

GRAND MANAN.

A Picturesque Isle About Which But Little Is Known.

Seven miles from the main coast, eighteen miles from Eastport, and forty miles from St. John, the principal city of the province of New Brunswick, the island of Grand Manan opposes successfully the powerful tides of the Bay of Fundy that, rising and falling almost incessantly, sweep by its shores. It is the chief of a group of islands and ledges, some of which are continually submerged, and which are the scene of frequent disasters and in the main, from decade to decade, have their shores strewn with the relics of vessels lost in the storms and fogs that prevail here at certain seasons of the year. Yet the coasters and fishermen of the Bay of Fundy rarely are participants in these disasters, for from childhood they have been quite as familiar with the highways of the Bay as their rural brethren have been with the geography of the land. Chiefly they are foreign vessels that are lured to destruction here by the unaccustomed tides and bewildering mists.

The island of Grand Manan was visited by Champlain in 1605, but nearly two centuries passed before it was permanently settled. Marvelous stories were told of the island by old-time navigators. Charlevoix wrote that near by "there is a rock, almost always covered by the sea, which is of lapis-lazuli."

Legend has it that Commander de Razilli broke off a piece of this rock, which he sent to France, where it sold for ten crowns an ounce. It is told that at one time a vessel belonging to the fleet of Champlain grounded in one of the harbors of the island, and when drawn ashore for repairs a number of precious stones of great value were found imbedded in her planking. Certain it is that on several of the beaches of Grand Manan bits of jasper, agate and porphyry are frequently found, and it has even been asserted that every precious stone mentioned in the Book of Revelations can be found on the island by the patient searcher.

The island of Grand Manan is about seventeen miles in length, and varies in width from three to seven miles. It has a population of three thousand souls, and it has few industries other than the catching and curing of fish. It is the eastern shore of Great Manan that is inhabited; indented with many coves and beautiful bays, the pleasant villages at North Head, Centralia, Grand Harbor and Woodward and Seal Coves smile pleasantly upon the passing ships and upon the islands known as the Twins, Whitehead, Nantucket, Chaney's, Duck, and a dozen others whose names it would be difficult to remember.

North Head, which is provided with a light-house and fog alarm, is guarded by "the Bishop," a gigantic figure formed by nature, which stands about three hundred feet in advance of the red and purple cliffs that tower to a height of three hundred to four hundred feet

behind it, and at Southern Head, the Southern Cross, near ninety feet in height, is hardly surpassed by the wonders of the Yosemite. Interesting as are all parts of this picturesque island, the climax of solitary wildness and grandeur is found in the great cliffs at Southern Head, where the lighthouse flashes out across the bay from a perpendicular height above the sea of hardly less than four hundred feet; thousands of gulls have their nests built among the crevices of the cliffs, which are wholly inaccessible, and it is here that a majority of these birds that frequent the Atlantic coast between the port of New York and Newfoundland first see the light.

The western coast of Grand Manan consists of a succession of purple cliffs from three hundred to four hundred feet in height, broken only by a narrow gorge at Dark Harbor, where a mountain stream finds entrance to the bay. The island is rich in legendary lore, and as a summer resort in some respects is unequalled. It has for many years been frequented by landscape and marine painters, both of the old and new world, and many years ago the late L. L. Noble, of Philadelphia, wrote of it: "As a summer haunt of the painter it is the very throne of the bold and romantic. The shores, but for the woods which beautify them, are quite in style with Labrador."—*H. L. Spencer, in Chicago Current.*