



BY W. A. CROFFUT.

"So THIS is where the sun rises?" I asked a tall and muscular woman who stood menacingly behind the counter of a store in Lubec, Me.

"Yes, sir; this is the spot!" she answered, promptly, leaning forward on her red arms; "and we hustle around early in the morning and pry it up with a crowbar!"

She looked as if she was in the habit of performing the feat.

Close at hand Fort Sullivan commands the harbor with its artillery, or, at any rate, makes some pretense of doing so. And Quoddy Head projects into the Queen's dominions like the prow of a hostile ship—the easternmost point of land in the United States.

Here is Passamaquoddy Bay, one of the finest archipelagoes in the world. It is a pleasant triangle of water thrust up between Maine and New Brunswick, and the shores are so very irregular, and the bayous and estuaries are so very long and crooked and narrow, that the whole seems a deformed giant hand, with fluent fingers outspread to the northwest. Along the front shore line Campobello and Deer Islands fence off the encroaching sea, so outlining and masking the great harbor from Lubec to St. Andrews, that all the navies of the world might there safely lie at anchor.

Southward loom the purple cliffs of Grand Manan, and further west, across the Bay of Fundy, is the faint horizon line of blue defining Western Nova Scotia—that "Acadie, home of the happy," whose distresses the poet has pictured in "Evangeline."

By the way, this Acadia is not, as has been supposed, a modern adaptation of the fanciful Arcadia of old—the land of peaceful ways and

simple manners—but it is in its French form, "Acadie," a corruption of the Openango word "quoddy," meaning pollock. It is but natural and most appropriate that this habitat of the great fish should perpetuate its Indian name in its waters and its shores.

In this harbor the tide rises twenty-five feet—not as high as at the head of the Bay of Fundy, but high enough to fill the visitor with surprise, and sometimes with alarm. Twenty-five feet in six hours is nearly an inch a minute, a tremendously rapid variation in the level of a shore on which the eye is fixed. Many of the coasting skippers of these parts adapt their vessels to the fluent convulsions by equipping them with two extra keels from stem to stern, six or eight feet from the true keel, and descending to the same level, so that when the harbor has run dry each vessel stands up sturdily in the mud on three efficient legs. It is a common thing to see in St. John Harbor these lounging tripods standing about the bottom of the slips; and the trading farmers are accustomed to get at them by driving down an inclined gangway through the wharf,



THE OLD FRIAR.

baiting their horses on the bottom of the harbor, in the shadow of the vessel they have dealings with, and establishing commercial relations by means of a tackle hung from the yardarm overhead.

Throughout this region every week of summer is cool. The rooms at the hotels are arranged for a little wood fire, and these are generally lighted every day and evening. Blankets are needed on the bed at night. Strawberries may be had for every breakfast in June, July and August, and fish are plenty, varied and savory.

There cannot be many finer fishing places in the world than this. On a reasonably clear day a party of two to twenty can hire one of the sailboats here and be insured capital sport where the tidal waves meet between Campobello and Deer Island. The boat is a capacious, clumsy thing, something like thirty feet long and twelve wide, and scowl-like in general build and movement; but it seems adapted to the business in hand. The skipper shakes out the canvas of his scow, tacks up the bay and makes his way to the enchanted ground of fish—about twenty acres of bubbling and seething water, where tides from two directions meet, already occupied by a hundred other boats similar to his own. These are mostly present for business, and managed by experienced tars who know how to capture every beast that touches the infant herring wriggling on the hook. It is deep-water fishing—twenty fathoms of line out—and the boats follow each other around and around the limited piscivorous paradise, floating down to fish, then tacking up into place again, a slow and measured minuet.

Fish bite greedily, and there are white flashes in the air every minute. Even women successfully practice fishing here, and lads pull out pollock nearly as heavy as themselves. The fish are of varieties that grow large—pollock, haddock, cod, hake.

They do not coquette with the hook like a trout in the Adirondack brooks, or like the salmon of Scottish lakes that Black tells us all about in "White Heather," but while they pull sometimes with considerable curiosity and inquisitiveness, when they have failed to guess the conundrum they come to the captor without much fighting.

"Oh, I've got 'im! I feel 'im bite!" cried the lady who had flung her line off the lee quarter. "Oh, he pulls! See 'im try to get away!"

"Take care, or you'll lose 'im!" said the skipper, in warning accents.

"Oh, dear!" she went on; "how he jerks! He's trying to get away. Oh, dear! What shall I do?"

"Yank 'im in!" shouted several fishermen in chorus.

That apparently gave her a new idea, and she began pulling in her 125-foot line, hand over hand, uttering excited ejaculations all the while. "Oh, dear! I'm so afraid he'll get away! Oh, how he jumps! There! He's gone! No, there he is again! Oh, dear! Oh, see 'im kick!" and so on, till he presumably gave it up and sailed within reach of the gleaming boat hook, that caught him under the gills and landed him on deck—a twenty-pounder—a good-sized fish, but by no means the largest of the day.

The skipper looked thoughtful as he relieved the hook of the fish and substituted a minnow. He looked serious and troubled, as if he wanted to say something. The helm hung motionless under my hand as I waited for him to speak. The others turned and looked at him inquiringly, and the girl at the lee quarter said: "What is it, Cap'n Loomis?"

He straightened up, expectorated overboard, wiped his brow with a red silk bandanna, and remarked: "Fish likes conversation, but 'tain't good fer 'em. They're willin' to be entertained, and it's well known that they're fond of the human voice; but if you show an inclination to be sociable they'll mebbly listen to your yarn, only they'll kick yer hook an' laugh at you."

We profited by the skipper's experience, and when, at the end of a couple of hours' waltzing, he turned the sailboat's prow once more toward the Old Friar, we four had thrown into the darkened hold not less than two hundred pounds of fish, including some handsome and toothsome cod.

The Friar (see illustration) is an isolated pillar of limestone standing in the bay a hundred feet from the high cliff, and so tall and strange that it has, since Admiral Owen took possession of Campobello, been known by the name it bears. The myth is that a wicked friar was petrified and set up there as a conspicuous landmark and warning to evildoers. It is visible for miles up and down among the Quoddy Islands, and has always been an object of mysterious interest.

A more probable theory of its origin, because carrying it back into ante-friar days, is the story of one of the descendants of the Openango, which I have thrown into verse for convenience in handling.

Let me premise by saying that, before the white man came, the islands of Passamaquoddy Bay were inhabited by the savage and dominant Openangoes, and tradition locates their headquarters on Campobello Island, and fixes there the residence of their chief, Bashawba. Sazoos was their

benevolent deity, and to him they ascribed the excellence of their fish, the abundance of their deer and caribou, and the beauty of their shores :

I will tell you whence the Friar came,
 Standing sentinel at Campobello.
 Sad tale! Father's mother heard the same
 From an Openango, bent and yellow—
 Grizzled dame!
 I will tell you whence the Friar came.

Long ago—a thousand moons and more—
 Old Bashawba, dwelling on the highland
 Just above the cliff, from shore to shore
 Ruled the fortunes of the cool, green island;
 Hearth and store—
 Long ago—a thousand moons and more.

All his wigwam-empire, like a king—
 Isles of Cobscook and canoes of Quoddy—
 He encompassed in his magic ring!
 Masterful, nor fearing anybody,
 Governing
 All his wigwam-empire like a king.

Proud and cruel Sagamore was he,
 But he cherished there his only daughter;
 She was sweeter than the balsam tree,
 Fairer than the moon upon the water—
 Nicassee!—
 Proud and cruel Sagamore was he.

As she saw her image in the tide,
 And discerned that she was tall and stately,
 She, so lithe of limb and gentle-eyed,
 Dreamed about the youth who stole so lately
 To her side,
 As she saw her image in the tide.

Micmac youth from Acadie afar,
 Stalwart, graceful, bold, audacious lover;
 Borne in Neptune's fragile birchen car,
 Nicassee's bright eyes had drawn him over
 Like a star—
 Micmac youth from Acadie afar.

"Father," she had pleaded, "he is mine!
 When I saw him first I knew his mission;
 All his clan and kinfolk shall be thine;
 War shall end in granting love's petition—
 Heed the sign!
 Father," she had pleaded, "he is mine!"

Thus the haughty Sagamore's reply:
 "Micmac eagle has a daring pinion,
 But a wicked claw and cruel eye;
 If he fly again to my dominion,
 He shall die!"
 Thus the haughty Sagamore's reply.

Still she watches, leaning o'er the wave,
 Watches keen, and like a partridge listens;
 Nothing seen upon the water, save
 Where a paddle in the moonlight glistens—
 'Tis her brave!
 Still she watches, leaning o'er the wave.

When they meet with eager clasp of hand,
 Pledging each to each to love forever,
 Old Bashawba, sleeping on the sand,
 Wakes, and yelling, leaps with bow and quiver
 To the strand,
 When they meet with eager clasp of hand.

Drawing shaft of vengeance to the head
 Stands the Sagamore in wrathful sorrow.
 "King and sire!" cries Nicassee, "instead
 Of the Micmac, give my heart the arrow!"
 Hate is sped
 Drawing shaft of vengeance to the head.

Then turns Nicassee to Heaven in prayer—
 "Good Sazoos! oh, witness our affection?
 Make the shaft fall harmless on the air!
 Grant, oh, grant the Micmac thy protection!"
 Kneeling there,
 Then turns Nicassee to Heaven in prayer.

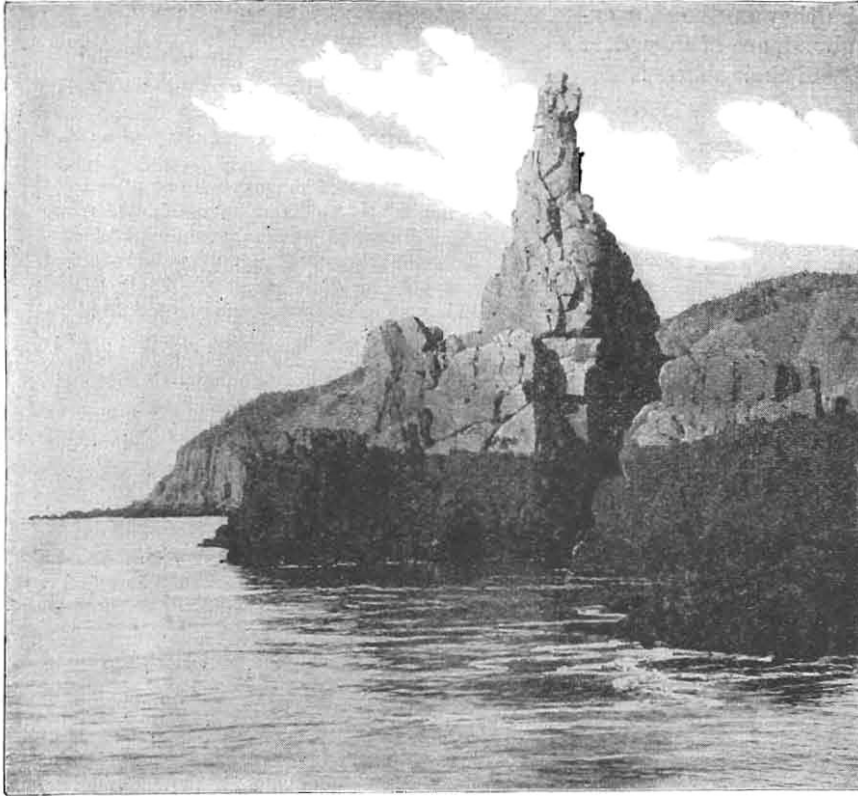
Morning came, and what a sight was shown!
 Good Sazoos, the god who rules the planet,
 Had in mercy heard the maiden's moan,
 And the cruel chief was turned to granite—
 Struck to stone!—
 Morning came, and what a sight was shown!

I have told you whence the Friar came,
 Standing sentinel at Campobello;
 Hermits pale have changed the sounding name
 From the Openango, strong and mellow,
 Yet the same!
 I have told you whence the Friar came.

On the outer shore of Campobello Island is Herring Cove, a beautiful crescent bay, remarkable for a long lake of fresh water, within two hundred feet, adapting itself to the bend of the beach, and evidently succeeding what was originally a bayou of the salt sea. This cove is also distinguished for its countless symmetrical and brilliant-hued pebbles, which are much sought for cabinets and are carried all over the country for paperweights. Geologists have long puzzled over the dynamic causes which produced these shining pebbles and made many of them as smooth and circular as if turned in a lathe.

Campobello can easily be visited (by ferry) from the hotels of Eastport or from the larger and finer hotels of St. Andrews, across the sparkling reach of Quoddy water. It is a pity that Campobello Island itself is not so equipped as to invite the stranger in search of rest, comfort and hospitality.

Straight off shore lies Grand Manan, a picturesque pile of cliffs twenty miles long and as large as an average New England county. It sits high out of the raging water, cool and lonely and wave-washed and wind-swept, as if it were a bleak bit of Labrador broken off and drifted down like an iceberg. As you cross the salt expanse and approach



THE SOUTHERN CROSS, GRAND MANAN.

the light-blue islet in the offing, the haze of distance lifts and the brown precipices seem dark, naked and repellent—the haunt of wild sea birds and the retreat of rugged grandeur. But presently the forbidding aspect softens; the high cliffs seem exhilarating, and dark-green foliage creeps up and down the sides, veiling the old volcanic scars, and the iceberg suddenly reveals a stateliness of poise and an uncommon richness of color.

We ought probably to dally here and work the submarine mines, for Charlevoix wrote in his book at the beginning of the last century, "It is even asserted that at three-quarters of a league off Isle Menane 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." At this rate a few tons of it would fetch a million dollars. I looked casually over the guards as we floated upon this sapphire sea, but saw none of the valuable crystals, and my opinion is that the thrifty Mananites have secured them all.

As a summer retreat Grand Manan is, in some respects, unequaled. The shore views are grand. The marine views are quite

as fine, as the great tides dash over the half-submerged rocks and headlands, and sweep past from the Bay of Fundy on a six-hour race around the



GULL CLIFF AND LIGHTHOUSE.

planet. There is fair bird shooting and trout fishing. Pleasant rooms and plain fare may be had at the farmhouses for \$4 to \$7 a week. There is no very warm weather. Bed blankets and wood fires are always in demand. Here, too, is complete immunity from hay fever.

The west coast of Grand Manan is bordered by a massive wall of perpendicular cliffs many hundreds of feet high, which have combined with other picturesque features to entice the American marine artist hither year after year. Some of the most famous of these are now sojourning among the familiars of the island, attracted by its tall and shattered cliffs and turbulent seas. The na-

tives are great skippers and fishermen, and the capture of cod, herring and haddock forms their chief resource. Myriads of gulls and stormy petrels breed up the jagged acclivities. Among the sublimest sights on the island is the rough and fantastic derangement of rock lifted high above the tides known as the "Southern Cross." On account of its half-appareled ruggedness and chill and austere beauty, Grand Manan, like a boss on a Greek shield, is quite a decoration of the eastern corner of Yankeeland, and being unique in its way, it is rapidly coming into favor among the most delightful of our innumerable warm-weather resorts.



THE CITY OF CARACAS, VENEZUELA.—GARDEN OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE.—SEE PAGE 443.

VIVA MELGAREJO!

AN INCIDENT OF THE BOLIVIAN REVOLUTIONS.

BY COURTENAY DE KALL.

WHERE high the Andean snow peaks swell
To the stars of the Southern Cross,
By royal order, worded well,
Was built a town where men should dwell
In a brotherly truce—La Paz.

But, line by line, that old decree
For a City of Peace, La Paz,
Time's finger blotted ruthlessly,
While carnage, like a bloody sea,
Swept the City of Peace, La Paz.

And here Belzú his palace made
In the glory of savage art,
And all the people homage paid,
Save one who scorned his power, nor prayed
For a place in his ruler's heart.

'Neath Illimani's snowy crown
Lay the City of Peace, La Paz.
Belzú, Dictator, held the town,
But Melgarejo's sullen frown
Sent a shudder throughout La Paz.