1900

Maine's Hundred Harbors: "Paradise with a Thousand Doors" : Reached by the Maine Central Railroad and the Portland, Mt. Desert & Machias Steamboat Company

Maine Central Railroad

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THE GULF OF MAINE
WHY THE MAINE COAST IS COOL

The Gulf of Maine appears on both old-time and modern maps; its absence from the school text-books is responsible for the obscurity of its true geographical name.

That angle of the sea enclosed between Cape Cod and Cape Sable is not so broad as the Gulf of Mexico nor so deep as the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but it contains more of summer life and interest than a score of either combined.

The remarkable coast of "Hundred-harbored Maine" forms the northern boundary of this gulf, to the south of which is the historically interesting old North Shore of Massachusetts Bay; and beyond the bays and headlands of the Maine coast is the South Shore of the Maritime Provinces.

This is called the Gulf of Maine, and includes the Bay of Fundy. This whole water is not heated by the Gulf Stream, for after leaving the Massachusetts coast it goes out to sea away past Newfoundland, and on to the European coasts. Instead of that warm current, a cold arctic one sweeps close round the point of Cape Sable, and eddying in the Gulf of Maine it makes its way southward inside the Gulf Stream and lowers the temperature of the whole region. These arctic currents, often laden with icebergs, have for centuries beaten against the coast, till the whole shore is ragged out like a fringe. Ridges of bare rock jut out into the sea, ending in reefs and rocky islands, making the Maine coast unlike any other on the continent. The sea front, as the crow flies, is about two hundred and fifty miles, but to follow the water line it is over three thousand.
FIRST THANKSGIVING SERMON IN NEW ENGLAND
AUGUST 9, 1607

Ships "Gift of God" and "Mary and John"
of Popham Colony, Monhegan Island, Maine
MAINE'S HUNDRED HARBORS

"PARADISE WITH A THOUSAND DOORS"

REACHED BY THE MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD AND THE WASHINGTON COUNTY RAILWAY

GENERAL OFFICES : : : PORTLAND, MAINE

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Maine's Hundred Harbors
THE STATE OF MAINE

Nearly one-half of fair New England’s area is occupied by the State of Maine, with its twenty million acres,—a vast, irregular territory, bordering the North Atlantic Ocean upon one side and extending northward in the shape of a wedge which cuts deep into Canada, reaching nearly to the St. Lawrence River. In area it is about equal to Scotland, Ireland, South Carolina or Indiana.

This is the home of the 715,000 citizens of the state, a number which is swelled during the summer season, May to October, to fully 1,000,000 by the exodus from less favored regions of that tide of summer travel which sets northward when the thermometers of Broadway and of Beacon Hill begin to toy with the eighties. Why? Listen!

From Kittery Point, at the mouth of the Piscataqua River, which separates it from New Hampshire, to Quoddy Head, its most eastern point, near the international boundary, this coast-line stretches away, broken by a most wonderful network of bays and inlets, until what in a straight line represents a distance of two hundred and seventy-eight miles is swelled to nearly three thousand miles by these irregularities, thus giving Maine the distinction of possessing more miles of seacoast than any state in the Union, California and Florida not excepted.

This rugged shore is nowhere duplicated. Differing entirely from the greater part of the Atlantic seaboard, with its low, sandy or marshy beaches, it stands rough-hewn by the hand of Nature from the rocky ribs of Maine. Like a vast fringe the projecting capes and promontories extend far into the sea, while between them the deep-blue neighboring ocean thrusts its waters, lapping with ceaseless motion its way farther and still farther inland, until the powerful tides have woven passages for the sea through and about the outer fringe of headlands, and pressing onward have left their fragments behind in the form of countless islands, which dot the coast in every direction:

"Bays resplendent as the heavens, Starred and gemmed by thousand isles."

Farther back rises an unbroken forest, vast and deep, in which states might be concealed; larger by seven times than the famous “Black Forest” of Germany and covering nearly one-half (9,000,000 acres) of the area.
of the state. Hidden within these shaded wilds are over 1,500 lakes, covering one-fifth the state with pure, pellucid waters, abounding in game fish of various kinds, and surrounded upon all sides by noble scenery of forests and mountains.

Lake Leman or Como—what care I for them,
When Maine has the Moosehead and Pongokwahem?
And sweet as the dew’s in the violet’s kiss,
Wallagosquegamook and Telosimis;
    And when I can share in the fisherman’s bunk
On the Mooseleucmaguntic or Mollechunkamunk,
    'amunk, 'amunk,
Or Mollechunkamunk,
On the Mooseleucmaguntic or Mollechunkamunk.

The lake systems of Maine are remarkable for their extent, character and picturesqueness. Connected as they are with the river systems, they form a chain of reservoirs affording storage for the vast quantities of water needed by the rivers and streams. There are but three or four places on the globe, not more extensive, upon which an equal number of lakes and ponds are to be found; the total of those represented on the best maps is not less than 1,600. At the lowest estimate they represent a combined water surface of 2,300 square miles. Maine has one lake to every twenty square miles of territory.

From these sources flow Maine’s rivers and streams, 5,151 of which have place upon the state map. Three of its rivers are famous,—the Penobscot, the Kennebec and the Androscoggin,—mighty streams that have their never-failing sources high up on the elevated plateau of northern Maine, in such inland fresh-water seas as Moosehead Lake and the Rangeley chain.

For light serenading the "Blue Moselle,"
"Bonnie Doon" and "Sweet Avon" may do very well;
But the rivers of Maine, in their wild solitudes,
Bring a thunderous sound from the depth of the woods;
The Aroostook and Chemmimentocook,
The Chimpsaok and Chinquassabamtook,
    'bamtook, 'bamtook,
Chinquassabamtook,
The Chimpsaok and Chinquassabamtook.

This large water surface, together with the vast ocean front which the state presents, renders the climate devoid, even in the summer months, of the dry, burning heat so often experienced in other sections of the country and in the densely populated cities.
In addition to its varied physical features, Maine possesses an enviable reputation for health. The state is made up of tasteful cities and beautiful towns and villages where the home life controls. There is no squalor and no slums. Its great diversity of topographical features, far northern situation, sea-bathed and forest-cleansed air, abundant and pure water, and absence of periodical rains, are some of the attributes to health possessed by Maine. It offers choice of residence or sojourn by the seashore, in the interior among the hills and farms and pleasant villages, or in the forest and lake region. The altitude of the interior of the state gives a climate noted for its comparative dryness of atmosphere and its abounding sunshine, conditions exceedingly favorable to the rapid improvement of puny children and most favorable to lung diseases. The climate of Maine's extensive coniferous forest region is unexcelled for tonic principles. Maine possesses pure air,—no smoke and dust-laden air of cities; pure water, innumerable lakes and streams, springs and wells sufficiently removed from buildings; entire freedom from malaria, no case of which scourge ever originated in the state; sanitary organization and health laws the best; milk free from infection. No other state has taken such pains to protect its herds. Her cattle commissions and state veterinaries are endowed with large powers to suppress infected cattle. The organization and advancement of the state's sanitary resources are notable. It is compulsory upon every city, town and plantation to maintain an independent board of health. It is the policy of Maine, through its state and local boards of health, to guard well the health and lives of both its permanent and transient residents.

Maine's sports dispel ennui — "that tired feeling." Her summer nights are cool, inducing health-giving sleep; her menu, the products of the soil and the sea, served fresh from their native bed, uncontaminated.

Maine's rapid growth as a summer resort (perhaps summer home is the better term) affords one of the most satisfactory illustrations of the growth of the vacation idea. At any time within the last quarter-century there have been those who have known and loved the state for its varied natural charms. Now the few thousands of that period have grown into tens of thousands, until to-day what Florida and California are to the winter tourist throng Maine is to the migrating thousands who escape each summer from the heat and dust of cities into her generous spaces, which allow practically unlimited freedom.

With this brief exploit of the summer state in general, let us turn our particular attention to that rugged coast-line and its possibilities of health and pleasure.

"The sea — the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the bright, the ever free!"
The very introduction to the Maine coast, after crossing the boundary river, discloses the initial resorts of York Harbor, Beach and Cliff, from which point it is one continuation of sea-bathed and sea-bathing resorts all along the line. These include, in their order eastward, Ogunquit, Wells Beach, Kennebunk Beach, Kennebunkport, Biddeford Pool, Old Orchard, Scarboro, Pine Point and Cape Elizabeth beaches, to Portland, the state’s metropolis, which from its peninsular prominence overlooks island-studded Casco Bay. Turn in any direction from the city, and its delightful surroundings of sea and shore are met. Indeed, about Portland the sea is omnipresent. It presents its bold waves on the harbor front and backs up over drenched marshes at unlooked-for points. All types of scenery are found in its environs; forest and stream, meadow and marshland, and verdure-covered hills, vary the grand sea views. As an outcome of this diversity of landscape, Flora, the goddess of flowers, has bestowed her gifts with utmost prodigality. Wild flowers and birds are predominant.

Nowhere upon our continent, the hustling cities of the West not excepted, have greater strides in growth and adornment been made than are here apparent on every hand. Forming as it does the great commercial center of the state, its manufactures, themselves far-reaching in many instances, are eclipsed by the trade interests of the city; consequently there is no predominant foreign element to be found. Its hotels are metropolitan in point of excellence, and, together with the summer hotels in the immediate vicinity, afford unlimited accommodations.

The urban hotels are the Lafayette, Congress Square, New Falmouth, the West End, Columbia and numerous others, while to enumerate those upon the shores and islands of Casco Bay as far east as the Harpswell peninsulas, and along the Cape Elizabeth and Scarboro beaches to Old Orchard, would require much space. The subject of summer board in hotels, boarding-houses and villas has been covered in another of the Maine Central publications brought strictly up to date for the season of 1909, and which will be sent on application to the Passenger Traffic Department, Portland, Me.

This mighty breast of water, sheltered by the verdant shores of the many islands which shut out the boisterous sea, forms the summer rendezvous for thousands. Without doubt it is the most populous of all summer resorts along the Maine coast, as it is also the most extensive. By a popular fable it is credited with 365 islands, large and small, which year by year have put on more of summer garb, attracted more of summer visitors, and have become brighter gems in the public eye.
Peaks Island is truly the "Coney Island" of the East, with its bathing, its theaters and its very numerous cottage colonies. The Diamonds, narrowly separated from Peaks, are more sedate in their pleasures, but are the bright gems of the bay: their names are no misnomer. Cushing's Island, the seaward bulwark of the bay, between which and the mainland extends the narrow ship channel which leads to the open blue, is one of the most picturesque from a marine point of view, as it presents an especially bold front to the sea, notably the bluff at White Head, a spot much sought by marine artists. Long, Chebeague, Cliff, Bailey's and Orr's Islands are farther down the bay, reached twice daily by steamers from the city. Here also, at the farther extremities of the bay, are the narrow Harpswell peninsulas, while to the north are the shores of Falmouth and Cumberland, and to the south those of South Portland and Cape Elizabeth, bearing hotels of excellence and large cottage colonies. In fact, among the islands or upon the shores of Casco Bay, one may find every degree of life and enjoyment, from the Sabbath quiet reigning at one point to the boisterous gaiety of the other, where fun is the order of the day. The aristocratic cottage-lined isle or shore is only separated by a short strip of ocean blue from another which, with its summer gardens and its theaters, is awarded great distinction as a playground by the sea.

**PORTLAND'S HARBOR DEFENSES**

The entrance to Portland Harbor, called by many the "natural seaport," is through a narrow channel scarcely a mile in width, extending between the rocky shores of Cape Elizabeth at Portland Head and the Cushing's Island shore. Upon each shore of this ship channel stands a tall light, flashing signals seaward, while fortifications upon which the United States Government has expended millions of dollars, and which are garrisoned by large bodies of men of the United States Coast Artillery, guard the entrance. In fact, this beautiful northern seaport is fortified most generously, there being four modern forts, namely, Williams, Preble, Levett and McKinley, upon the adjacent shores and islands, mounting guns of heaviest caliber, with mortar batteries and all modern appliances of war, and two others of obsolete type, Georges and Scammal, which lend picturesqueness to the harbor.

**POPULOUS CASCO BAY, ITS HOTELS AND COTTAGES**

One peculiarity of the islands in Portland Harbor is this, that the citizens of Portland are entirely content to summer there. They seek no far-away vacation resort, but at the commencement of the summer season hundreds of them close their houses in town and move to the shores and islands of Casco Bay. Thus, it will be found that Falmouth Foreside, the Cape Shore, and the islands are covered with villas and cottages reaching from the water-line to the summits of the mainland shores and of the islands, in groups and colonies.
Interspersed are hotels occupying every coign of vantage, and presenting every degree of excellence. It is a fact that more can be had for a like expenditure upon the islands in Casco Bay than at any other vacation resort that can be mentioned. Besides the regular visitors from the city of Portland, there are thousands from other cities, towns and states, who sojourn here during the season in hotels and in cottages which are for hire. Frequent service of the steamboats between the city of Portland and the islands and shores renders it particularly desirable for those who wish to do business in the city, and repair to their island homes for the recreation afforded by them and their surroundings during those hours of the day that are not devoted to business.

This frequent service also allows visitors to the islands to make shopping trips to the city, where the stores are filled with a complete and varied stock, and fine displays are made. Altogether, Casco Bay is ideal as a summer resort, and none who select that charmed locality for their vacation retreat need return disappointed.

Bathing, boating and lounging — just *loafing* — are the recreations. There are lookouts along-shore here that simply invite the soul of one; where one may bask beneath a cloud-filled sky with not a jarring note to annoy, just the voices of nature, dominated by the big, grand, heroic voice of the sea.

There is society here, too — plenty of it. There is plenty of elbow-room as well.

**TRANSPORTATION IN CASCO BAY**

Between the Union Station of the Boston & Maine and Maine Central Railroads at Portland, Me., and the dock of the Casco Bay & Harpswell Line steamers is a trolley transfer of about one mile. The electric system of the Portland Railroad Company and its equipment of cars is second to none in the country, and trolley cars leave from the porte-cochère of the Portland Union Station every few moments, transferring passengers directly to the steamboat wharf on the water-front.

This year also in Casco Bay witnesses an advance in transportation facilities. A merger has been completed between the Casco Bay Steamboat Company and the Harpswell Steamboat Company, so that now the two are operated as one under the name of the Casco Bay & Harpswell Lines. The company operates eight first-class steamers over fifty miles of waterways, all within the charmed sheltered circle of Casco Bay.
and amid scenes which are unequaled alongshore. These steamers make thirty-one daily trips between the wharves at Portland and the numerous landings on the islands and shores as far as Harpswell. During the season of 1908, they carried a total of 750,000 passengers in round numbers. This year greater comforts are being offered the public than ever before. New terminals have been built and equipped at Portland, the wharves increased, and the facilities for handling large crowds much improved. A ferry steamer is also operated between Portland and Peaks Island. Altogether Casco Bay, its shores and islands, during the season of 1909, promise to stand higher in the public favor than ever before.

Leaving Portland by trains of the Maine Central Railroad, a rail ride of one hour brings the traveler to Brunswick, among the whispering pines which gave the title to Elijah Kellogg’s famous stories, having for their theme student life at Bowdoin College, an ancient institution of learning situated in this charming university town. To Brunswick, three-fourths of a century ago, the poet Longfellow brought his young bride. Here still remains the old fireplace referred to in his lines:

"Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall."

Here too was written that first of all books of fiction, "Uncle Tom’s Cabin," familiar to all, the husband of the authoress, Mrs. Stowe, being a professor of Bowdoin College.

Off to the southward lies the town of Harpswell, with its beautiful peninsulas extending far out into the ocean, so narrow in some instances that the road is bounded upon either side by its waves. It is a singular fact that in this region are laid the scenes of some of the best literature of America. Mrs. Stowe’s "The Pearl of Orr’s Island" may be read with renewed interest on the island whose name it bears, and the "Elm Island" of Elijah Kellogg's stories lies basking in the ocean off Harpswell; while Whittier's weird poem, "The Dead Ship of Harpswell," adds another to the long list of literary gems which have made this region famous.

"From gray sea fog, from icy drift,
From peril and from pain,
The homebound fisher greets thy lights,
O hundred-harbored Maine!"

Brunswick forms a fitting introduction to the Maine Central Railroad’s branch line, which at this point leaves the main line to extend for a distance of fifty-seven miles to Rockland on Penobscot Bay. From Rockland auxiliary steamers of the Maine Central’s own fleet run out into Penobscot Bay to Islesboro, Castine, and to the other numerous and summer-populated resorts upon shore and island.

No part of the summer territory reached by the numerous rail lines of the Maine Central Railroad has increased so rapidly in popular favor as this
alongshore route from the Kennebec to Penobscot Bay. This is evidenced by the erection of hotels, villas and cottages, and by the increased number of tourists each season to seek the shore along this reach.

It is but nine miles from Brunswick to Bath, a town with a world-wide reputation for shipbuilding gained in every sea which floats a flag, and where steel cruisers, battleships and torpedo boats have been built for the United States Navy. At Bath also, in the day of wooden bottoms, have been built some of the largest and most notable clipper ships, which have carried the American flag to the most remote quarters of the globe. From Bath a fleet of pleasure steamboats ply the Kennebec to the summer resorts at its mouth,—Boothbay Harbor, Squirrel Island and kindred others. This fleet of steamboats is operated by the Eastern Steamship Company, a sufficient guarantee of their excellence. A trip over this route will long be remembered for its picturesque beauty of scenery.

In seeking Boothbay Harbor, the steamboat from Bath does not sail down the Kennebec but passes around the extreme end of Sasanoa Bluffs, on which appear several attractive cottages, and diverges strongly to the left into the sinuous Sasanoa River.

This sail "down river" from Bath has called forth rapturous praise from world-wide travelers, on account of the beauty of the scenery and surprises of navigation. A mile and a half below the entrance into the Sasanoa is Upper Hellgate, where the steamer forges her way with apparent difficulty through a long series of whirlpools and boiling waters. Below this, there is a lower gate still more tortuous.

The steamer soon crosses Hockamock Bay, bordered by a very high cliff around which is woven the glamour of Indian romance.

Across the bay to the east is Phipps Point, where Sir William Phipps was born and tended sheep on the rocky hills.

Long afterwards he found the wreck of an ancient sunken Spanish galleon near the Bahamas, and recovered from it bars of gold and jewels to the value of a million and a half dollars. England’s king made him a knight and the governor of Massachusetts.

On the farther side of the bay is Westport Upper Landing, and at the southern end the lower landing of the town. The steamer now crosses a picturesque strait and takes the waters of the Sheepscot River and soon touches at Riggsville (the landing-place for Georgetown), then on to Isle of Springs, Sawyer's Island, McManahan's Island, Five Islands, Southport, Capitol, Mouse and Squirrel Islands, before the steamer touches at the wharf in Boothbay Harbor.
All of these places have summer colonies, with attractive cottages increasing in number every year; and at Five Islands and Isle of Springs there are good hotels attractively placed on sightly spots, with fine views from the verandas up and down the river.

The Seal and Porpoise Club-house, on Mc-Mahan's Island, exists for the convenience of the cottagers, all of whom are honorary members, with right to invite friends.

There is fine opportunity for yachting, boating and deep-sea fishing, while the Little Sheepscot, which borders the western shore (more suggestive of an inland lake than an arm of the sea), makes a beautiful rendezvous for rowing and canoeing parties.

SOUTHPORT

Southport, though an island, is nearly eight miles long, so that it seems a part of the mainland. It is bounded on the west by the waters of Boothbay Harbor, on the east by Sheepscot Bay, while the restless Atlantic breaks upon its southern shore and the picturesque Sasanoa River flows past the northern verge.

Evidence is seen on every side of the once-prosperous and extensive fishing interests which in years past dominated the characters of the people and of the place. The old wharves, gray with age, are going to decay, but in their stead has sprung up a new life,—the life of summer pleasures. The cedar skiff and the jaunty launch, with natty crews to man them, have succeeded the fishing hulks, and dot the waters of the bay with the cheerfulness of summer gaiety, making the old town blossom like the rose.

On all sides are beautiful views which make the coast of Maine so alluring to summer travelers, and many a gaily decorated cottage now nestles among the evergreens which shade this charming place.

SQUIRREL ISLAND

Squirrel Island is the chief magnet which draws to this well-favored locality the great throng of summer guests that people its shores.

"The pleasures at Southport are manifold"
It is about the oldest summer resort on this section of the coast, and was originally the camping-place of families from the upper Kennebec River towns. Gradually the cottages began to spring up and an association was formed by the property owners, which now controls the affairs of the island.

For several years this association did not allow a hotel to be built, but with the increase in the number of visitors, which was nearly doubled each returning season, the demand for a hotel was acknowledged, and the Squirrel Inn now commands one of the finest view sites on the island, and is filled with guests during the ever-lengthening season.

Squirrel is the summer home of Senator Frye, the late Congressman Dingley, many of the members of our college faculties, and a large representation of some of the brightest lights in the professional and business world.

Among the cottages are several of imposing appearance, and the place has an air of elegance and refinement without the embarrassments of burdensome wealth and fashion,—an ideal summer-cottage colony with an ideal setting of the deep-emerald sea flecked with a thousand sail.

It is uncertain how long this island has held its name or how it received it. It was known as Squirrel when Williamson’s History was published in 1832, and is there said to contain about 90 acres (the Greenlief deed says “97 acres more or less”); but it now passes current as containing about 130 acres. A well-kept market furnishes all that is required in provision line each season, with ice-cream and confectionery rooms, public reading-room, post-office at which the mails are received twice a day, telegraph office with submarine connection with Boothbay Harbor, casino and bowling-alley, bakery, convenient waiting-rooms at wharf, tennis courts, baseball grounds, and many other attachments for amusement and entertainment, together with the commodious chapel for Sunday services, from which it will be seen that Squirrel is a very independent little world of itself.

**Mouse Island**

Mouse Island, just across the harbor from Squirrel, has a nice hotel and always holds an attraction to its many guests, who return each succeeding season.

Situated on a high part of the island, its only hotel, the Samoset House, commands a magnificent view of the adjacent islands, and a wide expanse of ocean. The mainland and some of the more prominent of the Maine hills are faintly discernible on a clear day, while the innumerable craft of every description are constantly passing almost within hailing distance.

At Mouse Island a transfer steamer is taken for Linekin’s Bay, which is a magnificent sheet of deep navigable water, just east of Boothbay Harbor and separated from it by Spruce Point. Its sylvan shores at Ocean Point, Linekin, Mount Pleasant, Murray Hill and Bayville are being rapidly utilized for summer-cottage building.

"On the breast of the dimpling bay
The white-winged yachts careen,
To the strong sea airs they lean,
On the rippling tide they sway;
With an upward plunge and a downward lunge,
And a tack to the south away,
In calm or gale it is good to sail
On the breast of the dimpling bay."

Boothbay Harbor is provided with excellent hotels, good stores, bowling-alleys, billiard and pool rooms, well-equipped livery stables, is supplied with delicious spring water by means of a
first-class water system from Adams Pond, and is an important steamboat junction point, as steamers are taken here for Christmas Cove, Heron Island and Pemaquid, and for Monhegan. It is at the head of a spacious, well-protected and deep-water harbor, and is a summer resort of growing popularity.

Heron Island and Christmas Cove are also reached from Newcastle, a station of the Maine Central Railroad a few miles beyond Bath, Rocklandward, by steamers of the Damariscotta Steamboat Company, of which more anon. The latter route also reaches South Bristol and East Boothbay.

Yachsmen cruising along the coast know full well the shelter which Boothbay Harbor affords, so that the white-winged visitors are always seen, and hundreds of fleet fishing-craft frequent its waters.

The village, which borders the harbor, makes an interesting place to while away a few hours, and the drives in all directions are worth traveling far to enjoy. It is also well provided with places of entertainment, including a gem of an opera house, where many clever productions are placed on the stage during the summer weeks, and Townsend Hall, built in pavilion style, where a smooth floor makes an admirable place for dancing, roller-skating, polo and other entertainments.

CHRISTMAS COVE

The beauties of Christmas Cove are not revealed till the boat enters its tranquil waters. It possesses precisely that degree of seclusion which quickens the appreciation of its distinctive qualities. While it is geographically the southern end of Rutherford Island, it is virtually part of the mainland, since the narrow estuary which separates the island is spanned by a bridge. So Christmas Cove has none of the disadvantages of insularity.

Here precipitous cliffs face with bold defiance the Atlantic's broad flood; here, deep and dense, stretch groves of fir gracefully, sometimes almost weirdly, festooned with delicate moss; here a grassy meadow slopes to the verge of a peaceful little bay. This rare variety is indeed the secret of Christmas Cove. Among these conditions is that comfortable remoteness which is essential to the truest season of rest.

But this is no paradise of stagnation. Activity is characteristic of the life which one enters here. The little harbor is a favorite resort for yachts; the bay is alive with sailing-craft. Fishing and bathing are the common pastimes. A casino affords pleasant opportunities for social intercourse. Wet weather is no hardship when one can turn to billiards and a bowling-alley. It is in these ways that the exquisite natural advantages of the place have been wisely and agreeably supplemented by provisions for many kinds of rational and heathful pleasure.
The accommodations for guests are such as experience has dictated. There are several excellent boarding-houses, and a good hotel meets the needs of visitors. There are also a good many private cottages. The expenses of living are reasonable. It is because they find here the possibility of simple living and refined enjoyment that teachers, clergymen, men of business and men of leisure, ladies, young and old, people single and people in families, find "The Cove" a place of real satisfaction and refreshment.

Looming up into small mountains in the background are green ridges; on the west are Damariscotta and Linekin Neck, while in the east John’s Bay is studded with islands, and in the distance are the rugged shores of ancient Pemaquid.

Pemaquid’s name and fame date back to the pages of the early history of New England, as it was visited by the French and English in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

At Pemaquid we enter the domain of Samoset, that chivalric New Englander whom historians delight to honor.

Chronologically speaking, he should first appear at Plymouth, but his "Welcome, Englishmen," delivered there with that consummate grace which pronounced the gentleman, even though in savage garb, was learned by him of the white men who fished at Pemaquid long before those who landed on Plymouth Rock had started on their voyage of discovery from the Old World.

In 1622 he told the Plymouth Colony that there was plenty of bread in the far east, one day’s sail by water. Governor Bradford sent Winslow with a shallop and he returned with an abundance of food for the famishing Pilgrims, and informed the governor that there were more than thirty ships, sailing and fishing, in Pemaquid Bay.

The first fort built by the settlers, in 1630, for protection from the warlike nations, was de-
The second fort was built by Governor Andros of New York, by order of England, in 1677; destroyed by Indians in 1689. The third fort, of stone and mortar, with a wall twenty-two feet high, was erected under the personal direction of Sir William Phipps, the first governor of Massachusetts, costing nearly $20,000. Built in 1692, it was destroyed in 1696 by a force of 200 Indians under Baron de Castine by land, and three French men-of-war under De Iberville of France.

The fourth fort was built by England, which stood until 1759, when it was destroyed by the citizens of Pemaquid to prevent the British from gaining possession of it in the Revolution.

Capt. George Weymouth came to Pemaquid in 1605, and found vessels from France and Spain trading in furs, fish and oil, showing that intercourse across the ocean commenced much earlier than was generally known.

After the destruction of the Spanish Armada, England and France became rivals, and on the ground of Pemaquid was waged one of the most bitter warfares of early American history.

Pemaquid is one of the most intensely interesting historical spots in America, and dating, as it does, farther back than the Plymouth Colony, this "Old Fort Rock" should be preserved. A state commission has been formed to further the researches made by Mr. J. H. Cartland, the present manager of records and relics of Pemaquid, and who has spent some years in gathering and compiling the records from France, Spain and England. Excavations have been made so that now the tower foundation, the location of the magazines, a portion of which have been unearthed, are now exhibited. For further information see J. H. Cartland's "Ten Years at Pemaquid."

Good-by to pain and care,
I take my ease to-day,
Here, where these sunny waters break,
And ripple this keen breeze,
I take all burdens from the heart,
All weary thoughts away.—*Whittier.*

Heron Island is about forty miles east of Portland, six miles from Boothbay Harbor, and five miles from Squirrel Island, at the mouth of the Damariscotta River, and is in truth beautiful in situation. The odor of spruce, hemlock, balsam and white clover loads the air, while the never-failing sea breeze delights the senses.

**MONHEGAN**

A writer on Monhegan says of it: "A community which is never disturbed by the steam whistle, save when the fog siren upon Manana gets in its work; owns not one solitary horse,
and no roads to use the equine upon if they had, whose only land vehicle is the wheelbarrow, but whose every inhabitant owns a fishing-boat and can handle her through a living gale in a manner to win admiration; where there are no poor, no house of correction, no baseball news. Subscribers to leading magazines and papers, and with plenty of time for reading, they are remarkably well informed and cultured.’’ These were in the good old days when the island was isolated from the outer world, except the occasional trips of the packet ‘’Effort’’ (no misnomer in that) to and from Boothbay Harbor, when the would-be tourist visitor was told: ‘’Sometimes she does it in an hour ’n’ a half, sometimes in seventeen. When the wind dies away to a stark calm, as mebbee ’twill, it’s a very solemn row out to M’hegan.’’

Nevertheless the quaint curiosity of the lovely isle, which rises from the water ten miles at sea like a sleeping whale, with Manana its offspring, a mere lump of rock, lying beside it, attracts many summer visitors who are now transported (without ‘’Effort’’) by the steamer (‘’May Archer’’) of the Thomaston & Monhegan Steamboat Line, which leaves Boothbay Harbor daily at 1.15, arriving Monhegan at 3.00 P.M.; returning, leaves Monhegan at 9.30 A.M., arrives Boothbay Harbor at 11.30 A.M.

There is but a single harbor on Monhegan. About it dwell the inhabitants of the island, many of whom, strange to say, have arrived at man’s estate and never saw a horse. ‘’The only equine ever on the island was a pony, and he died twenty-five years ago,’’ I am informed by a man of the isle. There is but one road leading from the harbor up to the light, a straggling affair, but adequate to the requirements of the inhabitants of the island.

Monhegan light stands upon the most commanding ground of the island, though far removed from the dash and roar of the sea. Its lantern rises one hundred and seventy-five feet above sea-level, and the light it displays is a revolving one of great power. In the darkest night it pierces the gloom like a meteor. With Seguin twenty miles to the westward, and Matinicus Rock an equal distance to the east, it forms the outer cordon of lights which illuminate the coast, with White Island, Boon Island, Halfway Rock, Petit Menan and Mount Desert Rock, and guard from danger ships approaching the shores of ‘’hundred-harbored Maine.’’

Our frontispiece shows the entrance to Monhegan Island anchorage and the ships of the Popham Colony of 1607,—the flagship, ‘’Gift of God,’’ on the left, and her fly-boat, or tender, and the ‘’Mary and John’’ on the right.

The scene is descriptive of the first sermon in the English tongue preached in New England, August 9, 1607, by Rev. Richard Segrimont, chaplain to Popham Colony, under an ancient cross supposed to have been set up by George Weymouth in 1605.

These facts appear in the records of Lambeth Place of the Popham Voyage as follows, viz.:

‘’We kept our course west by north . . . and three other islands we saw laying . . . about eight leagues distant. . . . We bore in for one of them . . . found very deep water, forty fathoms, good anchorage under it, and stood into a cove in it and had twelve fathoms of water.

‘’There we found a cross set up, and on Sunday, 9th of August, in the morning, most part of our whole company of both ships landed on this island. . . . Where the cross stands there we heard a sermon delivered unto us by our preacher, giving God thanks.’’—Pages 101-2.

‘’The scene was in a cove on the New England shore, where was a cross under which the colonists gathered and heard a thanksgiving sermon, the first in New England.’’
The people of Monhegan are fishermen, and the sons of fishermen have they been for many generations. For two hundred years no industry of the island has approached this, and the men of Monhegan have done nothing but catch, clean and pack fish ever since they were big enough to handle an oar. As a consequence, Monhegan fish are highly esteemed on account of the care taken in curing them. The people are like one large family or clan, with no aristocracy, no middle class, no poor. "Share even" seems to be the ruling motto in all business deals.

For many years this island has attracted the artist and the romancer, and much of its quaintness has been gathered into type in George Wharton Edwards' "Thumb-nail Sketches" and "Petit Matinic," and he, with his friend S. P. Robert Triscott, have for years transferred to canvas the remarkable in marine here so vividly displayed.

MATINICUS

Another lonely outpost and beacon of Penobscot Bay, partaking of many of the characteristics of Monhegan, is Matinicus, with seven other islands and rocks clustered around it. It has a local town government, the most remote from shore of any on the whole coast, being seventeen miles straightaway offshore. Matinicus is inhabited wholly by fishermen; the summer boarder has not yet invaded these isles of the sea.

Upon Matinicus are stone houses whose builders are unknown, partakers of the mystery which surrounds the rock-tracings on Manana, which you will remember is the offspring of Monhegan, said tracings being variously attributed to the Norsemen, prehistoric man, and glacial markings, according to the fancy of the visitor here.

From Bath also a steamer runs daily to Popham Beach at the mouth of the Kennebec River, where are two good hotels and a cottage colony. Popham, with its old fort in ruins and its hard wide beach, is full of interest.

FORT POPHAM

Here at the mouth of the Kennebec lies the scene of the third attempt by the English to obtain a foothold on New England soil.
This was the colony of Chief Justice Popham, which arrived off Monhegan in August, 1607. Their undertaking was intended to be permanent. There were two well-provided ships, and one hundred and twenty colonists. The leader of the enterprise, George Popham, was accompanied by Captain Raleigh Gilbert, nephew and namesake of Sir Walter Raleigh.

After enduring a winter of unexampled severity, during which Popham died and was succeeded by Gilbert, whose affairs recalled him to England, the whole colony, thus left without a leader, deserted their settlement and fort in the spring of 1608.

The colony of Popham began better than it ended. A fort was laid out, and a trench dug about it, and twelve pieces of ordnance were mounted. Within its protection fifty houses, besides a church and storehouse, were built. During the period when hope was high, the carpenters of the colony framed a “prytty pynnace” of thirty tons, which they christened the “Virginia.” There is no earlier record of ship-building in Maine or in all New England. Remember this was in the year 1608, twelve years before the landing of the Pilgrims. Three hundred years later, in the year 1908, the city of Bath proudly commemorated the tercentenary of this earliest ship-building on the Kennebec. This was especially fitting for the city of Bath, which has been the center of ship-building industry since the earliest days of American commerce; and for the Kennebec, which has sent fleets of wooden vessels to every quarter of the globe—among them the most famous clipper ships ever built, manned by Maine officers and seamen. In fact, it was the proud boast of the State of Maine, during the height of the sailing vessels’ supremacy on the seas, that she furnished commanders and officers for fully one-third of the entire American Merchant Marine.

Popham Beach extends from the mouth of the Kennebec for a good league alongshore, at low tide a broad and firm expanse of sand, at high tide overswept by line after line of roaring breakers. The old granite, incomplete fort which faces the river’s mouth shows the children of to-day the style of fortification which their fathers builded for their defense during the Civil War. It would not stand much pounding from the guns of the war vessels of to-day, but serves as a landmark, and adds a bit of the picturesque.

Vessels of all kinds continually pass and re-pass, laden with lumber for South America, or with ice to cool the parched throats of the fever-stricken, lying in his bungalow in India or among the burning sands of Africa.

There are two excellent hotels at Popham, the one facing the river and the other the sea, both cooled by the ocean breezes, and offering to their guests splendid facilities for bathing on the fine hard beaches which line the shores. Besides the hotels there is a cottage colony where cottages may be rented, and a life-saving station, for the vicinity of Seguin is a dangerous one during storm and stress of sea.

The most popular method of reaching Small Point is by the Maine Central Railroad to Bath, and thence to the point by carriage, or by the steamer which makes two daily round trips between Bath and Popham Beach, from whence it is only a four miles’ drive to Small Point over either a good road, or by the magnificent Sea Wall Beach.

It is a bold, rocky peninsula, partly clothed with forests and bordered by abrupt cliffs, which looks down upon a magnificent beach, broad and smooth as Old Orchard’s, which extends almost
unbroken to the Kennebec, and affords the best facilities for driving and bathing.

These breezy resorts at the mouth of the Kennebec are reached from the city of Bath, without crossing the river—the steamers of the Eastern Steamship Company and the Popham Beach Steamboat Company leaving from their docks upon the city's water-front close by the railroad station. Let us now see what lies beyond, on the route to Penobscot Bay.

**ACROSS THE GREAT KENNEBEC RIVERS**

Two of the three rivers of Maine, the Kennebec and the Androscoggin, unite just above the city of Bath at a point called Merry-meeting Bay, and flow together past the city of Bath to the sea. At Bath occurs what is known as the "Long Reach," where the current is deep and strong, and no bridge exists. Here crosses a ferry, the steamer "Ferdinando Gorges," of the Maine Central Railroad Company's fleet, carrying the entire train, barring the locomotive, from one side of the reach to the other. So great has been the increase in travel between Boston (treating Boston as the initial point for tourist travel from the territory south thereof) via Portland to the Penobscot Bay resorts, that it has been found necessary to construct new slips of far greater capacity than those formerly in use on each side of the river to safely and expeditiously provide for the increased travel; and within the past half-dozen years to establish independent train service between Boston and Rockland. Where in former years trains ran from Boston via Portland to Brunswick, and there connected with branch-line trains to Rockland, now the day trains are run solid in both directions between Boston and Rockland via Portland.

**BOSTON-ROCKLAND THROUGH TRAIN SERVICE**

Eastbound the Boston-Rockland day train leaves the Boston Union Station at 9.00 A.M. over the Eastern Division, and at 9.15 A.M. over the Western Division, and leaves Portland at 12.35 noon, running express to Bath with a stop of five minutes only at Brunswick, crosses the river at 1.40 P.M., and arrives at Rockland at 3.55 P.M., whence connecting steamboats of the Maine Central fleet start immediately for Islesboro (Dark Harbor), Castine, North Haven, Stonington, Brooklin, Sedgwick, Deer Isle and Sargentville. A corresponding train in the opposite direction, after the arrival of the steamboats from the above-named landings, leaves Rockland at 10.00 A.M., reaches Portland at 1.20 P.M. and Boston at 4.15 P.M., performing
the fastest service between Portland and Boston of any of the numerous express trains run between those points. Neither of these trains runs on Sundays, though in summer there are also night trains which run daily, Sundays included.

In addition to the above, through train service is maintained between New York (Grand Central Station) and Penobscot Bay points by train leaving New York at 8.00 P.M., except Sunday, running via Worcester, Mass., without entering Boston; reaching Portland at 6.30 A.M., Rockland at 10.42 A.M. This train carries through sleeping cars via the New York, New Haven & Hartford, the Boston & Maine and the Maine Central Railroads, direct from the portal of the Grand Central Station, New York, to Maine resorts, and a corresponding train returns.

From the farther shore of the "Long Reach," the train enters upon that semi-marine journey, only to be compared with the extent of the Florida railroad system along the keys toward Havana. The Maine Central trains cross the head of numerous narrow peninsulas with the blue sea between, affording vistas from car windows of ever-changing marine views.

At Wiscasset connection is made with the narrow-gauge rail line to China Lake, East Jefferson, Palmermo and Albion. This railroad was enticed down to the sea at this point by the fact that Wiscasset is a never-closing winter port, a bait sufficient to inspire railroad promotion with roseate dreams of ocean steamships, which in the present instance have not yet materialized.

THE DAMARISCOTTA STEAM-BOAT COMPANY

Newcastle-Damariscotta, twin towns adjoining, have to a great extent felt the awakening touch of the tourist, and all season about the station of Newcastle one may observe the infallible signs of summer activity,—the shirt-waist girl with her bronzed-armed escort. At this point the steamers of the Damariscotta Steamboat Company connect with Maine Central trains, and from thence ply the inland waters of the Damariscotta River to Pool's Landing, Clark's Cove, East Boothbay, South Bristol, Heron Island and Christmas Cove, the last two also reached via Bath. The Damariscotta Steamboat Company operates two boats, the "Bristol" and the "Anodyne," making a picturesque trip to any of these famous summer retreats.

We will consider the name of the former to be commonplace; it merely commemorates the name of the ancient town of Bristol, which occupies the mainland on the "north shore" of the river which is not a river at all, but a tidal inlet from the sea. About the "Anodyne," however, there hangs a tale. Years ago a speculative Yankee threaded these waterways, peddling from a skiff that great American specific. You've heard of it; it's everywhere. The hardy, semi-amphibious farmer-fishermen alongshore accepted the specific as a "balm from Gilead." The business throve, soon the skiff became a steamboat, then came the summer tourist, and now there is a full-fledged passenger transportation company, concurring with trunk line railways and issuing its tariffs in strict accord with the rulings of the great Interstate Commerce Commission (which is an honorable distinction), but never hiding from public view the fact of the humble source from whence it sprung.
Along the shores of the DOWNTOWN outlet, where the river expands into a basin at the meeting of the waters above and the tidewaters below, are great deposits of oyster shells—"shell heaps," so called. These shells are very large in size, and Gilbert, of the Popham Colony, wrote home in 1607: "Their men found oysters there nine inches long, and heard of others twice as big." The shells are horizontally disposed, ends to the shore; seldom in pairs, but lying on the broad surface, shell within shell.

A number of these deposits were originally thirty and odd feet high, terraced with smaller heaps ten to fifteen feet in diameter; but many of the larger deposits have been disturbed and great quantities of the shells removed for commercial purposes. In general appearance these shell heaps are identical in like deposits on the Northman shores and the coast of Denmark; and it is conceded that they are tangible evidence of the visit of the Norsemen to these shores long before the voyages of Columbus. They have been proven to be the work of man by geologists, and by the fact that in the deposits are bits of charcoal, bones of fish, animals, and even of the human frame, with stone instruments of various kinds and pottery. For his geological survey of Maine, published in 1838, Dr. Jackson measured the Damariscotta shell heaps and found them to contain not less than 44,966,000 cubic feet.

These shell heaps are within the anciently defined though somewhat fabulous limits of Norumbega, the ancient city on the coast of Maine which was the goal for so many adventurers from Europe. Thorwald's battle-ground and grave may have been, probably was, on this coast shore of Maine, between Agamenticus and Mount Desert.
Georges made record that in the discoveries of 1602-04 these coasts were very populous.

**NOBLEBORO, WALDOBORO AND WARREN**

From the station at Newcastle-Damariscotta, the Maine Central trains cross the Damariscotta River to the small station of Damariscotta Mills, in the town of Nobleboro. The little Maine coast town has this unique distinction.

The first Catholic church erected in New England dates back to 1604, and was built on Neutral Island, near Eastport; another was built on Mount Desert in 1613; Jesuits said mass in a rude chapel at Norridgewock in 1650; but the first Catholic church in New England still standing and devoted to divine service, is the Church of Saint Patrick, at Damariscotta Mills, Me., which was begun in 1805, and blessed by Father (afterward Cardinal) Cheverus, July 17, 1808.

The centennial of this event was celebrated in 1908, when Bishop Walsh of Portland celebrated mass, and Monsignor McDonough, a former pastor at Damariscotta, preached an historical sermon in the presence of a large gathering from all over New England.

The Catholic colony at Damariscotta was founded
shortly after the Revolution by a group of Irishmen headed by James Kavanagh and Matthew Cottrill.

In the graveyard adjoining the church rest the remains of Hon. Edward Kavanagh, Governor of Maine in 1843, and U.S. Representative to Portugal, and a member of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty Commission.

Here also rest the remains of his sister, Miss Winnifred Kavanagh, founder of the School for Girls in the Cathedral Parish, Portland.

Following Nobleboro comes Waldoboro at the head of the Medomak River, which is another broad inlet from the sea. The railroad at Waldoboro station crosses at the very headwaters of the river. There are hotels and boarding-houses at Waldoboro offering good cheer, which are liberally patronized by summer visitors; for Waldoboro is delightful during the summer months. The names of many of those old Maine coast towns are commemorative of the old colonial families who held vast estates here,—as the Waldo family, who gave the name to Waldoboro.

From the Maine Central station at Warren, just beyond Waldoboro, the Georges Valley Railroad, a short standard-gauge line, extends to Union, a delightful farming town with its central village, Union Common, typical of the thrift and beauty of rural Maine. As the name of the railroad implies, the town is situated in the picturesque valley of the Georges River, and affords a resting-retreat for many summer visitors in its tasteful farm-houses at moderate expense.

THOMASTON, THE HOME OF GENERAL KNOX

Passing under the walls of the Maine State Prison, where some two thousand convicts
have languished during the past half century, the train enters Thomaston. Close to the site of the present railroad station stood “Montpelier,” the great mansion where General Henry Knox, chief of the American Artillery during the Revolution, Washington’s Secretary of War, founder of the Order of Cincinnati, dispensed princely hospitality as grand seignior of the region in ye olden time. The farmhouse of General Knox, now used as the Maine Central Railroad station in Thomaston, can be seen practically as it appeared on the outside over a century and a quarter ago. The veranda which was placed around it by the railroad company has been taken away, and the only addition to its original appearance is the paint and a small window. It is without doubt one of the oldest buildings in the United States. It is the only building left of the general’s vast domain, and is a landmark of considerable historic interest. General Knox, its builder, died in October, 1806.

Thomaston is a summer-resort town, entertaining summer visitors at its many comfortable boarding-houses. All of these towns between Bath and Rockland combine the country and the seashore, offering special attractions for those seeking rest and recreation.

From Thomaston, now-a-days, the steamer “Jule” traverses that broad estuary of the sea known as the St. George River, to the sea-girt longshore settlements of Friendship and Port Clyde. The “Jule” connects at Thomaston with the afternoon Maine Central Railroad train, which left Boston at 9.00 A.M., carrying passengers to the landings above mentioned that evening, and returning next morning, brings passengers to connect at Thomaston with the Portland-Boston express train of the Maine Central and Boston & Maine Railroads, which is due at the North Terminal, Boston, at 9.00 P.M.

The route from Thomaston bears away for twelve miles through the narrow waterway called the St. George River, that in reality is a narrow bay between two long peninsulas, to Port Clyde, which is upon the very seaward extremity of the peninsula which forms the township of St. George.
Directly opposite is the ancient town of Friendship (well known commercially for the number of lobsters sent therefrom to Boston and New York markets), while offshore from the termination of the peninsulas occurs a numerous group of sea-blown islands called Georges Islands, leading out toward Monhegan, which stands alone in its prominence, a dozen miles or more out into the blue.

The steamer "May Archer" of the same line also performs daily service (except Sundays) from Thomaston to Monhegan and Boothbay Harbor; leaving Thomaston at 7.00 o'clock in the morning, arriving at Monhegan Island at 9.30 A.M. and at Boothbay Harbor at 11.30 A.M. From these points the steamer returns in the afternoon, reaching Thomaston at 6.00 P.M.

The route of the steamer "Jule" to Port Clyde and Friendship is through inside waters all the way, a distance of thirty-four miles for the round trip. The route of the "May Archer" to Monhegan is also inside, through the St. George River, thence through the outlying islands to Monhegan. There is only forty minutes of open water in a sail of two and a quarter hours from Thomaston. Between Monhegan and Boothbay Harbor occurs open ocean for one and one-half hours, passing en route Pemaquid Light, Ocean Point and Squirrel Island. The steamer "May Archer" makes about eighty-five miles on the round trip.

Thus, as will be noted, connecting steamboat lines, first at Bath, then at Newcastle-Damariscotta, and again at Thomaston, reach out from the Maine Central Railroad; which extends across the heads of the many long peninsulas which fringe the coast of Maine hereabouts, to the sea-blown settlements which lie within the sheltered coves and upon the outlying islands. It is this auxiliary service which has helped so much to develop that which is destined by a bountiful nature to be a grateful resting-retreat for the tired brain-worker. Right royally has the summer tourist responded to this call. The coast line from Bath to Penobscot Bay is growing in popularity year by year, as it richly deserves to do.

The entire region is picturesque in the extreme, and the opportunities for riding and driving are limitless to the tourist wishing many intervening sightseeing trips.
The city of Rockland is the terminus of the rail journey eastward to Penobscot Bay, 109 miles from Boston; 84 miles from Portland. It forms quite a center for tourist travel. Besides the all-rail line from Boston, with its auxiliary steamboats running out into the bay to the principal points upon the shores and islands, other steamboat lines make Rockland their home port or port of call. Also, many interesting stage routes reach from Rockland to St. George, Union and Belfast; while an electric railway runs to Owls Head and to Camden on the west shore of the bay.

The manufacture of lime from the many quarries round about has been the chief industry of the people of Rockland for the past ninety years. The product exceeds a million barrels yearly, besides larger quantities of Portland cement. Something like one hundred kilns, for converting the lime rock into the merchantable product, surround the city about one mile out; while the cavernous quarries are stupendous in their extent and depth.

Two miles north of the city of Rockland, on the west shore of Penobscot Bay, dominated by the Camden Mountains which rise directly from the sea, is the Rockland breakwater, a stupendous engineering achievement completed by the United States Government, after twenty years' labor, and at a cost of exceeding a million dollars. It projects into Penobscot Bay for more than a mile, and renders the harbor the safest on the coast. Here is the beautiful modern hotel, the Samoset, with accommodations for 300 guests. It is one of the hotels conducted by the Ricker Hotel Company, of which the famous Poland Spring House is another. An electric railroad from the Maine Central
station, at Rockland, leads nearly to the hotel. The Samoset is situated partly in the old town of Camden, and is environed by the towering Camden Mountains; it forms an ideal summer home, offering every facility for boating, fishing, or driving. In historical interest the region round about is exceedingly rich, it being one of the earliest occupied by the American colonists. Among the recreations to be enjoyed here are golf, tennis, rowing, fishing, yachting, bathing, mountain climbing; there are many beautiful drives. Among the mountains in the vicinity there are six whose summits range in height from 1,000 to 1,475 feet. The lakes include Lake Megunticook, Union Lake and Hosmers Pond. Indeed, while the Samoset is strictly classed as a seaside resort, it possesses attractions of forests, lakes and mountains which alone would gain for it an enviable prominence as an inland resort.

Mount Megunticook, which rises 1,457 feet from the sea, and Battie, with a height of 1,335 feet, extend along the shore for miles, resembling in many respects the mighty buttresses which hold the fiords of Norway.

The drives of Camden are a source of constant wonder and delight to the visitor. The roads wind in and out among the mountains and along the shores of numerous lakes, with the heavy pulsation of the ocean surges' constant booming along the sea wall.

The famous Belfast road leading for eighteen miles to the town of Belfast, situated at the head of the bay, runs along the seaward slope of the mountains, with the blue waters of the bay dotted with sail almost as far as the eye can reach. The "Turnpike Road" is the most noted drive in Camden, winding up the mountain side and presenting an ever-changing vista of the rural and the marine.

It rises over high hills, with perpendicular cliffs towering a thousand or more feet overhead, and again dips into secluded dales and valleys, tracing its way through wooded aisles. Leaving the shores of the lake it climbs the northern extremity of the mountain range, and at Maiden Cliff winds along the outer edge of Mount Megunticook, presenting a view that holds one spellbound.

The precipitous cliffs drop from underneath hundreds of feet below to the clear waters of Lake Megunticook, island-dotted and glistening in the sun.

A few miles along the Penobscot Bay shore north of Rockland is the idyllic summer resort, Camden, which is as richly endowed with natural scenic attractions as is its more imposing because better known rival, Bar Harbor.
It lies tucked away at the base of a mountain group, whose sides rise almost precipitously from the sea to a great height at either end of the village and at its back. The shore side of the town faces the open sea in one direction and Penobscot Bay in another.

Two rocky headlands, Sherman's Point and Ogier's Point, form the eastern boundary and almost encircle the harbor, and with Negro Island form a natural breakwater, which makes the harbor one of the most sheltered on the coast.

The combination of mountain and sea, lakes and rocky headlands, gives to it a charm which is irresistibly inviting. A mountain climb one day can be alternated with deep-sea fishing the next; a yachting trip with a game of golf; and boating in the harbor with canoeing on the lakes.

On the drive down around the mountain to Lincolnvile beach and joining the Belfast road, great boulders line the road, and here and there a long stretch of silver birches borders the lake.

Attractive as is Camden on its seaward slope, its inland scenery is fairer still. Here the mountains are broken into cliffs, encircling beautiful lakes and fading away into peaceful and romantic valleys.

The late Rev. Dr. F. M. Ellis of Baltimore, Md., thus refers to two memorable weeks spent in Lake City, lying at the foot of Lake Megunticook:

"Lake Megunticook I unhesitatingly pronounce one of the loveliest lakes I have ever seen, in this or any other land. I was impressed at Lake City with the marked resemblance of Megunticook Lake with that of fair Lucerne,—less bold and sublime, but more peaceful and restful. I know of no place where one
who wants rest and recreation can get so much and so easily as at Camden.” As a result of all this, which appeals very strongly to the rusticator, there are about Camden many fine villas and attractive cottages, owned and occupied by prominent people.

One can sail for hours, following the devious windings of Megunticook’s shores, every moment bringing its change of scene. The numerous islands and projecting points of land seem to bar all progress; but the little steamer is skilfully conducted through the watery maze, and the trip can be made again and again without losing any of its charm of novelty.

An excellent golf course — and no summer resort is now complete without one — adds an attraction which is an inducement to summer sojourners.

A dozen miles or more above Camden are Northport Camp Grounds, where the Methodists hold their summer meeting. Many attractive cottages have also been built, as it is delightful in situation among the groves, open to delicious breezes from Penobscot Bay.

BELFAST

Four miles beyond is the city of Belfast, reached by steamer from Rockland or by Maine Central Railroad from Portland. The front of the city is lined with wharves, giving evidence of commercial life, beyond which is that brick bulwark of the city, the old-fashioned business blocks wherein the trade of Waldo County centers.

SEARSPORT

Searsport, next above Belfast, and Stockton adjoining, have of late commanded public attention from the fact that the two old Maine shore towns are now the termini of the Shore Line Extension of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad.

On the shore side of the town of Stockton, where bay and river meet, stands Fort Point, with its summer cottages. Fort Point is now secure of fame and favor as a summer resort, for a perpetual cool breeze draws across its peninsular bluff, and its views include many leagues of dancing blue waves, fringed with wooded islands and overlooked by far-away blue mountains.

FORT POINT

Farther up the river opposite the village of Bucksport stand the granite walls of Fort Knox, capping the long, high incline of vivid green or somber trap-rock, while dense forest and rugged fallow close in and around.

Fort Knox came into existence under the act to protect our defenseless seaboard, passed by Congress soon after the close of the American War, and was named of course for Gen. Henry Knox, Washington’s Secretary of War and a resident of Thomaston.

Here it stands, complete, silent, useless,—a model of symmetry, a marvel of engineering and a masterpiece in masonry, the finest of its particular class, representing the outlay of over a million dollars, and the labor of hundreds of men for years.

Since the close of the Civil War the fortification has been marked “abandoned” on the list of coast defenses. A “garrison” of one man is in charge, an officer of the rank of an ordnance sergeant. The fort is in excellent condition, and it rather surprises the visitor to be told that the last work was done thirty years ago. It is in no sense a ruin, but practically as strong as ever, and would no doubt be of much use in case of war by protecting the entrance to the Penobscot River.
Mr. Chas. Dana Gibson, who has purchased an island in Penobscot Bay near Islesboro, thus acknowledged the charm of Maine:

"Yes, I am to become a permanent resident in Maine in summer. I have traveled far and seen many picturesque spots, but Penobscot Bay and the beautiful islands that lie scattered so generously in and around it are unparalleled."

The steamer "Sieur de Monts," of the Maine Central Railroad Company's auxiliary fleet, perpetuates the name of the leader of that earliest expedition from France which, with Samuel Champlain as pilot, first saw the hills of Mount Desert. This finely appointed steamboat is scheduled to leave Rockland in the morning at 5:10, except Sunday, after arrival of the Boston-Rockland through train which left Boston at 10:00 P.M. the night before, and which carries through sleeping-cars Boston to Rockland, arriving at the latter point at 4:55 A.M. On Sundays this train service is performed as week-days, but on the Sabbath the "Sieur de Monts" leaves Rockland at 8:00 A.M.

For the daylight ride, leave Boston at 9:00 A.M., daily except Sunday, Eastern Division, Boston & Maine Railroad (through solid train Boston-Rockland); arrive at Rockland 3:55 P.M. From this connection the "Sieur de Monts" departs at 4:10 P.M. for her destinations across Penobscot Bay to Dark Harbor, or Islesboro, and Castine on the main.

Before one has proceeded far into the bay, it becomes apparent why the scenery of Penobscot Bay has been the theme of praise for many writers, American and foreign, in prose and verse. Marked by its magnificent warders, it is small wonder also that this broad avenue inland, with its encircling shores, has formed such a beacon light in history, drawing the early voyagers from England and from France during the days of colonization and conquest which characterized the settlement of the North American Continent.

On the east rise the thirteen peaks of Mount Desert from the sea, between Frenchman's and Blue Hill Bays. On the opposite shore of the latter is Blue Hill, an isolated peak 1,000 feet high; while guarding its western approach is the long, picturesque line of the Camden Mountains.

The scene is enlivened much by passing sail. Threading their way securely among the islands, capes and shoals, they come and go, speeding on to their appointed marts, laden with lumber from Maine's forests, granite from her quarries, or lime from her kilns. Not a few bear away the frozen product of the Penobscot to cool
the table-water of a people not so fortunate as we in the matter of summer temperature. Pleasure craft also is not wanting; various types, from the tiny catboat to the stateliest steam yacht, frequent these summer seas.

To the right of the steamer’s course from Rockland, lying at the mouth of Penobscot Bay, are several large islands, Vinalhaven and Hurricane Island among them, upon which are immense mid-ocean quarries of finest granite, which has furnished the material for some of the most noted examples of enduring architecture. Local steamers from Rockland connect that city with these islands. The first landing of the Maine Central steamer “Sieur de Monts” after leaving Rockland is Islesboro—picturesque Islesboro, which of late has become well known as a summer resort.

Its hotels accommodate a throng of visitors who seek the cool and fragrant air of the isles. The steamboat landing is within the romantically entitled Dark Harbor, a few hundred feet north of the famous “Islesboro Inn.” The harbor forms a perfectly sheltered haven for boating. The island is thirteen miles in length and is extremely narrow.

It holds nearly thirty miles of drives over good country roads, rendered particularly attractive by the continuous close proximity of the shores, with their many indentations, fine mountain and island views. The shores are generally abrupt and rocky, but the cliffs are interspersed by several short and finely curving beaches. All about are tracts of noble woodland, beeches, maples, birches, and ash, as well as the noted balsamic spruce.

From Islesboro the steamer bears away for Castine, the focal point of the entire New England coast in romantic interest. Approached from the sea the peninsula of Castine presents to
view two regularly outlined hills, of which the nearer is most commanding. Steep, though not difficult, ascents lead to smoothly rounded summits. Upon the crest of the eastern eminence, below which lies the town, still stand the solid ramparts of Fort George. It is the best preserved earthwork of its years in New England.

The moat, excavated down to the solid rock, is intact, the esplanade hardly broken in outline. Entering a beautiful island-gemmed bay, the passengers may view one of the most bitterly contested points for French and British supremacy on the North American Continent. Drake, in his “Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast,” says: “Puritans and Jesuits, Huguenots and Papists, kings and commoners, have all schemed and striven for this little corner of land. Richelieu, Mazarin and Colbert have plotted for it; Thurlow, Clarendon and Bolingbroke have counterplotted. It has been fought over no end of times, conquered and reconquered, and is now of no more political importance than the distant peak of Katahdin.” True, yet Castine with Pemaquid, Monhegan, Mount Desert, Doucet’s Island in Passamaquoddy, and numerous other Maine coast-line points, form display initials on the pages of early American history. To Castine in 1697 came Vincent, the Baron of St. Castin in the Pyrenees, and Colonel of the Royal Carignon Regiment.

Though he held a commission from the French king and owned a very handsome uniform, he preferred to wear the robes of the Tarratines. The story of Baron Castin has been rendered wonderfully familiar through Longfellow’s verse, yet it is but one incident in the epic grandeur of the history of Castine.

Thévat, who explored Penobscot Bay in 1655, said that long before that time a French fort had been razed thereabouts. The French fur traders erected another little castle here in 1613, which was visited by Capt. John Smith, perhaps better identified as “Pocahontas Smith,” from others of the numerous family. It formed one of the centers of the long war between the Catholic chief, Sieur d’Aulney, and the grim Huguenot, La Tour, who held a feudal lordship to the eastward.

Under the influence of Cardinal Richelieu, Friar Leo erected a Capuchin chapel at Castine during the French regime, and in 1654 the Puritans swooped down from the sea and occupied the place under orders from Oliver Cromwell. Paul Revere, hero of the midnight ride, was there during the last days of the Revolutionary struggle, erecting siege-works whose remains still stand just back of the little fort now overlooking the harbor, which was
built during the late American Civil War. There are distinct traces of more than twenty fortifications of different periods upon this little peninsula.

In 1876 the first "summer cottage" was erected. This event marks the change which has gradually developed, until it is now become a summer-resort place of great attractiveness and much visited.

Castine has been most fortunate in the sterling qualities of its citizens who have had a voice in the conduct of its affairs. They were refined, well educated, and public-spirited, and to them is due the credit of the high grade of schools which have always been maintained. Its most prominent "temple of learning" is the Normal School, which enjoys a steadily growing prosperity and which ranks well with any normal school in Maine.

Much of the wealth and fashion of the surrounding country centered here in the early days, and left an indelible mark on the character of the old-time dwellings which still remain, and the descendants of the dwellers.

A most noteworthy event in town annals was the naming, by government, of the cruiser "Castine" in honor of the town, and the presentation by the townspeople of a piece of plate, December 31, 1894, to the officers of the cruiser.

The town to-day enjoys its greatest prosperity from its claims as a summer resort. It is delightfully situated, nearly surrounded by the waters of the sea, which insure a cool breeze from almost any quarter, and is extremely healthy on account of its most excellent drainage. The town is not a summer home of the ultrafashionable, but rather of that most desirable class of summer residents, people of brains and wealth who do not care for the froth of fashion, but who instead like to get "near to nature's heart" and enjoy that restful quietness conducive to a longer and happier life.

EGGEMOGGIN REACH Castine and vicinity abound in walks and drives over historic ground and fields elysian, and offer exceptional attractions to the canoeist. Trips can be made along the coast
for many miles, and there are several inland trips that may be taken, the most inviting being the Bagaduce River trip to Walker's Pond and returning by the way of Eggemoggin Reach. There are good hotels at Castine, but many prefer the charm of being domiciled with one of the "old families," and it is a treat indeed. Here one does not find the usual boarding-house atmosphere, but becomes a guest of the family, and at once gets in touch with the traditions and the romance of the place. Under the conditions which exist it is not strange that nearly everything and everyone wears a nautical air, and that yachting is the chief diversion. Crafts of all kinds can be had with able men to man them, and the harbor is a rendezvous for nearly all yachts which cruise along the Maine coast during the vacation season.

The men in white duck and the girls in shirt-waists and sailor hats crowd the piers and the decks of sailboats, all swearing allegiance to the goddess of summer pleasures.

"For the white-winged ships that sail in the sun,
   And the white-winged waves that bear them;
For the yachts that over the waters run,
   And the breezes that race and dare them."

In addition to the steamer "Sieur de Monts," which performs the Rockland-Islesboro-Castine service, a second steamboat of the Maine Central Railroad Company's fleet, the iron-hulled "Pemaquid," further extends that company's Penobscot Bay service, reaching North Haven, Stonington, Brooklin, Sedgwick, Deer Isle and Sargentville. These are shore and island towns in Penobscot and Blue Hill Bays, which are becoming more and more popular each season with tourist visitors to Maine. This is the summer boat service in these waters performed by the Maine Central steamers. During the fall, winter and spring seasons one boat from Rockland, the "Pemaquid," performs the Islesboro and Castine service; and continuing on through Eggemoggin Reach and Fox Island Thoroughfare, touching on the eastbound trip at North Haven and Stonington, continues on to the Island of Mount Desert, with landings at Manset, Southwest Harbor, Northeast Harbor, Seal Harbor and Bar Harbor; thence to Mount Desert Ferry on the mainland, the terminus of the Maine Central Railroad's Mount Desert Branch. This arrangement links the rail lines at Rockland and at Mount Desert Ferry by a longshore water route by auxiliary steamer.

On the return from Mount Desert Ferry the "Pemaquid" touches at Bar Harbor, Seal Harbor, Northeast Harbor, Southwest Harbor, Manset, Brooklin, Sedgwick, Stonington, North Haven, Deer Isle, Sargentville, Castine and Islesboro, to Rockland.

While the winter service is being performed as above, the Maine Central steamers from Mount Desert Ferry are run to points in the upper bay only, namely, Sullivan, Sorrento, and Bar Harbor; but before the summer time-table goes into effect on the rail lines, on about June 10th of each year, the Mount Desert boat service is continued on from Bar Harbor "around the hills" to Seal, Northeast and Southwest Harbors and Manset; while the service to these points from Rockland is discontinued.

North Haven is an island town—one of the Fox Islands, eight miles long, with hills seven hundred
feet high rising from its plains. Its fishing fleet includes some of the finest vessels of their class in New England, and North Haven ranks as the foremost fishing port in Maine, next to Portland.

Isle au Haut lies well out in the sea to the eastward from Vinalhaven, twenty-five miles from Rockland. It is destined to take its place among the foremost of Maine resorts. The great feature of this insular land of dreams is its mountains—rising from the shores to the height of six hundred feet, and visible for many leagues over the sea and bay, nearly always wrapped in a purple haze.

The summer route of the steamer “Pemaquid” from Rockland leads through the “Thoroughfare,” a narrow waterway between North Haven and Vinalhaven, in the mid-passage of which occurs the North Haven landing. Thence on to Stonington, a settlement on the greater Deer Isle.

Deer Isle is a very interesting marine town, ten miles long and six wide, with 5,000 inhabitants divided between a half-dozen snug little seaside hamlets, any one of which would repay manyfold a visit during the vacation season. The Maine Central steamer from Rockland touches at two of these,—Stonington (formerly Green’s Landing) on the southern extremity of the island, and Deer Isle at the northern extremity on one shore of Eggemoggin Reach. From Deer Isle were chosen, during the season of International Yacht Races, the crews of the defenders of the American Cup. This will serve to illustrate the type of its people.

Brooklin, Sedgwick and Sargentville, in their order, are other coast towns upon the mainland shore of Eggemoggin Reach where landings are made daily by Maine Central steamers from Rockland. The Reach itself is a narrow waterway miles in length, between the mainland and outlying islands, so closely guarded by the latter that little of the boisterous sea is admitted to its charmed precincts.

Here alongshore for the whole extent of the Reach are summer cottages and hotels, set amid delightful surroundings and peopled by a host of visitors from less favored summer regions. With the multiplicity of her fascinating summer resorts,—Maine always satisfies.

*Fort George, Castine, Me.*

There are distinct traces of more than twenty fortifications of different periods upon the little peninsula which holds Castine
There is no more charming union of mountain and sea in the world than along the Blue Hill Bay, and for miles inland there are fascinating drives in many directions. The roads are as hard and smooth as well-paved streets, the meadows stretch away in endless delight, the forests woo tired city people to rest and recreation. There are pleasing walks in all directions, especially agreeable being the promenade to Parker Point, which juts out into Blue Hill Bay and affords many beautiful villa sites, which are fast being taken up by people from Cleveland, Baltimore, Boston, St. Paul and other large cities.

Hundreds of city people spend their vacation in the farm and village boarding-houses, enjoying and appreciating the unusual views of blue water and high mountains in which the region is so rich. Blue Hill can also be reached via Maine Central rail to Ellsworth, thence by stage.

Islesford, on Little Cranberry Island, which with the adjacent island, Big Cranberry, protects Northeast and Southwest Harbors from the main ocean, is about two miles from the great island of Mount Desert, and from it one gets the most beautiful views of the mountains to be found in that region. Islesford Harbor is the constant resort of fishing vessels and yachts, which add to the picturesqueness of the place.

One of the stations of the U.S. Life Saving Service is situated here and forms a special point of interest.

All these features, combined with a delightfully cool summer climate, serve to make Islesford one of the most attractive spots upon the whole New England coast.

Passing in quick review Ship Harbor, the Nubble and Bunkers Cove, their sea-beaten crags fringed with roaring caverns and cliffs, and still farther on the famous Sea Wall Point, exposed to the ceaseless hammering of old ocean, the route passes the Cranberry Isles and makes the first Mount Desert landing at Southwest Harbor, whose quiet life and excellent hotels entice many from the brilliant and fashionable Bar Harbor throng.

The ship that brought the Jesuit Mission was probably the first that ever entered the harbor of Southwest Harbor, and the fine pen picture left by Father Baird is as correct a description of the harbor and surroundings as one is able to find, and is as applicable now as it was in 1613.

Coming to Southwest Harbor one finds quiet freedom from the extremes of social life — one might also say from the conventionalities. Here are all the delights for the liver out of doors, all that the briny ocean offers the senses.

Close at hand, embosomed among the rugged hills, lie the idyllic mountain tarns of Echo Lake and Long Pond; and equally near is the noble gateway to Somes Sound, that unique combination of sea and mountain, the fiord of Mount Desert, most marvelous, most fascinating, in this region of wonders and surprises. Southwest, Northeast and Seal Harbors are now reached, as is Bar Harbor, “all rail” to Mount Desert Ferry, with short transfer trip from Mount Desert Ferry in Maine Central Railroad steamer, which leaves the Ferry on arrival of all through trains from Boston and New York, placing the landings “around the hills” in as close touch with the outside world as is the rest of Mount Desert Island.

The village of Southwest Harbor is now divided into four districts, known respectively as Norwood’s Cove, Southwest Harbor proper, Manset and Sea Wall.
Nature alone is always restful. Never does one feel this more than when steaming into the sunny resting-place of Northeast Harbor. Here the cottage owners seem to feel the beauties free to all who can appreciate, and fashion their summer homes into gems for the settings about them. These are the haunts of men great in the ecclesiastical and educational world, giving tone to the little cottage colony; and above and back of it are the everlasting hills, reechoing the thunder of the beating surf on a hundred headlands.

There are several hotels at Northeast Harbor and Asticou, which is at the head of the harbor, about a mile from the point. Of churches, there is St. Mary’s by the Sea, over which presides Rt. Rev. Bishop Doane; there is a Union Chapel, and a Roman Catholic church. There is a swimming-pool about 300 feet long, with excellent bath-houses, and a swimming teacher; this is the favorite gathering-place from 11.00 to 1.00 in the day, when a hundred people often bathe. There are also excellent golf links and a club house. Sailing is a great pastime with the people at Northeast Harbor.

Just beyond Northeast Harbor one gets bewitching little glimpses into Seal Harbor and Stony Brook Cove, nestling under the rugged forms of Indian’s, Penetic and Green Mountains.

Seal Harbor is on the south side of Mount Desert Island, nine miles from Bar Harbor and four miles from Northeast Harbor. Its two hotels, the Seaside Inn and the Glen Cove, are noted for their cheer, homelike accommodations and refined and pleasant life. Seal Harbor possesses also a goodly number of large and handsome private villas; attractive and well-furnished cottages may also be had for hire. Good shops and markets, two churches and the library, open daily during the summer, add to the visitors’ comfort and pleasure. The opportunities for boating are unusually good. At the head of the cove at Seal Harbor a sand beach affords fine bathing facilities; this forms a very attractive playground for children. It, as well as the village streets and paths, is cared for and kept scrupulously clean by a well-organized Village Improvement Society. The chief outdoor diversions are driving, walking, mountain-climbing, rowing, sailing and tennis; the drives, and especially the walks, are wonderful in their beauty and interest. Altogether Seal Harbor is one of the gems of Mount Desert Island.

While formerly Southwest Harbor, Northeast Harbor and Seal Harbor were reached principally by steamer from Rockland, now since the advent of such magnificent train service to and from Mount Desert Ferry, and the fact that now connection may be had between Mount Desert Ferry and these points with all express trains of the Maine Central Railroad, the rail route in connection with the short steamer route is undoubtedly the quickest and most pleasant, as it is the favorite route for reaching the various landings on Mount Desert Island.

Rounding Bear Island Light, the steamer runs close inshore, past numerous points of interest readily associated with Mount Desert. Otter Cliffs, Great Head, Anemone Cave, Schooner Head, the Spouting Horn, occur in succession, until the light on Egg Rock marks the approach to Bar Harbor.
Mount Desert

EX-PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard University, says of Mount Desert Island: "The summer resort (travel) to Mount Desert is chiefly due to four things: The cool and equable climate, the beautiful conformation of the island itself, the availability for sailing and fishing of the waters which surround it, and the roughness and wildness of its hills and shores. The island is by far the handsomest piece of land on the Atlantic coast of the United States, its hills being the highest on the whole coast and its valleys being cut low between the hills."

Next eastward on the State of Maine coast of any prominence is the island of Mount Desert, which was first discovered in 1604 by Champlain, who named it "L'Isle des Monts Deserts" (the isle of the desert mountains). In his log-book he made the following entry, September 5:

"From this island to the mainland on the north the distance is less than a hundred paces. It is very high, and notched in places so there is an appearance to one at sea of seven or eight mountains extending along near each other. The summit of most of them is destitute of trees, as there are only rocks on them. The woods consist of pines, firs, and birches only. I named it Isle des Monts Deserts."

In 1613 a colony of Jesuits, sent out by Madame de Guerchville, made a settlement on what is known as Fernald's Point, near the entrance to Somes Sound. This colony was soon broken up by the English, under Samuel Argall.

From the destruction of the little colony of Jesuits at Fernald's Point, nothing of interest in connection with Mount Desert appears in history until A. D. 1688, when we learn that the French king, in recognition of important military services rendered in America, granted to Antionie de la Motte Cadillac the whole of Mount Desert and some of the adjacent islands. Cadillac died about the year 1719, without having taken possession of his estate; but in 1786 his granddaughter, Madame Marie Therese de Gregoire
and her husband, Bartholomy de Gregoire, came over from France and laid claim to the property. Lafayette and Thomas Jefferson interested themselves in their favor, and as the government was favorably disposed to France and her people, the General Court of Massachusetts, in June, 1787, granted to them "all such parts and parcels of the island of Mount Desert and the other islands and tracts of land particularly described in the grant of patent of his late most Christian Majesty, Louis XIV., to said Monsieur de la Motte Cadillac, which now remains the property of this Commonwealth whether by original right, cession, confiscation, or forfeiture, to hold all the aforesaid parts and parcels of the said land and islands to them to the said Monsieur and Madame de Gregoire, their heirs and assigns forever." This grant was subject to certain reservations and to the rights of actual settlers. The family was naturalized by special act of the Legislature. They took up their abode at Hull's Cove, a little settlement a couple of miles to the northward of Bar Harbor. Here they lived, loved and respected by the fishermen who surrounded them, until their death, about 1810.

Comparison lies exhausted before the attempt to express the special character of Mount Desert. Bleak mountain side and sunny nook in sheltered cove; frowning precipice and gently smiling meadow; broad, heaving ocean and placid mountain lake; dashing sea-foam and glistening trout brook; the deep thunder of the ground-swell and the solemn stillness of the mountain gorge; the impetuous rush and splash of the surf, and the musical cadence of far-off waterfalls,—all mingle and blend in the memory of this wonderful land. At no other place on the Atlantic coast is there such a combination of mountain and seashore, and we question if the view from the top of Green Mountain (the highest of its fifteen mountain peaks) is surpassed on the continent.

The Island of Mount Desert is divided into three separate towns, Eden, Mount Desert and Tremont. The principal steamboat landings are Bar Harbor, Seal Harbor, Northeast Harbor, Southwest Harbor and Manset, and are reached in the order named from Mount Desert Ferry,—the terminus of the "all-rail line" from Boston and from New York. A detailed description of their beauties follows.
Bar Harbor, the Queen of American Resorts

Bar Harbor is accessible by rail, with through express trains daily from Boston and through sleepers from New York to Mount Desert Ferry,—the terminus of the “all-rail line,”—thence an eight-mile sail across Frenchman's Bay to Hancock Point, Sullivan and Sorrento, in the swift and trig Maine Central steamer “Sappho,” or the newer, but not more popular, “Norumbega.”

Bar Harbor, a part of the town of Eden, first began to attract attention in about the year 1850. In 1855, part of the Agamont House (burned several years ago) was built on Main Street by Tobias Roberts. A few Bangor people and artists used to board there. The late Mr. Alpheus Hardy, of Boston, was one of the first non-resident property owners. He purchased Birch Point from “Uncle” Stephen Higgins in 1868 for $300, and built the first cottage on that spot. The Weld and Minot lot was soon after purchased for $2,500, and the Ogden property at Cromwell's Harbor (now Mr. George W. Vanderbilt's estate) was bought about the same time. The old White Church was raised in 1855, but was not finished for some years.

The artists who had made the village their summer home took with them sketches of the beautiful scenery of the island; and slowly but surely, Mount Desert crept toward notoriety. Where once the proud trees bowed and fell to the woodman’s axe, handsome summer residences grew up as if by enchantment; the shores, where once echoed the strokes of the ship-carpenter’s mallet, began to be the scene of busy traffic. The bay, once a promising field for porgie fishermen, soon became dotted in summer time with a variety of craft, from the tiny canoe to the stately yacht. Along its rocky shores, where the children of former generations had rambled in their long vacation, there soon flocked many gay pleasure seekers. Then, as though by the wave of an enchanter's wand, in one glad summer the gay transformation scene was enacted, and Bar Harbor stood revealed to the world in her true character, as the Queen of American Summer Resorts.

And yet all these changes, startling as they are in themselves, are but the result of the natural attractions of the island, graphically represented by the pencils of world-renowned artists, and carefully fostered by the encouraging hands of industry and perseverance.

For those who appreciate the beauties of nature, and yet like to mingle with their fellow men in the enjoyment of them, there is no more pleasing walk than the Shore Path, commonly known as the Tow Path. This favorite promenade extends from the steamboat wharf southward along the shore of the bay to Cromwell's Harbor. It is only a footpath, no carriages can pass. And it is well it is so, for an innovation in the shape of a driveway would destroy the romantic beauty of the scene.

Henry Wood, in his charming novel, “Edward Burton,” thus speaks of this walk:

“Bar Harbor has one never-failing resource in what is known as the Shore Path. Rarely on the Atlantic coast can there be found a mile of footpath which contains so many attractive and unique features.
In its windings the lover of nature can find almost every desirable feature, and the sloping, velvety lawns and beautiful cottages furnish enough art for a pleasing combination. When longer excursions become tiresome, this resort, right at hand, is always refreshing. Thither repair scholars, with text-books in hand; business men, with daily papers; maidens, with the latest novel; and there are found lovers in pairs for sweet converse; clergymen for inspiration; tired people for rest; nurses and children for freedom and air; all for that substantial help which comes from communion with nature.

Driving is the favorite pastime at Bar Harbor, and everyone indulges in it, from the millionaire cottager who rides out in state with his costly equipage, to the hotel guest, who is contented with the more modest and distinctly local production, the buckboard. Everything is favorable for driving here. The roads are in capital order, and an intricate network of them overspreads the island, taking in every place of interest, and introducing the tourist to some of the grandest and most beautiful scenery on the coast of America.

One of the most popular drives is that by the carriage road up Green Mountain. The Eagle Lake road is followed for about a mile out of the village, and then you turn sharply to the left. For some distance the road leads through a beautiful forest of pine, spruce and birch. To your right through the foliage you catch occasional glimpses of Eagle Lake far below; while ahead rises a delusive succession of peaks, each one in turn seeming to be the peak.

At each turn in the road new beauties reveal themselves. Through the gap between Penetic and Sargent's Mountains appears a strip of ocean studded with islands as far as the eye can reach. Turning abruptly to the left, the eastern coast of the island comes in view. At your feet lies the village of Bar Harbor and the bay; and stretching out toward the opposite shore the beautiful Porcupines, in their garb of emerald green. Little clusters of white buildings on the mainland mark the sites of the numerous budding summer resorts: Lamoine on its lovely peninsula; Sullivan at the head of its beautiful bay; Sorrento with its pretty little harbor shut in by picturesque islands, and Winter Harbor with its green shores and rocky headlands.

At last the woods are passed and the road comes out on the open ledge. What a magnificent scene bursts on the view! Beyond the silvery waters of Eagle Lake rises the rocky dome of Sargent's Mountain, 1,350 feet above the sea-level, the sides covered with a heavy growth of pine and cedar. Spread out almost at your feet lies the northern portion of Mount Desert, level as compared with the rest of the island, but dotted here and there with picturesque hills clothed in living green and spots of silver where the
lakes lie embowered in the surrounding foliage. The view from the summit of Green Mountain is but one of the many pleasures of this famed resort, and is thus described by a noted writer:

"Arriving upon the summit there is spread out to meet the eye one of the most beautiful sights presented to mortal man. Seaward as far as the eye can reach, the broad Atlantic stretches away until sea and sky meet at the horizon's line, dotted here and there by sail and steamships, imparting animation to the sublime in nature. Turning slightly to the left, far below one sees the village of Bar Harbor, with its mammoth hotels resembling from here pigmy palaces, about which the streams of life pulsate so dimly as to be hardly discernible. Further turn, and one sees the whole panorama of Frenchman's Bay, with its numerous hamlets and villages nestling at the water's edge. Over all and above all rises the clear blue sky, flecked with fleecy clouds, which, wafted by the breeze, pass overhead, hurriedly moving seaward or inland, producing shadows below which race across sea and village, now climbing some rugged mountain peak, again nestling hidden in some shadowy glen to disappear at last, while the visitor stands enraptured with the scene. All this forms one of the most enchanting views, and one which can only be seen from here.

"To the right, sparkling in the sunshine, stretch the beautiful waters of Frenchman's Bay; and beyond it on the mainland, a seemingly endless chain of mountain peaks rise one above the other till they are lost in the blue haze. Katahdin, lifting its grand head toward the clouds, marks the limit of the view. To the westward over the spur of Sargent's Mountain you can see the head of Somes Sound, with its pretty little village nestling among the trees; and away in the distance is a blue strip of water, a portion of Penobscot Bay."

The Atlantic Drive is one of the grandest shore roads on the island. Here the visitor has a remarkable shore view. The road leads southward from the village and the first point of interest reached is Schooner Head, so called from a white formation on the rocks, resembling from the sea a schooner with sails. Schooner Head Cliffs is a spur of Newport Mountain, about one hundred feet above water. On its top to the left is a deep cleft with a passage worn through to the base of the rock, through which in a severe storm the surf passes upward with a roaring force that drives it above
Boating is one of the chief diversions

The North Atlantic Squadron is a regular visitor

Reception to Admiral Sampson at the Club House

The Canoe Landing is a favorite meeting place

The Yachts tugging at their anchors

Bar Harbor Pleasures
By day the scene is one continuous round of pleasure
the tops of the trees, and gives the name of "Spouting Horn." In a southerly direction across from this is a little cove in which is situated the wonderful grotto, worn wide and deep under the rock, called "Anemone Cave," from the sea-growths found here after receding tides,—the time to safely visit it. A little way from this is Thunder Cave, a deep chasm through which the waves roll at times with a force that shakes the overhanging cliffs. Westward a little from this rises Great Head, the most prominent of all objects from the sea.

On one side of the road tower the peaks of Otter and Newport Mountain, their sides overgrown with noble forests of pine and spruce; while on the other is a grand battlement of cliffs. The rocky scenery along the coast is magnificent. In some places the road runs down close to the water's edge; in others it winds along the edge of a precipice at the base of which, hundreds of feet below, the ocean is beating and throbbing continually. Nothing but sea meets the eye to the eastward. Many places of interest may be visited on this drive and delightfully varied by returning by diverse routes.

The Twenty-two Mile Drive is one of the pleasantest and most varied on the island. Seven miles from Bar Harbor, Somes Sound is reached, and then the road swings to the left, following the eastern shore of the sound, which is one of the most beautiful sheets of water on the coast, and would make a harbor of refuge for the combined navies of the world. A mile from the head of the sound is a beautiful pass between Sargent's and Brown's Mountains, the road being shaded by an avenue of beech, birch and maple. On the opposite shore are Beech Hill and Robinson's Mountain, with Echo Lake in their vicinity. A little farther along, the road passes between the ponds known as the upper and lower Hadlock's Ponds, and a mile farther Northeast Harbor village comes in view. The road follows the east side of the harbor, passing several private residences, among them that of ex-President Eliot, of Harvard. Crossing the sea wall it runs through Seal Harbor village, and five miles farther on is Otter Creek. A few years ago a new road was built by private enterprise that adds many charms to the drive from Seal Harbor to Bar Harbor. It is called the "Sea View Drive," and intersects the main road about halfway between Seal Harbor and Otter Creek. From Otter Creek you may come home by Ocean Drive or through the gorge.

Other drives of equal beauty extend to all parts of this emerald isle, and we have attempted a brief outline of only those most frequently taken.

Situated on the west shore of Frenchman's Bay, Bar Harbor is indeed a summer city where do congregate the well-known metropolitan families, who spend long seasons here.

By day the scene is one continued round of any and every pleasure which comes to the varying fancy of the summer tourist. The combination of blue waters of the bay, the long stretches of sandy beach and storm-beaten cliff; the hard, smooth roads over which bowl the costly equipages of patrician families; the walks and drives through fine old forests and sunlit clearings; beyond, the boating and fishing pleasures of the inland lakes and streams; and grandest of all, a morning climb to the mountain summits for an unexcelled view of the sea and shore, forests and cultivated lands, lakes and mountains; and overhead the great blue dome, which stretches from the distant blue mountain peaks to the deeper blue of the surrounding sea.

Again, Bar Harbor in the evening puts on yet a different guise.
The larger hotels are thronged with guests; distinguished men from every quarter, statesmen, soldiers, diplomats, the members of more than one foreign legation, young men of fortunes and young men of brains, mingle with the ever-changing throng upon the lighted hotel and cottage verandas, and in the halls of the several club houses and casinos. And with them and about them are the belles of a hundred American cities, their faces browned by salt sea-air and aglow with color, the certain and sure result of Bar Harbor life. Nightly hops are the rule, each hotel alternating in forming the scene of festivities. Fashionable life is here at its gayest and brightest, concentrating all the attractions lent by wealth and beauty. Social gaiety finds its ultima thule in the teas, afternoons, club receptions and the private hops, all of which are graced by the bright uniforms of the naval officers and yachtsmen, some of whose craft are constantly tugging at anchor in the bay.

The harbor scene is thus described by Mrs. Burton Harrison, the author of "Bar Harbor Days":

"To see the harbor at its best and gayest, one should choose a splendid day in midsummer, when a yacht squadron has put into port for a week of pleasing. Backed by the gray of granite, the green of fir trees, the blue of sky and sea, the stranger crafts in holiday attire, their flags afloat, are courtesying and tugging at their anchors in the tremendous undertow. The great steamers are resting beside their piers, after the passage of the night. The ferry-boat is ploughing her way past bridge and cliff to yonder shadowy speck upon the mainland (Mount Desert Ferry), where the express trains wait for her. Schooners and sloops, shining with new paint and gilded figure-heads, steam launches and tugs carry innumerable parties, on pleasure bent. Here and there some long, black hull, red smoke-stack and weblike rigging of a stately steam-yacht is haunted by a score of rowboats and canoes, whose occupants survey her curiously. From far and near along the Atlantic coast come white-winged visitors. Everything that can run a sail out to the breeze seems drawn as by a magnet to these waters." Such is Bar Harbor, whose pleasures cannot be described, but must be felt to be appreciated.
offered by prominent society people. Many of the latter have their summer homes along the shore, including those within the inner circles of the Army and Navy.

HANCOCK POINT

Hancock Point, adjacent to Mount Desert Ferry, the terminus of the all-rail line to Mount Desert, has a large cottage colony and is a charming place of sojourn for those who would escape the social gaieties of Bar Harbor and yet be within easy reach of that wonderful isle.

WINTER HARBOR

Winter Harbor, or Grindstone Neck as it was more familiarly called, is situated at the head of a magnificent harbor, surrounded by wooded hills sloping gently to the shore and bounded by grand rocky scenery. The entrance to the harbor is through an archipelago of beautiful islands crowned with verdure and rich in all the beauties of nature. Looking seaward the eye never wearyies of watching the white sails as they pass across the sunlit stretches of sea between Schoodic Point and islands off Southwest Harbor. The slopes of the hills afford beautiful building sites, and the wooded points which jut out into the harbor seem intended by Nature for the dwellings of the pleasure seeker.

No finer or safer sheet of water for boating purposes can be found anywhere. The wind is always steady — no squalls or flaws. The woods and streams furnish excellent sport for the hunter and fisher. There is one large hotel, the Grindstone Inn, built in Romanesque style of architecture, several smaller hotels and boarding-houses, and many elegant summer residences.

SULLIVAN

Sullivan Harbor also affords a bright little resort. The view directly north from Sullivan embraces the entire thirteen mountain peaks, outlined distinctly against the southern sky.

Fashion has not crept in here as strongly as at some of the near-by resorts, and it appeals particularly to the weary brain-worker and tired artisan, to the lover of quiet country places and where children can revel in the freedom of outdoor life, pure air, pure water, bathing and boating. There is a most picturesque hotel and many fine cottages.

ROUND-THE- BAY TRIPS

Not only are the Maine Central Railroad steamboats utilized for reaching the desired goal upon Mount Desert Island and adjacent shores of Frenchman’s Bay; it is a popular fancy with the rusticators at that famous resort to sail about the bay and enjoy the glorious scenery which sea and island afford.

Very few, if any, waters on this continent yield such an amount of pleasure and such a diversity of marine views as Frenchman’s Bay. Bear in mind also its historical value, which its name perpetuates. The Frenchmen who gave the name to this locality were the party led by the “Sieur de Monts,” with Samuel Champlain for a pilot, who, after founding Port Royal in the Land of Evangeline in the year 1604, sailed westward on a voyage of
Bar Harbor is full of life

1 An Unique Boat Landing.

2 Rounding the Buoy.

3 Mrs. Leslie Carter on the Shore Drive.

4 The Dogs of War.

5 A Lawn Party.

6 The Annual Canoe Parade.

7 The White-Winged Visitors.

8 The Men behind the Guns.

9 A Gala Day.
discovery. They were the first white men to see the famous island of Mount Desert. To-day the rusticator on the commodious deck of one of the Maine Central steamers makes the journey "around the hills," as it is so aptly called, skirting the rocky shores of Mount Desert, past Schooner Head, Anemone Cove, Somes' Sound, and other points of the island which are household words with American tourists, and after the brief stops at those landings around the hills, Seal, Northeast and Southwest Harbors, sails back again to Bar Harbor, thrilled with the beauty of the scenes he has witnessed, and with an overwhelming appetite for dinner.

Sometimes the sea around the hills is boisterous, but as a rule not; yet it is a venture into the ocean itself, as between Mount Desert and Europe there is nothing but its broad expanse. More popular year by year this steamer trip is growing, and when the luxury of the steamers themselves is taken into consideration, it is not to be wondered at, for they are the acme of neatness, speed, comfort and safety.

"Prominent society people have their summer homes at Sorrento: including many within the inner circles of the Army and Navy."

Mrs. Daniel Lamont
Admiral Bunce, Captain of the "Dolphin"
Hon. Frank Jones
Chief Justice Fuller
Mrs. Joseph Stickney
Ex-Sec. Herbert, Miss Herbert
Gen. Schofield, Mrs. Schofield
Ex-Sec. Lamont Mrs. Jones
Mrs. Fuller Mr. Joseph Stickney

Cottage of ex-Secretary Daniel Lamont, Sorrento
Eastward from Mount Desert Along Shore

“The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on the outer point, some miles away,
The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along the base;
A speechless wrath that rises and subsides,
In the white lip and tremor of the face.”

Just a word here to explain the passing of the old regime, then, as this pamphlet deals with the alongshore route, we will continue the coast survey, leaving the reader who now travels by rail to picture the scenes described, of which occasional car-window pictures are allowed as the trains skirt the head of the bays. On the completion of the Washington County Railway, in the year 1900, the long-anticipated plan of a Maine shore-line railway was accomplished. Diverging from the Mount Desert Branch of the Maine Central Railroad, at a point (Washington Junction) just above the city of Ellsworth, its rails skirt the shores of eastern Maine for more than one hundred miles, passing through the towns of Franklin, Unionville, Cherryfield, Harrington, Columbia, Columbia Falls, Machias, East Machias and Milltown to Calais, with a branch line to Eastport; border cities on the St. Croix River and Passamaquoddy Bay. En route they pass Machiasport, which was the terminus of the old Portland, Mount Desert & Machias Steamboat Line, the pioneer route to Bar Harbor and Mount Desert Island.

This old and most popular route was abandoned in the year 1905, owing to the competition of the railroads with their quick and excellent service. To-day the trim and finely appointed steamboats of the Maine Central Railroad fleet perform the service erstwhile performed by the steamer “Frank Jones,” expediting the service greatly by a combination of rail-and-water routes. From Rockland eastward we have followed their courses through Penobscot Bay, from their connection with Maine Central trains at the lime-burning city. From Mount Desert Ferry now other members of the fleet — beautiful boats, as becomes the auxiliaries of the all-rail line to Mount Desert — make a quick run of eight miles to Bar Harbor, some of their trips direct to that haven of the tourist, others touching en route the near-by landings at Sullivan, Hancock Point and Sorrento, all within the charmed circle which holds Bar Harbor.

Bath House of the Pulitzer Cottage, Bar Harbor
From Bar Harbor these boats continue on “around the hills” of Mount Desert to Seal Harbor, Northeast Harbor, Southwest Harbor and Manset — a course of twenty miles, absorbing in interest and exhilarating to a degree. Not once but several times daily are these resorts connected by this most excellent service, so that in place of the semi-occasional service of the steamer “Frank Jones” of the old line, the rusticator has now every opportunity for travel.

The Washington County Railway takes care of all travel offering to the shore towns east of Mount Desert Island, including Machiasport, which was the terminus of the old steamboat service. No one regrets the old regime; in fact, the traveler himself demonstrated the superiority of the new service before it replaced the old.

Amid such scenes of succeeding interest as the receding island of Mount Desert, the Gouldsboro Hills, Schoodic Mountains and open ocean unfold, steamers formerly leaving Bar Harbor rounded Schoodic Point and brought into view Petit Manan Light, one of the finest examples of coast-lighting beacons, which from its tall white tower throws its white flash-light, and with its smaller prototype on Pond Island, marks the narrow passage of Narraguagus Bay to the harbor of Millbridge, the first landing after leaving Bar Harbor. The scenery round about is particularly pleasing, and affords many a spot of unusual beauty and variety.

Jordan’s Delight, a small rugged island, passed on the port side just before entering the bay, contains among its sea-battered walls a natural arch and monument which far exceeds in size and beauty any of the more famous on Mount Desert.

Stages were in waiting at Millbridge Landing to convey passengers to the village of Millbridge, and on to Cherryfield, prettily seated among the hills on the banks of the Narraguagus River; but now since the Washington County Railway, the visitor reaches this locality by rail to Cherryfield, thence stage or team.

In the spring of the year the Narraguagus River is filled with drives of logs, floated down from the northern Maine woods to be converted into the varied forms of lumber, the principal industry of this region.

The quiet Narraguagus Bay is dotted with small, well-wooded islands, which are fast asserting their claims to popularity. Down the southern side of Pond Island, beyond battalions of red lilies and oxeyed daisies and thickets of spruce and fir, the shore is wild and precipitous, broken here and there by great seams and fissures swept by resounding surf.

Perhaps that of most interest is Thunder Gulch, a deep, black cave into which the surf rolls furiously, to be thrown out again through a small hole in the top, forming a white stream of spray which falls into the water or is blown inland by the ocean breeze.

Ripley’s Neck, a distance of but three miles, is regularly connected by steamer with the port of Millbridge. It is fast coming into favor, and already the old-time habitué of Bar Harbor and the now fashionable resorts is moving eastward and taking up his abode in this quiet panorama of surpassing beauty.
On the mainland are many of the finest drives in this eastern state, the one in most favor being to Baldwin's Head, after a storm, to watch the breakers dash high on the cliffs and rugged shore—then on to Petit Manan Point, a long neck of land stretching some ten miles out into the ocean.

A game preserve, not unlike those of the foreign nobility, has been established in Maine on Petit Manan Point by an association of wealthy sporting men of the east. This peninsula, containing 2,500 acres of wooded land with clearings near the shores, has been purchased by the organization, and game of all kinds indigenous to the state is within easy reach of the club house at Dyer's Bay. The association is known as the Maine Coast Club, and the preserve includes the entire peninsula of Petit Manan in Washington County; reached by team or steamer from Millbridge. The surrounding country is dotted with cottages of many people prominent in the social life of the cities of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Chicago, many of whom are members of the club. A small club house has been erected at Dyer's Bay, but plans are being prepared for a more imposing structure with accommodation for a hundred or more people.

Dyer's Bay is a landlocked harbor nine miles long, affording one of the finest bodies of water for canoeing and sailing, with good anchorage for yachts,—a natural bathing-pool covering an area of eight acres, with a hard sand bottom, the water having a depth of nine feet in the center of this basin. A sluice gate and dam allow the water to be completely changed each tide, which has a rise and fall of nearly thirty feet on this part of the coast, and the salt water in this basin is quickly warmed by the sun.

One of the most interesting excursions in this delightful region is over a beautiful road to Schoodic Lake, which abounds in trout, bass and landlocked salmon, on through the famous blueberry plains to the forest-girded village of Beddington, where are situated the interesting silica mines, from which are taken each year many thousand tons of valuable silica, which is gathered from the bed of the lake by powerful steam dredges, kiln-dried and shipped to the large cities of the West.

From early September to late October the waterway from Bar Harbor to Jonesport and beyond is literally beset with water-fowl of every description known to the gunner. Ducks there are, in scurrying clouds, geese in arrowy, squadrons, reaching away into dim perspectives. And what wonderful deer stories one will hear, any cool morning in October or November, up there in those neighboring hamlets of Cherryfield, Harrington or Columbia! while on the breakfast table lies the savory proof in venison steak! Is not this, indeed, the veritable "Sportsman's Paradise" of which one hears anon?

Next passing Nash's Island Light, the steamer enters the Moose-a-bec, in the passage of which occurs the landing at Jonesport. Moose-a-bec is but another long stretch of glistening water in this island-strewn bay, formed by the mainland on the one side and the many islands on the other, making a well-protected harbor for fishing and boating; and the breezes from the sea, flavored with the spiced perfume and resinous juices of the needles of the pine woods, make a delicious atmosphere with which the newcomer hungrily fills his lungs and secures for himself a new lease of life.

Jonesport is now reached by stage from Columbia Falls, a beautiful ride of over twelve miles.

The drives around this quiet town are limited by time alone, for the long stretch of Sandy Beach with its pure white sand, and Pond Beach made of wave-washed pebbles, smooth and round, make an ocean
driveway untouched by dust — where there are none to turn out for; with the middle of the road; the highway of nations on the right, and the stretch of green fields and woods on the left. East of Jonesport lies a perfect network of islands which fringe the shore, including Little and Great Spruce Islands, which appear attached to and projecting from Roque Island. On the summit of Great Spruce Islands are singular ledges and boulders piled like Titans upon a trappe formation.

On the opposite or Roque Island side is Indian Landing. It is noted for having been a favorite resort for the redman. In the adjacent shell heaps, relics of flint arrows, spear-heads and stone axes are to be found. Each season various evidences of aboriginal skill are exhumed.

Roque Island, as expressed by an enthusiastic tourist, is "a whole country of itself." There are frowning, wave-washed ledges, beetling cliffs and deep caverns, gentle slopes and half-hidden coves. On its southern side a broad sand-beach of snowy whiteness, one and a half miles long, curves in a symmetrical semicircle around three sides of a lovely bay, whose blue waters chase in successive undulations up the sloping beach, only to return again in fleecy folds and sparkling ripples. Summits and sylvan vales are shaded by fragrant birch, spruce and fir trees. Springs of clear, cool water, delightful views, walks, groves and wild-wood scenery form a portion of the attractions which would take days to explore.

On either side and upon elevated points are scattered the picturesque cottages of Roque Island’s summer population. Thompson’s Mountain, with well-wooded sides and summit, affords a pleasing background towards the north, while farther east Johnston’s Mountain and the dark-green foliage along Cow Point present a contrast to the surf and breaker, dashing upon the white sand-beach or against the rocky walls and into the deep chasms which flank Mack’s Cove, — "the Picnic Gem."

MACIAS BAY

Across Little Kennebec Bay (which very much resembles Somes Sound on Mount Desert) the Point of Main projects its salient angles to the Atlantic, and farther to the east rises the gray shaft of Libby Island Lighthouse, sixty-two feet above the sea-level. Past Foster’s Island, Machias Bay opens out, with Cross Island on the eastern side and Stone’s and Starbird’s Islands on the west. Howard Bay, at the base of Howard Mountain, which has an altitude of 275 feet above the water line, appears farther on to the left or west, with its singular sea wall, its perpendicular rocks, Neptune’s Cave, Devil’s Kitchen, Hole-in-the-Wall and Jasper Head, representative names for the features and formation of this locality.

Buck’s Harbor, partially concealed by Yellow Head and Bar Island, reveals occasional glimpses of its placid waters, green shores and pebbly beaches, and to the northeast is Chauncy’s Island, Sprague’s Neck, Hog Island and Long Point, limiting the portion known as Holmes Bay. The latter is interspersed with islets and rocks.

One is named Township Rock, in which a copper bolt was embedded in 1770, to mark the southeast corner of the original township of Machias. The Bay of Machias is replete with historic incidents and evidences of visits of the early voyagers. Cross Island in the sixteenth century obtained its name from a large white cross upon its southern side, where the rocks present a vertical facade of one hundred feet, and
for more than a century afforded a peculiar guide to the Basque fishermen, Portuguese and French navigators, including the Cortereals (Gasper and Manuel), Verrazzino, Champlain, De Monts, La Tour and others, during their explorations of the coast of Maine.

Past Avery’s Rock, with its lighthouse and signal tower, Round and Salt Islands are seen on the west of the channel, and on the mainland or western shore, Indian Cove and Larabee’s Cove are scarcely discernible. Birch and Clark’s Points are then approached. On the latter, also on Hog Island across the bay, are found the celebrated pictographs or Indian hieroglyphics, pronounced by Superintendent Mallory of the Smithsonian Institute, Bureau of Ethnology, as “the best defined class of pictographs in New England, not excepting those of Dighton rocks.”

MACHIASPORT

Machiasport is pleasantly situated at the junction of the Machias River with the sea, at the head of a noble bay. The village lies at the foot of a hill, up which the homes of the inhabitants are deployed like skirmishers and gathered upon the brow. It is a center of great activity in the lumber trade, whole forests having passed through its all-devouring saw-mills.

There are three distinct towns,—Machias, East Machias and Machiasport,—and all forming the three points of a triangle, within which has been centered much of early Maine history.

Particularly proud are Machias folk of their military history. The old town came into the thrilling story of the coast of Maine at an early date. It bred leaders equal to any emergency, and a spirit ready for any sacrifice.

Both Machias and East Machias are stations upon the main line of the Washington County Railway between Washington Junction (with the Maine Central Railroad) and Calais. Machiasport is easily reached from East Machias by stage.

Twice the firmness and daring of the men of Machias preserved this outpost of the American colonies during the Revolutionary period. Here in Machias Bay was fought the first naval engagement of the war for independence, a fight which has been named by historians “The Lexington of the Sea.”

THE LEXINGTON OF THE SEA

O’Brien’s Brook was the rendezvous where the gallant band of twenty-one choice spirits held their council of war on Sunday, the 11th of June, 1775, and unanimously voted to attack the “Margaretta.” They were fired by the news of the battle of Lexington, which news reached Machias soon after the occurrence, April 19th, 1775. The day following the rendezvous the battle was on; the armed schooner of Great Britain was carried by boarding from a Yankee trading-sloop, manned by a volunteer crew of forty, equipped with a few charges of powder and ball for twenty fowling-pieces, reinforced by thirteen pitchforks and twelve axes. There was a determined attack and equally determined resistance. Bloodshed and death followed on both sides, until finally the vessel of war was brought a prize into Machias.

Colonial mansion houses and taverns that have echoed the guns of America’s struggle for independence are rare, but in the old Burnham Tavern
built at Machias in 1770, is a fine example of that period. Its entire outline, the chimney, the front door, the very sash and glass of the windows and clapboards on the walls, are the same that were placed there by the builders. They sheltered the wounded from the "Lexington of the Sea," for this old tavern was used in June, 1775, as a hospital after that engagement.

The fishing privileges in the vicinity of Machias are equal to the best in Maine. The trout product of Cathance Lake knows no superior. Old Stream, Bog Lake, Marks Lake, Hadley's Lake, are all resorts of fishermen.

The deer park of the Machias River, near the several lakes and on the branches of the river, is acknowledged the best in the entire northern country. The turnpikes are in good shape and fine roads abound. Roque Bluffs, Buck's Harbor, Point of Main, Starboard's Creek, Cutler, are all shore resorts in the vicinity of Machias.

The old forts on the river, erected in 1777, where an important battle of the Revolution was fought, several regiments of troops from Penobscot, Hancock and Lincoln County towns participating, under command of Gen. Jonathan Eddy, assisted by Col. John Allan, Col. Benj. Foster, Capt. John and Col. Jeremiah O'Brien, are objects of interest.

The birthplace of Geo. S. Hillard; the house in which Talleyrand tarried in 1794; the old Burnham Tavern, with the event of Albert Gallatin and James Gordon Bennett's sojourn here; the house built by the first settled lawyer in Machias, or in Washington County (Phineas Bruce), in 1780; the house built by the first settled physician — Dr. Chalmer — in 1776, are among things that the snap-shooters are after early and late.

Apart from its historical interest and its great beauty, there is much to attract about Machias. It is a prosperous and intellectual town. Its churches, stores, banking-rooms, schools, halls and opera houses are well up in the scale of size, cost, beauty of architecture, and compare favorably with the buildings of any other New England town of its size. The Porter Memorial Library is a gem. It was given to Machias by Henry Howes Porter of Chicago, a native of the town, in memory of his father. The building cost $16,000, is composed of granite and iron, and substantially joined together. In the reading-room the jams or walls of the fireplace are built of stones which served as ballast for the armed British schooner "Margaretta" on the eventful day of her capture in the first armed resistance to England on the sea.

Machias is the county seat of Washington County. It is one of those old towns which have an interest all their own, and amply repays a visit.

**CUTLER**

Cutler Harbor is a secluded yet well-patronized resort, lying at the head of a charming little bay, about whose shores are grouped many cottages and one hotel. Apart from the white-winged yachts which visit Cutler Harbor, the practical every-day route is by rail to East Machias, thence stage. Every breeze, whether from the open sea or along the shore, is laden with the salt of the deep, and repels the withering breath of summer,

"Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
Where the loud surges lash the sounding shore."

The points of interest in this charming retreat are many and varied. Prominent among these are the Natural Bridge, Cross Island, the Norse Wall and Lake, the footprints on the rocks, the lighthouse and
From Machias to Calais and Eastport is a journey of forty-five miles. At St. Croix Junction, four miles out of Calais, the Princeton Branch of the Washington County Railway reaches Princeton in a run of eighteen miles. Princeton is the point of departure for Grand Lake and Grand Lake Stream, where may be had the best landlocked salmon fishing in all Maine, which is saying a great deal. There is good fly-fishing through June and September, and fair fishing through July and August.

Both lake and stream are within easy distance from Princeton, in addition to which there are a round dozen of brooks within one-half to four miles of the village, where excellent brook-trout fishing—with sure results—may be had.

Half-way up the Princeton Branch is Woodland — five years ago a wilderness, to-day one of the busiest points in Maine. The immense mills of the St. Croix Paper Company, at Woodland, produce from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five tons of paper every day; fifty tons of newspaper daily to the Boston Globe—that's one item!

Milltown is a suburb of Calais, the border city. As its name implies, it is a bustling manufacturing burgh, closely allied to its neighbor. Calais contains several hotels and is visited by many tourists. The people are noted to-day, as they have been ever in the past, for a free-hearted hospitality; and their city offers opportunity for numerous side trips of interest by train, boat or highway. Many start from Calais for the Grand Lake region.

A bridge across the boundary river, St. Croix, connects Calais with St. Stephen, New Brunswick.

From Ayer's Junction, leaving the main line of the Washington County Railway seventeen miles before reaching Calais, a branch line of the same railway reaches down through Pembroke, Perry and the Indian village on Pleasant Point, to Eastport on Moose Island in Passamaquoddy Bay. While Calais is a border city, on our own side of a boundary river (and never was there boundary river more celebrated in history than the St. Croix), it is not until Eastport is reached that one finds the farthest east of the American continent.

As far as the eye can reach, away into Acadia, the land of Evangeline, stretch the waters of Passamaquoddy Bay. Its surface is thickly dotted with life-saving station, and innumerable caves, lakes, streams, and waterfalls to delight the eye and give breadth to the imagination.
islands which stand out in bold relief, with rock-bound shores and in verdure clad.

**CAMPOBELLO**

The most conspicuous of them all is the island of Campobello, which separates the Passamaquoddy from the Bay of Fundy, stretching along for ten full miles, the eastern side rugged and wild with its giant cliffs, while the western shores are studded with pretty beaches, to which slope long stretches of grassy fields and fertile farms. The interior is densely wooded and abounds in lofty hills, and is traversed by well-shaded and ever-winding grassy roads. Until within a few years Mount Desert was "the end of the world," and few travelers penetrated into the realms beyond. But with the growth of the country and the advent of lines of communication, new points of interest have been discovered, and the explorer of later days has pushed on to the eastward, and has found Campobello.

Professor Shafer, of Harvard College, under whose supervision the island was surveyed, and who has passed many summers there, writes: "The climate of the island is the most important of its features. Its position is such as to insure it an absolute immunity from the excessive heats of summer, while its insulated position and the strong currents of water that sweep around it make its winter climate less rigorous than that of the neighboring mainland. The extensive forests of balsamic firs seem to affect the atmosphere of this region, causing a quiet of the nervous system and inviting to sleep. The summer season begins about a month later than in southern New England, and
the period of frost comes a little earlier. Thus the extreme period of summer heat is so far shortened
that we may almost say that the summer time here consists of a lengthened spring time and an earlier
autumn. It has been my good fortune to see in a careful way the eastern coast of North America
from Georgia to Labrador. There are few persons who have had such opportunities for knowing the
relative advantages of the several parts of this coast. Every one of my many visits to Passamaquoddy
Bay has served to reaffirm my conviction that this region presents the best combination of desirable
features to those who seek a place for a summer resort. The island of Campobello is not only the best
placed of all the islands in the bay, but the plan of administration that has been adopted will certainly
make it the most attractive resort on the Atlantic coast."

GRAND MANAN

Lying farther offshore than Campobello, at the very entrance of the Bay of Fundy, the island of Grand Manan raises its lowering battlements. At a distance it presents the appearance of a large and regular wall of rock. On a nearer view these walls break into a series of monster headlands, surmounted by forests which extend half-way down the cove gorges between to meet the naked rock. The great western wall of the island is inaccessible to foot of man. Behind this wall the land extends to the eastern shore, which is broken into several harbors, each with its tiny settlement. Grand Manan is the culmination of grandeur on this unrivaled coast line. Here we have reached the outpost of the Maritime Provinces.

ST. ANDREWS

Still farther east, by steamer from Calais or Eastport, is the "charming, new-old summer resort, St. Andrews by the sea," situated on a peninsula five miles in length extending into Passamaquoddy Bay, which is seventeen miles long by six in width, and in point of attraction has but few rivals, with strong points in common and being often compared with the Bay of Naples.

The outer edge of the bay is encircled by mountainous island ranges, which serve to guard both the bay and peninsula from the objectionable fogs of the eastern coast. During the summer months cool breezes prevail, the thermometer seldom reaching 85 degrees Fahrenheit. The town lies on a gentle slope, rising to an altitude of 150 feet in a distance of 2,000 feet from high-water mark. Beyond the town and for a distance of two miles, sloping hills, attaining 250 feet in height, form an amphitheater overlooking the town, St. Croix River, coast of Maine, and island-studded bay.

The entire vicinity is traversed by the finest roads. Salt and fresh water fishing is had within an hour's sail or ride, while the bay and lakes afford unsurpassed yachting and boating facilities.

The curative properties of the balsam-laden atmosphere, the general air of restfulness, together with the entire absence of mosquitoes and malaria, have

"Grand Manan is the culmination of grandeur on this unrivaled coast line. Here we have reached the outposts of the Maritime Provinces."
made St. Andrews long and extensively known as an elysium for the hay-fever patient, jaded tourist, pleasure seeker and sportsman.

Occupying the highest point of land within the town, but so far removed from it that whatever stir of commerce and trade yet remains to the sleepy burgh is hushed, the hotel site of the new Algonquin is particularly grand. Five hundred feet away stands old Fort Tipperary, famous when St. Andrews was a strongly garrisoned border town, and to-day retaining a part of its ancient glory in the obsolete guns still mounted behind the earthworks, and in the officers’ quarters and barracks, fast falling to decay. Late years have seen the earthworks bristling with arms and have heard the roll of the drums of British regulars upon but two occasions,—the first the “Trent affair,” and again during the famous “Fenian raid” of 1866. Then ships of war anchored in the bay, and transports landed company after company, until a full regiment of Royal Grenadiers occupied the walls of the ancient fortress, and brought relief to the anxious citizens of the town.

The inner reaches of the bay afford a remarkably fine yachting ground of many square miles, with great unbroken expanses of deep water and very picturesque and beautiful shores. Along the outer front of this salt-water lake extends a long line of rocky islands, defending it from the wilder seas and rougher surges outside, and forming a barrier which effectually checks the landward advance of the sea fogs. For days together, you may sit on the lofty verandas of the Algonquin, and look across leagues of blue water dancing in the sunlight to the place where the Bay of Fundy fog-bank broods outside the islands, unable to cross their high barrier.

All this beautiful region is filled with interesting historical associations, from the far-remote days when the Huguenot colony sent out by Henry of Navarre settled on Neutral Island (in 1604), to the modern garrisoning of the frontier by the flower of the British army in 1862, and the later days of the Fenian excitement, when General Meade held Eastport with United States regulars, and the redcoats swarmed in the streets of St. Andrews and St. Stephen.

Back among the hills, in the lonely inland waters towards Lake Utopia and Chamcook Lake, there is famous fishing; and from the high summit of Chamcook Mountain you may overlook the wide Passamaquoddy country, and the St. Croix Valley, and the dim blue coast line of Nova Scotia. St. Andrews is also reached by rail via Bangor to Vanceboro, thence Canadian Pacific Railway.

Eastward of Passamaquoddy Bay, the interesting seacoast of the Maritime Provinces extends for hundreds of leagues, by the proud city of St. John and the land of Evangeline, and gray old Halifax with its redcoat garrison, and the beautiful Bras d’Or Lakes, to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the shores of Newfoundland. And to all this region of natural beauty and historical interest and semi-European and colonial customs and modes of thought and action, the electric American, “heir of all the ages,” makes his way by the route starting from the Boston & Maine station in the Puritan metropolis of Massachusetts, or from the Maine Central station at Portland, Me., the gateway of Nature’s playground. What a wonderful coast it is, from the suburban delights of Portland and Casco Bay to the broken shores of “hundred-harbored Maine,” and so on to the ruddy fields of Prince Edward Island, the moose-haunted mountains of Cape Breton, the salmon streams and caribou barrens of Newfoundland, and the heroic Moravian Mission on the stormy shores of Labrador.
Whatever else may betide, this glorious eastern coast shall remain the summer park of America. For here, in the wedding of the sea with its fair New England, myriads of travelers have found, in the enthusiastic words of one of their number, "skies that rival Italy's, stretches of shore that are nobler than and as historic as England's, islands more picturesque than the Azores, vales sweeter and greener than lie between the Alps, streams more beautiful and winsome than Great Britain's bards have sung, atmospheres as weird and dreamful as those that veil Venice, and snow-capped mountains that blend with the very heaven."

"Voices of strange sea breezes caught,  
Half tangled in the pine tree tall,  
With ocean's tenderest music fraught,  
Serenely rise, and sweetly fall."

This stone marks latitude 45 degrees north, half-way from the equator to the pole. It was set by the United States Geodetic Survey in the year 1886, near the town of Perry, Me., on the Washington County Railway.

This 45th parallel, curiously enough, crosses the Maine Central Railroad tracks many times between the eastern shore and the Canadian boundary. In fact, it was the intention to have the international boundary between the United States and the Dominion of Canada follow this 45th parallel, and it does so in many cases, until is reached that great wedge formed by the St. John River, and which was proposed for the northeastern boundary by the American Commissioners, and agreed to by their English colleagues. It is that great wedge, which cuts so deep into Canada, that forms that garden spot of Maine, Aroostook County, and is also covered by that primeval forest growth with its many lakes and streams, which has proved such an immense game preserve.
**Partial List of Summer Excursion Tickets and Rates**

**TO THE... MAINE COAST RESORTS**

**ISSUED BY THE... MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD**

And from Boston over same by BOSTON & MAINE R.R.

**IN EFFECT MAY 1 to OCTOBER 31.**

Tickets good for return until November 30, excepting in cases as noted.

Excursion tickets marked thus (*) are in effect June 1 to September 30, good for returning until October 31, unless steamer service is discontinued at an earlier date.

* Tickets in effect May 1 to November 20, good for returning until November 30.

† Tickets in effect May 1 to November 30, good for returning until December 15.

‡ Tickets in effect May 1 to September 30, good for returning until November 1.

**SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TO</th>
<th>Rate from Boston</th>
<th>Rate from Portland</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bar Harbor and Return, via all-rail line</td>
<td><strong>$14.00</strong></td>
<td><strong>$10.00</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bar Harbor and Return, all rail, tickets limited to continuous passage in each direction</td>
<td>11.50</td>
<td>8.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bar Harbor and Return, via Bath and steamer from Rockland</td>
<td>11.00</td>
<td>8.25 c.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bath, all rail</td>
<td>9.00</td>
<td>6.40 c.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belfast, via all rail</td>
<td>5.50</td>
<td>12.35 c.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boothbay and Return, via Bath, continuous passage</td>
<td>8.75 c.p.</td>
<td>15.50 c.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brooklin, via rail to Rockland, thence steamer</td>
<td>14.50</td>
<td>12.00 c.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calais, all rail, continuous passage</td>
<td>9.50</td>
<td>12.00 c.p.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Camden (see Rockland)</td>
<td>14.50</td>
<td>12.00 c.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Castine and Return, rail to Rockland, thence steamer, continuous passage</td>
<td>12.60</td>
<td>12.00 c.p.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cherryfield, via rail</td>
<td>6.50 c.p.</td>
<td>10.00 c.p.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Christmas Cove, rail to Damariscotta, thence steamer</td>
<td>6.50 c.p.</td>
<td>10.00 c.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarks Cove, rail to Damariscotta and steamer</td>
<td>6.50 c.p.</td>
<td>10.00 c.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dark Harbor, purchase to Islesboro</td>
<td>6.50 c.p.</td>
<td>10.00 c.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deer Isle, Mrs., and Return, via rail to Rockland, thence steamer</td>
<td>6.50 c.p.</td>
<td>10.00 c.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>East Boothbay, rail to Damariscotta, thence steamer</td>
<td>14.50</td>
<td>10.00 c.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eastport, all rail, continuous passage</td>
<td>14.50</td>
<td>10.00 c.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heron Island, rail to Damariscotta, thence steamer</td>
<td>14.50</td>
<td>10.00 c.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Islesboro and Return, via rail to Rockland, thence steamer, continuous passage</td>
<td>17.50</td>
<td>10.00 c.p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lubec, all rail and ferry, continuous passage</td>
<td><strong>$14.00</strong></td>
<td><strong>$10.00</strong></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**EXCURSION TICKETS**

Are procurable at the depot ticket offices of the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore & Ohio, Philadelphia & Reading, New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroads; the Fall River, Norwich and Stonington Line Piers; the New York City ticket office of New England Lines, 171 Broadway; at the agencies of Thomas Cook & Son, 245 Broadway; Raymond & Whitcomb, 306 Washington Street, Boston, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, 385 Main Street, Worcester, Mass., 404 Main Street, Springfield, Mass., 44 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, 1005 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, 214 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, 255 Morrison Street, Portland, Ore.; at the ticket offices of Boston & Maine and Maine Central Railroads and the principal ticket offices throughout the country. For further information address F. E. BOOTHBY, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Maine.
In the discussion which followed the reading of a paper before the Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the American Climatological Association in Washington, D.C., Dr. Bowditch, of Boston, said: "Another peculiar characteristic of the Maine coast is the often dry character of the fogs. It may at first seem a misnomer to speak of a 'dry fog,' but any one who has been in that region will understand what I mean. The light vaporey mist which drives in frequently from the sea has no definite sense of moisture as it strikes the face, and in the midst of it the air frequently feels dry. Often I have seen clothes hanging out and drying during such fogs. They are in marked contrast to the drenching fogs of the 'South Shore.'

"Again, on the coast of Maine the southwest wind, which in Boston has a debilitating, blustering, muggy quality, is delicious in its cool, bracing and even dry quality, as it comes over the colder waters of that shore. This is especially noticeable on the islands along the coast, and the climate generally has more of the typical equability of island climates. The snows in winter are not so deep and do not last so long as on the mainland. In the vicinity of Mount Desert the presence of the mountains there has, doubtless, an effect upon the quality of the atmosphere, and would partly account for what is spoken of,—the effect of sea and mountain air combined. Its peculiar dryness, even on the coast, has been often so marked that I have frequently thought certain phthisical patients, who need a dry, bracing atmosphere, might improve there."
ALL AMONG THE LIGHT HOUSES