Eagle Lake is a beautiful expanse of sweet and limpid water, two miles long and half a mile wide, 275 feet above the sea, — a deep blue oval, fringed with yellow beaches, and surrounded by rich green woodlands. All about rise mighty mountains, Green and White Cap on the east, Interlaken on the north, Sargent on the southwest, and Pemetic on the south. The water is in some places over ten fathoms deep, and so sweet and pure that it furnishes a very satisfactory water-supply to the cottages and hotels of Bar Harbor. Around this fair Alpine lake are the haunts of many deer, sometimes victims to the rifles of the islanders. At no distant time cottages may line the shores, amid noble and restful mountain-scenery, and within half a league of the sea. The lake received its pretty name from Church, the great landscape-painter, who was one of the first æsthetic explorers of Mount Desert, and had a studio in its vicinity. In the bright days of winter, the surface of the lake presents a joyous sight, with its companies of skaters, and the jingling of sleigh-bells, as the fast horses of the town race over the level ice.

During the summer season, several times each day, four-horse barges run from Bar Harbor to Eagle Lake, a distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, through the forest, and over steep hills, and down to the little by-road that leads to the mountain-walled water. The Eagle-Lake House, where the carriage-road reaches the lake, is a comfortable road-house, with billiards and bowling and refreshments. Here the visitor can hire a boat and man, to go up the lake, and explore the fishing-grounds, where large trout and landlocked salmon are found. It is prudent to have a boatman, who knows the lake and its rough shores and wayward moods.

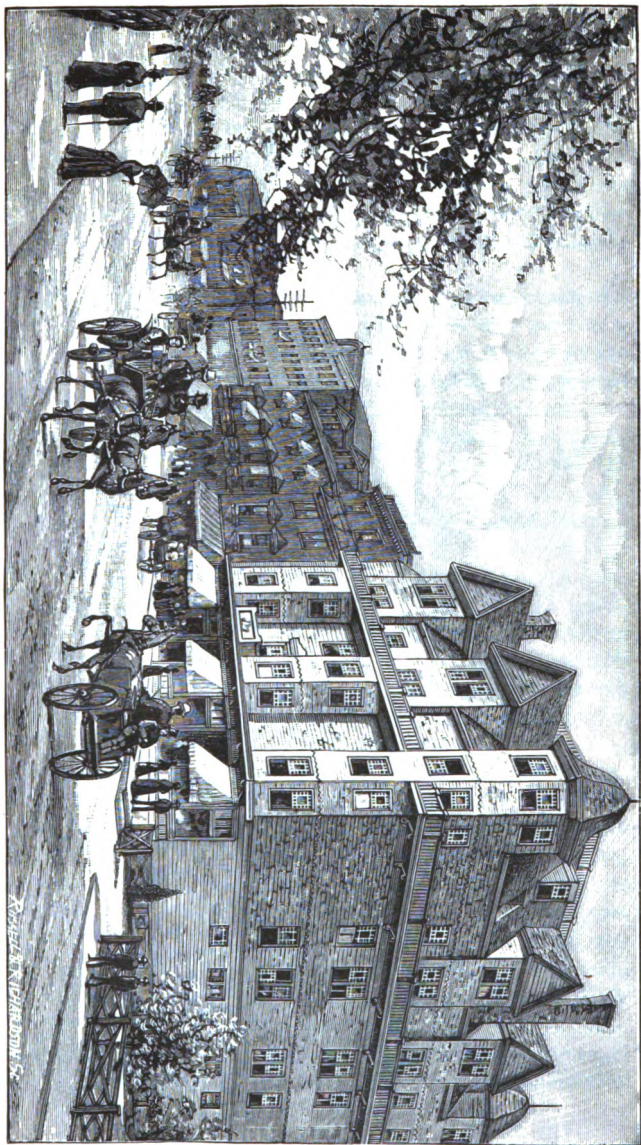
The steamer *Wauwinet* runs from the Lake House to the lower end of the Green-Mountain Railway in about twenty minutes. It is a quaint little stern-wheel craft, formerly used on the Merrimac at Newburyport, and hauled up from Bar Harbor to Eagle Lake by a hundred oxen and horses, its toilsome over-

land journey taking a month or more. The voyage up the lake is full of interest. Many fathoms below the surface, the great rocks are seen, heaped upon each other, hiding the haunts of the wary lake-trout; and the boat rushes over them, and through the crystalline water, with cheery eagerness. The breezes that come down from the environment of gray and green peaks are filled with pleasant odors of the forest and glade.

At the head of the lake the clear symmetrical **Pemetic Mountain** rises into ledgy spaces, cut off sharply from Green Mountain on the left, and on the right from the Bubbles, whose rounded and shaggy forms appear at the end of the vista. This is the best view to be had of Pemetic, but not the best of the Bubbles. To the right of these rise the long and amorphous lines of Sargent Mountain. Pemetic may be ascended from the beach of white sand at the head of Eagle Lake, through a labyrinth of fallen timber and thickets, and over almost impracticable ledges. The summit is of rose-colored granite, falling to the eastward in great terraces. The view includes Green and Sargent, Eagle Lake and Jordan's Pond, and a broad area of sea on the south, jewelled with the beautiful Cranberry Isles. The height of Pemetic is 1,206 feet. It bears the name anciently applied by the Indians to the entire island of Mount Desert, and which Dr. Edward Ballard, of the United-States Coast Survey, declares to have been compounded of two aboriginal words, *pemeté*, sloping, and *kí*, land.

The Bubbles may be ascended either from Jordan's Pond or Eagle Lake, by a short but severe climb through the woods. De Costa made the ascent from Eagle Lake in thirty minutes, and describes the beautiful view, including the vast overhanging mound of Sargent, Jordan's Pond, and the far-away blue sea. The North Bubble is 845 feet high; the South Bubble, 780 feet.

Green Mountain, the chief elevation on the island, is nearly five miles long, from Duck Brook to Otter Creek, with Echo Notch on the east, and the deep bowls of Eagle Lake and Turtle Lake on the west. Among its subordinate peaks are Dry Mountain, on the east; and the White Cap and Great Hill, on the north. The highest point of the ridge is 1,527 feet above



VIEW IN MAIN STREET, BAR HARBOR. (Face p. 34.)

the sea, being the most considerable elevation on the Atlantic coast of North America. Geologically, it is a huge mass of red granite, or protogine, dipping 60° N.W. and occasionally cut by trap dikes. Here and there are the deep marks of the glacial period, which were studied on this summit by Professor Agassiz. The United-States Coast-Survey officers, who occupied the peak for some time, named it *Adam's Grave* (because it was just outside of Eden), but this singular title fortunately failed to stick.

The old carriage-road up Green Mountain has long been discontinued, and is impassable for wheels. It is still used as a footpath, by climbers, — entering the woods on the left of the highway, at the top of the long hill before descending toward Eagle Lake, about half a mile beyond the race-course, and more than two miles from the summit of the mountain. The mountain-road at its junction with the highway looks much like the bed of a stony brook. It ascends for a mile through the woods, and then comes out on the rocky northern ridge, with views of Eagle Lake and a vast expanse of country. Beyond the shaggy slopes of Great Hill, the steep road climbs the White Cap, whose peak (925 feet high) is left on the right. It is a long mile from this point to the summit, during which a rise of over 500 feet must be made. In 1882, a famous highway robbery occurred on this road, when the Howe brothers, summer visitors ascending the mountain, were halted by a modern Claude Duval, and compelled to surrender all their valuables.

The Green-Mountain Railway was chartered in 1882 and built in 1883, having been begun in April and finished in June. It is 6,300 feet long, the route being nearly a straight line; and the sleepers and supports are bolted to the ledges, without trestles. For 500 feet the grade is one foot in three. This is the second cog-road in the United States, the other being on Mount Washington. Europe has two, one on the Rhigi, and one on Mount Vesuvius. The road is 4 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in gauge, with T and cog rails; and the fat, humpbacked little locomotive weighs ten tons. The ascent takes half an hour. The ride upward is most notable for the mechanism of the railway, the queerly tilted cars, and the pudgy little locomotive,

sticking its toes in the rounds of the middle iron cog-rail. From time to time, the passengers alight and pick berries or flowers, as the engine puffs its slow way upward. Meanwhile, Eagle Lake sinks away in the downward distance, and wider horizons open magnificently on the west and north. The view is clear and unobstructed, owing to the great breadth of the cutting through the forest. At length the little train stops amid the wind-swept gray ledges on the summit.

The top of the mountain is a long and narrow plateau, cut off from similar adjacent ridges by shallow and woody ravines. One can walk for a half-mile or more along this lofty promenade without much descent, so that sojourners at the mountain-inn need not want for exercise. The ridge is mainly composed of bare ledges, in whose hollows grow mountain-cranberries, blueberries, bunch-berries, and delicate highland flowers, in great richness and profusion.

The hotel is of modern construction, high-studded and airy, with twenty commodious rooms, broad encircling piazzas, an observatory-tower, and a dining-hall where good meals are served at a low figure. It is several hundred feet from the railway. Invalids are sometimes brought here as to a sanatorium, the clear sweet air of the mountain-top working favorably for their recovery; and worn-out men find in the quietude of the place, and its novelties of view and air, much that tends to revivify and strengthen them. The old hotel on the summit stood some ways to the southward, and was burned in 1884, the present handsome Gothic building dating from the year 1885.

The best view-point is the cupola on the hotel, where there is a telescope, with which the remoter objects are clearly identified. At the foot of the mountain the winding roads and red roofs and great hotels of Bar Harbor cover the point, with a fleet of yachts and steamboats off-shore. Beyond are the Porcupine Islands, Bar Island over the left of Bar Harbor, with Sheep Porcupine next, and then Burnt Porcupine, and then Round Porcupine and Long Porcupine nearly over each other, and above the villas on Ogden's Point. Above these is Stave Island, dark and woody; and still farther out on the same line

glimmer the white houses of Gouldsbrough, and the two spires of Millbridge. Well to the right of the Porcupines is Iron-bound Island, a little continent of forests, with farms near its centre; and over its left point stretches Jordan's Island, with the white houses of Stave-Island Harbor; while over its right point are the scattered houses of Winter Harbor. In this direction, line after line of blue fiords opens into the mainland, broken by long dark peninsulas, Steuben, Petit-Menan Point, and the great Schoodic promontory, with Schoodic Mountain near its end, and the yellow Schoodic Island off-shore.

The bare and ledgy ridge connected with Green Mountain on this side is Dry Mountain, over which rises the gloomy and bare Newport Mountain. Egg Rock, with its light-house, peeps over the left slope of Newport, with Turtle Island over it, and the light-house on Mark Island beyond, marking the entrance to Winter Harbor, which opens away to the northward.

In this direction, on a clearer day than we usually find in midsummer appears Petit-Menan Island, with its light-house, a little to the right of Mark Island, and much farther away; and still more remote, on the Canadian horizon, loom the vast cliffs of Grand Manan, at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy.

Along at the right of Newport rises the green mound of the Beehive, with the crest of Great Head over its left shoulder. Farther to the right, above a curving section of the Otter-Creek road, we see the Peak of Otter sloping off to the south to Otter-Creek Point, with the long-drawn-out farming settlement of Otter Creek, and the deep fiord of Otter Cove itself. The great sea fills up the view in this direction, with lonely vessels at wide distances on its vast expanse.

Farther around to the right appears Baker's Island, the outermost of the Cranberry group, with Little Cranberry almost joined to it by long and low-lying bars. Over this rise the two Duck Islands; well out to sea and now uninhabited. Farther out is Mount-Desert Rock, nearly over Baker's-Island light-house, about 27 miles at sea, and not usually visible.

Looking now down at the Mount-Desert shore, you see a little lake-like water, apparently separated from the ocean by a strip of beach with a wooded hillock on it. This is Seal Harbor,

and the Crowninshield cottage stands on the hillock. Over this is Sutton Island; and above that stretches the Great Cranberry, with its farms and forests. The harbor of Islesford, with its anchored vessels, lies close in. To the right of Great Cranberry, far out, loom the bold mountain ridges of Isle au Haut and other islands of Penobscot Bay. Closer in to our shore is the humpy Bear Island, with its light-house, over which appears Sea-Wall Point, with the Sea-Wall House; and over these, the dark Placentia Isles. Northeast Harbor is just inshore from Bear Island, but most of its houses are hidden. At Southwest Harbor the Stanley House and Ocean House are visible, with many of the small cottages on the west shore of the harbor, and a bit of Greening's Island. A line of the dark ledges of Pemetic Mountain appears hereaway over the curving crest of Green Mountain; and over it are the rambling settlements about Bass Harbor. Penobscot Bay and its many islands fill the remoter west.

Farther around rise Sargent's high ledges, with the head of Somes Sound on its right, and the pretty white hamlet of Somesville. Above the village we see the silvery flash of Bartlett Narrows, close to Pretty Marsh, with Bartlett's Island above, and Union-River Bay still more distant. A little farther around looms the unmistakable and picturesque Blue Hill, beyond which is the faint outline of the Camden Mountains, lost in sky. Under Blue Hill appear Blue-Hill Bay, Surry Neck, Union-River Bay, and Oak Point. Eagle Lake is hidden by a spur of the mountain, though visible from the railway platform. Beyond it is a marshy pond, with the farms of Town Hill in the distance, and then the Western Bay, with Alley's Island and Oak Point, in Trenton. Over Trenton Neck flashes Union-River Bay, running up to the right to Ellsworth, which is invisible, except for the town-clock, which peers over the hills, with great mountains beyond. Over the little settlement near the foot of Green Mountain, in this direction, is the bridge across the Mount-Desert Narrows, with the scattered houses of Trenton beyond.

Lake Wood is a bit of a pond in the forest to the west of north of Green Mountain a few miles away, and over it are the

scattered houses of Salisbury Cove, above which, across Eastern Bay, is the long village street of Lamoine. In this direction, far away on the northern horizon, Mount Katahdin may be seen, on a clear day.

Over the lonely Witch-Hollow Pond, in the forest, we see the curving yellow road and scattered houses and bold green promontory of Hull's Cove, with Raccoon Cove and Skillings River flashing into the mainland beyond. Farther to the right, Sullivan Harbor opens from the head of Frenchman's Bay, with Hancock Neck and the Maine-Central ferry and the Bluffs hotel on its left side, and Sorrento on the right, with the white Waukeag House more distant. Before these famous resorts, and extending into the middle foreground to Bar Harbor, and opening away to the right, is the noble island-guarded basin of Frenchman's Bay, like some great Scottish loch toward the Hebrides.

In thus mentioning a few details of the view, but a slight idea is gained of its impressive and overpowering general effect — of the soft warm lapis-lazuli of the encircling sea, the silvery and steel-blue inlets and fiords and lakes; the far horizons, melting in distance and in dream; the cheerful humanity of distant white hamlets and pale-green farm-lands; the majestic far-away mountains, amid which some believe they recognize Katahdin and Mount Washington; the weird effects of fog drifting across the peak, with celestial vistas through its rent veils; the solemn stillness of night, when the blazing torches of half a score of light-houses blink up and down the darkened coast; the ineffable splendor of early morning, with the great sun rising and marking its golden pathway along the shining sea.

Green Mountain is the theme of a poem by John Weiss, full of quaint fancy and transcendental conceits. But its noblest picture occurs in Whittier's *Mogg Megone* :—

“Far eastward o'er the lovely bay,
Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay;
And gently from that Indian town
The verdant hillside slopes adown,
To where the sparkling waters play
Upon the yellow sands below.

.
 Beneath the westward turning eye,
 A thousand wooded islands lie, —
 Gems of the waters! with each hue
 Of brightness set in ocean's blue.

.
 There sleep Placentia's group, — and there
 Père Breteaux marks the hour of prayer.

.
 "There gloomily against the sky
 The Dark Isles rear their summits high;
 And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
 Lifts its gray turrets in the air, —
 Seen from afar, like some stronghold
 Built by the ocean-kings of old;
 And, faint as smoke-wreath white and thin,
 Swells in the north vast Katahdin:
 And, wandering from its marshy feet,
 The broad Penobscot comes to meet
 And mingle with his own bright bay."

Newport Mountain is a long ridge, parallel with Green Mountain, and between it and the sea. It is 1,060 feet high, and nearly two miles long. An entire day should be devoted to the trip hither, so as to avoid breathless haste, which is attended with some peril along the slippery ledges. It is about two miles south of Bar Harbor, and the path branches to the right from the Great-Head road, a little way beyond the divergence of the Otter-Creek Road. It is at first a lonely little forest-lane, which changes into a rapidly-rising footpath; and after emerging upon the ledges is marked by piles of small stones. Leaving Round Peak to one side, the trail mounts straight to the summit, where there is a tall pole, and also a cairn of rocks.

The charm of this vast pile of granite is its nearness to the sea, which fringes its base with an embroidery of white surf. Nowhere else on our American Atlantic coast is there such a wonderful sea-view. As an experienced traveller has remarked, the prospect from Green Mountain is for the delight of a geographer, while Newport's view is for the artist.

The west is impressively filled with the huge reddish-brown mass of Green Mountain, against which lies the contiguous

Dry Mountain. Above the long northward slope of the latter appear bright reaches of Mount-Désert Narrows, the white houses of Lamoine, and far-away mountains on the mainland. Farther to the right is the long point of Hull's Cove, with the lake-like Raccoon Cove above it, on the main. The hotels and villas of Bar Harbor next appear, with the gate-like opening of Skillings River above them, at the head of the bay. The Goldsborough mountains and the bold islands of the bay make a noble appearance on the vast blue expanse. Directly over the left flank of Schoodic Mountain, and much more remote, are the nameless blue peaks of the eastern counties. The waves are seen whitening among the ledges of Egg Island; and here and there steamboats or yachts noiselessly move up and down the bay, over their snowy paths, and seeming so near that one might throw pebbles upon their decks. Farther around rise the bold headlands about Otter Cove, the Cranberry Isles, and the Placentia group, Isle au Haut, and the great archipelago of outer Penobscot Bay.

An inspiring (but arduous) walk leads along the ridge to the south peak, whence a still finer view of Otter Cove and its cliffs is given. This route is marked by little cairns; and gives noble views down into Echo Notch, and over the open sea. Beyond and far below the south peak is **Loch Anna** (so-named by Church, the painter), a beautiful mountain-pond on the contiguous spur, 475 feet above the sea, which is but half a mile distant. This sequestered tarn (called also *The Bowl*, by the islanders) was in past years well-stocked with trout. A path leads from its eastern side to a wood-road which soon enters the Schooner-Head road. Close to Loch Anna, and quite conspicuous from the Great-Head road, is the foot-hill called **The Beehive**, 540 feet high; and about a mile S.S.W. is the Peak of Otter, 506 feet high.

The ascent of Newport is made by many ladies, during bright summer days. It is best to ride to the base, and so avoid perplexity about the entrance of the path. In dry seasons, climbers should carry up something wherewith to appease thirst, for it is a very dry mountain, and the violent exercise of climbing produces an amazing thirst.

The road to **Schooner Head** leads south from Bar Harbor for three miles through the woods, usually out of sight of the sea, but with frequent glimpses of the great Newport Mountain. In the vicinity of Schooner Head are the pleasant estates of George S. Hale, George H. Homans, and Charles Francis and Henry Sayles, all of Boston. Schooner Head is a bold headland on the coast, with high rocky cliffs, breasting the surf. In one of these is a long tunnel-like opening, from whose inner end a cleft opens away into the top of the Head. During rough weather the waves rush madly into this passage, and dash out at the top, throwing showers of white spray many feet into the air. This is the famous Spouting Horn, which, on the pleasant days usually chosen for this excursion, forbears to spout. Venturesome persons have climbed up through the Horn, at low tide, but it is a perilous and uncomfortable journey.

There are various wild legends connected with the white stain on the seaward face of the Head, which bears a singular resemblance to the lower sails of a schooner. One of these tells of a pirate-schooner, one of Capt. Kidd's, running in to make a harbor and land treasure at Otter Cove, and disabled off this shore by a broadside from a British corvette, after which she was dashed to pieces on the Head. Hence the mariners along the coast, a century or more ago, often fancied they saw, off this point, the ghost of a schooner, with a shadowy helmsman, flitting past in the white moonlight. There is also a tradition that one of His Majesty's cruisers ran in here, during the War of 1812, and opened a brisk fire upon the cliff, under the impression that its white face, dimly descried through the fog, was the mainsail of a flying Yankee schooner.

Schooner Head is of diorite, with tortuous veins of feldspar, quartz and granite, and masses of slate, indicating furious volcanic disturbances in some far-past age.

Anemone Cave is a picturesque grotto, forty feet deep, across the cove south of Schooner Head, full of interesting sea-mosses, sea-lettuce, pale-green sponge, kelp, barnacles, green echini, red-backed crabs, star-fishes, and other wonders of the shore. It should be visited at low tide, for at high water the deep waves roll into it with resistless force. The exquisite sea-anemones,

once so abundant in its rocky pools, have well-nigh vanished at the hands of visitors; and the owners of the Head now strenuously forbid the removal of the treasures of this loveliest of aquaria. A favorite name for the Anemone Cave, among the old islanders, was *The Devil's Oven*; and the roaring and rushing of the waves in its dark depths, during a stormy high tide, certainly suggested demoniac activities. Among novel-readers the cave is happily memorable as the place of the closing scene in Blanche Willis Howard's story of *One Summer*.

Something less than a mile beyond Schooner Head, the road reaches a lonely farm-house, whence a path leads up through the woods, for a long half-mile, to the seaward front of **Great Head**. Sturdy climbers sometimes follow the shore between the two Heads, and enjoy the wild rock-scenery, with its caverns and boulders and birch-groves. Great Head is the outermost promontory of Mount Desert, a bold foot-hill of Newport Mountain projecting into the sea, with ponderous rocky cliffs, forever beaten upon by the resounding waves. It towers with magnificent effect over fifteen fathoms of water; and looks out across the noble bay, to Schoodic Point and Mountain, the blue peaks of Gouldsborough, and the grim crags of Otter Point. From John Weiss's poem of *Great Head*, we get this little picture:—

“Against the seaward reefs, from time to time,
Some wave, more bold and eager than its mates,
Runs up, all white with hurrying, and waits,
And clings.”

Close to Great Head, on the west, is **Newport Beach**, one of the largest sandy beaches on the island, at the head of a quiet little cove, and bordered by natural meadows. Near Great Head, also, is the Stag Cave, so-named from the resemblance of the white quartz on its side to the shape of a stag. And farther down on the shore open the dark recesses of Thunder Cave, whose name is due to the tremendous peals of sound issuing from it when a heavy sea is rolling in. The new Eden Road from Great Head to Otter Cliff runs along the high ground inshore, with noble groves of pine and spruce on one side, overlooked by the Peak of Otter and Newport Mountain,

and on the other a grand line of cliffs, against which the sea pounds heavily.

Thunder Cave is thus described in *Picturesque America*: "It is a long, low gallery, running inward amid a great mass of wild, tumbled, and distorted rocks. Up through the gallery the waves rushed with eager impetuosity, and dashed against the hollow cavity within with a crash which, as it reverberated among the overhanging rocks, closely resembled thunder. In fair weather the sound is apparent only when near, but in great storms it has been heard distinctly for seven miles. Piled up within the cave are a great number of large stones, and every time the waves dash into the cave they dislodge some of these; and as these boulders thus roll and grind together, they produce in the hollow of the cavern almost the exact mutterings and reverberations of thunder."

In this same vicinity is a tall natural obelisk, and also the battlemented cliff called Castle Head. The best time to visit this region is at low tide, when one can study the majestic cliffs from below. But great care needs to be taken against slipping.

The road to **Otter Cliff** is one of the most interesting in this wonderful region, since it combines in an unusual degree the noble and notable features of mountain scenery and sea-coast. The distance down there is five miles, by the road running south from Bar Harbor, and swinging off to the right from the Great-Head road, something over a mile from the village. For a long distance it drives directly towards the tremendous cliffs of Dry Mountain, which seem to overhang the glen from an Alpine altitude. Then the road swings around and makes a dash toward the lofty and ledge-environed northwest peak of Newport Mountain, and so ascends into the magnificent **Echo Notch**. On one side, across a narrow morass, the Cyclopean masonry of Dry Mountain rises for over a thousand feet; and on the other, over the *débris* of ancient slides, the rocky walls of Newport Mountain reach far into the sky. It is one of the noblest mountain-passes in New England, for although its walls lack the great height of the Crawford and Franconia Notches, they are more wild and stern in their rocky strength, and are not masked by miles of arching woodlands, or draped with

softening forests. Here we see huge overhanging masses of splintered red granite, towering high above the rich forest of spruce and hemlock; and the long heaps of ancient avalanches; and on one side a lush meadow, overgrown with rank deep-green grasses. From all appearances, the scene might be amid the fastnesses of the Catskills or the Adirondacks; yet the great eastern wall of the gorge is hammered along its whole length by the heaviest waves of the ocean; and the little brook singing its way down the intervalle will be swallowed by the sea within a short league. Thomas Cole truly said, here, that "One might easily fancy himself in the forests of the Alleghanies, but for the dull roar of the ocean breaking on the stillness."

When Longfellow made his great collection of "Poems of Places," he found room in it for an anonymous poem to Echo Notch, containing this word-picture:

"Adown thy steep and rugged flanks,
The black fir glooms and the pale aspens quiver,
And o'er thy glistening, windswept cliffs,
The mossy, perfumed streamlets leap forever."

After traversing this interesting defile, the road turns up along the Peak of Otter; runs high along the ridgy east wall of Otter Cove, with charming views of the Cove and its settlement of farms; and finally stops at a little house. A fee is paid at the farmhouse at the end of the road; and leaving the carriage, the holiday Rambler walks along a pleasant path, through a short stretch of evergreen woodland, and emerges on the vast cliffs, at whose foot, over a hundred feet below, the sea roars and whitens ceaselessly. The trend of the shore is visible as far as the yellow Newport Sands and the high promontory of Great Head. Otter-Creek Point is over a mile long, between the sea and Otter Cove, and rises to a height of 188 feet, covered with woods, and fronted on either side by noble cliffs. A little way off-shore is a lonely spindle; and farther out swings a bell-buoy, with its perpetual melancholy music of warning. A mile inland rises the Peak of Otter, a wild foot-hill of Newport Mountain. This region received its name from the otters that once abounded here, but have long since passed away. When the

tide favors, people can cross from Great Head to Otter Cliff by way of Newport Beach and the rugged hills above. In 1887-88 a road nearly two miles (548 rods) long was built along these rocky cliffs, from Sand Beach to Otter Cliff, giving remarkable views of marine scenery.

Beyond Otter's Nest, the summer-residence of Lieut. Aulick Palmer, of Washington, a road runs on to the end of Otter-Creek Point. Unless it is nominated in the bond, the buckboard drivers oftentimes decline to drive out over this noble road. On the western side of the point is a notable cavern, near which the natives have dug a deep pit, in the search for Capt. Kidd's buried treasures.

Otter Cove makes in for over a mile, between high wooded shores; and has on one side a quarry of fine (but hard) red granite. In ancient times the head of the cove was occupied by beaver-dams (beaver-skins were shipped from Eastern Maine to Boston as late as the year 1822). Here Champlain first made the acquaintance of the Mount-Desert Indians, according to his narrative: "The next day, we sailed two leagues, and perceived a smoke in a cove at the foot of the mountains. We saw two canoes rowed by savages, which came within musket-shot to observe us. I sent our two savages in a boat to assure them of our friendship. Their fear of us made them turn back. On the morning of the next day, they came alongside of our barque, and talked with our savages. I ordered some biscuit, tobacco, and other trifles to be given them. These savages had come beaver-hunting and to catch fish, some of which they gave to us." The friendly savages piloted the French ship through Penobscot Bay, and up to the present site of Bangor.

Conspicuous across the bay rises Schoodic, which is thus described in the *North-Atlantic Pilot*: "This prominent peninsula, one of the great landmarks on the coast of New England, is a range of high, barren, rocky hills, terminating to the southward in a low, bare, rocky point, called Schoodic Point. They are composed of bare yellowish rock, with their slopes cut into very peculiar-looking steps, and a few low trees dotting at wide intervals their eastern sides. The general appearance is barren and desolate in the extreme. These hills are usually made by

vessels from Europe coming upon our coast, bound either to the northward or southward." Farther to the eastward rises Petit Menan, a group of low rocky islets, destitute of vegetation, and surrounded by dangerous shoals, 26 M. N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. from Mount-Desert Rock. On the southern islet is a granite tower 107 feet high, with a fixed white light varied by flashes, 125 feet above the sea, and visible for 17 miles. There is also a steam fog-whistle, and two or three dwelling-houses.

Fifteen years ago a well-known author predicted that in a short time Otter-Creek village would surpass Bar Harbor, with a road up the south-eastern side of Green Mountain, and easy rambles to the neighboring Great Head and Schooner Head. This consummation lies far in the future. A little way west of Otter Cove, Cornelius Wellington has built a costly road a mile and a half long, to a far-viewing plateau on the ridge between Green Mountain and Pemetic, north of the old Boyd camp. It is in contemplation to extend this road by the west shore of Turtle Lake, and the east shore of Eagle Lake, to the Eagle-Lake road, thus making a beautiful round drive of about fifteen miles from Bar Harbor, encircling Green Mountain.

Turtle Lake is bewitchingly set between the steep sides of Green and Pemetic, amid magnificent and lonely forests. It is but half a mile long. A rude cart-track leads thence to Eagle Lake; and a party of Appalachians once descended from the summit of Green Mountain to the shores of this gem of the forest.

The magnificent **Corniche Road**, perhaps the finest drive on the island, runs north from Duck Brook to Hull's Cove, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Bar Harbor, through flowers and forests, and along the sides of the cliffs, with exquisite views of Frenchman's Bay and its romantic shores. Here, too, you may see the cottagers, in their handsome carriages, or on horseback, and the crowded buckboards from the hotels. Perhaps your driver will take you up the Cleftstone and Highbrook Roads, and show you Mossley Hall and Mr. Blaine's house, with legends of their respective proprietors. Beyond these *châteaux en Maine*, the broad and finely built highway passes several handsome cottages, and descends to Duck Brook and its little mill-pond and saw-mill.

After crossing Duck-Brook bridge, and passing the old Cork-screw-Hill road, now closed, the new road (about 500 feet beyond, to the right) takes one to **Paradise Hill**, upon the summit of which several lookouts have been erected, commanding the grandest views of the mountains and bay upon this side of the island. A carriage-road encircles the hill, and one can drive to the bases of the lookouts. Farther on, the road commands a series of delicious views over the broad upper reaches of Frenchman's Bay, with the high blue Schoodic mountains beyond its shining levels. The highway winds along the face of the cliffs almost as bravely as that wonderful bayside road from Salerno to Amalfi; and it bears the name of The Corniche Road, in memory of a famous route on the North-Italian coast.

Near the western end of the Corniche Road is the quaint summer-home built in 1887 by John A. Morris, the proprietor of the Louisiana Lottery, for his daughter, who recently married Thurlow Weed Barnes, of Boston. Just to the east is Eastcote, the new cottage of J. Pierpont Edwards of New York, with its stone porch.

Hull's Cove is a hamlet of about a score of old-fashioned and snug little farmhouses, scattered along the treeless fields that lie about the foot of the quiet bay. As you enter it, from the south, you see one of the oldest houses on the island, a manorial looking structure of red brick, on a sea-viewing eminence. The village has one or two small stores, a post-office, one or two boarding-houses, an anchorage for small vessels, and a place where schooners have been built, when the Cove was a well-known fishing-port. On one side is the great old brick mansion erected by the Hamor family, from bricks made here. The village was named for Capt. Samuel Hull (a brother of Gen. William Hull, the victim of Detroit), who settled here soon after the Revolutionary War. The first town-meeting of Eden was held at his house in 1796. Near the north extremity of the hamlet, on the left, and a little way secluded from the highway, you may see the white monuments in the old village-graveyard, just outside of which are the graves of the De Gregoires, the last heirs of the French sovereignty of Mount Desert. Among the generous grants of the Kings of France was one

made in 1688 to Antoine de la Motte Condillac, a brilliant officer of the marine corps, and sometime commandant of Mackinaw and Detroit, and Governor of Louisiana. This royal largesse consisted (in part) of the island of Mount Desert; and the gallant old Gascon used to delight to sign himself, "Lord of Donaquee [Union River] and Mount Desert in Maine." After over twenty years of life in his lonely Western and Southwestern fortresses, Condillac returned to France, in 1717, and died soon afterwards. In the year 1786, his granddaughter, Madame Marie Therese de Gregoire (*née* De la Motte Condillac) and her husband, Barthelemy de Gregoire, came over from France, and set up a claim to this princely estate. Thomas Jefferson interested himself in their favor, and the Marquis de Lafayette joined also his good offices, through M. Otto, the French ambassador to the United States. The General Court of Massachusetts, sitting at Boston, reported favorably; and by a special act naturalized the De Gregoires and their children, Pierre, Nicholas, and Marie. And so this interesting family came into possession of 60,000 acres of land, including such parts of the island (and some of the adjacent mainland) as were not occupied by actual settlers. John Bernard's attempt to buy them out, for £2,500, failed of success; and De Gregoire led a quiet life among his fishermen neighbors, with the occasional variation of an orgie on rum and molasses. From time to time a French monk visited their secluded home, and abode briefly with these lonely compatriots.

In 1792 De Gregoire sold to Henry Jackson, for £1,247, 16s. a vast tract of land on the island and the main, together with the Cranberry Isles and the Duck Isles. In 1794 he sold two-fifths of the original domain to Perez Morton of Boston and Sieur Joseph de la Tombe, the French Consul at Boston. These transactions, and others of similar purport, are recorded in the *Bangor Historical Magazine* for May, 1886. The princely domain ceded to the De Gregoires "to cultivate mutual confidence and union between the subjects of His Most Christian Majesty and the citizens of this State," thus dropped away little by little from its recipients; and about the year 1810, the two beneficiaries died, and were buried in the little cemetery at

Hull's Cove, where their graves are marked by a white wooden cross, just outside of the enclosure. The lady lived three years longer than her husband, abandoning the old homestead (whose cellar is still pointed out to curious tourists), and dwelling with the Hulls. After her death, a belt of gold was found upon her body.

At Hull's Cove is one of the great shell-heaps that remain as the only visible memorials of the aborigines of Mount Desert, and in which the curious antiquary finds fragments of pottery, stone axes of the celt pattern, spear-heads and knives of green felsite, and shells of clams, whelks, and mussels, and bones of moose, deer, dog, beaver, otter, seal, goose, and great auk. Here also have been found broken human bones, and daring theorists thereupon infer that the tribesmen were on occasion cannibals. The shell-heaps on the Maine coast are of great antiquity; and even the first settlers found them covered with a thick growth of trees.

Point Levi is the picturesque promontory north of Hull's Cove, elevated in the centre, and sloping gradually to the shores, with many admirable building sites, overlooking Frenchman's Bay, Bar Harbor, and the great mountains. This tract of 85 acres has recently been acquired by city invaders, and laid out by landscape-gardeners and civil engineers. The roads cover a mile and a half, and are overlaid with beach gravel, and make beautiful curves and gradients, through shadowy groves and over sea-viewing hills.

Near the centre of this territory is the new cottage of Dr. Guy Fairfax Whiting, of Washington, with its decagonal stone tower and loggia. On the highest point rises the handsome new house of C. Wycliff Yulee, son of the late Senator Yulee of Florida, overlooking Bar Harbor, the mountains and the bay.

Among the other owners of domains near Hull's Cove are W. F. Apthorp, of Boston; Miss Prime, who calls her estate Canoe Place; and the Evans, White, Payson, and other families.

Emerging from Hull's Cove, the northward road ascends a hill, and in retrospect we have a charming view of Bar Harbor and

its surroundings. It is a matter of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Hull's Cove, by a pleasant road through the woods, with occasional broad views over Frenchman's Bay, to the little cottage where people alight to visit **The Ovens**. A few minutes' walk leads down the little glen to the shore, where a boatman stands ready to carry you around in front of the cliffs, if the tide happens to be high. The best time for the visit is about two hours after low tide, when one can descend among the haunts of sea-urchins, star-fish, sea-anemones, and other strange forms of marine life. The Ovens are a line of shallow caverns, worn by the sea in the bases of the tall cliffs. They can be visited at low tide, along the pebbly beach, which is nearly 100 feet wide; and at high tide boatmen carry visitors along the quiet waters in front of them, and into the largest of the caverns. The cliffs are of disintegrating porphyritic or slaty rock, rich in its coloring, and usually dripping from all its bright points. The largest of the caves are to the northward of the path. To the southward is an archway through a projecting spur of the cliff, known to the islanders as The Hole in the Rock, and to the much-travelled summer-visitors as the Via Mala. This may be traversed without difficulty, to the little beach beyond.

In *Picturesque America* it is written: "The cliffs at the Ovens contrast happily with the rocks on the sea-front of the island in possessing a delicious quiet and repose. The waters ripple calmly at their feet, and only when winds are high do the waves chafe and fret at the rocks. Here the perpendicular pile of rock is crowned by growths of trees that ascend in exact line with the wall, casting their shadows on the beach below. Grass and flowers overhang the edge; at points in the wall of rock, tufts of grass and nodding hare-bells grow, forming pleasant pictures in contrast with the many-tinted rocks, in the crevices of which their roots have found nourishment. The whole effect of the scene here is one of delicious charm; the wide and sunny bay, the boats that glide swiftly and silently upon its surface, the peaceful shores, the cliff, crowned with its green forest, make up a picture of great sweetness and beauty."

Salisbury Cove lies about a mile and a half beyond Sands Point, and is the chief harbor in the town of Eden, giving

anchorage and wharves for large vessels. It opens out on Eastern Bay, which is here over a mile wide, with the long settlement of Lamcine on the other side. There are a score or two of houses around the cove, near which is the best farming land on the island; and there is also a small Baptist church, and a rural tavern. The Cove was named for Ebenezer Salisbury, one of the first settlers of Eden, at whose house the early town-meetings were held; and the town-house of Eden still stands here, with a little burying-ground near it, in which are the graves of Salisbury, Hopkins, Young, Doane, and other pioneers. At Salisbury Cove there are two country stores, a public hall, a post-office, a mill, and several carpenters, coopers, shipbuilders, and farmers.

The Twenty-Two Mile Drive should receive a day's attention. It leads out from Bar Harbor, by Eagle Lake, nearly to Somesville, at the head of Somes Sound; and thence southward along the Sound and through several miles of wild highland scenery, between Brown Mountain on the west and Sargent Mountain on the east. Beyond the wild scenery of the Hadlock Ponds the road soon reaches Northeast Harbor, whose great hotels and aristocratic cottages can be seen by a digression of a mile or two from the head of the harbor. Next the road follows the south coast of the island, past President Eliot's cottage, and by Bracy's Cove, to Seal Harbor, where it passes before the hotels. A little way beyond, the route to Jordan's Pond diverges to the left. Our road keeps on to the eastward, over high hills, with distant views of the sea, from Baker's Island to Schoodic Point.

Beyond the long-drawn farms of Otter Creek, the road runs northward with noble mountain-views, the bold barrier of Newport, and the league-long wall of Green. Then presently it enters the magnificent Echo Notch; and so fares on to Bar Harbor and its manifold human activities.

The road from Bar Harbor to Somesville is sometimes called the Breakneck Road; and beyond Eagle Lake it climbs the long slopes of McFarland Mountain, with noble views from its upper grades.

The so-called Breakneck Drive covers the roads from Bar Harbor to Hull's Cove, and thence south for three miles along

the wild route between Interlaken Hill and McFarland Mountain, striking the Somesville road a little west of Eagle Lake, and following it back to Bar Harbor. Near the road between Hull's Cove and Eagle Lake are the Emery and Paine and other large farms, and also De Grasse Fox's farm of 160 acres, occupying a broad highland plateau. Here are many thoroughbred Jersey cows, Shropshire sheep, and other valuable stock; and the hotbeds from which the Hotel Malvern tables are supplied with strawberries, peas, lettuce, etc.

A pleasant trip that is sometimes made is by driving from Bar Harbor to Beech Mountain, and thence back to Somesville, for dinner; and giving the afternoon to the drive around the shore, by Northeast Harbor and Seal Harbor and Otter Cove, and through Echo Notch to Bar Harbor again. Beech Mountain is described on a subsequent page.

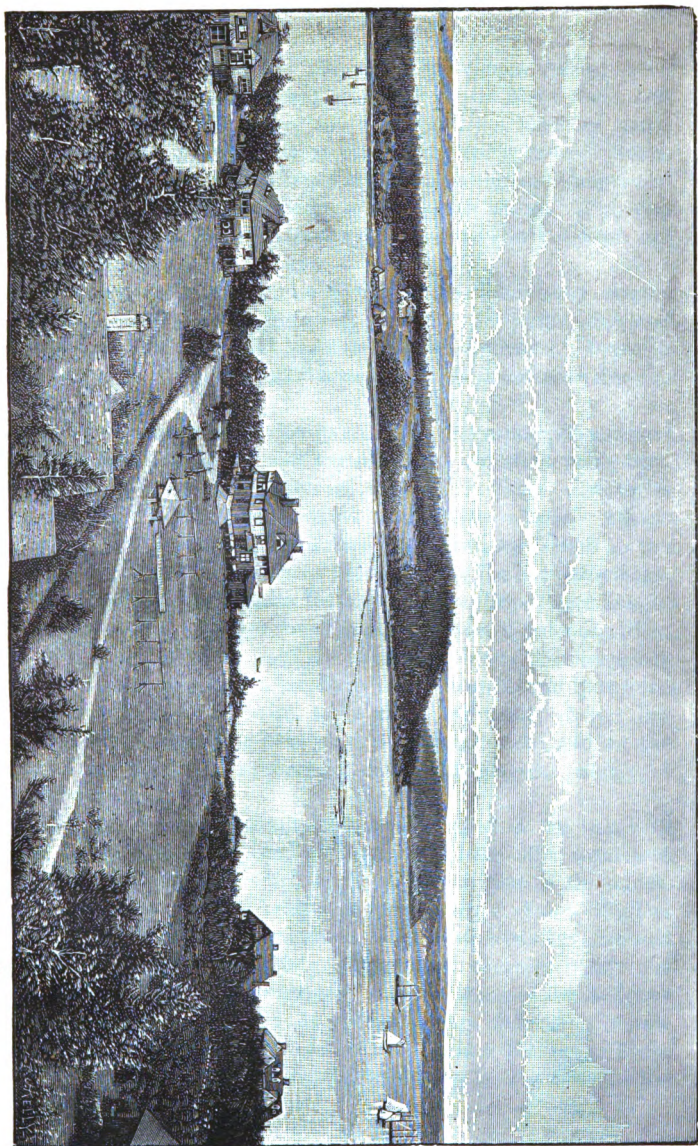
Frenchman's Bay is fourteen miles long, north and south, and six miles wide at its mouth (between Otter-Creek Point and Schoodic Point), and seven miles at its widest part (opposite to Trenton River). There are six harbors on it—Winter, West-Gouldsborough, Sullivan, West-Sullivan, Hull's Cove, and Bar Harbor. **The Porcupine Islands** divide it into the Upper Bay and the Lower Bay, stretching nearly across from Bar Harbor to Gouldsborough, sheltering the upper part of the bay so that it resembles a great landlocked lake. The islands were formerly so thickly covered with dead trees that their round backs looked like stiff-quilled porcupines; but the fruitful rains and sunshine of half a century have replaced these stark tree-trunks with vigorous forests. Some of the pleasantest scenes in the little romance of *Golden-Rod* are laid on these fair islands.

Bar Island (or Harbor Island) is joined to the Bar-Harbor shore by a high sand-bar, which shelters the harbor on the north. It is a bold and picturesque islet, with old forests on its crest and eastern side; and commands lovely views of the village, the bay and the mountains. Here stands the old Rodick farmhouse (recently rebuilt), with its broad fields stretching along the hill-slopes; and near the shore is the Rodick fish-weir, where thousands of bushels of herring are caught every year. The scene has been thus described: "Four thousand

bushels of herring moving in one compact mass through the water, until those above were actually forced out of the sea by the dense crowd below, and one could almost have walked over their scaly backs. Hither and thither moved the wriggling throng, dashing up against our boat, then dashing away in terror, making the waves boil with their combined movements. Fishermen in boats stood up to their knees in a living, quivering mass of herring. With broad, deep scoop-nets they drew in bushel after bushel of these shining sea dwellers, and remorselessly cast them on their fellows in the boat. The fish are used for dressing and fertilizers for farm lands, or bait for deep-sea fishers. Some few, later in the season, are dried and smoked for winter use. But the rest are ground up and sold for forty cents a bushel as manure for impoverished soil."

Bar Island is the property of the Rodicks, the hotel-proprietors; and it is said that they have refused \$100,000 for it. The ancient farmhouse looks askant at the neighboring village, with all its modern splendors. At low tide, visitors can cross the bar on foot, or by driving; but they must look out and not have their retreat cut off by the rising water, which might make them prisoners on the island for several hours. The Mount-Desert Canoe Club has a rustic house, with broad verandas, near the northwest point.

Sheep Porcupine (or Little Porcupine) slopes to the westward, and has a large cleared space. An attempt was recently made to move the Indian village from Bar Harbor to this locality, which was offered them rent-free; but the aborigines refused to go on to the reservation, like some of their Arizona brethren. It is a bold mass of insulated rock and stunted firs and spruces, a quarter of a mile across, between Bar Island and Burnt Porcupine; and hither sometimes come tea-parties from the cottages. Off the eastern end of the island is a musical bell-buoy. The name of the island is due to the fact that sheep have often been pastured on its rugged slopes. Across the half-mile channel to the eastward is **Burnt Porcupine**, on which (on the Bar-Harbor side) there is a singular cleft, or cavern, sixty feet deep, with a gravelly beach inside. The local legend tells of a lady and gentleman entering this chasm by boat, and finding



BAR ISLAND FROM ABBY'S RETREAT. (Face p. 54)

themselves unable to get out again (their boat having been broken), so that they passed a very cheerless night there, and were pulled up with ropes the next day, by a rescuing party. In very still water, this cavern may be entered with small boats, at high tide; but the undertow is always strong and dangerous. There is a good landing beach on the north shore. With this island, also, is connected the tragic story of Peter Leighton and Sarah Mayne.

Just east of Burnt is **Long Porcupine**, with many marine caves in its sea-beaten cliffs. It is a mile in length; high and rocky; with a huge bold headland on the southwest. Between this and Ironbound opens the widest and best entrance into the Upper Bay.

Round Porcupine is also called Bald Porcupine, on account of its dome-like shape and smooth top; and rises nobly from the waves, less than a mile from Cromwell's Cove. Among its salty crags, hundreds of sea-birds have built their nests. Adventurous boating-parties sometimes land here, and climb to the highest point, for the sake of the view over the bay and village. Gen. Fremont, the famous Pathfinder of the West, once bought this island, for \$500, but found it a possession of dubious utility, and allowed it to be sold for taxes. Recently, a scheme has been advanced to have a breakwater built from Round Porcupine to Cromwell's Harbor so as to more effectually shelter Bar Harbor. The landing beach is on the north side; and on the south are lofty and picturesque cliffs, with singular patches of white rock.

Farther out is **Ironbound Island**, the largest in the bay, with its seaward face composed of jagged and lofty cliffs, worn into a thousand odd shapes by the perpetual attrition of the waves. At one point a natural bridge of rock spans a chasm fifty feet above the water; and adventurous summer-tourists have crossed it in trepidation and safety. There are several cottages of summer-residents on Ironbound, including those of the Andrews and Edgerly families. It is $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles long, undulating in outline, and reaching a height of 160 feet above the sea. There are two coves, Seal Cove, on the south, and Jacob's Cove, on the west.

Turtle Island, near the openings of Winter Harbor, is a favorite resort of excursion-parties, and has a convenient landing-stage, and a pleasant beach, with groves of sheltering trees. It is saddle-shaped, with hills on north and south; abounds in woods and rocks; is $\frac{3}{4}$ mile long; and has bad ledges on the south. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile from Turtle Island, across the bay, is the bleak **Egg Rock**, with its light-house, the principal guide to Frenchman's Bay, and the goal of frequent sailing-parties. In this vicinity are capital fishing-grounds, where cod and haddock and mackerel are taken. The Rock is bitterly scourged by the stormy sea, whose spray covers the lighthouse, and sometimes batters down the bell-tower. There is a little beach on the northeast side, whose beautiful rounded and colored pebbles are carried away as mementoes. The tower bears a fixed red light, 76 feet above the sea, and visible for 14 miles. Egg Rock is a quarter of a mile long.

The Thumbcap, or Whaleboat Island, lies off Bear Brook, and is about 300 feet across, with a few spruce-trees, and deep water all around.





CHAPTER IV.

SEAL HARBOR — UNCLE JIMMY CLEMENT — THE GLENCOVE
AND SEASIDE HOUSES — CROWNINSHIELD'S POINT — THE
CLEFT — JORDAN'S POND.

BYOND the environs and the influence of Bar Harbor, the island of Mount Desert has several other watering-places, each sufficient unto itself, and with its little army of enthusiastic partisans. They are at once less expensive, less luxurious, and less artificial than Bar Harbor, and enjoy greater nearness to unspoiled Nature, greater quiet, and more freedom from conventionality. The chief of these are Seal Harbor, Northeast Harbor, and Southwest Harbor, all of which are accessible from Bar Harbor by steamboat, daily, in summer, so that a pleasant little trip can be made from that village to any one of them, with a return the same day.

Seal Harbor is a snug little cove near the southeast corner of Mount-Desert Island, inside the Cranberry Isles, and with a broad view out to sea. It lies at the mouth of the deep valley of Jordan's Pond, which has the Cleft (460 feet high) on the east side, and Jordan's Hills (360 feet) on the west. The distance to Bar Harbor is eight miles; to Northeast Harbor, two to three miles; and to Otter Cove, four miles. Until within a very few years, this little nook by the sea was the home of half-a-dozen native families of fishermen and farmers, of simple tastes and manners. Then the summer-guests on the island began to discover the charms of its scenery of ocean, loch, and mountain, and came hither in increasing numbers, warranting the frequent enlargement of the little farm boarding-house, and the construction of a new and modern hotel besides. Now the

days of the cottage-builders have come, and the place is beginning to feel the destroying ambition of all the Eastern coast-resorts, which is to "rival Bar Harbor." Indeed, its growth as a summer-resort has been arrested by the great price that the residents charge for their land, which almost prohibits the building-up of summer-estates.

In 1882 the steamboat *Mount Desert* made her first stop at the little wharf, and was welcomed by the venerable Uncle Jimmy Clement, with an original poem, and a basket of wild flowers for the officers, and the raising of the American flag at the pier. Mr. Clement came to this out-of-the-way corner of the world in the year 1809, and for nearly three-quarters of a century had predicted the coming emolument of his snug haven, whose beginnings he was permitted to see. Now the fleet of visiting steamboats includes also the *Cimbria*, the *Silver Star*, and the *Florence*; so that on an average of three times daily the pier on the east of the harbor affords a scene of busy and joyous life.

The two hotels are the Glencove and the Seaside, the former on the east side of the head of the harbor, and the latter on the west. The Glencove is a large new house, modern in all its appointments, and on high ground; and the Seaside is a picturesque group of buildings of various epochs, kept by the son of James Clement the pioneer. The hamlet has several neat cottages of permanent residents, two or three shops, a post-office, and a few small summer boarding-houses (besides the hotels). The pleasure-boats for the harbor are kept by Eastman Dodge, who knows where the fish bite, and how to make wind and tide serve on the sea-courses outside.

The little hamlet stands on a narrow strip between the wilderness and the sea. When a strong southerly gale is raging, the anchorage in the harbor becomes insecure, so heavily do the surges sweep up the inner beach. And in winter, when long snow-storms have hidden their forest-food, little groups of hungry deer sometimes emerge upon the road near the houses, looking wistfully for something to eat.

Along the head of the harbor stretches a sandy beach (one of the very few on the island, and the largest of all); and so near is the open sea that the rollers break gently upon its entire

length, making pleasant music, at night, for the guests of the hotels close at hand. Thence you may look off along the clear expanse of the ocean, and around to where the Cranberry Isles rise above the blue waters.

Among the houses are quaint old-fashioned gardens, whose fragrance of rose-geraniums and hollyhocks and petunias and sweet alyssum mingles with the salty air of the sea; and lonely little private burying-grounds, with ancient monuments of forgotten sea-kings; and noble groups of birches and other shadowy trees; and long ledges of rose-colored granite breaking through the greensward.

Above the wharf is the new cottage of Prof. J. Henry Thayer, sometime of Andover Seminary, and now of the Harvard Divinity School, and editor of a famous edition of the Greek Testament. Another cottage is the summer home of Dr. Egbert C. Smyth, one of the celebrated Andover professors.

On the west side of Seal Harbor rises the singularly picturesque little peninsula of the Big Thumbcap, with the islet known as the Little Thumbcap just off shore. These two were bought for \$700, in the happy early days; and are now owned by Commander Crowninshield, U.S.N., whose snug cottage, The Anchorage, almost overhangs the water, where the spray during rough weather sweeps along the piazzas. The view from the crest of Crowninshield's Point is one of great beauty, and includes the Cranberry Isles (Sutton's being the nearest); Bear Island, with its light-house; Greening's Island; the entrance to Somes Sound; Southwest Harbor; and to the southeast, beyond the singular stone beacon on Bunker's Ledge, the wide open sea. Inland, the view follows up the deep and verdant valley at the head of the harbor, and takes in Green Mountain, Sargent Mountain, the twin Bubbles, and many a league of deer-haunted forest.

On the west side of the harbor is Stoneleigh, the cottage of Rufus R. Thomas, of Philadelphia, with stairs leading from the lawn to the boat-landing. Near by stands the pretty little Episcopal chapel of St. Jude. Farther around on the shore, another rocky point makes out, crowned by Meenahga Lodge, the summer home of the Hon. L. R. Boggs, of Pennsylvania. At the outlet

of Long Pond there is a long sea-wall, formed of loose stones thrown up by the waves. From the foundation of civilization here the highway from Seal Harbor to Northeast Harbor traversed the rugged crest of this sea-wall, until 1887, when a more comfortable roadway was constructed alongside it, by filling in a strip of the shallow water of the pond. Outside of the sea-wall rise and fall the waters of Bracy's Cove, both of whose enclosing points are in the possession of speculators.

Hang-off Ledge, back of the Seaside House, is a high hill climbed by adventurous pines, and affording a noble view over the sea.

The Cleft is a brace of rugged hills, 460 and 610 feet high, between Seal Harbor and Otter Creek, and commanding a glorious view from their summits, which are reached by a well-marked path. A mile or so to the north is the Triad, whose triple peaks reach the heights of 600, 682 and 720 feet.

Jordan's Pond, a little over two miles from Seal Harbor, is reached by a well-travelled road leading upward through the woods, and coming out on the high plateau at the foot of the mountain-water, near the brook that flows outward and downward, by an ancient ruined saw-mill, and down to Long Pond. There is also a path leading from near the Seaside House up to Jordan's Pond. An interesting route from Bar Harbor to Jordan's Pond is entered by traversing Eagle Lake in boats, and then walking across a forest-path of a mile or two, under the round peaks of the Bubbles, and so emerging at the head of Jordan's. Upon signals being made here, the little local navy starts up the lake, and conveys the adventurous travellers to the outlet. Nor should we forget the bridle-path, some two miles long, leading over the high ridges to Northeast Harbor.

The lonely and weather-beaten little farmhouse occupied by Mr. Tibbets stands at the foot of the lake, and here one (or a score) can get a good rural lunch for a small rural price, or a pitcher of rich milk, or various cold and refreshing beverages of the State-of-Maine unintoxicating variety, or loyal American cigars, or confectionery for the children. At the mouth of the valley a bright vista of the sea opens away, with the Cranberry Islands breaking its blue shield. A few rods to the northward,

and we come out on Jordan's Pond, the loveliest of all the Mount-Desert lakes, and one of the fairest jewels of our dear New-England landscape. It is but a mile and a quarter long, with a width of about a quarter of a mile, but the shores are mantled with the richest green frondage, and on all sides rise noble and picturesque mountains. The scenery here has been likened to that of the wildest of the Scottish lochs; and if the similitude is accurate, the land of Burns and Scott must be indeed rich in the charms of Nature. On the west are the noble cliffs of Sargent's southern peak, rising to a height of 1,180 feet; on the east tower the lonely gray ledges of Mount Pemetic, nearly a hundred feet higher; and at the head of the lake rise the beautiful green mamelons of the Twins, walling in the woody north. The favorite hour for visiting this gem of the mountains is toward sunset.

At the little pier above the house several row-boats are kept, which may be hired for voyages up the pond; and there are trout in the calm waters beyond, which the skilful fisher may lure to his hook. Charles Dudley Warner intimates that there must be many trout here, since very few have been caught. One of the pleasant scenes of *Their Pilgrimage* was laid at Jordan's Pond. Provident visitors from Bar Harbor send telephone messages to the farm-house, and order their dinners made ready; and can then enjoy themselves boating on the lake, or rambling along the flower-fringed shores, or luring the fish from their homes in the clear still waters. A long hard climb of over a mile up the ravine of the brook that comes in at the head of the lake leads to a tiny mountain-tarn near the top of Sargent, a thousand feet above the sea.

The Indian boatmen of the island sometimes make an adventurous voyage by taking their boats up to Eagle Lake, and crossing that sheet of water; carrying over the portage; and descending to Jordan's Pond, and so on down to Seal Harbor; whence they return to Bar Harbor by the sea.



CHAPTER V.

NORTHEAST HARBOR. — BEAR ISLAND. — KIMBALL'S. — ST. MARY'S-BY-THE-SEA. — INDIAN HEAD. — HARBOR COTTAGES. — SARGENT MOUNTAIN. — BROWN MOUNTAIN. — ASTICON.

NORTHEAST HARBOR is one of the most picturesque havens on this nook-shotten isle, and runs inland for nearly a mile, with an entrance hardly more than a thousand feet wide, between high wooded bluffs, and opening out above into a lake-like expanse, which at high tide is full of beauty. It has good anchorage and holding ground, with from two to three fathoms of water at low tide. The steamer *City of Richmond* now makes regular landings here during the height of the season. Northeast Harbor is also easily reached by the steamboats running along the coast daily, between Bar Harbor and Southwest Harbor. Or one may drive to it, in an hour or two, from either of the other summer-resorts; or may be carried across from Southwest Harbor in a boat. Nearly across the mouth of the deep and narrow cove lies the elephantine bulk of **Bear Island**, half bare rock and gray-green pasture, and half dark spruce trees, a bold and picturesque islet of less than a quarter of a mile area, with the white tower and connected buildings of a light-house crowning its summit. On one side of Bear, the vista runs out over the open sea far, dim and vague. High up on the western promontory of Bear Island, in a sturdy round tower built against the light-keeper's house, is a fixed white light, with a fog bell. An old and grassy road leads up from the wharf to the light, where summer-explorers register their names in the Visitors' Book, and perhaps buy gulls' breasts of the island people.

The pleasant promontory between the Northeast Harbor and Somes Sound, a little more than half a mile wide, is traversed by a road parallel with the sea, and leading from the old steamboat-landing, in the harbor, westward to Gilpatrick's Cove and the new steamboat-landing on Somes Sound. Along this road, within a few years, has risen a charming summer colony, with three large hotels and several ornamental and spacious villas. On one side are deep and fragrant forests, the home of the peabody-bird and the hermit thrush; and long lines of stately and formidable mountains, covered with crags and ledges; and the idyllic scenery of Somes Sound, stretching its silvery shield far away into the highlands. Toward the south and east the view includes the picturesque Cranberry Isles and long vistas of the open sea, melting into the dim horizon.

Yachts and sail-boats and row-boats and skilful captains may be secured at Northeast Harbor at any time, either at the landings in the harbor itself, at the Clifton House, or across in Gilpatrick's Cove. The water-supply of the village is good and copious, and comes from the Lower Hadlock Pond, close under Brown Mountain.

The Kimball House, the chief hotel at Northeast Harbor, was established more than half a century ago, by Daniel Kimball, who died in 1887, at the venerable age of 85. The present hotel, four stories high, with an octagonal tower of 100 feet in height, dates from 1886-87, and has seventy chambers, several large parlors, and a spacious music-room. Opposite the Kimball House is the quaint little Episcopal Church of St. Mary's-by-the-Sea, erected by Bishop Doane as a memorial to his daughter, who died at Northeast Harbor. The chancel window is a beautiful idealization of Bear Island and its lighthouse, deftly given an ecclesiastical tone by an appropriate text. A delicate and sympathetic description of this chapel is given in Christina Goodwin's story, *After School Days*, whose *Snug Harbor* is the same as Northeast Harbor. Bishop Doane's cottage, near the chapel, is known as Magnum Donum, and commands a noble sea-view. Nearer the harbor, on a far-projecting point, is Ye Haven, the summer-home of James T. Gardiner, of Albany, the son-in-law of the Bishop. Among the

other cottages here are The Alders, owned by Samuel D. Sargent, of Boston; Bishopsgate Cottage, the home of Mrs. Lewis, of New York; the cottage of Moorfield Story, of Boston (close to the chapel); and the new cottage of Mr. Greenough, of Boston. Stone Acres, the summer-home of the Hon. Erastus Corning, of Albany, is a spacious and picturesque rocky estate, with a large and costly mansion perched on one of its outer points, close to the sea.

The Clifton House, a handsome modern building, rises on the high bluff over the old steamboat wharf, close to the mouth of the Harbor, and looking well out to sea, and down on the landing-stages, where dozens of pleasure-boats are kept. Bear Island is face to face with it, across less than a mile of blue water, with the broader expanses of the ocean, unbroken by islands, beyond. The Clifton is isolated from other houses, and kindly neighbored by many spruce trees.

At the west end of the promontory is the high-placed Rock-End Hotel, with its cottages, below which opens the snug little Gilpatrick's Cove, abounding in small boats, and endowed with a capital landing-stage. It is about a mile and a half from the Cove to Southwest Harbor, passing around the north point of Greening's Island; and considerably less to the Claremont wharf, on Clark's Point. Boatmen will set people across for an amount depending on the bargaining capacity of the passenger. The new steamboat-pier is on Somes Sound, not far from the Rock-End Hotel.

On the far-viewing hill behind the district school-house is the new Union Church, its walls of rude field-stone, with an open truss-roof, and a great stone chimney and fire-place. It was designed by the eminent architects, Peabody & Stearns, of Boston; and erected partly for and by the resident islanders, the Manchesters, Gilpatricks, *et als*.

Indian Head is a beautiful promontory on Somes Sound, rising in a green mound over the low strand of Sandy Point. This is also known as Manchester Point, from the family of that name, whose great farm covers scores of acres adjacent. Here stands the Indian-Head Cottage, finished late in 1887, with unusual architectural grace and ingenious and pretty mantel-

pieces and fire-places, and fifteen chambers. From the front, a view is given across the Sound to Southwest Harbor, and out over the sea to the Cranberry Isles; and from the other side there is a charming outlook up into the very heart of the Somes-Sound fiord. In the bright lexicon of the future, this building may be a hotel, or the summer-home of some great family, according as may appear to its builders the more profitable. In 1791 this point was the home of Mary Manchester, whose brother, Samuel Hadlock, lived on the farm to the northward, whence he afterwards moved to Little Cranberry Isle. There was a belief among the islanders of a generation or two ago that one of the Manchesters found a great treasure, while driving down his farm-road, and that this muniment of antique gold coins, thriftily guarded by the family, resulted to their great advantage.

The heaps of clam-shells and the stone implements and arrow-heads found near Northeast Harbor indicate the site of one of the most ancient settlements of Mount Desert, where in pre-historic times a village of the Abnaki Indians stood. The aboriginal town was probably situated on the fields near the outlet of the brook flowing down from the Hadlock Ponds, not far from Indian Head. When the Indians were striving to get the French Jesuits to settle here, in 1613, they earnestly protested that this locality was so abounding in good health that when the natives were sick anywhere else, they were brought here and cured.

A century ago, the Gilpatrick's-Cove country was owned by James Richardson. To the eastward, near the site of Bishop Doane's boat-slip, was the home of Daniel Sargent, who owned the shore now occupied by the Doane and Corning estates. He finally transferred this farm to James Richardson, from whom it passed to the Gilpatricks. Mrs. Kimball and Mrs. Smallidge were daughters of the Gilpatrick family.

At the head of Northeast Harbor, about a mile from the Kimball House, on a high terrace looking out to sea, stand the Roberts House and Savage's boarding-house and **Harbor Cottages**, a charming sequestered neighborhood, haunted through the livelong summer by bright tennis-suits and vivacious exiles

from the cities. The path from the Harbor Cottages to Jordan's Pond, traversed during the summer by many parties of pedestrians, is easily followed through the woods and over the ridge. Its length is about two and a half miles; but those who have travelled it are of the opinion that German miles are meant. In some places it is obscured by ferns and brakes, especially in early summer, before it has been much travelled. Hadlock Lower Pond is about half a mile from the Harbor Cottages, and Hadlock Upper Pond, half a mile further on, alongside the road that runs north between the wild gorges of Brown Mountain and Sargent Mountain to Somesville, nearly seven miles away. The view of Sargent Mountain across Hadlock Upper Pond is one of the most impressive on the island. The road runs through a picturesque mountain-pass, between lines of birch, maple, and beech trees, with Brown Mountain rising on the west. A contented population of very wary trout dwells in the Hadlock Ponds. There is a path around the Upper Hadlock Pond, leaving the highway on the south bank, and running up to the brook that flows in from Sargent Mountain. By ascending the brook for nearly a mile, one comes to a picturesque gorge, in whose depths there is a waterfall 25 feet high, a striking feature after heavy rains. The path around the pond was cleared by a party of Harvard students.

About midway of the path to Jordan's Pond another path turns off to the left, and leads to the summit of **Sargent Mountain**, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the head of the harbor. Sargent Mountain is also reached from Somesville, by riding or rowing to its base. There is no path on that side; and the summit, 1,344 feet above the sea, can only be reached after a long and laborious clamber over ledges and through thickets and woods. The great ravines that cut into its sides head up into rocky rifts near the long and broken ridge that forms the apex. There is a noble view of Green Mountain from the north peak; and about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile south, along the ridge, is the lonely Lake of the Clouds, an acre in area, in a crater-like bowl. From the southern part of the ridge, one gains views of Hadlock's Pond, Jordan's Pond, Northeast Harbor, and a vast expanse of the ocean. The lake is within half a mile of Jordan's Pond, in a straight line; but

the difficulties of the transit between the two points are amazing and discouraging.

It is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the head of Northeast Harbor to the top of **Brown Mountain**, but the path is rather vague, especially after it gets upon the ledges. One path begins the ascent from near the Lower Hadlock Pond; and another goes up from Somes Sound. The view from the summit, 880 feet above the tide, is of great beauty, and includes the upper and lower reaches of Somes Sound, and the southern shores of Mount Desert, and the sea beyond, with its cluster of islands, besides impressive prospects of the great cliffs on Dog Mountain, and the lonely gorges of Sargent Mountain.

From the Harbor Cottages the road to Seal Harbor runs southward down the east side, with pleasant views of the snug little haven on one side, and on the other the great enwalling ridge, reaching the height of 460 feet, and covered with woods. The Asticou Road traverses the higher slopes of this mountain-wall for nearly a mile, affording many eligible cottage-sites.

On this side is Asticou Lodge, the summer-home of Mr. John H. Curtis, a well-known Boston civil engineer and landscape-gardener; with A. C. Wheelwright's new cottage near by. A steep path leads from the head of the harbor to the top of **Mount Asticou**, in about half a mile. From the old Coast-Survey station on the crest, there is a magnificent view of the southern shores, the Cranberry Isles, and many leagues of open sea. This mountainous ridge bears the name of the Indian sachem of this region in the early part of the seventeenth century.

On the promontories projecting into the ocean to the eastward of the harbor, is the low and massive villa of John P. Hopkinson, of Cambridge, beyond which stands the tall brown house of President Eliot, of Harvard University, built in 1881, and with an estate of over a hundred acres of land. For many years Mr. Eliot had been accustomed to take summer-cruises along the Eastern coast in his yacht; and finally made a happy landfall on this noble promontory. The road leads eastward from the Eliot place to Seal Harbor, in less than two miles, giving a succession of grand views of sea and mountains.



CHAPTER VI.

SOUTHWEST HARBOR. — CORSAIRS AND KNIGHTS. — SOLDIERS OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET. — THE SEA WALL. — GREENING'S ISLAND. — FERNALD'S POINT. — THE JESUIT COLONY. — THE BATTLE OF NORWOOD'S COVE. — FLYING MOUNTAIN. — DOG MOUNTAIN. — ECHO LAKE. — WESTERN MOUNTAIN. — LONG LAKE. — BEECH MOUNTAIN.

JUST outside the mouth of *Somes Sound* are two snug little harbors, one on the southwest and the other on the northeast from *Greening's Island*, wherefore these charming havens are distinguished as *Southwest Harbor* and *North-east Harbor*. *Clark's Point* is the tip of the peninsula that shelters the first-named, reaching out almost to the low shores of *Greening's Island*. The road that starts near this point runs for three or four miles, around the harbor, connecting the steamboat-wharf and hotels on the east side with the village at the head, and then winding away past the hotels on the west side, and on to the *Sea Wall*. This pleasant route follows the high ridge that well-nigh encircles the landlocked little bay, affording capital sites for the summer-cottages of the future, with noble views over the water and along the neighboring mountains.

In the remote days of the seventeenth century, *Asticou* and his Indian tribe dwelt in this region, with their chief village just across the *Sound*; and near by were laid the fleeting foundations of the Jesuit colony of *St. Sauveur*. In 1696 *Iberville*, the gallant French naval officer, captured the English war-ship *Newport*, and took her, together with his own vessels, into *Southwest Harbor*. But when *Col. Church* came into the harbor, some weeks later, intent on recapturing the *Newport*,

she was gone. Church says that Mount Desert was the chief place of the separation of the French and Indians, after forays down the coast. The gallant old colonial partisan used to make an occasional cruise around Mount Desert, during the French and Indian wars, rendezvousing at Southwest Harbor, where a cask, moored in the channel, served as a post-office and guardian of despatches.

Sir Francis Bernard, an Oxford graduate, and the Royalist Governor of Massachusetts from 1760 to 1769 (succeeding Gov. Pownall), planned the foundation of a large town here, granting to each of the sixty first settlers an estate of twenty acres, with five acres of salt meadow, and reserving spacious lots for a church and school-house, and a choice domain for himself. But the irreverent Bostonians made life so miserable for the baronet, that he was glad to return to his native England, and the city that he intended to have reared on the shores of Southwest Harbor went no further than in the plans laid out by the surveyors, Mr. John Jones of Dedham and Barachias Mason of Medfield, who made many drawings of the coves and islands in this vicinity. It is said that Bernard visited his forest-realm, and built several houses at the head of Southwest Harbor. The entire island of Mount Desert had been given to Gov. Bernard by the General Court of the Massachusetts-Bay Province, to secure his influence in confirming large grants east of the Penobscot; but was confiscated by the United States during the Revolution, as the property of one alien and hostile to America. Subsequently (in 1785) half of this vast domain was restored to his son, John Bernard, of Bath, who had been loyal to the States during the great contest, and thus received the western part of the island, bounded by Somes Sound and a line running northwest from Somesville to the Narrows, and excluding the lands already occupied by settlers. In 1786 John Bernard went to England, where he was knighted, and made a high crown official at Barbadoes. He mortgaged his half of Mount Desert to Thomas Russell of Boston, the representative of the real mortgagees, Lane, Son, & Fraser, money-lenders of London. This firm getting deeply in debt to Russell, left the mortgage with him as security. In 1803 John L.

Sullivan (*clarum et percussum nomen*) of Boston, administrator of Thomas Russell's estate, sold the Bernard domain to George W. Irving of Boston and London. This new owner made a few sales of land, and in 1822 disposed of the remainder to Ward Nicholas Boylston.

The Congregational Church here, one of the three assigned to the three towns on Mount Desert, is the oldest on the island. It was organized Oct. 17, 1792, the membership including seven men and eight women. There were the Richardson brothers, Thomas of Bass Harbor, Daniel of Eden, and James, who owned all the region of Gilpatrick's Cove; Squire David Wasgatt of Beech Hill, and Rachel, his wife; Nathaniel Gott, of Gott's Island, and two women of his family; Ezra Dodge of Seal Cove, and Mary, his wife; Daniel Sargent of Northeast Harbor; Mrs. Atherton of Beech Hill; Mrs. Ruth Norwood of Norwood's Cove; and a few others.

Southwest Harbor is now the chief village of the town of Tremont, which was incorporated in 1848, under the name of Mansell, from Sir Robert Mansell. The town boasts of several churches, and a population of something over 2,000, with a valuation (in 1880) of \$361,419. It has a little ship-building and lumbering, fish-curing and canning, brick-making and other small industries.

In the good old days "befo' de wah," Deacon Clark used to entertain many summer-guests, in his house on the point; and the local chowders and brown-bread were enjoyed with keen zest, and at prices so small that this voracious Guide-book dares not quote them. Deacon Clark's father took good care of passing travellers as far back as the year 1832; and in 1850 the Deacon himself hung out his hotel-sign, as a rallying-point for pilgrims in this lone land. The venerable Boniface is now nearly four-score years of age, yet retains the activity and enthusiasm of youth, controlling the largest hotel-property in this region, and affluent in the traditions of the early days of Mount Desert. In the old days, the wharf was occupied by a lobster-packing house, whose odors were enough to drive away the most philosophical of summer-travellers. But this once-thriving industry has ceased here, and the air is no longer polluted by its *débris*.

The pioneers of the great army of summer-visitors to Mount Desert were the landscape-painters, who commenced to come to Southwest Harbor soon after the year 1860. In 1866 Capt. Charles Deering began to run the steamer *City of Richmond* from Portland to Rockland, Castine, Deer Isle and Machiasport, touching at Southwest; and every one who wanted to go to Bar Harbor landed here and made the rest of the journey overland, by way of Somesville. Two years later, the *City of Richmond* began to visit Bar Harbor, which was an obscure farming neighborhood long after Southwest Harbor had attained distinction as a summer-resort.

Southwest Harbor is the paradise of the unconventional, where simplicity in dress is the rule, and flannels and cambrics form the customary attire. The life is largely outdoors; and every facility is afforded for buckboard rides among the contiguous mountains, and for rowing and sailing over the surrounding waters. The hotels are merely larger boarding-houses, whose rates remain at figures which invite long sojourns, and allow of free outlays for general amusements. There is a pleasant democratic spirit among the visitors, who do not deem it necessary to bring with them the Blue Books and Heraldic Journals of the metropolis; though on occasion, as when some favorite public reader or singer or skilful wizard occupies the hotel-parlors, or a German is given by the ladies of one of the hotels, or a well-known divine enters the pulpit of the village-church, great stores of fine gowns are donned for the occasion, and the manners of Madison Avenue or Brattle Street come in evidence. On every side are lovely rural roads, leading through jungles of berries and flowers, sweet fern, wild roses, fragrant clover, and a hundred other flowers, and passing silvery sheets and coves of salt water, and deep forest-bound lakes, and bold and picturesque mountains. One season the favorite occupation of the ladies is gathering fir-balsam for pillows and cushions, and this fragrant and sleep-producing gift of Nature is packed up and sent away in quantities large enough to carpet Boston Common. Another year the rage is all for rose-leaves, and the abundant wild-rose bushes for miles around are stripped of their petals for metropolitan pot-pourris, whose delicious perfume

shall for many a month fittingly preserve the memory of the eastern islands.

The deep-sea fishing in this vicinity is excellent, and parties are frequently made up at the hotels to hire a comfortable boat and skipper, and seek cod, halibut, hake and haddock in their ocean-homes. Less adventurous sportsmen capture great store of flounders, and hundreds of the most grotesquely ugly sculpins, near the wears off Greening's Island. On either side of the harbor are fleets of boats for hire at low prices, from the daintiest little Whitehall boats up to yachts good for a long deep-sea voyage. With these are skilful captains, who know all the ins and outs of this marvellous archipelago, from the quiet mountain-locked waters of Somes Sound to the free open reaches beyond the Duck Islands. Some caution must be exercised in going out without a local boatman, on account of the fogs, which suddenly drive in from the open sea, and obliterate all landmarks.

The great exchange and meeting-point of the Harbor is the steamboat-wharf, where every one comes to see who else is about to arrive, or to speed the parting guests. On the landward side gather the buckboards and hotel carriages; the young men and maidens in their picturesque boating and walking and tennis costumes; and the natives, for the time personating hotel-clerks, drivers, skippers, and what not. The great steamers from Bar Harbor and Bangor and Portland and Boston boom in to the little pier, and debark their passengers among the joyous company; and then fare away again, down the harbor and out to sea. And there are usually one or two odd little steamboats loafing about the wharf, scudding away when the larger vessels appear, and sidling back when they depart; and on these, at almost any hour of the day, adventurous voyagers may make the marine journey to the Cranberry Isles, or Northeast Harbor, or up Somes Sound. Or for a small remuneration, they can be hired for private parties, to go out toward the Duck Islands, or to Baker's-Island Light, or the Placentia Isles, or even farther afield, to Mount-Desert Rock or Isle au Haut. It is a long drive around the harbor to the Ocean House, or the Stanley, and most people prefer to cross in the little boats that

swarm about the wharf, and in a few minutes can land their passengers at Ward's wharf, or beyond.

The people of this region are plain and simple, shrewd and thrifty, brave and high-spirited, and properly refuse to consider themselves as otherwise than the equals of their summer-guests. As the writer of these pages intends to visit Southwest Harbor again many times, it will not do for him to recount the strange stories they tell of each other, in the lonely winter evenings. So it cannot be fully known how divers times they sent schooner-loads of Christmas-trees to New York, which reached there well into January, to the great loss of the consignors; or how Bishop Doane was prevented from establishing his summer-home here, lest he should turn the natives to Erastianism and prelacy; or many another quaint legend of the isles, which, indeed, will lose nothing for being told in the pleasant dialect of the local skippers and drivers.

Land in this favored region has never reached the great prices that prevail at some other parts of the island, and fair cottage-lots may still be obtained for one or two hundred dollars. Slowly, new roads are being opened, and old roads improved, and the wilderness falls back, year by year, in favor of lawns and gardens and tennis-courts. Mysterious Philadelphia and Washington and New-York "parties" are supposed to have their eyes upon various eligible tracts, and so the rugged and far-viewing uplands appreciate a hundred per cent or so each year; and the partisans of Southwest prophesy that at no distant time it will surpass Bar Harbor in wealth and splendor.

Before the war, the little harbor had a fleet of well-nigh 30 sail of fishing-vessels, and its product was of considerable value. But in the great struggle of 1861-1865, many of these stalwart mariners bore their part like heroes, donning the blue uniform of United-States men, and faring away to the blazing South. There are now but a dozen sail belonging to the little port; yet many outside fishermen also make this their harbor of delivery, where the spoils of the sea are landed and cared for.

During the Russo-Turkish War of 1878, when Lord Beaconsfield attempted to throw the power of England in the way of the Russian advance to the Bosphorus, the White Czar check-

mated him by a formidable demonstration on the lines of British commerce. One of the chief features of this policy was the embarkation of 600 Russian sailors, with orders to wait on the American coast until the English War Office opened swift hostilities, after which, manning several armed steamships, they should sweep England's commerce from the North Atlantic. In pursuance of this scheme, the great steamship *Cimbria* lay in Southwest Harbor for several months, crowded with a naval contingent drawn from Finland, Great Russia, the Ural region, and the Khanates of Central Asia. This haven was chosen as their abode because of its safety, its distance from large towns, and its freedom from the temptations of liquor. And when the sailors once or twice found strong spirits enough to set themselves into a pugnacious frame, the sagacious Russian admiral invoked the Maine Law against the town-officials, making Neal Dow an ally of the great Czar. Regularly each day a large detachment of the sailors was set ashore, to ramble around the village under the direction of their officers, and get that exercise which might serve to keep them in good form. They were kindly treated by the citizens, to whom they taught many words from their own language, so that the numerals of Moscow and Bokhara became familiar sounds among these simple Yankee sea-kings. Sometimes battalions of the Russian tars were landed on Greening's Island, for purposes of drill, and along those quiet shores they made many a fierce charge on imaginary lines of battle of red-coats, the brown-visaged Tartar warriors shouting their terrific Mohammedan rallying-cries. But in due time the treaty of San Stefano was signed; the Russian eagles flew back beyond the Balkans, and the dark clouds of war blew over, and disappeared; and the picturesque foreign visitors sailed away to their own land.

The best point of view at Southwest Harbor is the cupola of the old Pemetic House, on Clark's Point, and thence may be seen the great groups of mountains and islands, in magnificent and impressive array. Off to the northwest are the two peaks of Western Mountain, with Beech Mountain across the gorge to the right. Nearly north rise the bald ledges of Dog Mountain, with the little Flying Mountain at its side, above the emerald

plain of Fernald's Point. Then, across the lovely bosom of Somes Sound, appears the vast and shaggy Brown Mountain, and other frowning heights in the great mid-island wilderness. Farther around are the hotels at Northeast Harbor; and Greening's Island, with its sharply defined tillage land and forest; and Sutton's Island, and its brethren of the Cranberry group; and broad stretches of the open sea, and lanes of blue water; and the snug little Southwest Harbor on the south, with its hotels along the shore.

On **Clark's Point**, not far from the steamboat wharf, is the great Island House, with its high-placed annex, the old Pemetic House (sometimes called "The Castle"). Not far distant, but happily secluded from the public roads, is the new and commodious Claremont House, close to the lapsing waters of Somes Sound, and commanding a lovely view of the Sound and its mountain-walls, Greening's Island, the hotels of Northeast Harbor, and the Cranberry Isles. On the crest of the ridge, farther from the wharf, stands the Dirigo House, a smaller establishment, very quiet and comfortable, with perhaps the finest view of all. On this plateau is the conspicuous new Union Church; and Edgecliffe, the lovely summer cottage of Professor S. M. Downs, of Andover, and his wife, the well-known writer, Annie Sawyer Downs, looks out from the adjacent groves over the waters of Somes Sound.

The old Clark homestead stands at the turning off of the road to the Claremont House; and beyond, on this side-road, is the old Clovernook boarding-house, now used as a private residence. Farther out on the promontory is a place where gold was found, during the recent mining excitement on the Maine coast; and it is said that several pieces of jewelry were made from this precious product of Clark's Point.

The little hamlet at the head of the harbor has several shops and small manufactories, a wharf, a lobster-packing establishment, a school-house, a public hall, a custom-house, and the Freeman House, a fair-sized hotel with annex, looking down the quiet haven and so on out to sea.

On the south side of the harbor, beyond the site of the abandoned Tremont Gold and Silver Mine, and the divergence of

the Bass-Harbor road, one reaches the little hamlet containing a church and school-house, and the Centennial Hall, and lined on the waterside by sail-shops, wharves, fish-houses and quaint old stores. Around on this side of the harbor stands the Ocean House, with a noble view across the harbor and Sound, to the great mountain-ranges beyond. Farther to the eastward, and close to the harbor, on Stanley's Point, rises the tall modern building of the Stanley House, a favorite and delightful resort of college-professors and their families. Near the Stanley is King Point, a wooded headland at the entrance of the harbor, commanding one of the finest mountain and sea views in all this region.

The Sea Wall, three miles from Southwest Harbor, is a rampart of stones and rocks, ranging in size from pebbles to boulders, and stretching for a long distance between the low green meadows on one side and the resounding sea on the other. It looks as if it had been built by benignant giants, to keep the whitening waves from the green fields inside, which would else be overflowed for many a furlong. But all this Titanic work has been done by Neptune himself, in times of storm smashing the submarine ledges outside, and throwing their fragments high up on this adamant barrier. Here may be found rare bits of green feldspar, out of which artistic paper-weights and other ornaments have been made; and on and about the ledges grow exquisite wreaths of sea-moss, monstrous star-fishes, sea-anemones, and other marine wonders. Here, also, the sea breaks with greater power and eloquence than anywhere else in this region; and parties often come picnicking to the ledges, to see the majestic sheets of white spray that dash over the rocks when a heavy sea is on. There is a tradition that in old times a fair island occupied the site of Flynn's Ledge, off Sea-Wall Point, and that here the French pioneers of Mount Desert had a fortress, with embrasures, cannon, and a revetted rampart, intended for a refuge in case their settlements on the adjacent mainland were assailed by an overpowering enemy. Isaac Mayhew told Gen. De Peyster that when he came to live on the island, in 1777, every one believed that the chief French settlement had been on Flynn's Point.

The road follows the rugged crest of the Sea Wall, for a mile, in places as high above the land as are the dykes of Holland, with spruce trees occasionally coming down to the edge of the rocks, and peering into the turbulent waves. Sometimes Bre'r Rabbit ambles down through the evergreen aisles, to get a sniff of the spray; and the peabody-bird, rarest and most plaintive of our forest-choristers, may be heard in his weird and solitary songs, lamenting, perhaps, the good vessels that have laid their bones on this most perilous strand.

Near the Sea Wall is the spacious and commodious Sea-Wall House, in one of the most interesting localities on Mount Desert, with the wild surf dashing all along the front of its domain, and a fragrant forest of spruce close at hand on the back. Off-shore are the Cranberry Isles, with their promontories and coves and white houses, and the lonely Dead Man's Beach; and still farther out loom the desolate Duck Islands, in the open sea. Owing to its seclusion and social quiet, this hotel has not achieved a prominent success as a summer-resort, and its seasons are short and uncertain; but there is no other place on the island where the lover of the grandest shore-scenery has it brought so close to his domicile. And the fields are royally adorned with roses, and sweet peas, and wild morning-glories, and cranberry blossoms, and other delicate beauties of the Northern flora.

A little over a mile west of the hotel is the narrow and shallow **Ship Harbor**, so-named from a tradition that a storm-tossed ship once took the desperate chance of running in to its shelter. In a quaint little History of Mount Desert, published at Ellsworth many years ago, the author demonstrates, to his own satisfaction, that Biard's French colony was established in Ship Harbor (whence the name), with its gardens and farms.

In the mouth of **Somes Sound** lies the beautiful green expanse of **Greening's Island** (which the natives call *Grinning's*), covering 93 acres with its pasturage and tillage and little spruce forests. On its west side is the deserted farmhouse which has sheltered several generations of tranquil-minded farmers, secure in their sea-walled domain from scores of perils known to their brethren on the mainland. During the great land-speculations

of 1886-87, even this quiet out-of-the way islet was called into the market, and enthusiastic speculators offered the sum of \$20,000 for it. But somehow the business failed of consummation, and the husbandmen were left in possession of their little empire. Later in the same year a group of Boston capitalists secured the island, for the round sum of \$30,000; and began preparations for a hotel and cottages. On one side of the island are Orlando Ash's fish-weirs, which are fatal to some score or more barrels of herring daily. Occasionally the summer-visitors of Southwest form a naval squadron of several score boats, decked with flags and streamers, and make a Bucentaur-like procession around this lovely island. At other times picnic parties land here, and spend the day around the beautiful little beach on the north side.

It is a little over two miles from the steamboat-wharf to **Fernald's Point**, by road, following the Somesville highway for a mile and a half, and turning thence to the right, just beyond Norwood's Cove. A little way beyond the schoolhouse (which is on the right), a short road turns through bars on the left, and runs between Dog Mountain and Flying Mountain, and down to Valley Cove, under the majestic cliffs by Somes Sound.

On the beautiful promontory of Fernald's Point was founded the short-lived colony of the French Jesuits, nearly three centuries ago. It was about a century ago that Daniel Tarr took up the domain of Fernald's Point, so-called from Tobias Fernald, of Kittery, Maine, an industrious farmer, who married Daniel's daughter Comfort, and had several daughters and two sons, Daniel and Eben, the estate passing in time to these two. Eben devised his half to his son, Charles H. Fernald, Ph.D., longtime Professor of Natural Science at the Maine State College, and now occupying the same position in Amherst College. The other moiety of the estate was given by his bachelor uncle Daniel to the Rev. Oliver H. Fernald, until lately pastor of the Methodist Church at Southwest Harbor. It is reported that the Fernalds have refused \$60,000 for their farm, which was ardently desired by summer-time speculators.

Fernald's Point is a beautiful grassy promontory, between the Narrows and Fernald's Cove, with two or three pleasant

farmhouses, and a stony strand terminating in ledges. It is only about a mile and a half from the Claremont-House pier, making a pleasant little row or sail. On the east side of the Point is a spring, now below the tide-line, and flowing into the Sound; and on the west side, on a strip of sandy beach, overflowed at high tide, is another and larger spring, as pure as crystal when the tide has receded from it, and so copious in its flow that many a fishing-vessel has put in here to fill its casks withal. These are the famous springs spoken of by the French missionaries, and whose presence determined the foundation of the Jesuit colony of St. Sauveur, in 1613. The story of the Jesuit colony of St. Sauveur is admirably told in several chapters of Parkman's *Pioneers of France in the New World*. Passing by Henri IV.'s grant of half a continent to De Chastes of Dieppe, and then to Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts, and the settlement of Port Royal and St. Croix, and the doughty deeds of Pontreincourt and Champlain, we find, in the year 1613, the courtier Saussaye setting sail from Honfleur, for the coast of New England, with 48 men on board, and divers horses and other domestic animals. Touching at La Hève and Port Royal, they took on other volunteers; and so fared away to Mount-Desert Bay, where they chose a place for settlement, probably near the present Cromwell's Cove. As Parkman says: "The ship bore on before a favoring wind, foam spouting beneath her bows as she entered Frenchman's Bay, where dome-like islands rose, green with forests and gray with jutting rocks, while restless waves sparkled and danced between. The jet-black shade betwixt crags and sea, the pines along the cliff, pencilled against the fiery sunset, the dreamy slumber of distant mountains bathed in shadowy purple, — such is the scene. Peace in the wilderness; peace on the sea."

But the Indians of Pemetic wished to have the new-comers dwell with them, near Somes Sound; and when they hesitated, the wily savages said: "Our great chief Asticou is there. He wishes for baptism. He is very sick. He will die unbaptized. He will burn in Hell, and it will be all your fault." So Father Biard went around, in a canoe, to bless this dying chieftain, whom he found comfortably ensconced in his wigwam, suffering

only from a cold in the head. The beauty of the region was reported by the priest, and the colony sailed around to its new site, and raised the cross there.

Saussaye wished to plant crops immediately; the others preferred to fortify the place first; and while they were thus divided, they saw a strange ship sailing in, "swifter than an arrow," with the blood-red flag of England at her masthead, and 14 cannon glowering from her open ports. It was the warship of Captain Samuel Argall, of Virginia, the abductor of Pocahontas, and now bent on expelling the French from their new holding. Saussaye did nothing, and the pilot fled to the Cranberry Isles; but Lieutenant La Motte, Ensign Ronfere, Sergeant Loubert and a few men hurried on to their ship, and prepared for battle. The English drums were beating to quarters, their trumpets blaring, their artillery and small-arms roaring. In a few minutes, the invaders carried the French ship by boarding, and found her decks covered with dead and wounded men, and among them Father du Thet, shot down at a gun which he had fired. The Englishmen then landed and plundered the village and people, and abstracted Saussaye's commission from the King of France. Then they turned Saussaye and the Jesuit Masse adrift in an open boat, which was joined by the fugitive pilot and his crew, and together they rowed away to the Nova-Scotia shore, and found two French trading-vessels, by which they were borne to St. Malo. Father Biard and thirteen more of the colonists were carried in Argall's ship to Virginia. A few months later, they returned, Argall and his captives, and the last vestiges of St. Sauveur were destroyed, and an Anglican cross set up over the desolation. Then they ravaged the French settlements at St. Croix and Port Royal. A great storm arase, and the little ship of the St. Sauveur colonists, with Fathers Biard and Quentin on board, and under command of Argall's lieutenant, Turnel, was blown off to the Azores, whence they sailed to Pembroke, in Wales, and received fraternal courtesies from the Anglican clergy. And afterwards the Jesuit fathers were allowed to return to France, where also Saussaye, La Motte, and the other colonists found their way, in time. Thus, in these romantic fiords, fell the inchoate Northern

Paraguay. And furthermore, as Parkman writes: "In a semi-piratical descent, an obscure stroke of lawless violence, began the strife of France and England, Protestantism and Rome, which, for a century and a half, shook the struggling communities of North America, and closed at last in the memorable triumph on the Plains of Abraham."

Away back among the farmlands ripple and flash the bright waters of **Norwood's Cove**, opening away for a full half-mile from the Sound, with quiet farmhouses along its shore-roads. Among the old-time settlers at Norwood's Cove (before 1784) were Mrs. Ruth Norwood, Andrew Tarr, William Gilley, Tyler Reed, and George Herman. The name of Norwood has been extinct at the cove for a quarter of a century. Hither also came Jacob Lurvey, from Byfield, Massachusetts, in 1791, settling comfortably down in a log hut, on the present Fiske farm, not far from the site of the cottage occupied in summer by the Rev. C. F. Dole, of Jamaica Plain. Mr. Somers occupied the farm to the eastward (since Lawlor's); with William Gilley on the west; and Daniel Tarr on Fernald's Point.

Norwood's Cove is the safe haven to which Jack Bunker brought the British schooner which he and a comrade cut out from Wiscasset harbor, on a dark night in the Revolutionary times; and her cargo furnished provisions for the war-scourged Mount-Deserters for months. The story is capitably told in Mrs. Crowninshield's *All Among the Lighthouses*. And other scenes of war has the little cove witnessed.

It was on a bright August day of 1812 that the British ship-of-the-line *Tenedos* anchored between Sutton's Island and Bear Island, and sent in two well-armed boats'-crews, numbering 100 men, with two cannon, to cut out and destroy the American vessels that had been secreted in this retired bay. One of these was the *Four Sisters*, of Cranberry Isle; and the English commander offered her owner, Benjamin Spurling, to bond her for \$350. But the patriotic islander sent his five sturdy sons, Robert, Thomas, William, Enoch and Samuel to rouse the militia of Mount Desert, and Captain Thom quickly assembled 25 men of the Tremont company, on Norwood's Cove. The pilot, who had been impressed and compelled to guide the in-

vaders into this fastness, warned them that there would be many a Yankee volunteer up in there, ready to receive them hotly; "An' my boys 'll be thar, tew, an' they are used ter shootin' coots off the rocks, at a hundred yards, and won't miss 'em once in a hundred times." But the blue-jackets, like true British tars, refused to be turned aside by this suggestion, and so up went the boats, with their gallant crews. When well into the cove, the old pilot knew that he was close upon the ambush of the patriots, and, standing up in the boat, he cried out: "Boys, I'm right here, because they made me. But don't mind me, let 'em have it." The answer came in a shower of rifle-balls, which swept the boats from stem to stern, and smote many of its occupants with grievous wounds, so that the invaders were glad to escape into the Sound again, with only a few men left at the oars, and so to take refuge in their great ship-of-war, where the surgeon and the chaplain had work for many a day. And amid all this carnage, the old captain remained unscathed. The militiamen had but one of their number wounded, while the King's troops lost 7 men killed and 12 wounded. By nightfall enough volunteers had assembled around the cove to beat off a squadron; but all they had to do was to pick up the barges' cannon-balls as mementos of the day, and to watch the unlucky *Tenedos* as she spread her sails and tacked out of this hornets' nest.

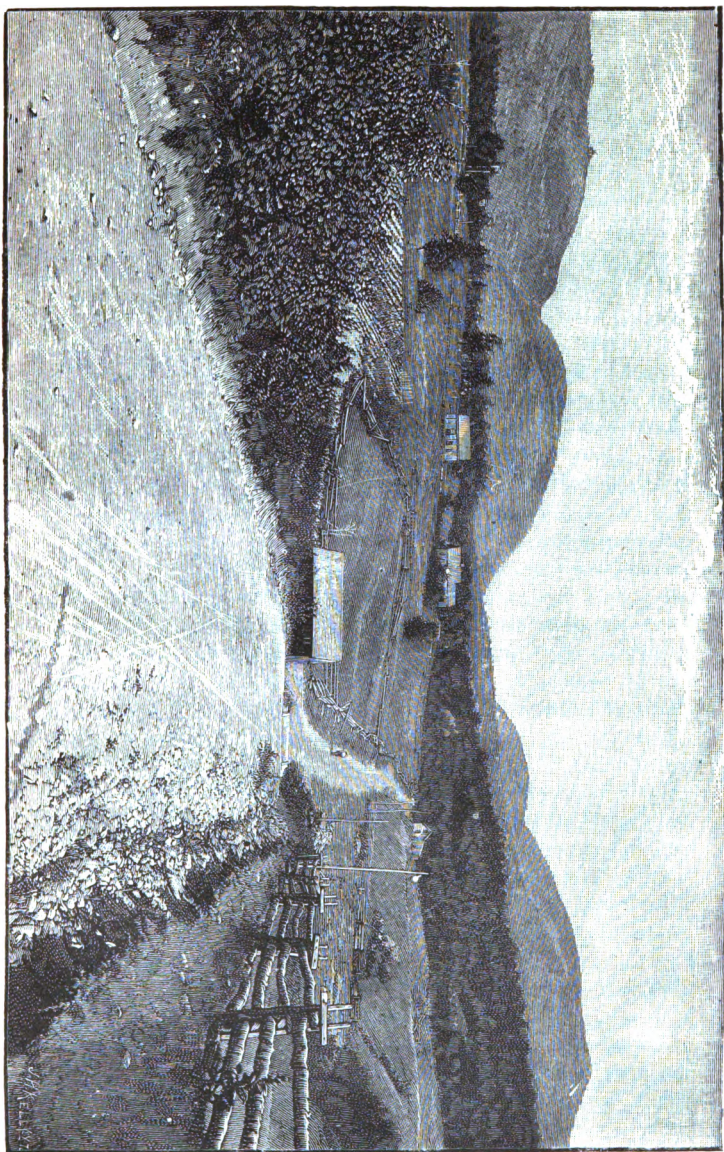
Flying Mountain is a pleasant hill rising from Fernald's Point, to a height of 280 feet, and easily ascended by the help of convenient sheep-walks. It cannot better be described than in De Costa's words: "Flying Mountain is a pygmy among the hills, yet here the lover of the beautiful would build his chateau. Its situation is unequalled. It seems as if placed here to afford the best possible outlook upon the loveliest scenery of the Sound. This was the beautiful hill of Father Biard, of Masse, and of Brother Gilbert du Thet. From this place we can look away in any direction landward, and peep into pictured alcoves and down shining vistas, or, turning from the mountains, gaze across the sunlit islands upon the purple sea. All is sweetness, beauty and repose." Thence we may study the ponderous crags of Dog Mountain, the sheer descent of

Thunder Cliff, the red ledges of Brown Mountain and Sargent, with the beautiful expanse of Somes Sound binding them in silver or in sapphire. The singular name of the mountain is said to be due to the fact that once, when a great forest-fire was raging on the island, the flames and burning cinders went flying from its summit across the water, and set fire to the great woods on Robinson Mountain. Another tradition tells that old Sal Sumner, a half-demented Meg Merrilies of the island, once took her dog up the long slopes of Dog Mountain, and threw him over the cliff, to see if he would fly to this hill-top. The experiment failed of success. So beautiful is the scene from this coign of vantage that when Gen. De Peyster came up hither, his foreign attendant was constrained to shout, with true Latin enthusiasm: "Oh, Italy, Italy."

Dog Mountain (670 feet high) is easily ascended from the Carroll farm, which may be reached from the road between Southwest Harbor and Somesville, by a short farm road turning in to the eastward just north of the cemetery, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Southwest. The route climbs over the ledges; and the summit may be reached in twenty minutes. Another route is from the Fernald's-Cove road, near Fernald's Cove, leading upward by sheep-walks and open ledges, and reaching the crest of Eagle Cliff, whence a half-mile of stiff climbing over broken rocks, and around tangled thickets, leads to the ultimate peak. Some people refer the name of the mountain to its appearance as seen from towards Stanley's Point, where it is supposed to resemble a dog, couchant, with his head upon his paws, and his shoulders upraised. Others say that a dog once accompanied some people to the summit, and fell over Eagle Cliff, and was never heard of again. There is a sharp and unmistakable peak, crowned by a cairn of loose stones, heaped up by exultant visitors. Elsewhere along the upper plateau are wonderful dikes of trap-rock, driven up through fissures in the granite. The view from the crest is magnificent, and includes the open sea, the interesting islands to the southward, the longdrawn village of Southwest Harbor, and the frowning slopes of Beech Mountain. Up and down and across Somes Sound the prospect is enchanting, and might suggest Lake George from Black Mountain, so fair and bright and peaceful is the scene.

The road to **Bass Harbor** diverges from the harbor-side road of Southwest not far to the southward of the hamlet at the head of the harbor, and for miles traverses a cold and barren upland, through hedges of black alder and spruce, ferns and wild roses, and past vivid groups of fleur-de-lys and purple fire-weed. The first part of the way is a long climb through a region of farms, with noble views of the mountains to the rearward, and the last part leads through the perfumed air of the marshes, where the Indians gather sweet grass for their basket-work. The little stream winds along a plain of exquisite green, coming down from the distant solitudes of Western Mountain. Presently the road comes in sight of the sea, in front, and the quiet little haven, and worn-out old hulks, and straggling houses of Bass Harbor. Most riders prefer to return from this point to Southwest Harbor by way of the Sea Wall, the road leading southward by the water-side almost to the light-house on Bass-Harbor Head, and then turning to the eastward through a lonely region of sweet fern and ground laurel and feathery hackmatack, to the solitary farmhouse at Ship Harbor (or Locust Reach), a beautiful little cove with rocky and forest-covered shores. At $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Bass Harbor, along a route made musical by the perpetual throbbing of the ocean on the neighboring shores, the summer-day traveller comes to the Sea Wall, whence the way to Southwest Harbor leads for a couple of long miles over a sunny plateau, rich in neat little farms.

A longer drive, and one full of scenic interest, is that which leads from Southwest Harbor to Bass Harbor (about three miles); traversing that hamlet; crossing the lonely highlands for a mile to the lovely inlet of Duck Cove; then to the head of Goose Cove, and onward to Seal Cove, two miles from Duck Cove. From this point one may return direct to Southwest Harbor, by the picturesque woody road running close under Western Mountain, to Norwood's Cove, nearly five miles; or he may drive northward to Pretty Marsh, a quiet little hamlet near Blue-Hill Bay, and from there cross by the north end of Long Pond, and through the edge of Somesville, and so southward by Echo Lake to Southwest Harbor. This is the well-known 21-Mile Drive, and gives a series of delightful views of



AN INLAND ROAD, MT. DESERT ISLAND. (Face p. 84.)

mountain, sea, lake, and fiord. Its villages are further mentioned on a subsequent page.

The road to **Somesville** runs northward from the harbor, and in about a mile from the Island House reaches the divergence of the Seal-Cove road. Then Norwood's Cove is seen, reaching up to the highway, with a quaint old tide-mill on one of its two innermost bays. The rural lane to the farms on Fernald's Point branches off to the right; and then our route clammers up a prodigious stony hill, with the ponderous ridges of Western Mountain rising very nobly across the glens on the westward, uplifting great forests of spruce and balsam fir. Beyond the lonely burying-ground of the Norwood's-Cove farmers is the entrance to the sequestered Carroll farm, whence one may climb over the ledges, in twenty minutes or so, to the top of Dog Mountain. The road continues, along a breezy forest terrace, with the high stern cliffs of Dog on the right, and the dark flanks of Beech Mountain across the glen, and comes out over **Echo Lake**, whose dark waters are followed for nearly two miles, glooming under their tremendous precipices, and with sunlit reaches far away to the north. From one high hill-top on the road, a remarkable echo may be observed, from the vast mass of Storm Cliff, which frowns across the lake from the side of Beech Mountain, with deep dark waters sleeping at its base. In old days this lovely lake was known as *Denning's Pond*. Now and then, views are given of the blue and dreamy mountains of the mainland; and presently the silvery waters of Somes Sound come into view, beyond the rugged rocks of Robinson Mountain. Farther away gleam the red ledges on Sargent Mountain; and the hotel on **Green Mountain** shows the direction of Bar Harbor. And so the road winds on toward the white spire of Somesville; and leaves the great peaks behind; and finally descends into that pleasant little village, sunning itself on its graceful hills.

Western Mountain, with its shaggy spurs and foot-hills, covers a great area in the western part of the island, mantled with heavy forests, and filling the area between Long Pond, on the east, and Seal-Cove Pond, on the west. The East Peak (971 feet high) rises sheer from the lower end of Long Pond,

and is separated by a deep notch from the middle peak, 933 feet high. The West Peak reaches a height of 1,071 feet, and looks down on Seal-Cove Pond, and out over the noble Blue-Hill Bay. The avenue to these lonely heights is a wood-road, diverging to the right from the Seal-Cove road, about half a mile west of Norwood's Cove, and a mile from the Freeman House, and leading, in half a league, into a network of other wood-roads, near the foot of Long Pond. One of these trails passes through the Notch, and down the long valley of a mountain-brook to the great bay on the west shore of Long Pond; and the others fade out in the contiguous ravines.

Long Lake is reached by a cart-track leading to the right from the wood-road to Western Mountain, its southern end being about three miles from Southwest Harbor, in the midst of fine scenery, with the cliffs of Western rising bravely on the left, and Beech Mountain on the right. There is a pretty sandy beach at this end; and if the provident explorer has sent up a boat on his buckboard he can thence voyage down the limpid mountain-mirror, between trackless shores of virgin forest, with many a picturesque promontory and cove on either side, and a deep bay wandering away into the unconsidered west. It is four miles from the head of the lake to the place where the Somesville and Pretty-Marsh road runs along the foot of the lake, within two miles of Somesville; and the width of the river-like expanse, deeply sunken in the trough of the hills, rarely exceeds half a mile. The outlet leads downward through a chain of ponds, to Somesville, where it meets the salt water.

The trip to **Beech Mountain** is a favorite day's excursion, from Southwest Harbor, or Somesville, or Bar Harbor, exhibiting an interesting and diversified section of the island, crowned by a very lovely and remarkable view. The road from Bar Harbor to the mountain-top is about twelve miles long, and leads through the village of Somesville. The direct distance from Southwest Harbor is a little under four miles; but the ascent on the south is dull and arduous, and the usual route is by the Echo-Lake road almost to Somesville (seven miles), and thence backward over the long and picturesque plateau of Beech Hill, with charming views of the high blue mountains

on the mainland, and across the wide reaches of Blue-Hill Bay. At a little less than a league from Somesville is Carter's Nubble, a round grassy dome, 480 feet high, garlanded with daisies and buttercups, and overlooking Somesville, the dark mirror of Echo Lake, Dog Mountain's bald crags, a long reach of Somes Sound, the high ridge of Brown Mountain, the nearer crests of Beech Mountain and Western Mountain, with Long Lake between them, and the beautiful island-gemmed expanses of Blue-Hill Bay and Penobscot Bay, with the Camden Mountains and the graceful Blue Hill beyond.

Beech Mountain and Beech Hill are separated by a narrow wooded gorge, through which runs the carriage-road. It used to be known also as *Defle Mountain*. There is a good path ascending from Andrew Carter's, on the north side, and leading one to the crest in 15 minutes. Most of the way is over bare ledges, with little cairns to mark it; but it is as well to let one of the Carter children pilot the way, and perhaps help to point out the visible objects of interest. The summit (855 feet above the sea) is covered with bare ledges, with groups of spruces, and interspersed patches of blueberries and juniper. The great wall of Dog Mountain lies across Echo Notch, on the east; and Beech Mountain and Western Mountain cover the west; while down the glen on the south appears the fair valley of Southwest Harbor, with its white houses strewn along the roads, and the splendid expanse of the harbor opening off towards the Cranberry Isles and Greening's Island and the great outer sea. To the north extends the fair township of Eden, with the noble forms of the mainland mountains looming azure in the remote distance,—the Camden peaks, Blue Hill, and the Franklin mountains. Nearer the mountain Long Pond stretches out its shining miles on the west, between savage and shaggy banks; and on the other side is Echo Lake, darkling under the heavy shadows, with bits of Somes Sound beyond, and little Somesville nestling at its head.

Mrs. Burton Harrison speaks of "Beech Hill, a place where you climb up a rocky stairway to reach a summit, whence, looking down, you behold the greater part of the beautiful island stretched in a green map at your feet, cleft by the silver

fiord of Somes Sound, and adorned by many a sparkling lake-gem. Here, sitting on beds of juniper, both fragrant and elastic, you may, if you have nerve enough, look down a sheer precipice of granite hundreds of feet into the silent shadows of Echo Lake beneath, where, from the other side, voyagers sometimes take an ancient scow to idle away a morning among the lily-pads."

Nearly half a century ago Thomas Cole, the Milton of early American art, thus epitomized the scene: "The view from Beech Mountain—sheets of water inland, fresh-water lakes, and mountains, the ocean with vessels sprinkling its bosom—is magnificent."

The peak of Beech Mountain on the west of the road has often been ascended, the route (no path) traversing the wooded slopes, and coming out on ledges fringed with blueberries, and finally reaching the bare top, whence there is a fine view of Long Pond.





CHAPTER VII.

SOMES SOUND. — THE OLD HOME OF ICEBERGS. — THE NORSE-
MEN. — HENDRICK HUDSON'S DUTCH MARINERS. — THE NAR-
ROWS. — VALLEY COVE.

SOMES SOUND is a narrow and picturesque fiord running northward through the mountains and into the open country beyond, and almost cutting the island of Mount Desert into two nearly equal sections. From Greening's Island, off Southwest Harbor, to Somesville, at the head of the Sound, the distance is about six miles, and the width varies from 1,200 feet to a mile or more. The depth varies from three to twenty-five fathoms. Yachts and small row-boats frequently traverse its bosom, but the navigation is not unattended with danger, on account of the sudden flaws that come down through the mountain-gorges. Nearly every day a small steamboat runs from Southwest and Northeast up the Sound to Somesville, and back, giving a capital opportunity to enjoy the scenery on both sides.

The mouth of Somes Sound is picturesquely landlocked by Greening's Island and the Cranberry Isles, and thus acquires the similitude of a lake, traversed by infrequent fishing-boats and small steamboats, and bordered by lonely and mountainous shores, with a few white farmhouses nestling near the water, or perched high up on the hill-sides. The cultivated and far-travelled tourists who have visited this noble fiord have likened it to the Hudson River at the Highlands, or the Delaware Water Gap, or the upper reaches of Lake George, or the Rhine near the Drachenfels, or some part of the Saguenay River, or a fragment from Lake Como. All of which is in the nature of kindly exaggeration, of course, and prepares one for some

measure of disappointment. Professor Agassiz thus touches upon the pre-historic condition of Somes Sound: "At an early period of the retreat of the great ice-field covering this continent, when it no longer moved over the highest summits of the land, local glaciers were left in the gorges facing the sea. Mount Desert itself must have been a miniature Spitzbergen; and colossal icebergs floated off from Somes Sound into the Atlantic Ocean, as they do nowadays from Magdalena Bay."

There are those who think that the first white visitors to Mount Desert were the Norse Vikings, who cruised gallantly along the New-England coast in the tenth century; and certain remains that have been found near Somes Sound are attributed to their labors. Another writer thinks it certain that Hendrick Hudson sailed into Somes Sound in 1609 with his gallant little Dutch ship, the *Half Moon*, and at one time found himself obliged to open fire on the Indians with the great guns of the States General. The more peaceful advent of the Jesuits, and the buccaneering attack of the Virginians, are spoken of in our account of Fernald's Point.

Boarding the steamboat at Southwest Harbor, we may ascend to Somesville and return in a short half-day. Leaving Greening's Island astern, the boat runs up toward **The Narrows**, where the clear blue waters are compressed into a wonderful strait only a quarter of a mile wide, with Manchester Point on the east. On the other side is the beautiful Fernald's Point, with its rich and tender greens, and old farmhouses; and over and behind it the picturesque Flying Mountain rises in agreeable alternation of gray ledges and green clumps of foliage. On the east side extends the rich Corson farm, with its white house perched high on the hills. As the boat passes Flying Mountain, Dog Mountain opens on the left, with the wide semi-circle of **Valley Cove**, and Robinson Mountain beyond. The tremendous Thunder Cliffs fall from near the crest of Dog to the base, like palisades of iron, with many fathoms of clear salt water at their foot. The best way to enjoy this grand scene is to go up in a row-boat from Southwest or Northeast, and so pass close under the precipice, where one can look straight up along the appalling steep. The echoes thrown back from its front are manifold and

loud. A little away above the cliffs is the home of a squalid hermit, who is supposed to be in search of Capt. Kidd's treasures, and whose madness takes the form of peopling the adjacent solitudes with such famous personages as Sindbad the Sailor, Richard Cœur de Lion, and other legendary and historical magnates. He has offered capital shore-lots hereabouts for ten billion dollars an acre, which is somewhat in advance even of Bar-Harbor prices, up to the present date. This is the most dangerous point on the Sound, and more than one yacht has been upset by sudden squalls whirling down the great gorge to the westward. Near the shore, between Flying Mountain and Dog Mountain, there are appearances as of cellars, believed by some of the islanders to have been the site of some part of the old French colony, and to this day sometimes dug over by treasure-seekers. Thunder Cliff is the most imposing piece of rock-scenery on Mount Desert, rising sheer for nearly a thousand feet, a vast sheet of granite, prolific in echoes. Beyond (and between Dog and Robinson) is the little Man-of-War Brook, where the British frigates, during the War of 1812, used to come for supplies of fresh water. In this wild glen money-diggers have plied their earnest spades for years, in the hope of uncovering stores of shining *Louis d'or*, left by the Frenchmen fleeing before Argall's artillery, or by the ubiquitous Captain Kidd, who is supposed to have buried some of his abounding treasures on these wild and lonely shores. Over the glen of Man-of-War Brook rises the lofty cliff of Crow's Nest, making on one side a sheer descent into the dark waters of the Sound.

The boat advances toward the noble portal between Brown Mountain and Robinson Mountain, great shaggy warders of the north, less than a third of a mile apart, between which the quiet open and rural country towards Somesville opens away like a dream of pastoral beauty. The boat runs close to the side of Robinson Mountain, so that one can look up its vast rocky slopes, embroidered with many trees. We could even lay the little steamer (or the *Great Eastern*, for that matter) alongside the ledges at its base, for there are 25 fathoms of clear water at the foot of Robinson. On the opposite shore

is Seal Cove, where in old times many seal were caught by the hardy fishermen. Beyond we run along in front of the granite quarries, and see the uncovered brows of the hills, and the little houses of the quarry-men, and the tall vessels moored at the pier, and the derricks swinging their ponderous freight into place. From these low hills came most of the granite used for the piers of the East-River Bridge, joining Brooklyn and New York. Near by are the long granite slides of Denning's Walk, on which a vessel was once thrown, in a stormy winter night, and but one of the crew escaped. The course of the river-like estuary is followed on for several miles, and then the steamer runs in through the narrow rocky strait between Mason's Point and Pryor's Island, with its thickets of tall spruces and its summer-cottage of logs, and enters the pretty little cove of Somesville, with the white and gray houses of the hamlet idling along the hill-slopes in front, and a schooner or two floating on the mirror-like basin, or laid up to dry on the shelving strand. With much shrieking and puffing our Argonaut lies up to a high and sea-weedy wharf, running out of the green pasture by the Somes House, and perchance one or two leisurely passengers come aboard, or a few pounds of freight is set upon the deck. The scene has an air of perpetual Sunday, and the boat seems not to have been expected by any one.

During the last league of this inland voyage, noble views are afforded of Sargent Mountain and Green Mountain, on the east, with retrospects of the magnificent gateway to the southward. The northeastern bay of the Sound stretches away to the Bar-Harbor road, and is frequented by schooners, sailing up to get loads of lumber.





CHAPTER VIII.

SOMESVILLE. — THE ARGONAUTS OF CAPE ANN. — HAY-MAKING
RAIDERS. — BEECH HILL. — TOWN HILL.

SOMESVILLE is a pretty white village of 500 inhabitants, nestling around a snug cove at the head of Somes Sound, and on the outlet of Long Pond, eight miles from Bar Harbor. It has a good-sized summer-hotel, the Somes House; and also the boarding-houses of Hamor and Babson, and the Hotel Atherton. The Central House is celebrated for its dinners, for riding parties, and its appetizing *menu* has won for it the title of "the Delmonico's of Mount Desert." There are also a few summer cottages, occupied by families from the cities. The neat white houses, with green blinds, under arches of foliage, give it the comfortable appearance of an ancient inland village of New England. Somesville is endowed with the urban accommodations of insurance-agents, boot-makers, civil engineers, milliners, blacksmiths, ship-carpenters, and physicians. It has its music-teacher, and telegraph-operator, and tinsmith, and notary public, and clergyman, and artist, and postmaster. The local church is of the Congregational order. There are five country-stores, and four fish-curing firms, and half a dozen carpenters, and four dress-makers, and eight lumber-dealers. Here, also, we may find a woollen-mill, a grist-mill, and two public halls; and a prosperous lodge of Freemasons. On the high wooded island at the mouth of the cove is the quaint log cottage of Mr. J. W. Pryor, of New York. This pleasant domain is passed close inboard by the little steamboat that runs several times a week from Southwest Harbor and Northeast Harbor to Somesville.

On the village-street stands the little Mount-Desert House, the first hotel on the island, opened fifty years ago by one of the Someses, and celebrated, until a very recent period, for its homely good cheer, and its quaint old rooms and furniture. After being closed for some time, it was re-opened in 1887 as a public house.

Somesville is one of the favorite objective points for drives, from Bar Harbor and Southwest Harbor; and many of these summer-day travellers telephone in advance to one of the village-inns, and have a dinner of chickens and muffins awaiting their hungry arrival. From the Somes House you look down across wide lawns to the little land-locked harbor, with the vast mountains, Sargent and Robinson and Green and Beech, far away in the distance. The roads leading out in every direction are full of rural beauty, and wind among perfumed parterres of blue-bells and daisies, red lilies and golden-rod, with views of mountains, and lakes, and salty lagoons, and through an air in which the odors and blessings of sea and forest and meadow are deliciously commingled.

. According to the local traditions, Abraham Somes was by origin a citizen of Gloucester. In those early days, the people of the Massachusetts coast used to come down along the Maine meadows in the autumn, and get goodly deckloads of salt-hay, for wintering their stock. Thus also came Captain Somes, for many voyages; until finally, after reaping the free crop from the Bass-Harbor marshes, he sailed around and up the Sound that now bears his name, and mowed the salty harvests at its head. The Sound was fair and navigable; the mountains bent nobly around the glen; and the level lowlands gave promise of abundant return for the husbandman. So Abraham made a resolve to secure this pleasant domain for his own, to live here thenceforward; and thereupon he pre-empted or "located," the tract, and removed hither his household gods, the plain old furniture of his Puritan home on Cape Ann. In 1761 he took up a land grant of the Province of Massachusetts, at the site of the present Somesville; and with him came James Richardson, a well-to-do and intelligent adventurer of Scotch-Irish descent. These two hardy pioneers brought their families

up from Cape Ann, in 1762; sailing in their Chebacco boats (so named from Chebacco, the present town of Essex, where that style of boats was made), and settled down at the head of the Sound. The first winter they dwelt in the cabin of their vessel, and when the springtime came, they built a house on the shore.

Captain Abraham Somes, who thus became the pioneer of the modern settlements at Mount Desert, was a famous pilot all along the North-Atlantic coast, and even had the honor and responsibility of guiding into Halifax the first British fleet that ever entered that magnificent harbor. He attained the age of eighty, after which he passed (let us trust) into the tranquil harbor of Paradise, and that which remained of him was buried at Somesville. His son Joseph married Judith Richardson; and their son, John Somes, died at Somesville in 1886, at the age of 92. James Richardson became the first town-clerk; and his son George was the first white child born on the island.

The first settlers took speedy action to prevent the hay-making forays of the mainlanders. *The Bangor Historical Magazine* found in the library of Harvard College an old petition to Gov. Bernard, beginning: "We the inhabitants of mount desert Humbly Craves your Exelency's Proteccon against the in-Crossins of the Naboring inhabents made upon us Consarning hay for we cannot git hay on ye island to keep our Stoks, other People Cut the hay before it gits its Groth so that they spoil the marsh & if we Cut & hay stackit for Sleding it is Stole so that we cannot have ye Privilege of the marsh that we have Cleared Rodes too."

For a long time, Somesville was practically the capital of the island. Here was the chief water-power, for the grist and saw-mills; here, the mill to which the farmers brought their sheep's wool to be made into cloth; and on the contiguous lowlands (then unexhausted) great crops could be raised.

Two miles or so from Somesville rises the long plateau of **Beech Hill**, traversed by a pleasant road, and commanding exhilarating views of the island mountains, with the noble Blue Hill and the Camden peaks, and many far-away and nameless mountains on the mainland. Thence, too, we see the silvery

sheen of Echo Lake, and the broad bosom of Blue-Hill Bay; and away down in the valley the white houses of Somesville blink in the summer sunshine. The ancient farm-houses that line this lofty road bear date from the early settlement of the island; and the first town-house and place of worship stood among them, where the gray old walls and huge barns and carefully tilled fields and paddocks bear witness to the antiquity of the local civilization. Just north of the Nubble, nearly a century ago, lived David Wasgatt, the ancestor of all the Wasgatts of this region. He was the local squire, who used to marry people, write deeds, and perform other functions proper to the lawyer and justice of the island-republic. He also received the election as the first Representative to the General Court, in 1805; and so went up to Boston, to set forth the needs and claims of his maritime constituents. A little way beyond this rural neighborhood is the noble view-point of Beech Mountain, whereof more is said on page 87.

A little more than two miles north of Somesville, on the road toward the mainland, is the pleasant hamlet of **Town Hill**, with its stores and church and post-office, and schoolhouse; and the road continues for two miles more to the bridge which leads to the mainland, in the town of Trenton. The western road crosses the pond country, and reaches Pretty Marsh, in four miles; and to the eastward, eight miles, over high hills and by Eagle Lake, is Bar Harbor, the island-metropolis.

The scenery about Somesville is pretty and pastoral. The savage mountains and their gorges, the spray-swept cliffs and resounding capes, lie away to the southward; and the village might be on the upper Housatonic or the Miami, as far as its surroundings bear witness. As Thomas Cole wrote, in 1844, "One might imagine himself in the centre of a continent, with a lake or two in view." The great ridges of Green and Sargent and Brown and Beech, loom nobly along the southern sky; and the little steamboat at the wharf runs very soon into open blue water. There is a cheerful local belief that the fogs that brood over the lower harbors comparatively seldom pass the mountains, and Somesville basks in sunshine, while Southwest Harbor mourns in mist.



CHAPTER IX.

THE CRANBERRY ISLES. — SIR JOHN MOORE. — ISLESFORD. — DEADMAN'S POINT. — SUTTON'S ISLAND. — BAKER'S ISLAND. — THE PLACENTIA ISLES. — THE DUCK ISLANDS. — MOUNT-DESERT ROCK.

THE CRANBERRY ISLES lie off the entrance to Somes Sound, "like huge piles of sea-weed floating on the ocean," with a calm and sheltered bay on the north, and on the south the great and restless sea, forever beating on their rugged shores, and audible at every farmhouse on their narrow plains. They protect the broad roadstead into which Seal, Northeast and Southwest Harbors open, making a secure bay a full league wide, and keeping off the heavy sea and undertow that would otherwise afflict those havens. The isles derive their name from a marsh of 200 acres on the larger island, once used as a cranberry bog, but now chiefly occupied by rushes, and peopled by frogs. On the pleasant little farms there are a few Ayrshire cattle and Southdown sheep; and here and there cowers a sea-blown orchard.

The Cranberry Isles were first settled by John Roberson, in the year 1761, and soon had a hardy population of Yankee fisher-folk. Although the British invaders ruled Penobscot Bay from Castine, and pitilessly foraged up and down the coast, the Isles-men remained bravely patriotic; and whenever a Royalist ship was descried in the offing, they reported it instantly to the people on Mount Desert, so that the militia could get under arms, and the cattle be driven to the gorges of the mountains. When Sir George Collier made his unsuccessful attack on Machias, in 1777, his fleet rendezvoused at the Cranberry Isles;

and the *Mermaid*, *Blonde*, *Rainbow*, and *Hope* laid at anchor here until the preparations were all in order for the foray. One of the soldiers of the fleet was Sir John Moore, who was killed in Spain many years later, and called forth the celebrated elegiac poem:

“Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried.”

Among the island pioneers were Mr. Bunker and William Foss. The gallantry of the ancestors has not suffered abatement in their descendants, for these little surf-beaten rocks sent 27 soldiers into the National armies during the Secession War.

At one time the islanders were largely engaged in the West-India trade, and from these distant voyages made lucrative returns. They are a thrifty and prosperous people, fearless and adventurous, and familiar with many seas.

The town was incorporated in 1830, and includes Great Cranberry Isle, 850 acres; Little Cranberry, 350; Sutton's, 180; Baker's, 90; and Bear, 50. There are two school districts on Great, and one each on Little, Sutton's and Baker's. The population is about 350, mainly engaged in the fisheries, with several smoke-houses for curing herring, which are caught off-shore in nets and a large weir. The real-estate valuation of the whole archipelago, in 1880, was \$52,063; but recent speculations have vastly raised this figure.

The views of the Desert Mountains from the Cranberry Isles are magnificent, since they are at a capital landscape distance, across the channel, and are aligned in noble panoramic order. This prospect is especially notable at sunrise or sunset, when the great peaks change from black to purple and color-of-rose, with magical effect.

Cranberry Harbor is a roadstead between the two larger islands, nearly sheltered by overlapping points on each. Here is the port of Islesford, connected by a small steamboat twice daily during the summer with Southwest Harbor and other ports. There are from two to four fathoms of water here, at low tide; and sometimes several score of fishing-smacks take shelter here from storms. In the openings outside, whales,

seals and walruses are sometimes seen, with shoals of mackerel; and the sea-serpent is also claimed as an occasional visitor.

Great Cranberry has a number of fish-houses and flakes, for cod, hake and haddock, at Preble's Wharf; and a similar group near the sea-port outfitting store at the Pool, a snug little harbor sheltered from the sea by Deadman's Point and its long connecting peninsulas. The Pool affords a secure harbor for small vessels, with from two to eight feet of water, at low tide; and is entered at high tide from Cranberry Harbor. On Great Cranberry is the little church and a post-office; and here dwell the ministers of modern civilization, the insurance agents, auctioneers, hotel-keepers, deputy sheriffs, merchants, notaries public, surveyors of lumber, and justices of the peace. Here and there, among the houses that border the grassy roads, are rare old curios brought home from India and China, in the long-past days of American maritime power and adventure.

There are many noble views to be obtained from this little continent of two miles long, from Sperlin's Point, near Preble's Cove; or from Stanley's Hill; or from the school-house hill; or from the Bulger farm, where the waves roll in from the open sea, and break along the bases of the abrupt rocky headlands. Thence you may study the great marine panorama, from Long-Island Light to Petit Menan. Deadman's Point derives its name from a ghastly shipwreck that occurred there many years ago, when the few mariners who reached the shore were frozen to death on the bluff, and so found by the pitying islanders. The surf on this point, during periods of rough water, is magnificent.

Little Cranberry, an island nearly half a league long, lies within half a mile of Great Cranberry, to the eastward, and two miles south of Seal Harbor. Its chief citizens are W. E. & G. T. Hadlock, merchants and fish-dealers, who send several vessels to the Banks, and also buy a considerable quantity of fish from the neighboring mariners. They are of one of the old maritime families of Cape Ann. On the southeastern point of Little Cranberry is a well-equipped life-saving station, which has proved its usefulness during several terrible wrecks. The Isles-

ford is a new hotel, finished in 1888, on the highlands of Little Cranberry, and commanding noble views of the Desert Mountains and the ocean. It accommodates forty guests. There are also several summer boarding-houses (or farm-houses so used) on the island.

Sutton's Island is a little over a mile long, and lies within a mile of Northeast Harbor, across the channel through which daily pass the steamboats for Bar Harbor. One can row across from Northeast Harbor or Seal Harbor in twenty minutes. In 1887 the Moore estate, of 55 acres, was put into the market for summer-cottages, being on high ground, with an impressive view of the great peaks of Mount Desert. The resident population has fallen away to 24, including but 3 men; but the gaunt old-fashioned schoolhouse still crowns the highest and bleakest hill, as when it had more occasion for being. On this island there has never been a horse; and the roads are but slender paths down grassy lanes. A small summer preparatory school for college has been conducted on this quiet island by Joshua Kendall of Cambridge, and his wife, the sister of Prof. Maria Mitchell of Vassar College. Among the gentlemen who have recently bought estates here are Profs. Lanman and Byerly, of Harvard University; Prof. Pratt, of Hartford; Dr. Curtis and Attorney Woodworth, of White Plains, N.Y.; Dr. Lombard, of Connecticut; and Mr. Goodwin, of Cambridge.

Sutton's covers 180 acres, and its shores are very picturesque, being made up of beaches, caverns, cliffs, and high rocky promontories. The long lines of rocks on the northwest, called The Cloisters, are especially effective.

Baker's Island, the outermost of the Cranberries, is only $\frac{5}{8}$ of a mile long, and has on its central hill the brilliant Baker's Island Light, a white Fresnel light, varied by white flashes, and visible for 15 miles. The surf on Baker's is grand; and parties are frequently made up to visit it, from Southwest Harbor and Northeast Harbor. At one time Baker's was the resort of many jovial sportsmen, and forty guns have been seen at one time standing in the broad old-fashioned kitchen of one of the island farmhouses. The island is thickly wooded, except where the farms lie, on the northwest side.

The **Placentia Isles** include several interesting localities. Gott's Island was formerly known as Little Placentia, and covers 223 acres of field and forest. This sea-girt domain, and the neighboring Bar Island (of 83 acres) were bought by Daniel Gott from the General Court of Massachusetts, in the year 1789, the sum paid being £18. Mr. Gott made his home on the island until 1814, when he died.

Away back in 1742 a trading vessel, running between Boston and Machias, ran ashore near Placentia, and was taken possession of by a band of Indians from the island. "Ugh, all one Injun vessel now," shouted the red chief, as his warriors swarmed over the bulwarks; and the captain gracefully yielded the command of the unfortunate craft. But he carelessly suggested that there was great store of fire-water on board, and helped his new masters to get ashore sundry barrels thereof. The warriors made merry over their conquest nearly all night, drinking deep draughts, and dancing the green-corn dance around their camp-fires, until one by one they succumbed to the potent strong waters, and fell into heavy slumber. Then the captain got his crew on board, and taking advantage of the rising tide and a strong land wind, worked his vessel off the bar, and so on away to sea. Some hours later, the island chieftain awoke, and came down to the shore, and rubbed his bleary eyes and aching head, and cried out: "Ugh! all gone ship! all gone rum! Injun he no good!"

Black Island is a huge mass of fine granite, from which over a quarter of a million dollars' worth was quarried for the Pittsburgh post-office. Its name is derived from the rich dark-foliaged forest that covers the hills.

Placentia Island (known along the coast as *Plazensh*) once had a number of prosperous farms, but now is occupied only by several hundred sheep, with hay-fields. Little Gott's Island is also unoccupied. These two islands remain uninhabited because they have no boat-harbors. Great Gott's Island has a dozen or more frugal and God-fearing families, with a well-kept school-district, and a snug little boat-harbor. There is a tradition that the primal Gott was given his choice between this island and the one now occupied by Eastport.

Little Duck Island, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of the Cranberry Isles, is half a mile across, rocky and wooded. Less than a mile away is Great Duck, a mile long, with a singular clearing across its middle. It was for a long time inhabited by an eccentric English recluse, who vainly sought in these remote fastnesses escape from rum.

Mount-Desert Rock is a lonely peak of granite rising from the deep sea $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Baker's Island, and covering an area of five acres. It is frequently visited by sailing-parties, who can make a landing only in quiet weather. There is a clear spring on the rock. The light is a fixed white Fresnel, in a granite tower, visible for 14 miles, and there is also a fog-bell. The lighthouse-keeper has two assistants, and there are numerous children in their families. The rock is provisioned in November for the entire winter, during which it is never visited.





CHAPTER X.

THE WEST COAST OF MOUNT DESERT. — BASS HARBOR. —
GOOSE COVE. — SEAL COVE. — PRETTY MARSH. — BART-
LETT'S ISLAND. — HIGH HEAD.

AFTER the summer-voyager has enjoyed in various ways the life of Bar Harbor, and Seal, and Northeast, and Southwest, there remains for him a ride up the unfrequented west shore of Mount Desert, through a line of quaint little hamlets, and with many a glimpse of the blue western bays. It is perhaps more convenient to begin with Bass Harbor, away down near the Placentia Isles, and so work on up the coast, where nature is still paramount, and art positively does not exist.

Bass Harbor is a brisk little hamlet near the southwest corner of the island, with a sardine-factory on the west side, pertaining to the Bass-Harbor Packing Company of Bangor, with a capacity of 100 cases per day, and supplied by the steamer *Dolphin*, which collects fish from the forty weirs and traps in the vicinity. In busy seasons nearly a hundred men and women are employed in this factory. Here also are the fish-packing houses of James Parker & Sons of Gloucester and Wm. Underwood & Co. of Boston, the latter employing 60 hands, packing lobsters and mackerel. This is on the east side, near the Laughton manufactory of clam chowder. With all these purveyors of sea-food, the little harbor becomes at times a very busy place, and the wharves are heaped high with the treasures of the deep.

The hotels at Bass Harbor are the West-Side House and the Tremont House, the first of which is nearly new. They are

both on the west side, in the commercial quarter of the hamlet, and near the post-office. Some of the steamboats that run to Bar Harbor make their first port here. The village has five country stores, several ship-carpenters, three justices of the peace, and various mechanics, a brace of milliners, a physician, a circulating library, and a public hall, making a sufficiently lively metropolis for the lonely west shore.

The waters off this corner of Mount Desert are embayed by Swan's Island and the Placentia Isles; and from the buoys on Weaver's Ledge, Bass Harbor runs northward and inland for nearly two miles. The direct road from Bass Harbor to Southwest Harbor is three miles long; or by way of Bass-Harbor Head and the Sea-Wall the distance is about six miles.

Dr. Willis Watson is the dean of the summer-visitors here, having been an annual sojourner at Bass Harbor for nine years. Recently he has bought 125 acres around the harbor, and five of the outside islands, covering 700 acres, on which he keeps flocks of Cotswold and Southdown sheep, Holstein cattle, and fine horses.

The first settler at Bass Harbor was Stephen Richardson, brother of James Richardson of Somesville, who in 1762 built his house on Crockett's Point, westward of Bass Harbor, where its remains may still be seen. Here the island freeholders held their first legal meeting, in 1776, being notified thereto by the State of Massachusetts, in order to choose a moderator and clerk, and to organize a Committee of Correspondence, Safety, and Inspection. The officers chosen were Josiah Black, moderator; James Richardson, clerk; and Ezra Young, Levi Higgins, Stephen Richardson, Isaac Bunker, and Thomas Richardson, members of the Committee of Correspondence. They also provided for road-building, cutting the hay, warning off suspicious persons, and organizing a company of militia; and "voted to see if we can agree upon some method to encourage the destruction of the varmint that destroys our grain." Stephen Richardson was chosen to go to the General Court "with a partition in behalf of the inhabitants of this Island;" and for this service received £4 and 22 shillings.

Bass-Harbor Head runs into the sea a little over a mile from

the village (east side), and approaches within a mile of Great Gott's Island, the chief of the Placentia group. It is a high bold promontory, with broad sea-views and prospects of the mountains. This domain has lately passed into the possession of Mr. N. B. Mansfield and other capitalists; and has been provided with roads, and laid out into cottage-lots. The light-house is a whitewashed brick structure, rising on the extreme point, with a fog-bell and a fixed red Fresnel light, visible for 13 miles. A mile or two off the light-house are capital fishing-grounds, where cod, hake, and halibut abound; and 18 miles distant is Mount-Desert Rock.

Goose Cove, about two miles northwest of Bass Harbor, by the road crossing the beautifully picturesque head of Duck Cove, is a scattered neighborhood, with two country stores, several shipbuilders, carpenters, masons, and blacksmiths, and a public hall. The harbor is excellent and secure, with from one to six fathoms of water, and a third of a mile wide. The Western-Lookout Head has been laid out for summer-estates, and from its observatory overlooks Blue-Hill Bay, the Placentia Isles, Isle au Haut, Deer-Island Thoroughfare, Long Island, Bass-Harbor Head, and Western Mountain.

The populous half-league of road running north from Goose Cove leads to **Seal Cove**, a sleepy little post-office hamlet, with a country store, a trio of justices of the peace, and a few shipbuilders. It opens off Blue-Hill Bay, with bold and picturesque shores, at the outlet of Seal-Cove Pond, the Lily Lake of sentimental summer-tourists, and famous for its great white perch. From the shores of this secluded tarn the great woody heights of Western Mountain rise with grand effect, terrace upon terrace, to its sharp sugar-loaf peak. The highway runs along the west shore of the pond, passing a score or so of farmhouses. In the early days this part of the shore was famous for its multitude of seals, from which cause the name of Seal Cove arose.

It is about four miles from Seal Cove to the harbor and hamlet of **Pretty Marsh**, which still bears its quaint and interesting colonial name, and is hardly yet arrived at a score of houses, although the United States has given it a post-office. The bordering shores are cut into peninsulas by deep coves, affording

interesting marine scenery. The name *Pretty Marsh* was given by the earliest settlers, who built their houses on high ground overlooking a small salt-water pond between two pleasant expanses of marsh. Pretty Marsh was first settled about the year 1762 by Israel Bartlett, whose brother acquired Bartlett's Island. In 1887, Nathaniel B. Maddocks, of South Thomaston (then 84 years old), told how he lived here in the year 1817, and knew Deacon Milliken, then 90 years old, and claiming to have been the first settler on Mount Desert. He told Mr. Maddocks this story:

"The first year we spent on the Island came very near being our last. Potatoes were the only food I had in my house when the winter set in. The season proved exceptionally cold and severe. It froze my potatoes; and it froze the clam flats, so it cut off my supply of food in that direction. The coaster, to which we looked for relief, was frozen up in Harpswell Harbor. To live on frozen potatoes was a condition of things not long to be endured. Having no money, I shouldered a steel bear-trap, hoping to exchange it for some kind of food, and started from Pretty Marsh, to go easterly to Prospect Harbor, where, during the summer, two white men had been engaged in trade with the Passamaquoddy Indians. After taking a sad farewell of my wife, I started on the desperate venture. When about three miles from home, in the thick woods, I came suddenly upon a large male moose. The infuriated animal charged at once, with his fore feet and branching antlers, at his feeble foe. Fortunately, a large tree was near, to which I fled for shelter. The snow was quite deep, and the animal slumped through it; his broad horns and large body also required a broad circuit, while I was on snow-shoes and could keep nearer the tree and so avoid the savage brute. After a brief race around the tree I brought the steel bear-trap in play, smiting the moose with it across the hind legs. The sharp edges of the heavy trap proved a powerful weapon of offence, and a few well-directed blows severed the animal's hamstrings, so he fell a prey to his intended victim. The beast was in fine condition, and I cut off as much as I could haul on a hand-sled, and hastened home. After cooking and eating a hearty meal, my wife and I went

back to where the moose was killed, and by hard tugging and weary work succeeded in securing the valuable prize. The spectre of starvation fled, no more to appear, as there soon came a thaw, and the vessel, with provisions on board, arrived in safety."

The steamer *Henry Morrison* calls at Pretty Marsh two or three times each week, connecting with other lines at Rockland and Sedgwick. Capt. W. H. Freeman's Bay-View House is near the beach and wharf, and commands a fine outlook over the bay, with its islands and mountains. The West-Point Cottage is another public house near the water. The Boston and Maine Land Company has bought large tracts of land near the village, in expectation of the advent of cottages and summer-boarders to this pleasant haven.

It is but little over a mile from Pretty Marsh to the saw-mill on the great western bay of Long Pond, whence one (if he carries his boat with him) can explore this beautiful and sequestered lake, at its southern end entering the noble scenery between the cliffs of Western Mountain and Beech Mountain. Pretty Marsh is 9 miles from Bass Harbor, 9 from Southwest Harbor, 4 from Somesville, 7 from Mount-Desert Bridge, and 12 from Bar Harbor.

Bartlett's Narrows, two miles long, and from a quarter to half a mile wide, separate Pretty Marsh from **Bartlett's Island**, which fronts on Blue-Hill Bay, with eight fathoms of water. The island covers an area of 1,800 acres, and includes one school-district, and a sewing-circle, with a country-store and a dressmaker. Bartlett & Co. are the commercial persons of the locality, with several sloops, and weirs for herring and mackerel, and other connected industries. The town-landing on Bartlett's is three-quarters of a mile from the steamboat-wharf at Pretty Marsh. There are several cottages on the island, occupied during the season by families from the cities. A beautiful view is afforded from the Look-Out, where the United-States Coast Survey station was established, including a vast expanse of Blue-Hill Bay and Union-River Bay. The island is four miles long, and a mile and a half wide, with a rural road running down its centre, through the woods and

over the hills; and the shores are indented by half-a-dozen picturesque coves.

Bartlett's Island was settled in 1762 by Christopher Bartlett, who paid to the Colony of Massachusetts \$5 for 100 acres, being the cost of the deed and survey of the land. In 1838 Bartlett's, Robinson's and Hardwood Islands were incorporated as the town of Seaville, which was broken up 21 years later, when Bartlett's was retroceded to Mount Desert.

A few miles out in the bay lies Tinker's Island, with its great birch-trees over-arching quiet country-roads; and the hospitality of Captain Tinker is of wide fame.

High Head is a bold and picturesque promontory north of Bartlett Narrows and Squid Cove, with fine views over Union-River Bay and Western Bay, and across to Blue Hill. It has recently been acquired by an Ellsworth company, and laid out for a summer-resort, with fine roads and commanding view-points.

Between Pretty Marsh and the bridge to the mainland the road passes along the deep inlet of Squid Cove, and near High Head. Then it crosses the head of Clark's Cove, and approaches Town Hill (or West Eden), whence one may choose between the roads to the Trenton Bridge, or Salisbury Cove, or Somesville.

A road leads direct across the island from Pretty Marsh to Somesville, and thence to Bar Harbor, crossing the foot of Long Pond.





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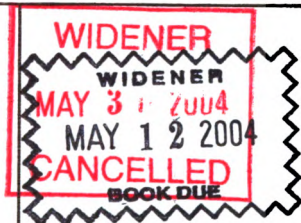
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