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## GRAND MANAN.

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Passage Over from Eastport—Disputed Nationality—On the Island—Flagg's Cove—Swallow-Tail Light—Whale Cove—Southern Head and Southern Cross—Bishop's Head—Improvements in Navigation.

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[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

EASTPORT, ME., July 29.

We were two steamboat men off duty. The captain had left his vessel in charge of another veteran on her arrival at Eastport, and walked round to Union wharf, satchel in hand, while I came down from my comfortable quarters at the Passamaquoddy House to join him. We were bound for Grand Manan; he had been there in his old schooner days, but since that time he had made some twenty-two hundred passages up and down the coast between St. John, Portland and Boston, and had looked upon the long island under every variety of atmosphere, had passed in the very shadow of its towering cliffs, and seen it advance and recede time after time till it seemed to hold out a tantalizing call to come once more; while I, though born almost within sight of its shores, knew it only by distant view and from the works of its artist visitors; and only now were we able to carry out a long formed purpose of visiting it together. We took passage on board the steamer William Stroud. She displays the flag of the Dominion and illustrates the persistent English policy of encouraging their navigation interests by subsidies; for she receives an annual allowance of several thousand dollars for keeping up a regular communication between the island and the neighboring ports on Passamaquoddy Bay and the towns on the frontier. Right abreast of us lies the island of Campobello, and we have to go round it to get to Grand Manan. The shortest way would be southward through the narrows at Lubec, but the tide is too low. The last Congress made an appropriation for clearing out these narrows to a sufficient depth to permit steamers and vessels to go through at low water, but the work has not yet been commenced, and we must take the longer passage eastward around by Head Harbor. Passing the lighthouse here we turn into the Bay of Fundy, and see the island to which we are bound looming up a dozen miles away.

I am reminded that Grand Manan was once claimed as a part of the United States. The original boundary line of this eastern section was left in a very indefinite state by the first treaty of peace between Great Britain and the young republic, and the matters in dispute were not finally cleared up until Mr. Webster accomplished the Ashburton treaty in 1842. The dispute was at first as to which was the true St. Croix; then as to where its mouth was; and lastly, where were the highlands in which it took its rise. It used to be charged that the king of the Netherlands decided that these highlands were situated in the bed of the St. John river. When, near the close of the war of 1812, the British took possession of Eastport, the formidable character of their preparations plainly indicated that it was with the intent of retaining permanent jurisdiction, the old claim that Moose, Dudley and Frederic islands were embraced within the original limits of the province of Nova Scotia being insisted upon. In negotiating the treaty of Ghent the American commissioners soon found that they could not bring about a cessation of hostilities if the surrender of these islands was made an indispensable step in the proceeding, for the tenacity of the British feeling was well illustrated by the remark of one of their diplomatists who maintained that they were as much a part of the territory of Great Britain as Northumberland itself; so the question of their final disposition was left open for subsequent negotiations.

Part III. of the treaty of Ghent reads as follows: "Whereas, that portion of the boundary between the dominions of His Britannic Majesty in North America, and those of the United States from the mouth of the river St. Croix (as the said mouth was ascertained by the commission appointed for that purpose) to the Bay of Fundy, has not been regulated and determined, and whereas the respective rights and claims of His Britannic Majesty and of the United States to the several islands in the Bay of Passamaquoddy, and to the Island of Grand Menan, has not been fully adjusted and declared, the said being claimed on the part of the United States as lying within twenty leagues of their shores and south of a line drawn due east from the mouth of the river St. Croix, and on the part of His Britannic Majesty as being at or before the former treaty of peace between the two nations within the limits of the province of Nova Scotia," etc..

etc. Then follows a provision for reference to two commissioners, who were to decide "to which of the two contesting parties the several islands aforesaid do respectively belong in conformity with the true intent of the former treaty of peace." John Holmes and Thomas Barclay, the American and English commissioners under the fourth article of the treaty of Ghent, were appointed in 1816, and they certified under their signatures and seals November 24 of that year their determination, which was that "Moose, Dudley and Frederic islands in the Bay of Passamaquoddy do belong to the United States, and that the other islands in that bay and the island of Grand Menan in the Bay of Fundy belong to his Britannic Majesty, in conformity with the true intent of the second article of the treaty of 1783." It will be observed that in these important state papers, which received the signatures of the representatives of the two great powers and finally settled the nationality of the island, and might be presumed to be an authority in the case, the name is spelled Menan. The form at the head of this article is, however, the accepted one, and seems the most legitimate. Champlain at the time of its discovery called it Manthane, and in some of the public correspondence just after the original treaty of 1783 I find it spelled Mananna.

#### ON THE ISLAND.

But while we have been making these diplomatic researches our steamer has got well over under the cliffs of Grand Manan. North Head is seen at the right; we look up into Whale Cove, then pass around Swallow-Tail into Flagg's Cove, where the steamer makes her first landing. We find excellent accommodations at the Marble Ridge Hotel, situated up the hillside, some white stones projecting in the neighboring field being the excuse for its name. The view from the piazza is very fine, and a surprise to one who has seen hitherto only the inhospitable side of the island. The land slopes rapidly and evenly away to the shore; at the right Swallow-Tail reaches out its rugged arm which holds the beacon, and beyond we have the clear horizon line of the ocean; while to the left, from a background of wooded hills, low points of land project, and the smaller islands cluster, ranged one beyond the other, to the far distance. The dwellings of the people are scattered all about, and vessels under way and at anchor fleck the sea. The place is admirably chosen as a site for a public house, and the other hotel, the Sea-View, is close by, and both are within easy distance of the attractions of this part of the island.

Coming early in the season we found only a small company at the hotel, but it proved a most agreeable one, and we were indebted to the personal attention of the proprietor, Captain Pettes, for seeing and learning so much during our brief stay. The lady artists from Boston most generously admitted us to their new studio and showed us some choice sketches and most fascinating bits of color, but the Philadelphia painters who had just arrived had still to gain their acquaintance with the scenery.

An early visit was made to the Swallow-Tail light. Passing along the beach where picturesque fishermen were at work, we climbed the steep hillside of Fish Head, passed over its summit, and then by a dizzy path, down a narrow bridge across a deep chasm, we stood on solid ground again. Asking why a gate was needed here we learned that the sure-footed cows had to be fastened in, and we had observed, when rounding the headland coming in, a cow quietly feeding on the steep slope of the back in what seemed to us a most dangerous position. Mr. Kent politely welcomed us to his lighthouse, and we climbed to the lantern, which stands about 150 feet from the water, and saw the bifurcated form of the projecting rock which gave its name. With the calm sea outstretched before us the scene was quiet enough, but the strong iron rods which, reach out in all directions, fastened to the rock, and the seamed and scarred headland itself were indications of wilder battles with the elements. Across Sprague's cove we notice that the rocks show a limestone white, in marked contrast with the rich coloring of the opposite cliffs of Fish Head, and at other places we observed these strange contrasts of formation in close juxtaposition to each other. Another trip in the opposite direction, going up a short distance behind the hotel and then descending sharply to the shore, we are soon at Whale cove, the first noticeable feature of which is its fine beach of rounded pebbles of every size and variety, beautiful in shape and rich in color. The landlord said he thought every kind of precious stone mentioned in the Book of Revelations could be found on that beach, and the collection which the lady artists had transferred to their studio seemed to warrant the statement. The great cliffs beyond claimed our admiration, but our progress toward them was much delayed by the temptation to stop and gather these beautiful stones. The greater attraction finally prevailed, and we were soon under the cliffs. Around this great curve the constructive and destructive forces of nature seem to have disported themselves in most reckless ways, and one is surprised at the variety and beauty of the details, as well as the grandeur and sublimity of the whole. At the right, Fish Head rounds up, rough and scarred, while the opposite perpendicular cliffs are bold

and majestic. Here a miniature Giant's Causeway shows its columnar forms; further on immense courses of Titanic masonry, called "The Six Days' Work," are piled upward hundreds of feet, and beyond Eel Brook point pushes its treacherous shoulder out into the sea, and all along this wild escarpment of rock and earth the richest varieties of color are strewn. At one place the underlying ledges on which we walk seem to have been smoothed by some rude abrasion, and elsewhere great masses of fallen rock impede our passage, and there are not wanting evidences that some are of quite recent detaching. One rarely finds such combinations of sublimity and beauty as are gathered here. The day selected for visiting the lower end of the island opened rather unpromisingly, but the rain ceased before noon, and we set out. The roads here are excellent, and this principal one connecting the several villages passes over a very level course. We drove rapidly down, noticing the comfortable dwellings of the inhabitants, the several churches and well-built schoolhouses, the wooded island on our right, and charming shore views, islands and ocean on our left, until at the end of fourteen miles we arrived at McLaughlin's just as the clouds opened again and burst upon us in a drenching shower. But we were in hospitable hands, and soon a bright fire was glowing in the open hearth. As the sun came out again we enjoyed the fine views seaward to the dangerous Murre ledges, and the Gaanet Rock light-house on a little islet six miles away, of which our host was for many years the keeper. On the shore below are seen circular marks in the ledges, showing a singular form of attrition. The same is repeated on the stones at the doorstep and on the hillside behind the houses, showing where the shore line once was. It was with extreme reluctance that we abandoned our purpose of visiting the great cliffs at the Southern Head, three miles further down, but it would

have been impossible to have reached them without getting drenched to the skin, as the narrow footpath thither led through wet grass and more troublesome wet bushes. A prominent object there is the Old Maid, a remarkable isolated rock which stands detached from the cliffs, and once a vessel got wedged in between it and the shore. Looking down from the bank above, it takes the fancied resemblance of a woman's head,—hence the name. The cliffs, however, are best seen from below, and those who desire the finest views should visit the place in a boat. From this point of vision the detached rock shows a marked resemblance to a cross, and the artists and tourists have united in giving it the name of the Southern Cross, which it is to be hoped it will retain in the future. At the house we were shown a striking picture by Weber of Philadelphia, which brought out this view of the cross, and increased our own regrets at our inability to visit the place.

On our way home we met a team laden with plank, which showed by their rounded edges that they had been exposed to the wearing action of the water, and similar pieces were seen in platforms and put to other uses. These I found were what in old Saxon times was called "*flotsam*," part of the cargo of the ship Turkish Empire, cast away last winter on Duck Island. She was laden at St. John with one and a quarter million feet of deals, and my informant said that when this great cargo was strewn along the shore, one could hardly be convinced that any single craft could carry it all. There was also a sad loss of life by this disaster. To us summer loiterers the sea looks peaceful enough, but the stormy months tell a different story. This large island and its outlying satellites are stretched across the entrance to the Bay of Fundy, up and down whose rushing tides so many laden ships pass to and fro, and every few years there is enacted upon its shores a great tragedy, which, like those of the Humber, the Sarah Sloane and the Lord Ashburton, are dark mile-stones marking backward its history.

Our last excursion, and a most enjoyable one, was the drive to North Head. At Kael Brook the road turned into a narrow wooded track, and brought us out upon the bluff above the signal station. The view from this point well repaid the labor of coming. Nine miles away across the bay we saw the light-house at West Quoddy, and the shore of Maine stretching along and fading away in the southern distance; the island of Campobello and the coast of New Brunswick running off to the northward, familiar land to us, but never before seen from such vantage ground. Fastening our horses behind the keeper's house, we clambered down past the fog-signal machinery, looking idle and useless this clear, calm day, though under other conditions its shrill note of warning may be a most welcome sound to the befogged mariner. At the shore we turned northward, and climbing over the great masses of fallen rock round the next headland came upon the object of our visit, the Bishop. This great, detached rock is quite remarkable in its appearance. It is said that formerly, before losing a head-piece which has fallen, the resemblance to a bishop sitting on his throne was quite good. The precipitous cliffs behind rise to a great height, the lofty wall stretches along the shore, and the whole forms a most imposing picture. Friars' Head, at Campobello, bears a better resemblance to an ecclesiastic, but its surroundings, though every way suitable for his imperial rank, are not to be compared with the magnificent surroundings of this prelate.

But we must leave Grand Manan, and most reluctantly, too; the captain is rebellious against the unrelenting necessity which drags us away, and the spell of the island's fascinations is still upon him. Others have also felt its attractions, the number of visitors is already large and increasing, and it is apparent that it is destined to become in the near future a popular place of summer resort. It adds another variety to the list patronized by our people, and is unique in its attractions. The general need of summer relaxation is getting to be an accepted and almost universal belief, and many realize that this is best gained by an absolute change of climate and surroundings. This is accomplished by going to Grand Manan. The sea air is a reviving tonic, and both here and at Eastport the sufferers from hay fever and that class of torments are in an exempt region. For artists it has for a long time been a favorite resort, not only on account of its natural scenery, but also for the picturesque life of its fishermen and its striking atmospheric effects and changes.

As the Stroud's day for returning did not accommodate us, we were obliged to depend upon a sailing vessel,—a circumstance which we did not regret, though the passage might prove of very uncertain length. We were fortunate in our craft. The Minnie Small, though her size comports well with her name, is a staunch and very pretty schooner, of excellent sailing qualities. Wind and tide were against us, but we pushed boldly out, and looking back to the hotel saw the ladies upon the piazza waving their adieus; and as we rounded Swallow-tail our artist friends turned from their pleasant work and with sketch-books and brushes raised aloft bade us good bye. We took a good long stretch off shore, then came about and ran well down to North Head, getting a fine view of the seamed wall of the "Six-days-work" and the Bishop. When close to the prelate we unceremoniously turned our backs upon him and stood off again. Perhaps this discourtesy merited some



penalty; at any rate, just then the wind failed and our progress was more up and down than straight ahead, and at least one of the passengers had to succumb to the confused motion. A fresher breeze corrected this and we sped onward at a rapid pace.

The island ahead reminds us of a famous old navigator, for, as will be remembered, it was

Eastward from Campobello  
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed.

What brave fellows those voyagers and discoverers of old must have been, pushing out into unknown seas in craft by courtesy called ships, but less in size, and in quality of outfit far inferior to the average coasting schooner of today, and often they sailed in small shallops and pinnaces! And not only the vessels of modern times but the appliances which give security and comfort to travel by sea have wonderfully improved in these later days, and the captain and I have frequently talked of the remarkable changes in these directions since he first took his station in the pilot-house. The coast survey has been up and down and with remarkable accuracy marked out every concealed reef and ledge and by monuments and floating buoys shown their positions and recorded the courses of tides and currents. Lighthouses have been multiplied and the system greatly improved. Steam whistles screech their warning from every important headland, and now the automatic buoy booms his caution from places far off shore. To the trained perceptions and exact memories of these experienced pilots the mantle or mist or darkness makes but little difference, and the strict regulations governing the movements of vessels add still greater security. Coming down the other night and looking landward, I wondered if that bright light came from the tower on Monhegan, but it soon began to fade, showing it to be the long flash from the patent torch of some inshore fisherman, and their fog-horns penetrate to a long distance.

We were now well across, watching the situation with much interest, for it was doubtful if we could fetch in above Sail Rock,—not that we feared impalement on that eastern apex of the United States, but if unsuccessful we must anchor below and wait some tedious hours for the returning tide to carry us in. But the fine sailing qualities of our schooner prevailed and we ran in to West Quoddy Bay, several short tacks bringing up to the Beacon, where we came to anchor. Transferred to the small boat we were rowed up amongst the weir stakes, looking over into the shallow water and wishing the powers that be would hurry up the work of dredging Lubec Narrows, and landing at Lubec, where the captain was at home. I took the ferry to Eastport, and remembering the morning's experience with the Bishop, was particular in paying my respects to the Campobello Friar in passing. QUODDY.