



EEL BROOK POINT.

GRAND MANAN AND 'QUODDY BAY.

ILLUSTRATED BY BRICHER.

I HAD some thoughts of entitling this article "Fog and Fundy." For what nature has joined together, literature should not put asunder. Passamaquoddy Bay is an appurtenance of the Bay of Fundy, as is also the island of Grand Manan,* but to describe the Bay of Fundy without mention of the fogs that harbor in it would be as grave a short-coming as to write a scientific treatise on fog without analysis of the article as found in the Bay of Fundy. Fogs, we may say, are never missed in the Bay of Fundy, though *mist* is a feeble word to denote them. To see the Bay of Fundy, in fact, in some weathers one might about as well look on the map, and go no further.

There is another conspicuous feature of the Bay of Fundy, namely, its swollen and tumultuous tides, which sweep with unexampled volume and swiftness in from the Atlantic, and up its harbors and rivers, rising to an audacious height, and, when retiring, uncovering an impressively wide expanse of rock-bound and weed-matted shore. At low tide in the Bay of Fundy the shores look as if the sea had receded never to return. At high tide it looks as if the deep was rising to overwhelm the land. To stem the resulting currents even under steam is sometimes difficult; under sail or with the oar, it is often impossible.

"Does the Gulf Stream have any thing to do with forcing these tides in here?" I innocently asked of a landsman on Grand Manan as we were discussing the phenomenon.

"No," was his emphatic reply; "it's more likely

the tides has suthin' to do with pushin' the Gulf Stream off."

The Bay of Fundy, which may be regarded as the out-doors of the secluded precincts we are now to explore, might be called the American Bay of Biscay, except that its waters are a little less exposed to the powerful winds which sweep the open sea. It may be described to the eye as a short stout *left hand* of the Atlantic thrust up in a northeasterly direction between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and terminating only in a thumb and little finger. The *little finger* sinuously penetrates New Brunswick very nearly to Northumberland Strait, beyond which lies Prince Edward Island, and with which it is proposed to make a connection by means of a canal, so cutting off Nova Scotia into an immense island. The *thumb*, entering Nova Scotia and bending to the east and south,

* I adopt that spelling of this name which prevails on the island itself and in the British Provinces. *Menan* seems to be an American variation.

broadens into the Basin of Minas, which gives to the great promontory almost an inland sea. Here,

"on the shores of the Basin of Minas, Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward, Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and corn fields,

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward

Biomidion rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains

Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village."

It is into this Basin of Minas and up along its influent Windsor River that the Fundy's tides pour with their greatest volume and

is about one hundred and seventy miles; its width ranges from thirty to fifty miles; its depth is generally great. Its shores are for the most part bold and rocky, sometimes grandly precipitous. It is a capacious ocean pocket, filled and emptied twice in the twenty-four hours. With its tides, fogs, winds, and "iron-bound" shores, it is any thing but an inviting water to mariners, and has been the scene of some of the direst tragedies of the sea, while not without attractions of the stroughest sort for the artist, the tourist, and the sportsman.

Even as I write, the daily paper brings this dispatch from the scene:

"EASTPORT, MAINE, July 23.—The brig *Olga*, of Scotland, has just been towed in here. She went ashore on Thursday on Murre Ledges, Grand Manan, in a fog. She was loaded with deals, and was from St. John for Ireland. She will discharge and hold a survey."

This, or much worse, is the story over and over again.

At the upper (northwestern) angle of its base the Bay of Fundy bulges into a kind of inner pocket, which receives the outflow of the St. Croix River. This river constitutes the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick, and so in part between the United States and the territory of Great Britain. This inner pocket is Passamaquoddy Bay. Just how to mark it off from the Bay of Fundy might be something of a geographical problem, inasmuch as the waters of the two mingle upon an invisible line; but the natural demarkation is furnished by a chain of islands of which Campobello and Deer Island are chief, and M'Master's, Pendleton's, and Indian islands, and the Welles, subordinate; while the really grand island of Grand Manan lies as a solitary outpost well out upon the border of the Atlantic, content with its own sublimity.

All these islands are British territory—sentinels, as it were, upon the line.

It was on a fine July morning that from the deck of the good steamer *New York*, bound from Boston to St. John via Portland and Eastport, our little party first caught sight through the lifting fog of the western face of Grand Manan. "Face," I say, not *shore*, because the western front of Grand Manan, along its entire length of twenty miles or more, rises cliff-like almost perpendicularly from the water to a height ranging from two hundred to four hundred feet, presenting at a distance of a dozen miles an appearance not unlike that of the Palisades upon the Hudson River above New York. As we ran on toward Quoddy Head, close in under the wild Maine shore, the island lay off to our right, looming loftily and formidably through the dissolving mists, heavy with the shadows of the morning's sun, and massive as might be the hand-laid wall of



force, rising, it is affirmed, to an occasional height of sixty feet, and with such sudden velocity as now and then to surprise and overwhelm cattle feeding on the marsh lands by the shore. In the Windsor River, steamers, it is said, have to dodge the tides.

The extreme length of the Bay of Fundy

* Longfellow's *Evangeline*.



"ROW, BROTHERS, ROW."

a giant's fortress. The outline of the island as gathered in from this point is exceedingly imposing. At that distance there is nothing to soften the apparent perpendicularity of the cliffs, which yet trend gently and gracefully away on either hand, the successive headlands showing in fine perspective as they recede. As we rounded Quoddy Head, and made our way up the narrow, tortuous, and weir-marked channel between the Maine shore and Campobello Island, past dilapidated Lubec, toward Eastport, the island temporarily disappeared; but closer acquaintance was quickly to follow.

The means of access to Grand Manan are both regular and irregular. Twice in the week during the summer season the steamer *William Stroud*, enlarged and elevated to the responsibilities and dignities of a passenger and freight traffic, runs down to the island from Eastport and the harbor and river ports above, returning the following day. She carries the mails, and is the island's only regular connection with the main-land. Reaching Eastport as we did on a Saturday, we concluded not to wait two precious days for the *Stroud*, but, as being both more expeditious and romantic, to charter a sail-boat, and so make the little voyage on "our own bottom," as it were. "Romantic" this method proved to be; but it barely escaped being not much more expeditious, for the good breeze with which the *Annie S.* was favored

as she dropped down from Eastport, past Lubec again, and out by Quoddy Head upon the dancing, sparkling waters of the bay, provokingly died out when we were not half-way to our destination, and left us to toss about in a chop of the sea, with nothing for Skipper Sullivan to do but to muster in three of his passengers as crew for a four hours' toilsome row to Northern Head. Shall I pause here to pay tribute to the manly young sailor, just back from a long voyage, and bound now to his home at the Southern Head of Grand Manan, or to the gentlemanly young student-associate of the Boston Society of Natural History, both of whom with their strong arms served us in such good stead in this miniature extremity? or to administer a chastising word to the

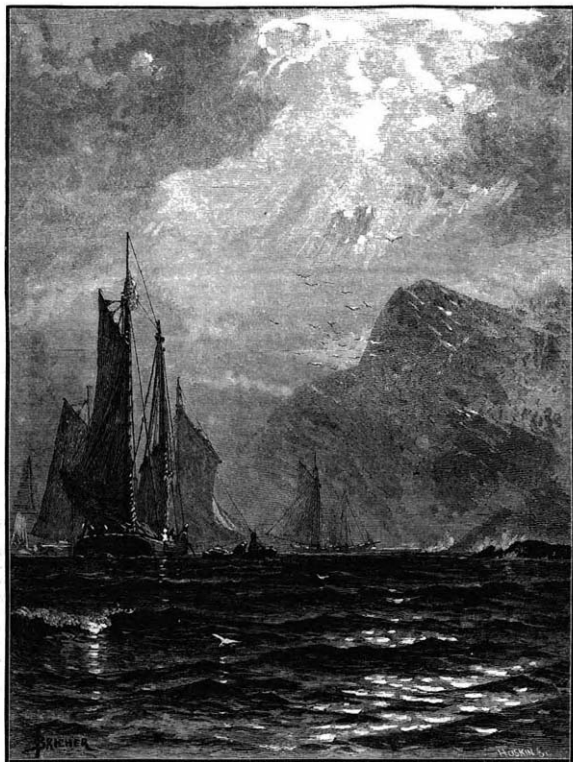
lazy passenger who would not row a stroke, because, as he said, it "hurt him across here" (pointing to his chest), and to the disagreeable passenger who would neither row nor offer any excuse, even a lame one, for his indolence? Is not human nature human nature in the Bay of Fundy as elsewhere? and do we not find the evil and the good "whene'er we take our walks abroad," and on whatsoever seas we sail?

The island of Grand Manan has a length variously estimated at from sixteen to twenty miles, and a width ranging from three to five. From the lofty brow of its nearly straight western face its surface slopes evenly and gently away to the eastern shore, which has an irregularly convex outline, and is for the greater part low and level. The Northern and Southern heads are connected by a well-kept road, which skirts this eastern shore, and on which, at points where it touches the most important coves, are gathered the little hamlets of the island. This habited edging is somewhat cultivated, but the sea hereabouts yields better revenues than the land; and such farms as there are have to share the coast with the forest, which in the interior and close up to the western cliffs has the island all to itself. Some twenty small freshwater lakes dot this inland solitude, and one or two brooks find their way from these or other sources down the hill-sides to the

ocean coves. The highway above alluded to is fairly well settled along its entire length, but the chief clustering of houses is at Flagg's Cove and Woodward's Cove, at Centreville (called also Sinclairville), between these two, at Grand Harbor, and at

private conveyance must be had, by land or water.

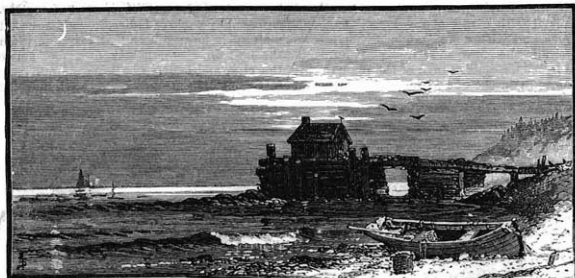
It was just as the afternoon was blending with the evening that the *Annie S.* reached an anchorage in Whale Cove. This picturesque nook, whose beauties are derived from



FISHING SNAKES OFF NORTHERN HEAD.

Seal Cove. At Flagg's Cove, Woodward's Cove, and Seal Cove there are post-offices, the first-named being a money-order office. Flagg's Cove and Woodward's Cove are the points directly served by the *William Stroud*. To the more southern portions of the island

both sea and shore, is a circular bit of pebbly beach snuggled in between the wild rocks and scraggy firs of Fish Head on the east and the beetling Eel Brook Point on the west. A sailor's snug harbor it would seem to be but for the memory of that ter-



OLD BOAT-HOUSE ON THE ROAD TO SOUTH HEAD.

rible winter night, twenty-six years ago, when the *Lord Ashburton* was wrecked on the point. On the present occasion the scene wore an aspect of secure shelter and supreme repose. The waters infolded within the cove's protecting arms lay hushed and still. The faintest ripple enlivened and only a single sail illumined the distant bay beyond. Under the hills to the left nestled a cottage or two. Behind them the sun had already sunk, and long shadows were fast gathering with the advancing tide upon the beach. The tinkling of a cow-bell and the bleating of a yew sheep in a neighboring pasture were the only sounds to be heard.

Making our landing and shouldering our luggage, we slowly ascended the ribbed and rugged neck which joins Fish Head and Swallow-tail Point to the body of the island, and which had to be surmounted before we could reach our expected shelter at Flagg's Cove. A five minutes' climb brought us to the summit, and to a view that embraced the cove before us, the trending shore to the southward, the islands and the bay beyond. Five minutes more of descent brought us to our home for the time being, with its grateful supper and still more grateful beds. It had been a rare and fortunate day and hour for the approach. How different proved the circumstances of our departure!

Accommodations for the public at Grand Manan are not as yet very ample. In fact, the public has hardly yet learned that there is a Grand Manan. Until recently visitors have had to depend on such chance hospitality as the plain homes of the islanders could afford. Two small public-houses have now been opened at Flagg's Cove. They provide comfortable accommodations and a fair table at reasonable prices. The fine view from this point when there is no fog they can not monopolize.

Our first full day upon the island being

the Sabbath, we put a restraint upon our curiosity. The Grand Mananites—or should we say the Grand Mananers?—are emphatically a Sabbath-keeping people, and we could not well have done otherwise than respect their customs toward the day, even had we been so inclined. "The heft of 'em are Baptists," was one good man's reply to my inquiry as to the denominational divisions of the inhabitants. To this fact the four Free-will Baptist churches on the island would clearly testify. There is also an Episcopal church at Grand Harbor, and a small band of Latter-day Saints, who own a "temple," as they rather loftily designate their lowly meeting-house. The Saints established themselves here half a dozen years ago or so, but have never numbered more than twenty-five. They are disciples not of Brigham Young, but of Joe Smith, and do not practice polygamy. For indulging in that social luxury their former leader, Sheppey, was expelled from the fold. Their present shepherd, Elder Joseph Lakeman, was formerly a Baptist, and is commonly reputed as "a model-living man." His flock, too, are well spoken of. As a whole the churches are well supported, considering the circumstances. The minister of the most prosperous of the Baptist churches gets a salary of \$400 a year, with as many Sundays "off" to preach in other pulpits, apparently, as he desires. The Church of England minister is a missionary, and gets \$100 from his parish, to which \$600 is added from the diocesan fund.

There being no service easily accessible to us in the morning, we went apart by ourselves over upon Swallow-tail Point, which is perhaps the most romantic and picturesque precinct of Grand Manan. The bold and rugged promontory is crowned with a light-house, and adjacent is Pettes's Cove, the very perfection of a fisherman's abode—a little bit of circular beach flanked by the

frowning Swallow-tail on the one hand, and backed with a row of fish-houses and cottages, and with a fleet of boats for a foreground; the whole so retired, and approached by such a sudden turn of the road, that it bursts upon the eye without a premonition

ing us into the tower on that day. Reinforced by a trio of ladies, we paid a second visit to it on a subsequent evening, when the lantern, rising nearly fifty feet above the cliff, and nearly one hundred and fifty feet above the water, was lighted, and was



SWALLOW-TAIL LIGHT.

of what is coming, and adds to the charm of absolute quaintness that of surprise. The whole scene looks like a picture by some old master turned into a reality. In the course of our ramble we made a quiet call on Mr. J. W. Kent, the keeper of the lighthouse, who, true to the principles of the island, politely excused himself from show-

shedding its far-reaching beams around. The path of access is steep and difficult. At points it winds dizzily near the brink of the precipice. In one place it crosses an ugly chasm by means of a slender bridge, the passage of which requires a steady foot and a strong hand. This particular night, moreover, was pitchy dark. The fog was dense, and was blown by a strong wind directly in our faces, while below us the tide beat tumultuously. We could not hear each other's voices, and could scarcely see each other's forms, as we ascended and descended in single file. Such an adventure has its charm, nevertheless, though it is one not to be commended, except to persons of good courage and steady nerves. By daylight, in good weather, the promontory can be gained without the slightest peril, and proves a place of singular power and beauty. It holds one forth, as it were, in the midst of the waves,

and gives him new sense of the majesty of the ocean, of the firmness of the earth, and of the feebleness of man in presence of the wilder elements of nature.

Strolling on the afternoon of the same Sabbath in another direction, we came upon an old burial-ground a short distance to the southward of the landing-place at Flagg's Cove. Here, among other more correctly wrought inscriptions to the memory of the departed, we found one which read as follows:

The race appointed I halve run
The combats o'er the prize is won
And now my witness is on high
And now my records in the skie

I leav' the world without a tear
Save for the friends I hold so dear
To heal their sorrows Lord descend
And to the friendless prove a friend.

The stone which bears this rude lettering is of recent erection, and is the acknowledged handiwork of a firm of St. John "artists." Perhaps the stone-cutter only "followed copy."

A deeply interesting and truly pathetic spot in this same burial-ground is the last resting-place of the crew of the ill-fated ship *Lord Ashburton*, which was wrecked on Eel Brook Point in 1851. The only mark of the spot is a small wooden paling inclosing the common grave, bearing on the side toward the road a rude sign-board, on which these words are painted in black letters:

IN THE MEMORY

OF 21 Seamen Drowned on the 19 of January 1851
Belonging to The Ship **Lord Ash Burton** Wreck
on The Northern Head of GRAND MANAN.

Curiously the paint which forms the lettering has preserved the wood under it while the rest of the surface has been worn away by the storms, thus leaving the inscription in a sort of relief. A more striking monument to the memory of these men is Eel Brook Point itself. The savage headland is in full view from the burial-ground, half a mile away. Nobody passes it without speaking of the *Lord Ashburton*, whose wreck seems to have been the most memorable the island has ever known. Standing by this lonely grave under the sighing pines, and looking across to the point, now washed by a gentle sea, it is easy to make the melancholy event with which it is associated a vivid reality.

Hard by the burial-ground there now lives one of the few survivors of that dreadful night—Mr. James Lawton. Learning of this fact a day or two afterward, some of us called upon him, and heard from his own lips the oft-repeated tale.

"The good ship *Ashburton*," said Mr. Lawton, "sailed from Toulon, France, for St. John, November 17, 1850. She was a merchantman of a thousand tons. On the 17th

of January we were in sight of St. John. This was Saturday. A thick snow-storm set in and shut out all sight of land. All the next day, Sunday, we were driven about in the bay. At midnight that night we wore ship. We had just sounded, and found sixty or seventy fathoms of water. It was my watch, and I was on deck. The storm was still on, and it was so thick we could see nothing. We supposed we had plenty of water. All of a sudden the look-out saw something a little blacker than ordinary looming up in the darkness just ahead. His first thought was that it was a cloud, but before we had time to make it out we had struck, head on. It was Eel Brook Point. It was about one o'clock Monday morning when we struck. In half an hour the ship was all to pieces. There was no chance to get out the boats. Every man had to shift for himself. There were twenty-nine of us, all told. Ten of us got ashore, but two of them perished afterward by freezing. It was bitter cold. We staid under the cliff till daybreak. Three of us then managed to climb up the cliff. I worked my way over to the point where the fog-whistle now is. There was a barn there then. I crept into that, and lay there, half frozen, till afternoon, when I was found almost dead. Fifteen bodies were found Tuesday, and six afterward, including the captain's."

"Was this your first voyage?" I asked.

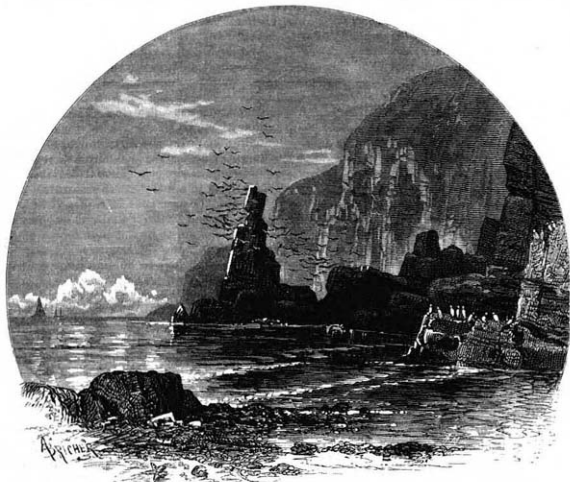
"Oh no," replied Mr. Lawton; "I'd eaten a good many hard biscuits before that time. I was out at St. John too, once before."

"Every bitter winter night now," he continued, "the people on the island remember that wreck, and say, '*Lord Ashburton*!'"

"And here you are settled for life?"

"Oh yes; I love Grand Manan. I shall never leave here again. The captain's brothers came for his body and carried it away, so that now there are only twenty buried yonder, and not twenty-one. I shall lay my bones in place of the captain's by-and-by, and so make up the number."

Sabbath evening opportunity was afforded to join an island congregation in its customary worship. The hour appointed was seven o'clock, but it was nearly half past seven before the doors of the old wooden meeting-house near Flagg's Cove were opened by the tardy sexton, and the handful of people who had gathered on the door-steps, including the minister, were let in to the enjoyment of their usual religious privileges. Not all the men and boys, however, had courage to enter at once by the open door. A good proportion of these lingered without until the services were fairly begun, and then slipped sheepishly in by twos and fours behind the tittering girls, the two sexes being marked off from each other pretty much as effectively as if a rule prevailed. While the minister, an itinerant stranger, mounted the



"THE OLD MAID" AND SEA-GULL CLIFF, AT SOUTHERN HEAD.

pulpit and fumbled for his places in Bible and hymn-book, the keeper of the keys proceeded with a leisurely bearing to light his lamps. These being of the class known as kerosene, and requiring some trimming as he went along, the process was a slow one. When it was at last completed, the waiting choir, consisting of one woman at the "cabinet organ" and two men singers, struck up an "opening piece," and the service proceeded. During the long prayer the preacher, who seemed to combine the more striking qualities of both the Baptist and the Methodist styles, managed to get up considerable steam, and the sermon which followed was a prodigious one, so far at least as noise was concerned. The congregation appeared attentive, and I supposed the discourse must have taken effect as a masterpiece of pulpit eloquence, until, on the way home, I overheard a discriminating young woman say, "I never heerd sech a hollerin' sence the day I was born."

At the close of the meeting a collection was taken up for the laborer "worthy of his hire." I asked one of the pillars of the church how much he probably got. He said he "guessed a dollar or two." The probable truthfulness of this estimate had a substantiation in the jingling of pennies which attended the passing of the boxes—a sound

unrelieved by any thing like the rustling of currency or bills.

Despite any possible rudeness in their religious privileges, the Grand Mananers are plainly a religious and virtuous people. They are reverent in the observance of the Sabbath day. No fishing is allowed by the laws of the Province between six o'clock Saturday evening and six o'clock Monday morning; and, so far as I could learn by inquiry, a statute so easily evaded is honestly obeyed. I saw no dram-drinking on the island, nor any public facilities for it; nor did I hear profaneness or vulgarity of speech. The people are courteous, hospitable, and kind, sober and industrious, fond of music, and with tastes generally above their advantages. There is little that is peculiar in their costumes. They measure time, to some extent, by the trips of the boat, *e. g.*, such a thing happened "boat before last;" such a man will be at home about "boat after next." In the case of some funerals the burial takes place first, and the funeral service follows. The Provincial currency is reckoned in dollars and cents, and American money passes at a very slight discount, often, when small sums are concerned, with no discount at all. Book accounts are kept in American terms.

The population of Grand Manan is now not far from 2000, and is said to be steadily

increasing. The men of course are chiefly followers of the sea. The fisheries in the surrounding waters are very productive, herring, hake, cod, and pollock being the varieties most largely taken. The herring fishery is carried on by means both of seines and weirs, the weirs being immense pens of brush-wood built in shallow water for the entrapping of the fish at high tide. The weir privileges are not free, but are rented annually by the government under the direction of the fish-wardens. The herring are cured in smoke-houses in great quantities, and then packed away to the markets of the world. The extracting of fish-oil is also an important industry. The numerous fish-houses which dot the shores, and the ancient and fish-like smell which pervades the atmosphere in many localities, combine with other signs in unmistakable evidence of the sea-faring habits of the people. A hardy and courageous race is the result—men whose brawny arms and weather-beaten cheeks tell of buffeting waves and winds; women to whom fogs and storms bring anxieties and sorrows which their sisters of different lives know little of; children who take to the water as a natural element, and who can handle an oar or sail a boat at a surprisingly tender age.

The inhabitants of Grand Manan are without a government of their own. In fact, they require very little government of any description. Their sea-girt territory forms a parish by itself in the county of Charlotte, New Brunswick, whose shire town is St. Andrews, at the head of Passamaquoddy Bay. The county is incorporated, and holds a semi-annual council for the management of its internal affairs, to which Grand Manan sends two councillors elected by its own citizens. There is, of course, a Provincial Legislature, which transacts general business much after the manner and in the forms prevailing in our State bodies corresponding, though with some differences of expression.

Almost the only public expenses of the island are for the maintenance of roads and schools. The schools are several in number, but are not graded higher than into

primary and advanced departments. The young Grand Mananer who wishes to pursue his education beyond this point must repair to the Methodist College at Sackville,



TEMPLE OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

or to the Normal School or the University at Fredericton, New Brunswick. The schools are governed by a board of three trustees chosen by the residents. The government

of the Province subsidizes both the schools and the roads, the islanders meeting the remainder of the cost by a self-imposed tax. For the maintenance of the roads every male adult having a family is annually taxed three days' labor, or its equivalent in money at \$1.50 a day, with one day's tax additional for every hundred pounds of property he may own. The aged are exempted, except from the property tax. The accompanying surveyor's notice was copied *verbatim et literatim* as found tacked to a fish-house door in one of the island districts, names alone being omitted. Appended was a list of taxable citizens, with the number of days' labor exacted from each.

Notice
 is hereby given to all persons liable
 to perform stated labor on the Roads
 in — District to meet at the
 — Cove with tools suited to
 perform the labor on Monday morning the
 9 of July 1877. — — Surveyor.

The Grand Manan produce market, if neither abundant nor varied, is reasonable as to prices. Eggs sell for twelve cents a dozen, lamb for nine and ten cents a pound, beef for fifteen. Butter is as high as thirty cents, and milk does not get lower than six. Wild berries are plentiful in their season. A novelty among these is that known as the "baked-apple." The "baked-apple" closely resembles a blackberry in structure, but is sharply distinguished from it in color, which is almost precisely that of the larger cooked fruit whose name it has appropriated. The children of Grand Manan go "baked-appling," as their main-land mates go strawberrying and blueberrying. And the "baked-apple" is said to be a peer among berries.

None of the some twenty ponds which are scattered about upon the island are very large, but they and the brooks which flow from them afford some trout-fishing, and the woods around are haunted by a variety of game, which, with the fowl of the air, make up quite an assemblage of animal life. There are a few deer roaming wild, one of which now and then attempts a swim to the main-land. There are foxes, too. Of sea-fowl the variety is large, including gulls and gannets, of course, the lesser bittern, the little auk, the little ice-bird, the sea-pigeon, sea-swallow, and gray plover, while the woods inland contribute both the American and Canada owls, woodpeckers, yellow-hammers, and other more common members of the feathered tribe.

The finer scenery of Grand Manan is to be

found at the Northern and Southern Heads, and, looking from the sea, along the western face. Bishop's Rock, Eel Brook Point, Fish Head, and Swallow-tail Point, all at the Northern Head, are imposing examples of bold and rugged coast of rock, and at Southern Head the cliffs rise even more markedly out of the beating waves. Wild estimates have passed current as to the height of these lofty and lengthened walls, which are highest at Money Cove. But even there, as our keen-eyed skipper said, "after you get up 400 feet, you wouldn't find much left." Seven hundred feet is the elevation to which some imaginations have soared. The Seagull Cliffs at Southern Head do not exceed

350 feet, but they are sharply perpendicular from the water's edge, their base being worn away smooth by the beating waves of the Atlantic. These features of the island have long made it a favorite resort of artists, who have found in its various aspects a source of unending inspiration. Church, I am informed, was the first to be attracted to the spot, somewhere about 1851 or 1852. He was followed by Bradford, who took many sketches of the

shore scenery. In one cliff near Deep Cove he found a profile which furnished quite a striking resemblance to the countenance of Wilkes, the English statesman, and it was duly christened with his name. After Bradford came Gifford; and among others of the profession whose names have come to be associated with the spot are De Haas, J. G. Brown, Harry Brown, Griggs, Gall, Burns, and W. E. Norton. Mr. Norton, indeed, did not content himself with brush-work; he carried off one of the island belles as his wife.

Besides the localities already mentioned, there are others which should not escape the visitor's attention. A good pedestrian would greatly enjoy an afternoon's tramp from Flagg's Cove by a backwoods road across the island to the fog-whistle near Bishop's Rock. In a somewhat nearly corresponding position at Southern Head is Bradford's Cove. The pond over the brow of the cliff at this point supplies a small stream which falls down into the sea, at which sailors make a call when in quest of fresh-water. No other water-works, I think, are found on Grand Manan.

Of course we devoted one day to a drive down the eastern shore of the island from Head to Head. There is no stated conveyance; but Mr. Kendrick, keeper of the modest livery-stable at Flagg's Cove, harnessed up for us his comfortable old one-horse carry-all, and out of the excursion down and back, with him for driver and guide, we made a day of pleasure. We studied with

new delight the majestic sweep of Flagg's Cove, as we followed its outlines and rude embellishments to and through Centreville. We admired the neat and attractive school-houses; we praised the men whom we found

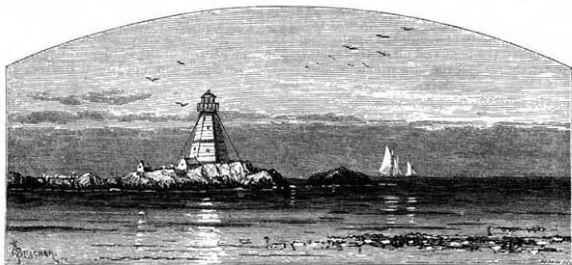
specimens of the birds of the island, prepared by a resident taxidermist; and there, in addition, made a street acquaintance with the buxom wife of the hard-working rector of the English church at Grand Harbor.



attempting to make good roads better; we chaffed the children on their way with baskets and pails after "baked-apples." We drove through long reaches of woods, enriched with the graceful hackmatack, and fragrant with a hundred odors. We snuffed with zest the salt-laden air as it rolled up with the rising mists from beach and headland. In the woods between Centreville and Woodward's Cove we paused before the lowly temple of the Latter-day Saints, and listened to an amusing story from our conductor of the capture of a burglar-tramp who had once taken refuge with his booty in its vacant belfry. At Woodward's Cove we called on Dr. Cameron, the village druggist and physician, to see his fine collection of stuffed

BISHOP'S ROCK.

Further on we smiled at the odd coincidence of passing a house where Isaac Newton lives and a grave-yard where Walter Scott is buried, nearly side by side. We watched with curious interest the habit our vehicle had of passing other travellers to the left, as is the English custom, instead of to the right, as is the custom in "the States." And at last we drew up at Mr. W.



HEAD HARBOR LIGHT.

B. M'Laughlin's, near to Deep Cove, where we found rest, a welcome, and probably the best dinner to be had on Grand Manan.

Mr. M'Laughlin has belonged to the island all his life, and knows it "like a book." Born and bred to the light-house business, he is now the keeper (by deputy) of the lonely Gannet Rock Light, eight miles off in the bay. This desolate ledge of conglomerate, seen at this distance, presents something of the appearance of a ship under full sail. In Mr. M'Laughlin's album we found these lines associated with the spot:

- "On a wrinkled rock in a distant sea
Three white gannets sat in the sun.
They shook the brine from their feathers fine,
And lazily, one by one,
They sunnily slept while the tempest crept.
- "In a painted boat on the distant sea
Three fowlers sailed merrily on;
They each took aim as they came near the game,
And the gannets fell one by one,
And fluttered and died, while the tempest sighed.
- "There came a cloud on the distant sea,
And a darkness came over the sun,
And a storm wind smote on the painted boat,
And the fowlers sank one by one,
Down, down, with their craft, while the tempest
laughed."

The portion of the Bay of Fundy seen from Mr. M'Laughlin's is full of the most dangerous ledges, of which the Gannet Rock is only one. Among them are the Machias Seal Islands, the Murre Ledges, the Roaring Bull, the Old Proprietor, and others whose names are in divers ways suggestive of their character.

Grand Manan was visited by Champlain in 1605. His mention of it, under the names of Mantlane and Manasne, is believed to be the first in history. He anchored off Southern Head. In 1842 Mr. M'Laughlin found on the beach at this point the remains of an old anchor, which he reasons must have been left by Champlain. The shank of this anchor was eleven feet long, and one part of the shank seven inches in diameter—dimensions which would give it an original weight of

at least fourteen hundred-weight. But at the time of discovery it weighed less than three hundred pounds, and for such a reduction of bulk by the action of the elements a period of at least two hundred years is argued.

A characteristic fog, unhappily, was beginning to lessen the enjoyment of the day. It had made its appearance in the early morning, and was now settling down so thickly as to cut us off from all visible connection with the world around. The attractive views which the region of Southern Head commands were no longer to be had. These fogs must ever remain a serious obstacle to the development of Grand Manan as a pleasure resort for the multitude. They come in with the southerly winds, and lie oppressively and gloomily over the bay and all that it contains until there is a change of wind to the northerly quarter. The island is thus sometimes curtained off and roofed in for a week or ten days, and even more. No sun for all this time, no sights; nothing but the cool, gray, penetrating drift of dampness. The fogs are thicker and more frequent at the southern part of the island than at the northern. Naturally, too, they are more prevalent in wet seasons than in dry. And there may come days and even weeks of clear sunshine and fresh breezes and delightful air. The visitor must take his chances; he can hardly calculate the probabilities.

Of the Bay of Fundy in what may be called its glory we had a vivid experience on the day of our departure. At an unseasonably early hour the gruff and impatient whistle of the *Stroud* announced her arrival off our landing. The wind was blowing a gale, and the fog drifted by in dense masses. The tide was too low for the steamer to approach the wharf. She accordingly cast anchor in the roadstead and sent her boat ashore. With difficulty, though scarcely with danger, we were taken aboard the tossing pack-

et; and lo! almost instantly the shore was buried from our sight. The anchor was weighed, the gig was swung up by the davits, the screw started, the bow swung around, the whistle took up its monotonous signaling, and we were off into the thickness of grayness which extended impenetrably in every direction. Once or twice we caught sight of "a lone fisherman" in his skiff at work thus early upon his seine or trawls, and for a while we passed along close in under the bold cliffs of Northern Head, getting a light-house's friendly greeting from Mr. Kent as we rounded Swallow-tail Point on the way. But presently our course was laid for Campobello, and our plucky little steamer struck out through the mists and winds and waves across the open bay. A rough hour or two we had of it, though it could not be said that there was any storm; and the peculiarity of the situation was heightened by the reflection that fairly on shore, twenty miles away, all was probably sunshine and peace.

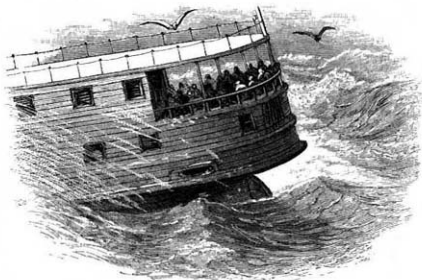
And so we bade good-by to Grand Manan.

At certain states of the tide and in foggy weather the channel between Campobello

Island and the Maine shore below Eastport is not easily navigable by either large vessels or small. It was so on this occasion, and our passage up around the northern head of Campobello would have afforded us, had the fog not been so thick, delightful views of this island's ragged shores, and of Eastport, as seen when approaching from the Bay of Fundy. This entire locality, in clear weather, abounds with charming scenes, which are

constantly blending one with another as you advance among them. The confines of the two intermingling bays are studded with islands, between which long vistas are opening in every direction, disclosing new reaches of water and mountains in the distance. In all this succession of the sublime and the picturesque there is perhaps no spot which will more quickly arrest attention than Head Harbor and its light, at the extreme northeastern point of Campobello. A deep indentation of the sea is here guarded by a natural breakwater of ragged rock. On the very extremity of it stands the light-house, kept by a brother of the Mr. McLaughlin whose acquaintance we made at the Southern Head of Grand Manan.

Looking north from the wharves at Eastport, one has another pleasant view of Indian, Plum, and Cherry islands a mile away, and of the hither end of Deer Island beyond. The waters off the near point of Deer Island are distinguished by the presence of powerful whirlpools, occasioned by the conflicting currents as they sweep round and about the irritating headland. An hour or two before and after the tide reaches its flood these whirlpools become positively dangerous to small boats, which sometimes, venturing too near, have been caught and overwhelmed. Several cases are on record in which row-boats, and even two-sail boats, have been swallowed down in this miniature maelstrom, and a number of lives have been lost in this way. Prudent boatmen give the spot a wide berth. Our smart little river steamer, the *Belle Broen*, running between Eastport and the landings on the St. Croix, cut her way directly across this death-hole in the bay, as if to defy its power, and at the same time illustrate it. She is a long steamer and a stanch one, and the moment of her passage happened to be a couple of hours before the whirlpools would



STEEN REALITIES.

be at their height; but she no sooner touched the writhing currents with her bow than she trembled and recoiled, careened and swung well over, in spite of helm and helmsman, making it easy to see how helpless any small craft would be that should recklessly follow in her course.

Eastport is said to be a pleasant place for a summer sojourn, and is provided with a large hotel, which has a good reputation among travellers. We preferred, however, to seek more original quarters somewhere up the bay, and counted it a kindly providence that directed us to St. Andrews.

The *Belle Broen*, running in connection with the steamers between Boston and St. John, makes one round trip a day between

Eastport and Calais, touching at Robbinston, on the Maine shore, and at St. Andrews and St. Stephens, on the way. The sail up

The town of St. Andrews lies on a tongue of land a mile wide and two or three miles long, jutting out into the bay. The mouth



AT THE POST-OFFICE, ST. ANDREWS.

the bay from Eastport to the mouth of the St. Croix occupies about one hour, and is in every sense delightful. The only possible drawback is a chance fog. The rough waters of the Bay of Fundy are left behind, for it is only in the late autumn and the winter that the generally peaceful Passamaquoddy gives any trouble to the traveler. All the way along one has for company the wooded hill-sides and rocky edges of Deer Island, and farther in the distance on the left the more refined slopes of Perry and adjoining towns of Maine. As the boat draws in sight of St. Andrews the bay opens and deepens to the northward. Big and Little Letete*—passages opening between islands into the Bay of Fundy—came in sight upon the right, and then with growing distinctness the islands themselves, among them Pendleton's and M'Master's, each with some peculiarity which has a beauty of its own. A western headland of M'Master's Island is brilliant with the coloring of metallic soil and rock. It is pre-eminently a subject for a painter. I commend it to the attention of any artist who is prospecting through this region. No pencil sketch can give any idea of its richness and splendor when lighted up by an afternoon sun.

of the St. Croix River adjoins it on the southwest. It is more than beautiful for situation, being favorable for commerce as well. Fifty years ago the largest ships, and plenty of them, lay at its wharves. It was then almost, if not quite, the commercial metropolis of New Brunswick, with half a century or more of honorable and prosperous history already. Its merchants had accumulated wealth, and an atmosphere of culture and refinement was beginning to gather around them. Then a change set in. Commerce deserted to rival ports. Trade took itself elsewhere. And now St. Andrews is "a Sunday town," as one of its

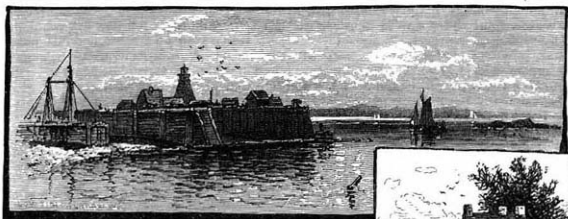
residents described it, with nothing doing. The stranger sees this quickly. The broad streets remain, but they are going to grass. The warehouses still stand, but they are either shut up and empty, or abandoned to petty business. The massive wharves are daily washed by the tides, but few are the ships that load or unload beside them. The New Brunswick and Canada Railroad has a terminal station here, but shows only the signs of an indolent and indigent road, and can hardly give any life to the town or get any from it. Just now St. Andrews rests



A CITIZEN OF ST. ANDREWS.

its hopes for the future on the extension of this road to a connection with Montreal, which would make it Montreal's nearest sea-port by several score of miles, and so restore it, perhaps, to a relation of importance to all the Canadas. At present almost the only sign of animation which the town

* The spelling of this word is derived from the natives. I am not sure of its correctness, nor can I discover the origin or meaning of the term. On the one hand it is said to be of Indian derivation; but may it not be, on the other, some corruption of the French?



LOW TIDE, ST. ANDREWS.

presents is at evening, while the daily mail is being opened; during which period of suspense the street in front of the office is occupied with an impatient throng of citizens.

But a far likelier fulfillment of its destiny would seem to be the development of its resources as a summer resort. For this it is admirably adapted. Remote and yet easily accessible, roomy and generous in its topography and architecture, commanding at once the finest facilities for recreation both on the water and on the land, environed with varied and impressive scenery, and a convenient point of departure for at least half a dozen places of exceptional interest, it has certainly rare endowments for the purpose named. Its un-American aspect would increase the charm for Americans. Already, indeed, capital and enterprise have realized the opportunity which St. Andrews presents for an investment in this direction, and have erected an immense hotel near the extremity of the point. The projectors became embarrassed, however, and the building has stood unfinished for several years. With this hotel completed, St. Andrews could present attractions of the first order. As it is, there are one or two boarding-houses in the town and a comfortable tavern.

Persons of quiet tastes, who like to get into scenes the reverse of Newport and Saratoga and Narragansett Pier, would never tire of sauntering about the desolate streets and the deserted wharves of this old border town of the Provinces. There is a fine English church, with a courtly canon-rector and a daily service. The old burial-ground pertaining to this church is a pleasant place in which to spend an hour.

A curious old church is the Scotch Kirk, called also the Greenock Church, and bearing on the front face of its tower an image in relief of a huge oak-tree, painted green, with the inscription, "Finished June 1824." There is a curious history connected with this house of prayer. It was begun by the congregation, who found themselves unable

to finish. A rich eccentric old gentleman helped them out.

Presently he quarrelled with them, locked up the church, and went away. In time he relented, returned to St. Andrews, bearing a dove as an emblem of peace, mounted the dove over the pulpit, and restored the congregation to their former occupancy. The dove, holding an olive-branch in its mouth, remains to this day. The pulpit is fearfully and wonderfully made—a regular double-decker. What governs the minister in his selection between the two stories I am unable to say. When he occupies the upper, I can testify to the loftiness of his eloquence.

On the crown of the hill just back of the town are the ruins of Fort Tipperary—a now deserted military post, once of importance, when British apprehensions found it necessary to guard the border—and a mile or two beyond, still to the north, rises Chamcook Mountain. The summit of Chamcook is easily gained, and commands a magnificent view for miles in all directions, including in clear weather not only the St. Croix River, the Maine and New Brunswick background, and Passamaquoddy Bay, but the Bay of Fundy, the headlands of Grand Manan, and, with a good glass, even the low line of the Nova Scotia shore. A romantic excursion may be made from St. Andrews to St. George, "up Magaguadavick" way, among the mountains which flank the northern shores of Passamaquoddy Bay—one that may be accomplished either by land or water. Here is a village of a few hundred inhabitants of the true Provincial type, a fine water-fall on the Magaguadavick River, a Lake Utopia, and a valuable deposit of red



* Pronounced Makadavick.

granite. A wheezy little tug-boat makes the trip several times a week between St. Andrews and St. George.

Two practical remarks, in conclusion, to any reader who may be tempted by these pages to a jaunt toward Grand Manan and Passamaquoddy Bay:

1. Dress warmly, in semi-winter under-

clothing, with thick and serviceable outer garments, and carry a heavy overcoat.

2. Bring your own table napkins, unless you are willing to use one that "belongs to the house" and to the public generally. The hotels of New Brunswick have not, all of them, learned to be tidily accommodating in this vital matter of prandial comfort.



THE WRECK.

MACLEOD OF DARE.

CHAPTER IV.

WONDER-LAND.

A COOL evening in June, the club windows open, a clear twilight shining over Pall Mall, and a *tête-à-tête* dinner at a small, clean, bright table—these are not the conditions in which a young man should show impatience. And yet the cunning dishes which Mr. Ogilvie, who had a certain pride in his club, though it was only one of the junior institutions, had placed before his friend, met with but scant curiosity: Macleod would rather have handed questions of cookery over to his cousin Janet. Nor did he pay much heed to his companion's sage advice as to the sort of club he should have himself proposed at, with a view to getting elected in a dozen or fifteen years. A young man is apt to let his life at forty shift for itself.

"You seem very anxious to see Miss White again," said Mr. Ogilvie, with a slight smile.

"I wish to make all the friends I can while I am in London," said Macleod. "What shall I do in this howling wilderness when you go back to Aldershot?"

"I don't think Miss Gertrude White will be of much use to you. Colonel Ross may be. Or Lord Beauregard. But you can not expect young ladies to take you about."

"No?" said Macleod, gravely; "that is a great pity."

Mr. Ogilvie, who, with all his knowledge of the world, and of wines, and cookery, and women, and what not, had sometimes an uneasy consciousness that his companion was covertly laughing at him, here proposed that they should have a cigar before walking up to the Piccadilly Theatre; but as it was now ten minutes to eight, Macleod resolutely refused. He begged to be considered a country person, anxious to see the piece from the beginning. And so they put on their light top-coats over their evening dress and walked up to the theatre.

A distant sound of music, an odor of escaped gas, a perilous descent of a corkscrew staircase, a drawing aside of heavy curtains, and then a blaze of yellow light shining within this circular building, on its red satin and gilt plaster, and on the spacious picture of a blue Italian lake, with peacocks on the wide stone terraces. The noise at first was bewildering. The leader of the orchestra was sawing away at his violin as savagely as if he were calling on his company to rush up and seize a battery of guns. What was the melody that was being banged about by the trombones, and blared aloud by the shrill cornets, and sawed across by the infuriated violins? "When the heart of a man is oppressed with care." The cure was never insisted on with such an angry vehemence.

Recovering from the first shock of this