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## GRAND MANAN

By William I. Cole.

"FARTHER west are other islands; among them one six leagues in length, called by the savages, Manthane, south of which there are among the islands several good harbors for vessels." With this casual mention by Champlain in his description of his explorations in the Bay of Fundy in 1604-5, Grand Manan first appears upon the page of history.

Two years later the same explorer put in at this island and "anchored in a sandy cove, exposed to the sea and the south wind." Of his rough experience in this place, which could not have been one of the "several good harbors for vessels," he has left a graphic account. "The latter [the south wind]," he writes, "increased during the night to such impetuosity that we could not stand by our anchor, and were compelled without choice to go ashore, at the mercy of God and the waves. The latter were so heavy and furious that while we were attaching the buoy to the anchor, so as to cut the cable at the hawse-hole, it did not give us time, but broke straightway of itself. The wind and

the sea cast us as the wave receded upon a little rock, and we awaited only the moment to see our bark break up, and to save ourselves if possible upon its fragments. In these desperate straits, after we had received several waves, there came one so large and fortunate for us that it carried us over the rock, and threw us on a little sandy beach, which insured us this time from shipwreck."

Whether or not the curious anchor found fifty years ago on the supposed scene of this narrow escape from shipwreck is the one that Champlain and his crew could not "stand by" can be only a matter of conjecture. Its appearance gives indubitable evidence of long exposure to the corrosion of the sea. With a shank eleven feet long and at one part seven inches in diameter, it must have weighed originally not less than fifteen hundred pounds; but when discovered in 1842 its weight had been reduced by rust to barely one-third of this. Would less than two hundred and fifty years have been required for the waves to eat away so much hard iron? But as to the anchor's being a token of



WHALE COVE.

Champlain's visit to this spot, all that can be said is the trite phrase: "Interesting, if true!"

Manan is an Indian word signifying an island. There is some difference as to its orthography. Champlain, as has been noted, first speaks of it as Manthane. In another instance he calls it Mananse. But the great navigator was careless in the spelling of proper names. To-day the subjects

of her Majesty spell it Grand Manan; while the citizens of the United States usually write Grand Menan. A customs' officer has only to note the first vowel in the second part of the name on the parcels that reach the island to make himself tolerably certain whence they come.

Of the approach to Grand Manan from the west, Audubon, who visited the Bay of Fundy in 1833 to study



FLAGG'S COVE.

sea birds, has recorded a characteristic description. "We approached apace," he writes in his journal, "the island of Grand Manan, of which the stupendous cliffs gradually emerged from the deep with the majestic boldness of her noblest native chief. Soon our bark passed beneath its craggy head, covered with trees, which on account of the height seemed scarcely larger than shrubs. The prudent raven spread her pinions, launched from the cliff, and flew away before us; the golden eagle, soaring aloft, moved majestically along in wide circles; the guillemonts sat on their eggs

would apply almost equally well to-day.

The island itself is about twenty-two miles long and from three to six miles wide. It lies in the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, anciently called Frenchman's Bay. The furious tide for which this bay is distinguished sweeps by the shores with great force, rising eighteen feet on the west side and seventeen on the east.

The west coast of the island is lined with a succession of massive cliffs, which appear to one approaching from Eastport like a long and unbroken purple wall. These great



"SIX DAYS' WORK."

upon the shelvy precipices, or plunging into the water, dived, and rose again at a great distance; the broad-breasted eider duck covered her eggs among the grassy tufts; on a naked rock the seal lazily basked, its sleek sides glistening in the sunshine; while shoals of porpoises were swiftly gliding through the waters around us, showing by their gambols that although doomed to the deep, their life was not devoid of pleasure. Far away stood the bold shores of Nova Scotia, gradually fading in the distance, of which the gray tints beautifully relieved the wing-like sails of many a fishing bark." Although written so many years ago, this description

precipices are the loftiest at the northern end, where they rise four hundred feet, sinking down gradually as they extend toward the southern terminus, where they are three hundred feet high.

The only considerable break in this stupendous wall is Whale Cove, a broad bay in the shape of a horse-shoe. Here the view is surpassingly fine. On one side, rising to a great height, is Fish Head, and on the other, the cliffs of Eel Brook and Northern Head, the latter extending out beyond its neighbors; and between, the blue water and sky. Back of the high shingle beach, which extends entirely across the bottom of the bay, is a

stretch of meadow, swelling upward into the low, broad ridge separating this cove from Flagg's Cove, which makes in from the east. On the highest part of this ridge stands a pretty Gothic chapel, commanding a sweeping view of the water on both sides of the island.

Whale Cove, one can readily believe, was the "pretty cove on the south of the Island Manan" where Champlain dropped anchor a few months after his escape from threat-

deal of which takes the basaltic character of the Giant's Causeway. Among the trap-rock are to be found small specimens of native copper. Beautiful pebbles of porphyry, jasper and agate, besides other minerals, may be picked up on the beach at Whale Cove.

Eel Brook is associated with some of the most dreadful shipwrecks that have occurred in the Bay of Fundy. On its melancholy cliffs the *Lord Ashburton* went ashore one night fifty



NORTHERN HEAD.

ened disaster already described. To be sure, it is on the west side of the island, but the explorer's map was so "oriented" that it would appear to be on the south.

The geological character of the Grand Manan cliffs is variable. A large portion of the rock shows signs of stratification, especially at one point where from their resemblance to courses of masonry the precipices have received the name of the Seven Days' Work. But there are also immense masses of trap-rock, a great

years ago, in a terrific gale and blinding snowstorm, and out of a crew of twenty-nine men all but eight perished. In the little graveyard at Flagg's Cove, twenty-one of the lost seamen sleep in one long grave. A lettered board over the enclosure reads: "Here lie the remains of 21 seamen of the ship *Lord Ashburton*; drowned 19th Jan., 1857."

Near the scene of this tragedy, a fog horn, operated by steam, now gives warning to passing vessels whenever the fog, darkness or storm



THE GRAVEYARD AT FLAG'S COVE.

throws a mantle around these dangerous rocks.

On the eastern side of the mountain-like Northern Head, a detached mass of rock bears a curious resemblance to a tonsured monk sitting in a chair. This has long been honored with the name Bishop's Head.

One of the two lighthouses on the island is at Swallow Tail, a picturesque, fan-shaped promontory a short distance east from Northern Head. Of the scene from this spot on a stormy day, Leavitt gives a striking picture in one of his poems:

"The picture view! That wild sublimity.—  
Omnipotence has waked and hurled the  
storm,  
Tossing the deep to tumult round that  
tower,  
Rising defiant on its ocean rock,

Dashes the maniac wave,  
whose flying spray  
Hung high in air, before the  
tempest streams;  
While sea birds circle on ex-  
ultant wing,  
Silent and calm, above the  
roar and foam  
Of battling elements."

South of Whale Cove is Dark Harbor, a place of romantic scenery. The harbor, about a mile long and half a mile wide, is formed by the sea wall. In 1846 a channel was cut through the sea wall, when the sea rushed in and

raised the level of the water eight feet, giving, ordinarily, a depth of from five to nine fathoms. Vessels can enter the harbor at about two hours from high water and lie in perfect safety. This is a station for catching, smoking and packing herring, and has but a small group of buildings. A path leads through the woods to Money Cove, which tradition has invested with wild stories of Captain Kidd and his buried treasure.

But interesting and picturesque as are all parts of Grand Manan, the climax of solitary wildness and grandeur is to be found, as a traveller wrote long ago, "only in the Great Cliffs at Southern Head." "We emerge from the shrubbery," he continues, "to find ourselves on the top of Hay Point,



SWALLOW TAIL LIGHT.



SOUTHERN CROSS.

gazing perpendicularly down at the sea, which dashes, at the base of the cliff over which we lean, some two hundred and fifty feet below. A few rods farther on, and we come to the new Southern Head Lighthouse. From thence for a mile farther we pace along the deeply indented edge of the dizzy height, as upon a lofty esplanade, enjoying its solitary grandeur, enhanced by the wild screams of hundreds of circling sea gulls, until at last we arrive opposite the Old Maid."

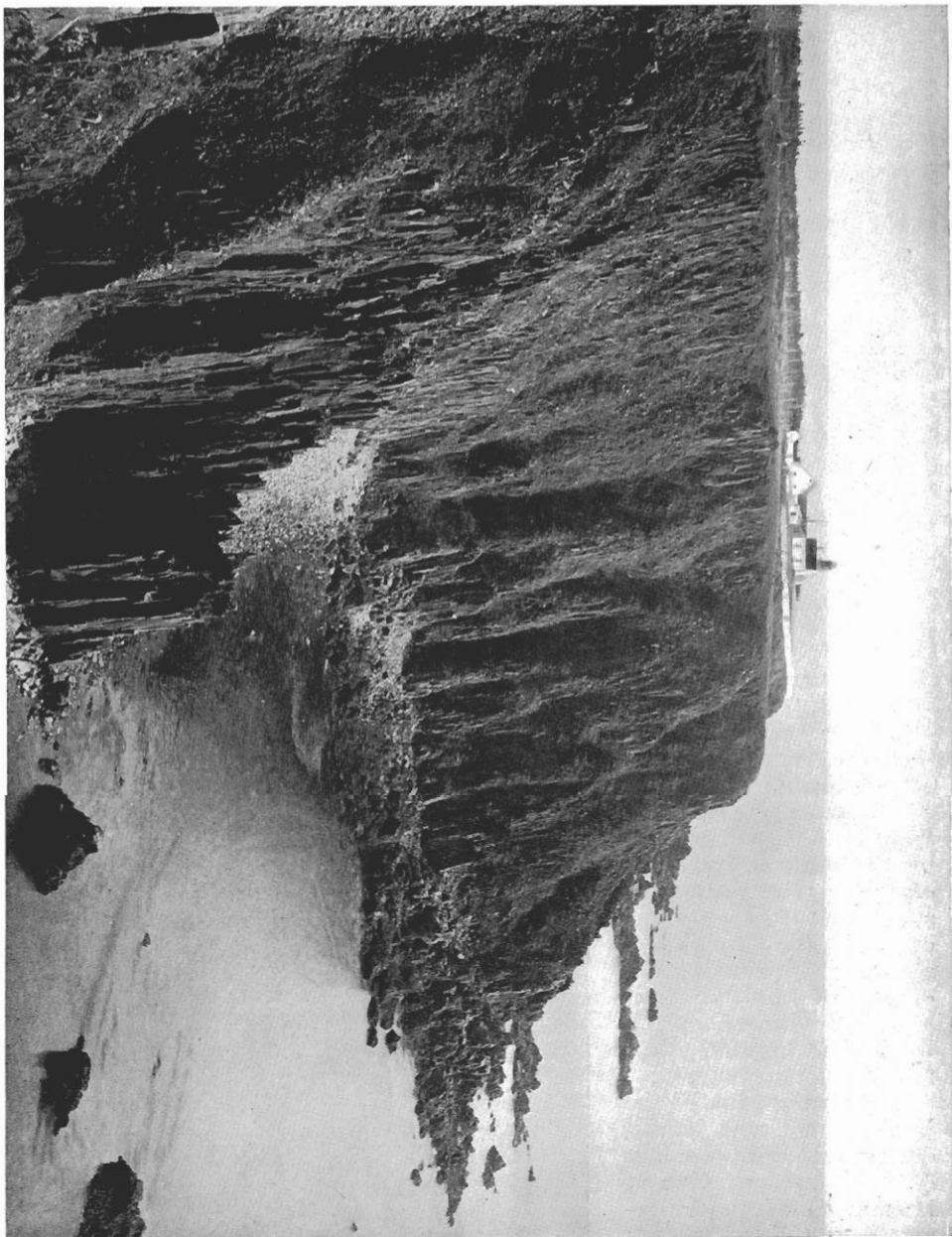
The Old Maid, it should be said in explanation, is another example of nature's rough carving in stone. As if to offset the Bishop of Northern Head, this isolated rock has been likened to a woman of giantess size. By a strange contradiction of vision, however, the same rock has been taken to resemble a cross, and is quite as often called the Southern Cross. Whether woman or cross seems to depend upon the point of view.

From the northern end, where it attains its greatest elevation, the island, as has been said, slopes slightly toward the south. It descends also

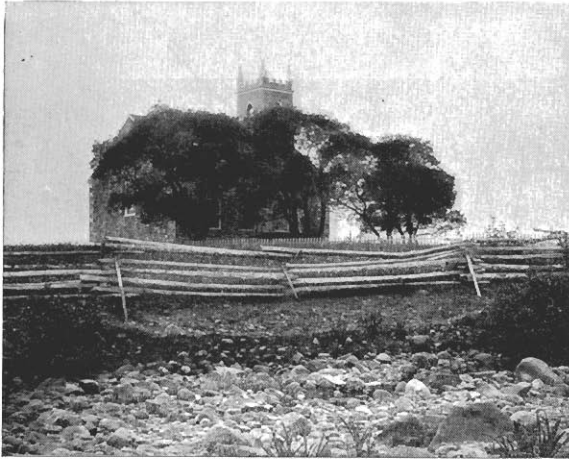
eastward, until in the middle portions it sinks under the sea. There are no cliffs on this side, except at the northern end and in one or two places toward the south. The villages and roads are, of course, confined to this side. Only a few narrow cart tracks extend to the other side, which is generally reached by going through the woods on foot.

Flagg's Cove is the first of the settlements, beginning at the upper end, which are strung along a well built government road skirting the shore for twelve or fifteen miles. After this come in order, Centreville, Woodward's Cove, Grand Harbor, and Seal Cove. To these should be added, perhaps, White Head Harbor, on White Head Island, which is connected with the main island by sand bars passable on foot when the tide is out.

Grand Harbor, the chief of these villages, is situated on a safe and shallow bay of the same name into which flows a fairly large stream known as Bonny's Brook. It has an Episcopal church of stone, two or three stores, post office, telegraph of-



SOUTHERN HEAD.



A GRAND MANAN CHURCH.

fice—the island is in cable communication with the mainland—besides a small inn. There is considerable small shipping at this place. The steamer, however, that plies between the island and Eastport and St. John receives and discharges its freight and passengers at Flagg's Cove, where is to be found the principal hotel of the island and, indeed, the only hotel patronized by tourists.

On one occasion, in the War of 1812, an American privateer entered Grand Harbor and seized a vessel quietly riding at anchor in Bonny's Brook. A second attempt by the same privateer to capture a prize was not so successful; for the owners of the sought-for schooner, anticipating another visit from the Yankees, had removed a plank from its bottom, thus making it unseaworthy.

But all the calls of the Yankees at Grand Manan during this war were not of a like nature. One at least was made under reversed conditions, when a British cruiser chased a privateer of the enemy so hotly that the pursued vessel ran ashore on the

northern side of the island. The crew, however, escaping to the woods and making their way to Seal Cove, seized a large boat, and, as it is supposed, landed safely on the coast of Maine.

Woodward's Cove enjoys the questionable distinction of having been at one time the site of a Mormon temple, described as "a large building, having no outward decorations—a plain specimen of plainest style of architecture—unadorned by any paint or paintings within or without." It was in the cupola of this edifice that, a number of years ago, a burglar established himself and lived for some time in peace and plenty while preying on the neighborhood. But curiosity, which prompted him to look out one Sabbath morning from his lofty retreat, was the cause of his undoing. Two years and six months in the penitentiary was the price that he paid for this indiscretion. Since then the temple has been burned and the followers of Joseph Smith who worshipped there have been scattered.



IN THE INTERIOR.



In contrast with these villages, with their stores, telegraph offices, and neat modern houses, is Sprague's Cove, a half-deserted and dilapidated fishing hamlet, touching at one end the cliffs of Swallow Tail. But what Sprague's Cove may lack in all other respects is made up to it in picturesqueness. "The old boats," to quote a visitor to this place, "the tumble-down storehouses, the picturesque costumes, the breaking surf, and all the miscellaneous paraphernalia of such a place, set off as they are by

poises with a rifle and, before they have time to sink, paddle up and make fast with a lance, when the creature is dead taking it into the canoe.

In the vicinity of 1776 a white family by the name of Bonny arrived from the mainland of New Brunswick and established themselves near Grand Harbor, where the stream flowing into the harbor is still called Bonny's Brook.

Bonny and his family remained unmolested for about three years, when they were finally ordered to leave by



GRAND MANAN FISHERMEN.

the noble background of richly colored cliffs, produce an effect that is as rare as beautiful."

Down to the time of the American Revolution, Grand Manan appears to have been inhabited only by the Indians. A reminder of this aboriginal occupation is furnished by Indian Beach, on the west side, where quite a colony of Indians is still to be found. These Indians, it may be noted in passing, are of the Passamaquoddy tribe and depend mainly for a livelihood on catching porpoises for their oil. Their custom is to shoot the por-

poises with a rifle, under the direction of a Colonel John Allen, who in 1777 conducted operations in eastern Maine, then, of course, a part of Massachusetts.

One of the earliest settlers on the island was Moses Gerrish, of Massachusetts, who adhered to the king when the Revolution broke out and was attached to the Commissary department of the royal navy. After peace was declared, in connection with two other royalists, he obtained license of occupation of this island, together with New Brunswick and its



DARK HARBOR.

dependencies; and, on condition of obtaining forty settlers, a schoolmaster and clergyman, within seven years of the date of the license, the three were to have a grant of the whole from the crown. They sold lots in anticipation of the title, but in the end failed to get the grant. One of the number returned to the United States, but the other two remained. Gerrish, who, according to testimony, was a man of considerable ability, received a magistrate's appointment and held that office until his death in 1830. Following close upon these three came William Cheney and family from Newburyport, Massachusetts, and others.

But all of the first settlers were not of this character. One, at least, was a fugitive from justice. His name was Wheeler, and he had been connected with a gang of counterfeiters—four in number—who had made their headquarters at a spot on the banks of the St. Croix River. Officers had been sent to arrest them, and a member of the gang had shot one of these. The murderer and one other of the coun-

terfeiters were arrested and punished, but the remaining two escaped, Wheeler, with his wife, making his way to Grand Manan and settling at Seal Cove. The story of his slowly starving to death in that rough, wild place is perhaps the most terrible in the annals of the island. After his death, his wife, reduced as she was by hunger, made her way to Harbor Island to obtain assistance to bury the body. A hop vine planted by Wheeler still marks the spot where stood the log cabin that sheltered this guilty and wretched pair.

It may not be uninteresting to add that the crucibles used by these counterfeiters were dug up some years ago

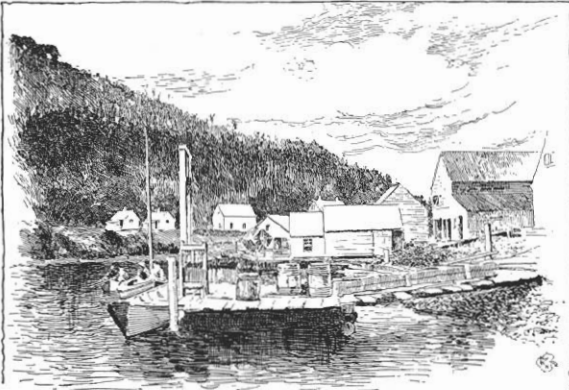


A FISH CART.

near the site of Wheeler's hut, probably hidden by him for future use.

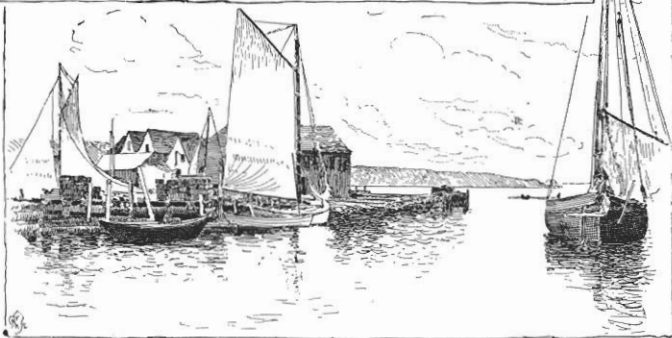
A writer about 1818 gives with much precision the population of Grand Manan at that time as "71 fam-

cially the sole industry. Immense quantities of cod, haddock, hake and herring are caught, cured, packed and shipped to all parts of the world annually. At one time farming was carried on in the interior of the island, but this has long since been abandoned. Only on occasional cellar shows where a farmhouse once stood. The middle of the island is left without inhabitants.



ilies, 74 men, 70 women, 119 boys, 121 girls—384 total." "Its fisheries," the same writer says, "are in great esteem with the Americans; upwards of 100 sail of vessel, besides boats, have at one time been seen at anchor on the ridge of Long Cove."

The population to-day is somewhere between twenty-seven hundred and three thousand. The fisheries continue to be the chief, if not practi-



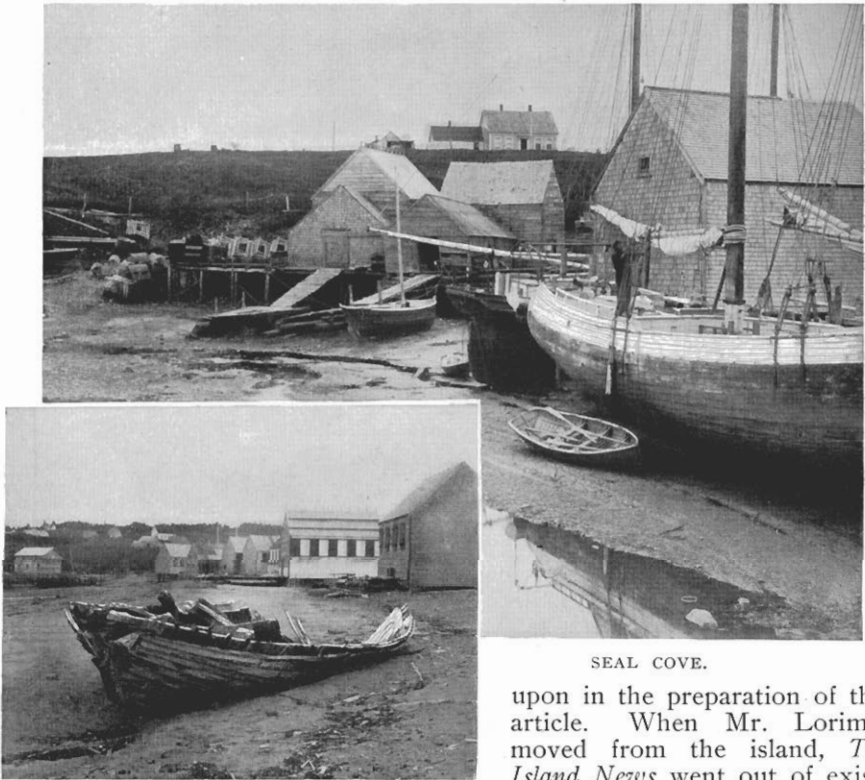
GLIMPSES AT DARK HARBOR.

The religious life of the island centres around eleven churches. Two of these belong to the Episcopalians, five to the Freewill Baptists, two to the

Holiness Baptists, one to the Methodists, and one is a union church. Each church and parish is obliged to share the services of its pastor with one or more other parishes on the island or elsewhere. The Salvation Army also has found its way hither.

Church going, as the number of religious edifices would imply, is very general. The summer visitor has not as yet introduced the "Continental

A weekly and, for a while, semi-weekly newspaper, *The Island News*, was published here at one time. The editor, Mr. John G. Lorimer, in addition to his journalistic work prepared a "History of the Islands and Islets of the Bay of Fundy." This book, copies of which are now extremely rare, contained much interesting and valuable information about the region of which it treats, and has been drawn



SEAL COVE.

Sabbath." On that day boats rarely put out, and the doors of the livery stables are kept closed. The people themselves represent a high type of order and morality. Crime of any sort is of very infrequent occurrence. Prohibition has been a fact as well as a theory for the greater part of more than fifty years. It is a "prohibition that prohibits." A drunken man would be regarded as a curiosity.

upon in the preparation of this article. When Mr. Lorimer moved from the island, *The Island News* went out of existence, after a life of six or seven years.

There are no snakes or bears on Grand Manan. Moses Gerrish, the pioneer settler already alluded to, brought a pair of moose to the island and dismissed them to the woods. In course of time they became quite numerous. They are now, however, extinct. More permanent success attended the introduction of frogs, toads, rabbits, foxes and deer, none of



STRINGING HERRING.

which were to be found on the island much before the middle of the century. One does not now miss the shrill piping of the frog on a summer's evening or remark at any time the absence of rabbits, which are numerous in all parts of the island. The killing of deer is regulated by law.

But sea birds in great variety have abounded both here and on all the other islands of the bay from time immemorial. Champlain, in the voyage description already quoted, says, "Thence [from Cape Sable] we went to Cormorant Island, a league distant, so called from the infinite number of cormorants found there, of whose eggs we collected a cask full." Elsewhere in the same journal he speaks of an island where "we saw so great a quantity of birds, called penguins, that we killed them easily with sticks," and of two other islands on which "there is such an abundance of birds of different sorts that one would not imagine it, if one had not seen them." Myriads of sea gulls and stormy petrels breed at Grand Manan and on the adjacent islets.

Audubon, who studied gulls at White Head, where he was the guest of a Mr. Frankland, noted a singular habit of the gulls there, which he describes with his wonted minuteness. He says: "As we came up to the place I observed that many of the gulls had

alighted, on the fir trees, while a vast number were sailing around, and when we advanced, the former took to wing, abandoning their nests and all flew about uttering incessant cries. I was greatly surprised to see the nests placed on branches, some near the top, others about the middle or on the lower parts of the trees, while

at the same time there were many on the ground." This strange habit of nesting in trees had been acquired by the gulls, he was informed, within his host's recollection; for when Mr. Frankland first came here many years previously, "they all built their nests on the moss and in open ground; but as his sons and the fishermen collected most of their eggs for winter use, and sadly annoyed the poor things, the old ones gradually began to put up their



A NATIVE.



THE ISLAND ROAD.

ests on the trees in the thickest part of the woods." The same unusual phenomenon of web-footed birds building their nests in trees, like crows, is still to be seen at White Head.

Pelagic life is no less abundant and varied at Grand Manan than bird life, on account of the proximity of deep water. An exhaustive study of the marine fauna of this region was made in 1853 by William Stimpson, the results of which were afterward published by the Smithsonian Institution, under the title of "Marine Invertebrata of Grand Manan."

Situated as it is well out in the bay,

has been the scene of almost countless shipwrecks. The wreck of the *Lord Ashburton* has been touched upon already. Of the eight survivors only one, so far as known, is now living. He still resides on the island, where he has made his home for more than forty years, following the peaceful trade of shoemaker. The story of that terrible night, as he continues to tell it,



HOMES OF THE NATIVES.

and presenting a coast of cliff and ledge to the fiercely rushing tides, Grand Manan, as one would expect,

never fails to thrill the listener. In substance it is as follows:

The *Lord Ashburton*, a ship of about one thousand tons burthen, sailed from Toulon, in ballast, on November 17, 1856, bound for St. John, New

Brünswick, after lumber. Its crew consisted of twenty-nine men all told. They made Cape Sable in the afternoon of Christmas day, and in due time entered the Bay of Fundy and sighted Grand Manan; but fierce head winds compelled them to put to sea again. Three times successively they sighted the island, and three times were beaten back in their course. On January 17, however, they succeeded in getting within ten miles of Partridge Island Light, at the entrance of St. John Harbor, their long-sought port. Once more they encountered adverse winds, this time attended by a heavy snow, and were obliged to heave to until the storm should abate. From that time on they were at the mercy of the wind and waves. About an hour after midnight of the following day, the Sabbath, the ship struck, and, listing, began immediately to break up. Those of the crew that were not swept away at once by the tremendous sea that was running threw themselves into the water and struggled to reach the shore. Of the handful that finally emerged upon the beach, three succeeded in scaling the cliffs, which at this place are no less than two hundred feet high. Such a feat, little short of the miraculous, would have been impossible had not the wind held the men against the rocks and practically lifted them from point to point. One of the three was the narrator from whose lips these facts were learned. More dead than alive, with both feet frozen, he at once set off seeking assistance for himself and his companions. After travelling some distance through the snow, he came to the cabin of an aged couple near where the fog whistle now stands. The man hastened to the nearest settlement with the tidings and very soon succor reached the wretched men still clinging to the rocks.

On the same point of rock where the *Lord Ashburton* went ashore the *Sarah Sloane* was afterward wrecked and all but one of the crew, a young

mulatto, perished. Other notable wrecks on the island or in its immediate vicinity are those of the *Mauritius*, two weeks before the *Lord Ashburton*; the *Humber*, about 1873; the *Turkish Empire*, in 1878; and, quite recently, the steamer *Warwick*. But these are only a few of the great fleet, doubtless, that has been dashed to pieces on this coast since the time of Champlain; and the number of seamen who have found here a watery grave will never be told until that day when the sea shall give up its dead.

The writer of the early part of this century, to whom reference has already been made, gives a list of the wrecks that occurred here between 1791 and the time of his writing, about 1818. This includes four ships, three brigs, and three schooners. Nearly every year since then has added one or more to the list, and nearly every year to come will, undoubtedly, continue to do so, in spite of fog whistle and lighthouses, as long as men go down to the sea in ships.

Grand Manan is more properly an archipelago than an island, the smaller members of the group lying east of the largest. The more important of these smaller islands are Long Island, the Duck Islands, White Head, Three Islands, and Wood Island. With its islets, all of which are picturesque, Grand Manan proper has been likened to Nereus attended by her beautiful daughters. This simile is not altogether inapt.

No account of this general region would be quite complete without a reference to an old-time wonder here of which Charlevoix speaks. "It is even asserted," he says, "that at three-fourths of a league off Isle Menane, which serves as a guide to vessels to enter St. John's River, there is a rock, almost always covered by the sea, which is of lapis lazuli." It is added that Commander de Razilli broke off a piece, which he sent to France, and Sieur Denys, who had seen it, says that it was valued at ten crowns an ounce. This legend seems to have

passed completely away from the bay.

As a place of summer resort, Grand Manan is in some respects without a rival. "Here," to quote De Costa, "the opportunities for recreation are unequalled, and all persons fond of grand sea views may indulge their taste without limit." At certain seasons the fog is abundant, but that can be endured. Invalids suffering from gout and dyspepsia receive here, so it is claimed, much benefit; very likely, as the guidebook suggests, from the enforced abstinence from rich food.

For many years the island has been a favorite haunt of marine painters, as the many familiar pictures of its scen-

ery bear witness. Posing as models is almost a recognized occupation among the fishermen.

No longer can Grand Manan be passed by with a casual remark, as in the days of Champlain. Its three thousand inhabitants constitute a not unimportant parish of the province to which it belongs; and its extensive fisheries have made its name familiar in many of the leading markets of the world. But the island will ever be known first and foremost as a "paradise of cliffs," where to scenery of the grandest order are added historic incident and romantic association, together with that melancholy interest conferred by the oft-repeated tragedy of the sea.



## ONE JUNE.

*By Emma Playter Seabury.*

THERE is only one June in the world to me,  
 Steeped in fragrance and all attune;  
 And I care not where you may chance to be,  
 In the dear old past you can only see  
 The glamour and glow of one perfect June.

You remember we quarrelled and parted; I  
 Came back with a soul that was all unrest;  
 The moon and stars were afloat in the sky  
 Of golden vapor; I heard you sigh,  
 And clasped you close to my heaving breast.

No need for words, but I felt your tears,  
 And kissed them away from your eyelids wet.  
 They melted the pain of the vanished years;  
 Life was too full for a thought of fears,  
 Too full for even a vague regret.