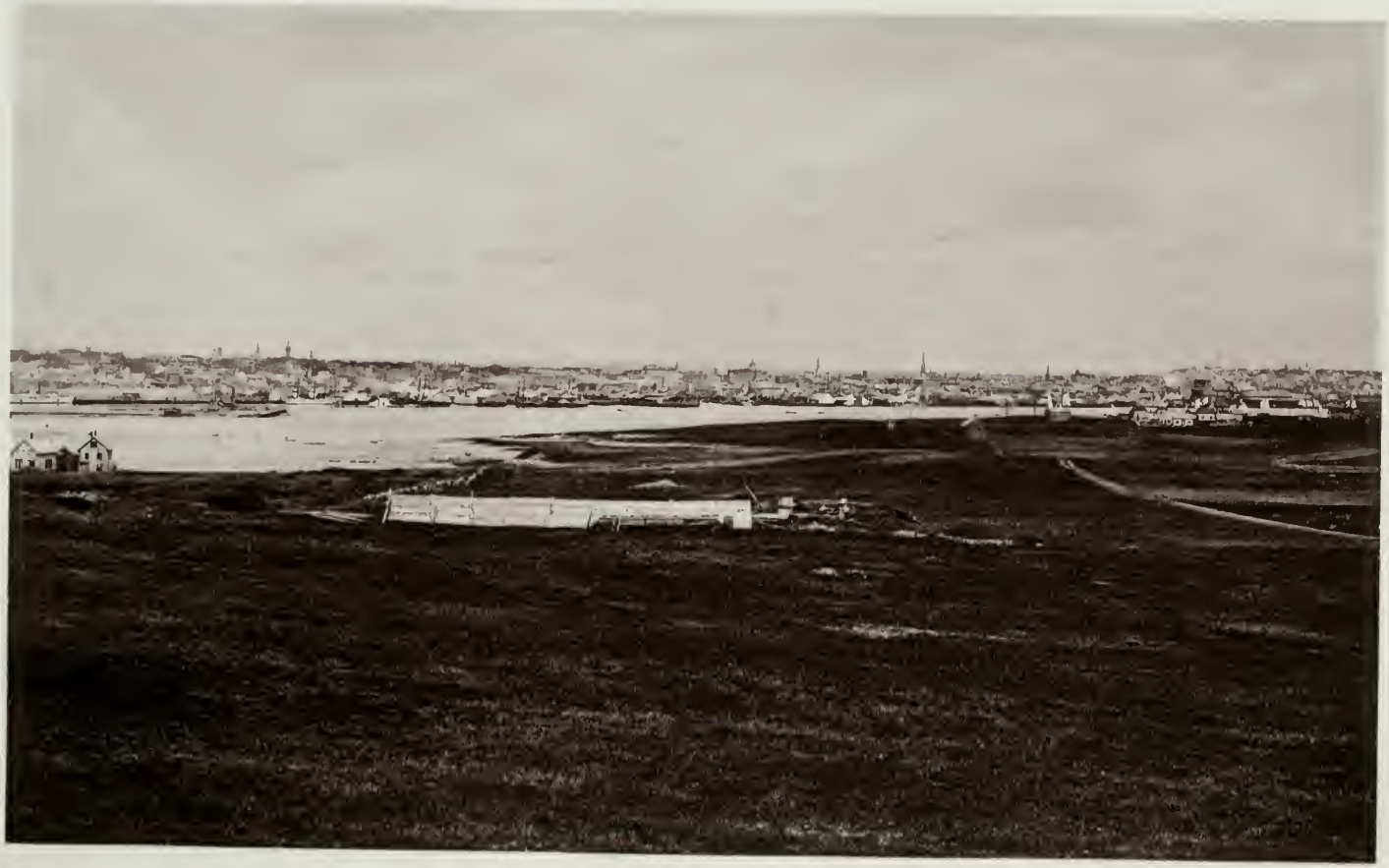
SUMMER DAYS DOWN EAST

1890

Mrs O. C. Kirk

X Mass Present

from G. L. Knight



SUMMER DAYS DOWN EAST

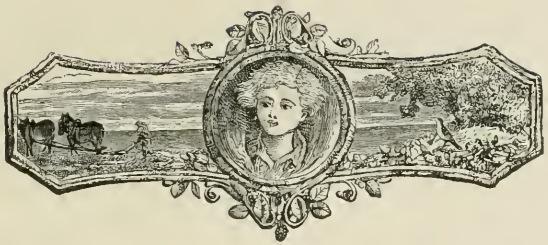
BY

M. F. SWEETSER

ILLUSTRATED WITH THIRTEEN FULL-PAGE HELIOTYPES

PORTLAND
CHISHOLM BROTHERS
1883

CONTENTS.



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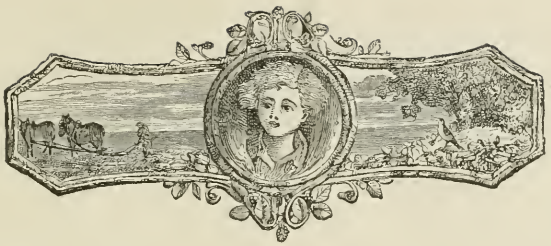


SUMMER DAYS DOWN EAST.

ALMOST half of the domain of fair New England is occupied by the twenty million acres of the State of Maine, a vast irregular territory fronting the sea on one side, and on the other running northward almost to the St. Lawrence River, in a sharp wedge which cuts deep into Canada. It covers about the same area as Scotland, or Ireland, or the Low Countries, or South Carolina, or Indiana; and is one-eighth the size of Texas, one-eighteenth the size of Alaska. The sea-coast extends from Kittery Point to Quoddy Head, a distance of two hundred and seventy-eight miles in a straight line; but exceeding twenty-five hundred miles when the wonderful net-work of bays, fiords, and inlets is taken into consideration. Unlike the greater part of the Atlantic seaboard, bordered by straight lines of level and monotonous sandy beaches, half insulated by still lagoons, the coast of Maine resembles a vast fringe, made up of hundreds of long promontories and capes, thrusting their rocks and hills down through and around the deep blue inlets, and interlacing each other in every direction. At many points the powerful tides, ranging from twelve to eighteen feet and attaining phenomenal height a little farther eastward, in the Bay of Fundy, have frayed out the outer fringe of headlands, leaving its fragments in the form of countless islands and islets off the coast or embayed between protecting capes. It is a dangerous shore, with its myriads of rocky fangs projecting far into the path of international commerce; but at every point of risk the wise paternal government has stationed its light-houses, fog-

horns, buoys, and other warning signals. Here and there stand perhaps half a score of picturesque old stone forts, each of which would be shaken down in ruin if a shell from the *Inflexible* or the *Lepanto* should fall on its parade-ground.

Among these islands and coves dwell thousands of the hardiest of New England seamen, stalwart and clear-eyed Vikings, familiar with all the coast from Battle Harbor to the Isle of Pines, and descendants of ten generations of gallant mariners. There is hardly a family along the coast that has not a kinsman at sea, or does not own a sixteenth or a thirty-second part of some snug little fishing-vessel on the Grand Banks. Season after season these domestic fleets sail away, watched by loving eyes until they are hull-down on the horizon; and later they return full-freighted with the products of their ventures, rounding the long headlands, and exultantly sweeping up to the home-anchorages, —

> "And some must sail to the banks far north
> And set their trawls for the hungry cod, —
> In the ghostly fog creep back and forth
> By shrouded paths no foot hath trod;
> Upon the crews the ice-winds blow,
> The bitter sleet, the frozen snow, —
> Their lives are in the hand of God!"

At the heads of the bays, and up along the great navigable rivers, are the most populous towns and cities of the State, about which dwells the chief part of the six hundred thousand citizens of Maine. In the outer bays are scores of obscure little ports, each with its coasting and fishing fleet of a few schooners, and respectfully regarding some adjacent ship-building town, where once the deep Indiamen sailed in and out, through waters that are now vexed only by an occasional steamboat. Since the combined malevolence and stupidity of Richmond, Liverpool, and Washington destroyed American commerce, a great peace has settled over these little maritime republics, which have become, in their way, impregnated with something of the air of romance and remembrance which dwells about Amalfi, Salerno, and other decadent ports of the Old World.

Farther up the rivers, where they break down through the rocky ribs of Maine, are the manufacturing cities, great knots of factories

built around the falls, and surrounded with the crowded homes of foreign operatives. Among the intervening highland towns are myriads of farms, and many quiet rural hamlets, dwindling every year in importance and population, as successive armies of their sturdy and enterprising sons join the great westward march, following the star of empire far out on the prairies, and beyond, until they see the sun set behind the long levels of the Pacific.

Beyond this tide-water belt rises the forest, vast enough to conceal states, seven times larger than the Black Forest of Germany, and covering two-thirds of the area of Maine. Here a continual attack is made upon the fastnesses of nature by the lumbermen, American, Indian, and French-Canadian foresters, familiar with all the intricacies of this land of the mountain and the flood. As Theodore Winthrop well said: "Maine has two classes of warriors among its sons — fighters of forest and fighters of seas. Braves must join one or the other army. The two are close allies." Amid these leafy leagues are fifteen hundred lakes, covering one-fifteenth of the area of the State with pure and pellucid waters, abounding in game-fish, and surrounded by noble scenery of forest and mountain. The abundant natural attractions of these sequestered reservoirs of the great rivers form one of the greatest charms of Maine, and attract to its woodland labyrinths thousands of visitors every summer.

It was nearly nine hundred years ago that Maine was first seen by Christian eyes, when the mail-clad Norse sea-kings sailed along its coast, descending from their icy northern harbors to seek the fabled joys of Vineland the Good. Five centuries later, when the Pope still ruled the whole Christian world, and the House of York held the sovereignty of England, fleets of fearless Biscay fishermen visited these shores in pursuit of their calling, keeping, however, well out in the Gulf of Maine, out of the reach of the grim savages who haunted the capes and islands. In 1498 Cabot sailed along the coast searching for new dominions; and his track was followed within the next century by Italian, French, Spanish, Dutch, and English explorers, Gomez, Gosnold, Champlain, Pring, De Rut, Verrazano, and others. Early in the seventeenth century ephemeral colonies were founded along the coast, — De Monts's Frenchmen on the St. Croix River, Popham's Episco-

palians at the mouth of the Kennebec, Vines's traders at Saco, Gorges's metropolitan dignitaries at York, the French Jesuits at Mount Desert, the English fishermen on Monhegan. Most of these melted away under hostile attacks, or from stress of famine and sickness, but new and larger settlements arose at many other points. King James I. of England granted the region to the Plymouth Company in 1620; and two years later this corporation conveyed to Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Captain John Mason the country between the Merrimac and Kennebec Rivers, of which Gorges took the part between the Piscataqua and Kennebec. For over fifty years this vast tract was governed by deputies of the Gorges family, who finally sold it to Massachusetts, in 1677, for £1,250. The country between the Kennebec and Penobscot, partly settled under authority of the Plymouth Company, was granted by Charles II. to his brother, the Duke of York, in 1664, and taken in charge by Massachusetts in 1686. Five years later the region between the Penobscot and St. Croix became a part of the Province of Massachusetts, which then governed the entire District of Maine, and continued to do so for one hundred and thirty years. The name MAINE was derived from that of the French province between Normandy and Anjou, which had been a part of the heritage of Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles II.

But in all this granting and colonizing, and uprising of a great State, the incoming people had to reckon with the ancient owners of the soil, — the wild, fierce tribes of Indians, weakened indeed by wars and pestilence, but still numbering thousands of grim and fearless warriors, eagle-eyed and lion-hearted, and powerfully aided by French officers and armaments. For nearly eighty years, with brief intervals of peace, the infant settlements were scourged by the pitiless forays of the red men, whose natural hostility was intensified by the untold wrongs which they had suffered. It was a war of extermination, and the rattle of the rangers' rifles, pouring death into the wigwams of Pequawket and Norridgewock, was answered again and again by the dreadful war-whoop, as swarms of red warriors overwhelmed the feeble villages of the coast and massacred their people. Thus fell Arrowsic, Casco, Black Point, Dover, Pemaquid, and many another settlement, the flames of whose burning lit up the lonely shores. Step by step the unfortunate Indians

were driven back from the coast, then into the wilderness, and finally out of the country altogether, and down into the friendly St. Lawrence valley. The fragments of the Tarratine tribe were suffered to remain as wards of the State, and their descendants now dwell along the Penobscot and out to the eastward.

These centuries of warfare and conflicts of races have made every strategic point on the coast historic; and many a noble promontory, beaten by the sea and abandoned by man, bears the faint ruins of ancient villages and fortresses, Indian, Norse, French, Dutch, or English, whose very names are now almost forgotten, besides those elder prehistoric remains which offer such tempting themes to the antiquaries. If the legends and traditions and picturesque events of this region had been gathered, and embellished and worked up as carefully and effectively as those of the Rhine and Hudson have been, its interest would be very much greater. Longfellow's pathetic song of his lost youth is remembered at Portland, and his "Morituri Salutamus" repeats itself in the sighing of the Brunswick pines. At Norridgewock, Whittier's "Mogg Megone" may be read; at Harpswell, his "Dead Ship of Harpswell," and farther eastward, his ballad of "St. John." Castine has been sung by both Longfellow and Whittier. Mrs. Stowe's "The Pearl of Orr's Island," and other novels, give exquisite word-paintings of the ancient hamlets and communities of the coast. Still later, Mr. Howells has daintily drawn a Maine hamlet in his "The Lady of the Aroostook"; and in "A Modern Instance" has portrayed the life of the lumber-camps and the remote inland villages. Scores of local histories have preserved traditions and events which await only a skilful literary touch to assume vigorous life.

In the year 1820 the District of Maine was separated from Massachusetts, and became a sovereign State, the twenty-third in the order of seniority, and the youngest of the Atlantic States, except Florida. Since that time, in spite of the continual drain of emigration to the West, the population has trebled, and the valuation has risen to half a billion dollars. Of late years the railway system has been extended and perfected in many directions, until it includes three first-class lines from Portland to the southward, and two to the White Mountains and

Canada, besides the great Maine Central line, which runs out to Bangor and the Maritime Provinces, with branches to the Rangeley region, along the upper Kennebec, to the quaint marine cities of Bath and Belfast, and in several other directions, giving easy access to hundreds of cities and towns. This great and complex system of routes is under the management of tried and efficient officers, President George E. B. Jackson being the guardian of its financial security, while General Manager Payson Tucker provides carefully for the safety and convenience of its thronging trains, and General Passenger Agent F. E. Boothby arranges ever-new routes for travellers, and forms schedules of excursion routes in great variety. Connecting with this Briarean net-work of railways is a fleet of scores of steamboats plying on the rivers and bays, and along the many lakes, large and small, which are approached by the iron rails. By these various routes of travel myriads of travellers are comfortably conveyed every season to their destinations in the great Northern park of New England.

After combining under a single powerful management the various small railroad corporations in the State of Maine, the officers of the Maine Central line went steadily forward with the work of improving the condition of their track and rolling-stock, in every particular, in order to give the new route its proper place among the first-class and efficient railroads of America. The work was done quietly and persistently, and coincidently the managers adopted a liberal system of catering for the great army of summer travel which yearly invades New England, and for whose pleasure and comfort this iron avenue among shadowy forests and flashing lakes, and along the margins of famous rivers, and past the head of many an Atlantic inlet, seems to have been specially created. In spite of (or because of) these innovations and expenditures, Maine Central bonds, which formerly lay heavy on the market at far below par, rose steadily to a hundred cents on a dollar, and then passed upward to a premium, in which happy direction they are still moving. It is a triumph of intelligent, enterprising, and conscientious management, welding a number of unimportant members into a powerful and imposing combination, continually augmenting its strength and influence from healthful interior growth.

The Maine Central officials are scrupulously particular about

their *personnel*, their track, and their rolling-stock, and carefully study the financial security, the safety, and all other problems connected with so large an enterprise. But they do not lose sight of the less important (but still interesting) questions connected with the minor details of management, and one of the foremost among these is the proper care of stations. The buildings are neatly finished and painted, and kept with military neatness; and, as rapidly as possible, new stations are being erected in place of the old ones. A comprehensive system of landscape-gardening has been adopted, by whose operation the dry and dusty wastes, encumbered with rubbish, which usually surround New-England railroad stations, are replaced by dainty little gardens, protected by fences, and blushing under the unaccustomed blessing of broad beds of flowers and clumps of ornamental shrubbery. At some of the larger towns miniature parks have been laid out around the depot buildings; and the traveller, weary of the heat and dust of a summer day's ride, can refresh his eyes with the vivid colors of nature's fairest flowers, and the plashing of cool fountains, and the artistic grouping of verdant lawns and shrubbery. As soon as freezing weather is over an annual order is issued to have the company's stations and premises and other surroundings thoroughly cleaned; and this is followed later by a supplementary order with special reference to the flower-gardens and parks, the roses and geraniums, and other strange corporation affairs.

The preëminent characteristic of the Maine Central is its scenery of lakes, rivers, and bays, which gives an almost continual water view on one side or the other to travellers bound over this route. Beginning with Portland Harbor and Fore River, and ending at the St. Croix River, on the remote eastern frontier, the line continually seeks the margins of blue waters, winding around sinuous bays, rushing across the heads of silvery beaches, or descending to the long expanses of inland ponds. From near Brunswick clear up to Skowhegan, a distance of nearly seventy-five miles, the route lies directly on the bank of the lordly Kennebec, whose clear waters flow downward beside, oftentimes bearing the great rafts of the lumber merchants, or the tall vessels of the ice companies, and giving opportunity for a casual survey of the magnitude of these Maine industries. Here, too, are several interesting old river

cities, surrounded with opportunities for summer pleasure, and inviting a visit from the leisurely tourist. Turn to the northward, up the Androscoggin, and other leagues of beautiful river scenery open before you; or go on toward and beyond Bangor, and for hours ride along the Penobscot and Mattawamkeag, with a ceaseless variety of scenery and incident passing on the water-side. Elsewhere there is a perfect rosary of ponds stretching for mile after mile through the farming country among the hills, and followed by the iron road, which, in seeking for easy grades, has found unusual scenic wealth.

Through such scenes runs this net-work of routes, giving access on one side to the sea-shore, and on the other to the forest, and all that in them is, — the beaches and islands, yachts and red parasols, of the one, and the glens and trout-pools, canoes and fairest rural maids, of the inland counties. For Maine is now peculiarly celebrated as a land of summer joys, where thousands of people who have had enough of the more artificial attractions of the older watering-places come to these scenes near to nature's heart, to enjoy repose and temporary change of life in a free and delightful unconventionality. Here they can find variety enough to suit every taste, — the wildest of sea-coasts, whose dark rocky points are fringed with perpetual surf; placid and tranquil river scenes, and lowland lakes shining amid the open pastures; mineral springs, with huge hotels and well-advertised modern fountains of life; scores of points of deep interest to students of history and antiquity, with ample opportunities for research; harbors where the handsomest and fleetest yachts gather, near Newport-like summer cities; vast inland solitudes of forest and fell, the chosen home of game, great and small; far-out-of-the-way lakes, the most favorite resorts of gentlemen-fishermen; and stately mountains, affording very impressive forms of highland scenery. In such a summer paradise one can hardly go amiss.

PORTLAND.

FOR all purposes of tourist travel Portland is the threshold of Maine. To be sure, there are many points of interest in the Pine-Tree State before Portland is reached, — the beaches of York, Wells, Kennebunkport, Biddeford, Old Orchard, and Scarborough; the high hills of Agamenticus, Lake Sebago, Fryeburg, and Bethel; but the five great railroads passing these localities all converge at Portland into a great strategic centre, beyond which lie the long lines of maritime peninsulas and famous islands, the populous tide-water counties, the inland lakes, and the vast wilderness of Maine. From the tower on Munjoy's Hill you can see on one side the long serrated line of the White Mountains, and on the other a wide sweep of the open sea, extending to the mouth of the Kennebec. It is a city that is set on the hills, and cannot be hid. On every side there are beautiful excursion-routes, by road, railway, or sea, to the beach and island resorts within a half-hour's sail or ride, or out beyond this range, in every direction, to the well-known lake and mountain hotels and villages within two or three hours' journey. Many travellers bound for points farther to the eastward find it convenient and pleasant to rest in Portland for a day or two, enjoying very comfortable accommodations at the magnificent Falmouth Hotel, and the other large public houses near by.

It is a city of about 33,000 inhabitants, and a valuation of above $30,000,000, with five or six daily newspapers, half-a-dozen banks, two savings-banks with deposits of nearly $8,000,000, twenty churches, a

large and flourishing shipping trade, and a considerable number of profitable manufactures. The people are celebrated for their culture and urbanity, and have included among their social circles *littérateurs* like N. P. Willis and his gifted sister, Fanny Fern, Seba Smith and Elizabeth Oakes Smith, Henry W. Longfellow, John Neal, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson, Cyrus A. Bartol and Thomas Hill, Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, Grenville Mellen, Elijah Kellogg, Edward S. Morse, and many other famous names. Tilton, Beckett, Harry Brown, and a dozen other well-known artists have called this their home. Alden and the Prebles are among the celebrated naval heroes of Portland; and among its statesmen were the Fessendens, the Shepleys, Horatio King, and Theophilus Parsons. The Episcopalians and the Roman Catholics have cathedrals here, — one cosy and aristocratic, the other spacious and imposing; and other religious fraternities have buildings of considerable importance.

It was away back in 1632 that a small trading-post was founded on the site of Portland, the ground having been leased to the merchants, by Gorges, for two thousand years. The Indians called the locality *Machigonne;* but the new-comers bestowed upon it, "now and forever henceforth," the extraordinary name of *Stogummor.* When King Philip's War broke out, in 1675, the Indians made a fierce foray into the little town, and killed or captured thirty-four persons. To prevent a repetition of this massacre the strong defences of Fort Loyal were constructed, and under its protection the village soon grew to a population of six hundred souls. It was in 1688 that an army of four hundred Indian warriors attempted to over-run the town, and would have done it, but that Major Church and his veteran Massachusetts volunteers unexpectedly sailed into the bay, and landed on the strand, after which they pitched into the enemy back of the town, and drove them into full retreat, after a long and Homeric contest. A year later the survivors returned with new hordes of forest braves, and several skilful French officers to direct their attack. There was a siege of several days, a hot sortie and fight, and then Fort Loyal surrendered, with hardly a whole skin left in its garrison. That was an end of the colonial town, and twenty-five years passed away, while only birds and wild beasts dwelt among the deserted ruins of fort and houses. After

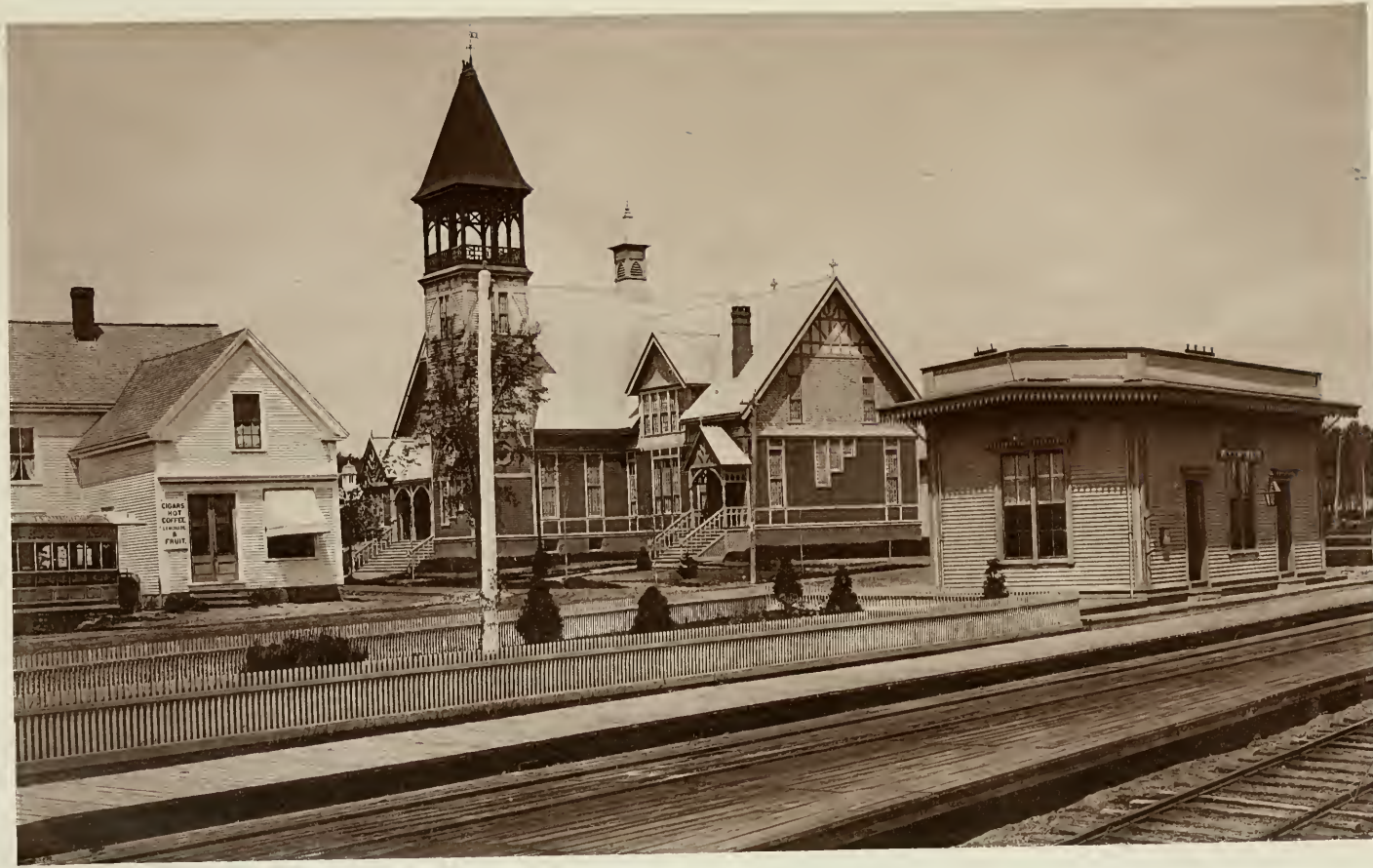
the Peace of Utrecht, however, a number of sturdy old veterans from the disbanded garrisons along the coast made their home here, and when the Indians once more came down to pay their compliments they found a line of fortified streets, and strong guards of men-at-arms at every point. The town bore the name of Falmouth, and had a flourishing commerce with Britain and the West Indies, and a population of two thousand, on that bright October morning of 1775 when Captain Mowatt's British fleet sailed up the harbor and poured upon it for eight hours an incessant and destructive bombardment. The houses that escaped from the hot shot were burned by landing parties of redcoats; and the town once more sank down in ruins. But the natural advantages of the locality are so great that new cities would rise on this site yearly, if they could be so often destroyed, and so, in brief space of time, the ruins were removed, and another Falmouth looked out over the blue waves.

The chief event of modern times in Portland was the great fire of 1866, which was caused by a fire-cracker, on the Fourth of July, and destroyed nearly all the business quarter of the city, burning with fatal steadiness for sixteen hours, and inflicting a damage of about ten million dollars. The more densely-built district is therefore entirely modern, and includes many handsome and imposing buildings, such as the white marble Greek temple occupied by the Post Office, the massive granite Custom House, and the huge and high-domed City Hall, of Nova-Scotia sandstone, and containing a large public library. The fire spared the ancient house at the corner of Hancock and Fore streets, in which Henry W. Longfellow was born, and halted before reaching the beautiful and aristocratic streets of Bramhall's Hill, the West End of Portland, where stand lines of stately old mansions, suggestive of the old *noblesse* of ship-owners and retired sea-captains, surrounded by gardens, and bordered by double rows of tall and ancient trees. The fairest flowers still adorn these massive architectural relics, for the beautiful daughters of the three eastern "ports" — Newburyport, Portsmouth, and Portland — have often been characterized as the pride of New England.

The city has a noble site on a narrow peninsula at one end of Casco Bay, and rises along the slopes and over the crests of two

symmetrical hills, one hundred and sixty and one hundred and seventy-five feet above the water-level. The appearance of these populous ridges, as seen from the harbor, or from the lowland suburbs on the landward side, is very imposing, and gives a worthy first impression of the bright, enterprising, and handsome metropolis of Maine.

It is but a half-hour's ride by rail to Old Orchard Beach, one of the most famous sea-shore resorts of New England, with vast and magnificent hotels, frequented by the best people of the adjacent States, and by many wealthy families from Upper Canada. The beach is nine miles long, a vast curving strand, sloping very gently downward, and affording a royal driveway at low tide; while a little way back are very lovely woods, amid which various societies of religious persons enjoy the camp-meeting season. Even nearer Portland are Scarboro' Beach, Cape Elizabeth, and other desirable resorts; and Cushing's Island, at the mouth of the harbor, is being beautified by the most skilful landscape-gardening, and will soon become an exquisite marine park, adorned with many summer-cottages.


CIGARS
HOT
COFFEE
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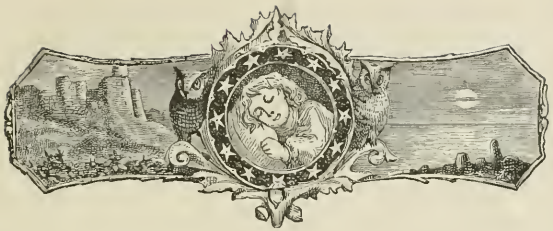
FRUIT



EASTWARD FROM PORTLAND.

THE KENNEBEC-RIVER ROUTE.

THE entrance to interior Maine and the wonderful Eastern seaboard leads through the busy and crowded terminal station of the Maine Central Railroad at Portland, the beginning of a varied group of unrivalled summer routes, provided with every convenience for comfortable travel, and every inducement for leisurely exploration. Equipped with veracious guide-books, and not-too-philosophical novels, bright newspapers, and other comforts, the traveller takes his place in the luxurious cars, secure of an easy and interesting journey, and an early arrival at his chosen summer paradise by lake or sea, in the deep forest or among the ancient lowland villages.

Running out of the suburbs of Portland, on the left one of the largest ice-houses in the world is seen across the river. At the junction station the Boston & Maine Railroad crosses the line; and farther out the Portland & Rochester Railroad is intersected. The line swings around the base of Bramhall Hill, the aristocratic quarter of Portland, covered with imposing villas and public buildings, and rising from the plain with a picturesque abruptness which almost suggests Quebec. Woodford's Corner is a pretty suburban village, — a sort of Eastern Longwood, — with the homes of many Portland merchants and clerks, along the highlands and towards the cove, looking out on the bay beyond. On the left, long visible from the train, rises Blackstrap Hill, a

famous landmark along the coast, with a tall tower of the United States Coast Survey marking its loftiest point. It reaches a height of five hundred and one feet, and commands a very extensive view.

Falmouth station is a mile and a half from Falmouth, on the shore, five miles from Portland; and all along the Foreside rise summer cottages and boarding-houses, favored by families from Upper Canada. Off-shore are the thronging islands of Casco Bay, "the fairest dimple on Ocean's cheek," stretching along the picturesque coasts to the eastward, and full of infinite variety and perennial charm. As early as the year 1822 Capt. Porter ran the steamer *Kennebec* among these islands, and to Yarmouth. It was an old flat-bottomed boat, with a battered engine, and the people about the bay called it the *Horned Hog*.

Crossing the Presumpscot River, the outlet of Sebago Lake, on an iron bridge of a single span, the little station of West Falmouth is soon reached. On the shores of Casco Bay, to the eastward, is the long-drawn-out settlement of Falmouth Foreside, a favorite suburb of Portland, and lined with substantial old farm-houses and the handsome villas of Portland gentlemen. Here also dwell many retired sea-captains, anchored among the orchards and cornfields, but keeping a weather-eye open, through their eastern windows, over the bright waves of the bay. This region was settled as early as 1632, and suffered terribly from Indian attacks. In 1703 Governor Dudley, of Massachusetts, came here in regal state, and held a council with Bomaseen and ten other powerful sagamores, accompanied by two hundred and fifty well-armed and richly-arrayed Indian warriors. A few weeks later Queen Anne's War broke out, and the little fort here was besieged by five hundred French soldiers and Indian braves, under M. Beaubassin and the great chief Assacombuit, whom Louis XIV. had knighted at Versailles. After six days of battle, and when the enemy was on the eve of winning the fort, a Provincial war-vessel came to the relief, and drove away the hostile league with her artillery. Everything outside the fort — farms, cattle, buildings — all was destroyed by the pitiless enemy.

At Cumberland station, near the ancient Congregational village of Cumberland Centre, the railroad forks, dividing into what are called the upper and lower, or eastern and western, or main and back routes,

one of them running through Lewiston, Winthrop, and Belgrade, and the other through Brunswick and Augusta. These two routes unite at Waterville, about seventy miles from Cumberland. The Augusta line runs east from Cumberland and crosses the Royal River, after which it intersects the Grand Trunk Railway at Yarmouth Junction. This region was settled, about the time Boston was, by John Phillips, a Welshman; and in 1688, after some gallant fighting, the entire population fled from the French and Indian allies, who totally destroyed the place. As late as the year 1746 these vengeful raiders made determined attacks on the local forts.

The next station is Freeport, near the charming old village of Freeport Corner, in one of the Casco-Bay towns, once famous for its ship-building, but now sleeping soundly among its immemorial elms, amid a country like paradise. Close by, on the south, are the mazy islands and labyrinthine straits of the bay, affording scenery of rare and unusual attractiveness. In this seashore town Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol was born, away back in 1813.

Beyond Freeport the line passes Oak Hill on the right, and enters the long, sandy plain of Brunswick, between rich forests of Norway pine.

BRUNSWICK AND HARPSWELL.

Brunswick rests quietly on the plain at the confluence of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Rivers, around the noble falls on the former river, where the rushing waters rage downward through a fretting environment of granite ledges, falling forty-one feet in a third of a mile. Half a century ago there were thirty saw-mills here, and the Narrows below were lined with ship-yards; but now the chief manufacturing is done by the Cabot Company, whose cotton mills employ 500 hands. The town has nearly 6,000 inhabitants, with eight churches, twenty-five schools, and two newspapers. It is even more interesting to know that the scenery in the adjacent country-side is very pretty, insomuch that the veracious "Gazetteer" claims that it "affords more

pleasing drives than any other town in New England." Let Newport and Stockbridge, North Conway and Stowe, be magnanimous. At any rate Brunswick has its full share of summer visitors, pleased with the quiet refinement of an old college town, and delighting in the beautiful roads which ramble out over these dry and sandy plains, among the pine forests and the deep-cut bays. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who lived here for many years, speaks rapturously of the adjacent sea, saying: "The site of Brunswick is a sandy plain, on which the college buildings seem to have been dropped for the good old Yankee economic reason of using land for public buildings that could not be used for anything else. The soil was a fathomless depth of dry, sharp, barren sand, out of whose bosom nothing could emerge without superhuman efforts at cultivation. But these sandy plains, these pine forests, were neighbors to the great, lively, musical, blue ocean, whose life-giving presence made itself seen, heard, and felt every hour of the day and night. The beautiful peculiarity of the Maine coast, where the sea interpenetrates the land in picturesque fiords and lakes, brought a constant romantic element into the landscape. White-winged ships from India or China came gliding into the lonely solitude of forest recesses, bringing news from strange lands and tidings of wild adventure into secluded farm-houses that for the most part seemed to be dreaming in woodland solitude."

Bowdoin College stands on an elevated plain, not far from the railway station, and in the vicinity of beautiful and sombre pine groves. It is one of the foremost colleges of New England, bearing date of 1794, and named in honor of James Bowdoin, Governor of Massachusetts at that time. The State of Massachusetts endowed it with five townships in Piscataquis County, and Governor Bowdoin's son gave it other rich grants of land, with large collections of minerals, philosophical apparatus, paintings, and books. So the descendants of old Pierre Baudoin, the Huguenot gentleman-emigrant from La Rochelle, enriched the college which honors their name. There are here upwards of one hundred and thirty paintings, some of which are attributed to Teniers, Rubens, Van Dyck, Poussin, Hogarth, and other famous masters. This pretentious and really interesting gallery, together with the handsomely frescoed chapel, is in a conspicuous twin-spired

building, in the line of college halls. Memorial Hall was built in 1868, to commemorate the valor of the Bowdoin boys who died in the Secession War. The funds gave out, however, when the walls and roof were finished, and the great shell of a building served as a gymnasium until 1882, when Valeria Stone, of Malden, gave $25,000 for its completion. It is a handsome Gothic building of granite, about one hundred feet long, and mainly occupied by a large and richly-decorated hall, abounding in frescoes, brasses, and stained windows.

Bowdoin is now highly prosperous, and has nearly two hundred and fifty students in its academical and medical schools. The library contains nearly 40,000 volumes, ancient and modern, with Assyrian sculptures, old English furniture, and a fine collection of statuary. On the outer walls hang the class ivies, — planted in high hilarity, and beheld in later years with grave solemnity. Cleaveland Hall honors the name of the venerable Prof. Parker Cleaveland, and enshrines myriads of minerals and other dusty specimens in natural history, the dry and inevitable concomitants of the higher education.

The President's house is now occupied by President Joshua L. Chamberlain, a division commander in the Army of the Potomac (and six times wounded), and for four years Governor of Maine. About fifty years ago Longfellow brought to this house his young bride, and dwelt here with her in great peace. The two rooms over the library were the peculiar property of the poet, and here still remains the ancient fireplace referred to in his lines: —

> "Shadows of the fitful firelight
> Dance upon the parlor wall."

In 1875, in his celebrated poem of *Morituri Salutamus*, which he delivered at Brunswick, he thus spoke: —

> "O ye familiar scenes, — ye groves of pine,
> That once were mine, and are no longer mine, —
> Thou river, widening through the meadows green
> To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen, —
> Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
> Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
> And vanished, — we who are about to die
> Salute you; earth, and air, and sea, and sky,
> And the imperial sun that scatters down
> His sovereign splendors upon grove and town."

In one single class, that of 1825, Bowdoin gave enough notables to the world to tenfold warrant its existence. In this galaxy were Congressmen Cilley, Benson, and Sawtelle; United-States Senator Bradbury; Cheever, Greenleaf, and Shepley, the divines; Commodore Bridge; Abbot, the historian, Longfellow, and Hawthorne. The last-named gives a pleasant little picture of their life "at a country college,—gathering blueberries in study-hours under those tall, academic pines, or watching the great logs as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin; or shooting pigeons and gray squirrels in the woods, or bat-fowling in the summer twilight, or catching trout in that shadowy little stream, which, I suppose, is still wandering riverward through the forest." The sylvan haunt of trout is now known as Hawthorne Brook. As General Chamberlain recently said, Bowdoin has given to the republic a president, twenty-two senators and representatives in Congress, fourteen judges of high courts, nine governors of States, and eighteen college presidents.

Mere Point, perhaps named *Pointe de la Mer* by ancient French settlers, or else deriving its title from John Mare, one of its earliest settlers, is a very picturesque peninsula running down into Maquoit and Casco Bays, and recently attaining notice as a summer resort.

In ancient times the Indians called the Brunswick region *Pejepscot*, which means "Where Angry Waters Gush," or, as others say "Crooked, like a running snake." The Council of Plymouth laid claim to the domain, and under their patent the adventurous Thomas Purchas took possession before 1628, but placed himself under the protection of Winthrop as soon as Massachusetts was founded. Purchas married the cousin of Sir Christopher Gardiner, the Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, who was banished from Boston, but afterwards returned to Pejepscot, where he dwelt with his kinsman, and plotted vengeance on the Puritans. But Purchas was too busy with his salmon and sturgeon fisheries, and in keeping the Indians away from his little stone castle, to help out the schemes of his knightly guest. Richard Wharton, a Boston merchant, afterwards bought the domain from Purchas's heirs, and got also (in 1684) a quitclaim of the same region from Worumbo and other Indian chiefs; and from him it passed into the hands of a party of Boston speculators, calling themselves the Pejepscot Proprietors, from whom (and

from Gen. Waldo, who bought out a small reserve held by the Purchas heirs) the present titles are derived. In ancient times this locality witnessed many a murderous attack and dreary siege. The Indians destroyed the colony in 1676, and again in 1690, — the fort erected in 1688 by Sir Edmund Andros failing to protect the village. Fort Andros was occupied by the savages, and then wrested from them by expeditions of Massachusetts militia. In 1715 Fort George was erected to protect the town, but it served little purpose a few years later, during Lovewell's War, when the vengeful red men a third time laid the village in ashes in retaliation for the attack on Norridgewock. In 1727 the locality was once more reoccupied by the indomitable colonists, and the town which they founded still endures. The last hostile foray of the Indians occurred in 1757; and one of their most redoubtable war-chiefs, Sabattis, visited Brunswick early in the present century to see the fields over which he had fought so long before. Besides the forts, the ancient settlement was defended by a dozen thick-walled and loop-holed garrison-houses, all of which have long since disappeared. The oldest building now standing is the Robert Thompson house, near Cook's Corner, a massive wainscoted structure dating from about the year 1735. The Hinkley house (now Weston's) was built before 1770, and there are several others of equal antiquity, the most interesting of which are the Old Red House, two miles beyond Topsham, the Horace Toothaker house (built in 1757), on Harpswell Neck, and the massive gambrel-roofed house on Orr's Island, built by Joseph Orr in 1756.

In the old days bears abounded in this region, and wolves were so numerous that their howlings made the night hideous, and many a lonely pioneer was chased into his hut by them. Foxes and squirrels, rabbits, minks, and muskrats are plentiful, and within twenty-five years deer and caribou have been seen about Brunswick.

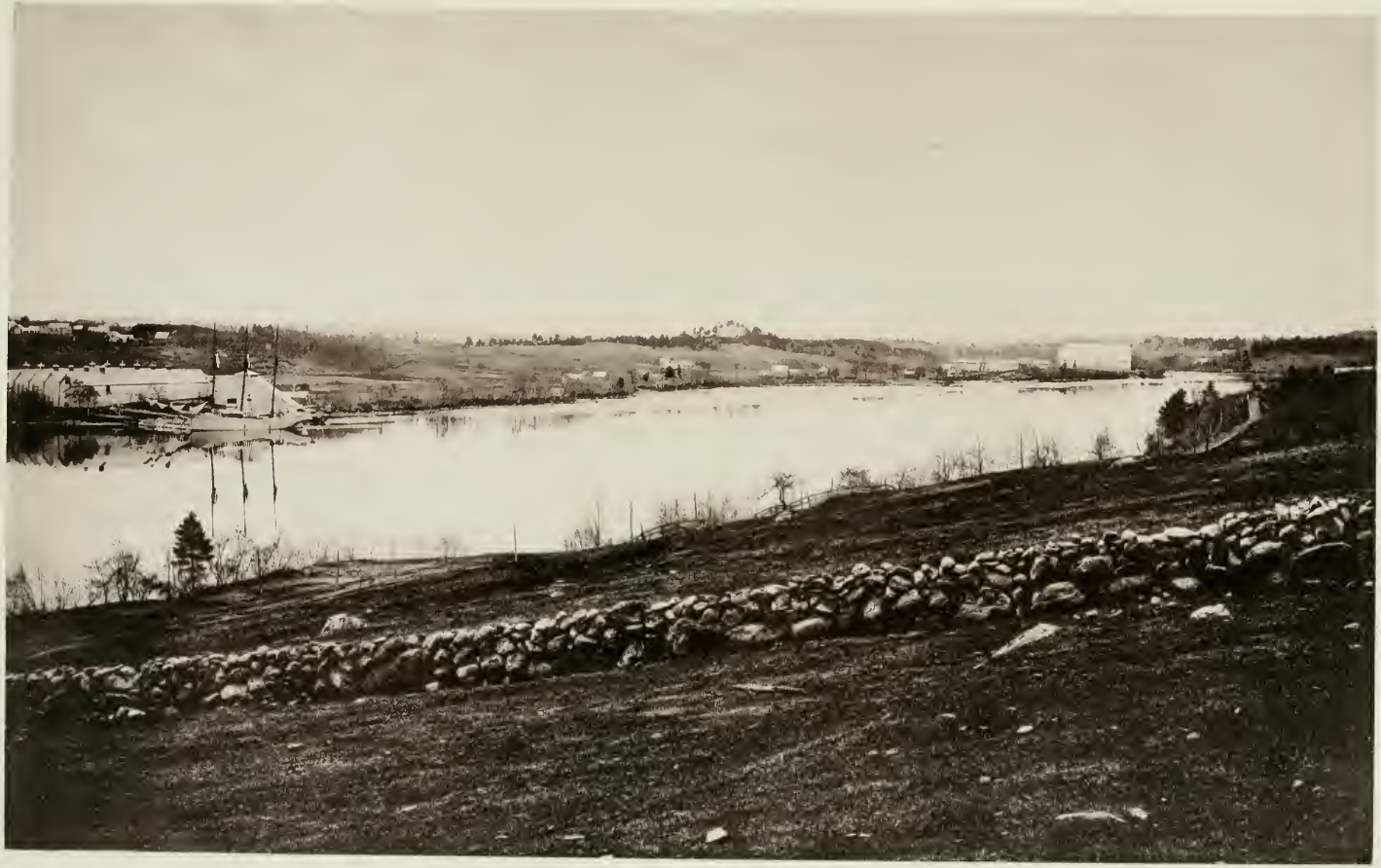
The beautiful town of Harpswell lies to the southward, with its wonderful peninsulas and islands, embalmed in the best literature of New England. Harriet Beecher Stowe says that the scenery here is of "more varied and singular beauty than can ordinarily be found on the shores of any land whatever . . . A constant succession of pictures, whose wild and solitary beauty entirely distances all power of description. The magnificence of the evergreen forests, the rich intermingling

ever and anon of groves of birch, beech, and oak, in picturesque knots and tufts, as if set for effect by some skilful landscape gardener, produce a sort of strange, dreamy wonder; while the sea, breaking forth on the right hand and on the left of the road, into the most romantic glimpses, seems to flash and glitter like some strange gem which every moment shows itself through the framework of a new setting." The scene of "The Pearl of Orr's Island," Mrs. Stowe's best novel, is laid on one of the Harpswell islands; and the "Elm Island" of Elijah Kellogg's stories is Ragged Island, which lies out in the ocean, off Harpswell. Whittier's weird poem of "The Dead Ship of Harpswell" is already classic: —

> "From gray sea-fog, from icy drift,
> From peril, and from pain,
> The home-bound fisher greets thy lights,
> O hundred-harbored Maine!"

Stages run from Brunswick down the peninsula, and past many points where summer visitors throng, attracted by the quaint beauty and romantic charm of this archipelago town. The peninsula is twelve miles long and about a mile wide. Eight miles from Brunswick, beyond the broad pine plains, is North Harpswell; and five miles beyond is West Harpswell, with its two churches. Two miles farther out rise the fishermen's cottages and summer-hotels, on the point, in full view of the sea. Three hundred people live on Orr's Island (three miles by one in area), a mile from the shore, and joined to Great Island by a rickety bridge. Twenty years ago, the gathering of clams was a great industry at Harpswell, and 2,500 barrels have been sent hence in a single year. There are now half-a-dozen large dealers in fish here, sending off about 20,000 quintals yearly.

There are many old houses hereabouts, and older traditions, which even the great thousand-page "History of Brunswick, Topsham, and Harpswell," published in 1878, has failed to record. During the Revolution a picturesque marine guerilla warfare was carried on among the islands, between Tory, Provincial, and British boats and the local minute-men. In 1775 the enemy was beaten off in an attack on Condy's Harbor, by antique wall-pieces and swivels, handled by the Harpswell militia.



A branch line of railway extends from Brunswick 9 miles eastward to Bath, and another line runs 63 miles northward to Farmington, passing through Leeds and Livermore, and connecting for Lewiston. These routes are described farther on. (See the Index.)

TOPSHAM, BOWDOINHAM, AND RICHMOND.

The eastern-bound trains cross the Androscoggin River at Brunswick, and stop at the sister village of Topsham, near the great falls, and delighting in factories. The early history of this peaceful town was dark with terrible tragedies, for the first three families of settlers were massacred by the Indians. One family, living at Fulton's Point, was destroyed while its head was out in search of provisions, and when he returned to the ashes of his home all was lost. Gyles and his wife, while harvesting corn in their field, fell under the shot of concealed savages, and their children were led into captivity. But these victims of the heathen were succeeded by a colony of grim Scotch-Irishmen, — Presbyterians in creed, and heroes in heart, — and the savages, misliking these sturdy Gælic men, drew back into the northern woods.

The train runs northward through the long and level township of Bowdoinham, which was granted by Sir Ferdinando Gorges to Sir Richard Edgecomb, of Mount Edgecomb, in 1637. But the Bowdoins of Boston secured a grant of the domain from the Plymouth proprietors, and then bought the land from Abagadusset, the Indian chieftain of this region, whose royal lodge stood on the river-swept point which still bears his name. When the conflicting Edgecomb and Bowdoin claims were laid before the courts, about the year 1760, the latter won the day, and the town took the name of its patrician proprietors. On the east lies the great lake-like expanse at the junction of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Rivers, known as Merry-meeting Bay, and, in ages long gone by, famous for the massacres along its shores, perpetrated by hostile Indian bands, when the pioneer families of white settlers were bloodily exterminated. After Fort Richmond's battlements gave

defence to the valley, Bowdoinham was firmly settled, and became the seat of a large (and now somnolent) ship-building industry. Of late years the ice business has become very important, and thousands of tons of frozen Kennebec are shipped hence every year. Across the bay rise the rolling hills of Woolwich and Dresden, and on the west are the granite highlands of Bowdoin. In the dim antiquity of 1649 Christopher Lawson bought all this Richmond country from its Indian lords, and just seventy years later Fort Richmond was built, within the present village limits, and remained as a guard to the settlements below until 1754, when a new line of fortifications was erected farther up the valley. When the shallops and vessels of the first European explorers entered the river, Swan Island (then bearing some melodious and interminable aboriginal name) was the capital of the lower Kennebec valley, and here dwelt the gallant sachem, Sebenoa. During William and Mary's War, in 1692, Colonel Church led a little army of Massachusetts troops up the river, and defeated the Indians at this point.

Dresden lies on the east bank of the Kennebec, and its low hills and dark woods are often seen as the train runs north across Richmond, two miles from which, up the water (by a ferry), is the hamlet of West Dresden. Here stands the ancient court-house of Lincoln County, now well over a century old, and with furniture and fireplaces of equal antiquity. Here occurred the first hanging in Maine, when a terrible murder was avenged by the strong hand of the offended law. This town was in the territory purchased of the Indians by the ambitious Christopher Lawson, and sold by him to Clark and Lake, the antediluvian land speculators. The latter endeavored to live on his new domain; but the Indians cancelled his title by putting him to death, and an aristocratic kinsman, Sir Biby Lake, came into possession. It was as dangerous a piece of property as a landed estate in Ireland is in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and the good English knight contented himself with barren ownership, and did not take possession. To prevent further Indian intrusions (and thus to reduce the local death-rate) a formidable fortress was erected, and named Fort Shirley, in honor of the Governor of Massachusetts. Here Major Sam Goodwin lay in garrison, with a band of tough Provincials, until the Conquest of Canada removed all danger from the heads of these fair

KENNEBEC RIVER AND ICE HOUSES

From Dresden Camp Ground

valleys. Three brothers by the name of Cushing settled here after the fort was dismantled, and became leaders among the Kennebec pioneers. Afterwards a number of the Saxon immigrants whom Gen. Waldo had brought from Europe made their homes here, and the locality naturally received the name of DRESDEN, after the capital of their country. Still later there came to the place the gallant Major Polereczky, a veteran officer of Rochambeau's army, who received the proud office of town-clerk, and thus ruled the records of the little republic for fifteen years.

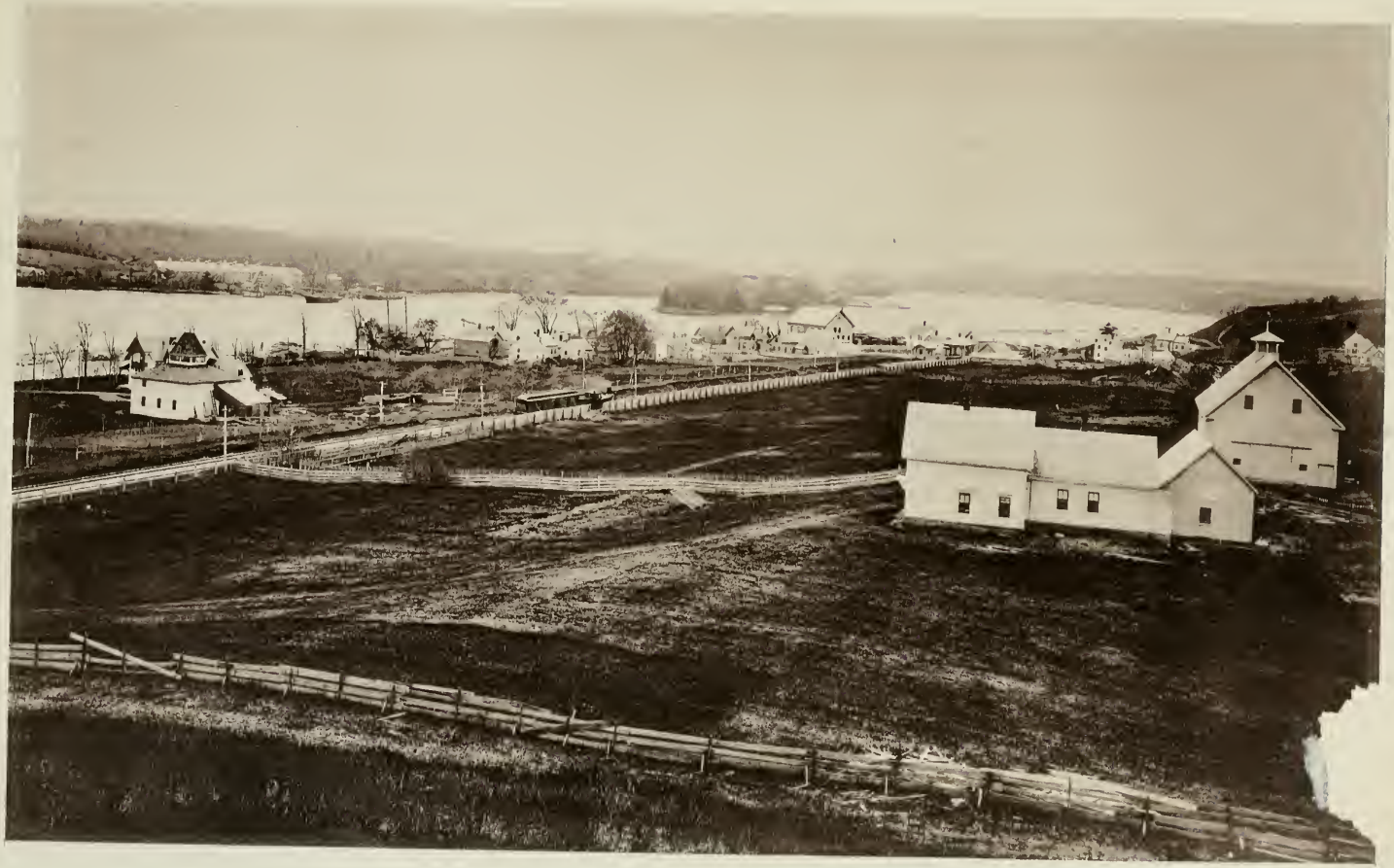
Richmond is a pretty river village, with long and rural streets, overarched with elms and maples, and occupied here and there by small factories. Along the Kennebec extend the great ship-yards, abounding in shavings and chips, and overlooked by gaunt stagings from which many a fleet ocean-racer has slipped away into its destined element.

Ship-building began here more than fifty years ago, when Israel Washburn (the father of E. B. Washburn, Gen. C. C. Washburn, and Gov. Israel Washburn) built the *Poclutumnus*, to carry cord-wood to Boston, and bring back supplies of all kinds. This was, at that early day, the great cord-wood mart of the East, upon which Boston was largely dependent. But ship-building supplanted this more primitive trade, and by the year 1854 a dozen vessels were on the stocks here at once. Many of the famous Kennebec-built clipper ships were launched from these yards, thereafter to sail around the world on remote and venturous voyages. If you stroll up Pleasant street, in this village of Richmond, you will see dozens of snug houses owned and occupied by retired sea-captains, who have chosen Richmond in preference to any of the tropical paradises to which the wide blue seas and humming trade-winds carried their fleet ships. Since the strangulation of American commerce the little village has utilized the neighboring river in another way, — by quarrying its ice in winter, and sending it away to the great cities down the coast. The ice aristocracy now holds its head high in the town, and yields no precedence to the wealthy shoe-manufacturers, whose factories find welcome work for hundreds of people. In summer, when the three local hotels and the various village boarding-houses are fairly occupied by visitors from the cities, many a cheery excursion starts out from the embowered streets, riding a league

or so westward through a lovely farming country, to Cobbossee Contee Pond, winding among the grassy hills; or emulating the search for the Fountain of Youth, at the Richmond Mineral Spring; or following the pretty river roads, with long vistas up and down the stream. Others may sail across the river to the quaint little town of Perkins, which is composed of the level and fertile Swan Island, with its eighty inhabitants and its $40,000 worth of estates. It is a town with neither church nor post-office, doctor, lawyer, nor clergyman, and so the inhabitants lead long and peaceful lives, and do their own right efficient praying.

The Richmond Mineral Spring flows forth in a romantic little glade a quarter of a mile from the village, and has a great local fame for its efficacy in curing severe chronic diseases. It is a remarkably pure and transparent water, slightly alkaline. The proprietors of the spring send out a pamphlet full of quaint rustic testimonials, and a hotel is about to be erected near by.

Northward rushes the railway train from Richmond, past the station where people alight for the Dresden camp-meeting; past the little flag-station of Iceboro', where may be seen the largest ice-house in the world; and onward into Gardiner. For an hour and a half the route lies close beside the river, with line after line of rolling highlands sloping away, at fine landscape distance, and making a charming background for the restless waters below. Here and there are groves and thickets, sometimes even extensive forests of rich dark-green foliage, making bold and effective contrasts with the steel-gray or dark-blue of the Kennebec and the neutral tints of the farm lands. The Susquehanna is sweet and feminine, like its name; the Hudson is Europeanized, a practical Western Rhine; the Mississippi slips slowly down through thousands of miles of long-drawn lowlands; the Kennebec, in its strong syllables, exemplifies its rude northern strength and dash, suggesting the tinkling of its forest tributaries, with the sound of the ice-pick and the woodman's axe. On this lower and navigable ten leagues, from Brunswick to Augusta, the deficiency of the scenery in grandeur or richness is counterbalanced by a certain mellow beauty, full of tranquillity and power to soothe. Now and then great rafts of logs drift by, manned by tall and active lumbermen; or trim coasting vessels, laden low with crystalline ice; or white steamboats, crowded



with merry-making travellers bound for the sea and its islands; or lonely skiffs, mere dots on the wide and glistening waters. On the further shores appear occasional glimpses of white villages, the spires of little rural churches, a rosary of farm-houses clearly relieved against the green hills, far-extending ice-houses with many a rocking mast and spar outlined before them, the green lateral glens of inflowing streamlets, and the graceful highlands stretching far and clear under the bright sky of the North. It seems a land of endless peace, in which it is always afternoon. Through this still Arcadia the train speeds away, and at least reaches Gardiner, the city of ice.

GARDINER.

Gardiner is a city, with the population of a village, and the institutions of a great town. It is a third of a century since it received a city charter, but the population has not yet reached 5,000 souls, and may never do so, since it has fewer inhabitants now than in 1860 or 1870. Nevertheless, it possesses a right brisk business street, with long brick blocks, busy stores, banks, two newspaper offices, several hotels, and lines of sidewalk posts at which the drowsy horses of the country farmers are often tethered. Above, on the heights, is a pleasant public square, containing the soldiers' monument, and surrounded by the High School, the stone church of the Episcopalians, and the humbler fanes of the Roman Catholics, Congregationalists, and Baptists. This is on Church Hill, one hundred and twenty-five feet above the river, and the park was given to the people by Mr. R. H. Gardiner.

To the north is the narrow valley of the Cobbossee Contee stream, which, within a mile of its confluence with the Kennebec, descends one hundred and twenty-seven feet, in eight falls, most of which are improved by substantial stone dams. This downward plunge of the waters of Cobbossee Contee Pond, from its high and sunny plateau to the low tidal levels, is Gardiner's reason for existence; for on the hydraulic

power thus created are several factories for paper-making and other works, saw-mills, grist-mills, and machine-shops, the annual product of them all being over $2,000,000. In the summer of 1882 all this manufacturing district was burned over, but better buildings soon rose from the ruins; for the water-power (now mainly owned by the Gardiner family) has lately been augmented and made unfailing by the purchase of several storage-ponds, and ranks among the best in New England. The paper-mills turn out thirteen tons of paper daily. The Oakland Manufacturing Company produces (among other articles) immense numbers of base-ball bats and bed-slats, and also 600,000 broomsticks yearly, which are exported to Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, England, and other foreign countries, to promote that cleanliness which ranks next to the noblest virtue.

Along the river-front there are many wharves, where much ado is made in loading lumber and ice, and unloading coal. One of these is the pier of the *Star of the East*, a venerable steamer which plies to and fro between this port and Boston, and connects here with a smaller steamboat for Hallowell and Augusta. Near by is the ancient toll-bridge across the Kennebec, nine hundred feet long, and good for $9,000 a year in tolls. The merchants of Gardiner make frequent endeavors to have the bridge declared free, since the matter of the toll, small as it is, causes many of the farmers beyond to seek other towns for their trading. A cent from a footman, ninepence from a carriage, is the inexorable tollman's meed. On the further shore is the pretty village of Pittston, once famous for its skilful ship-builders. The *Grace Cushing*, the last vessel built here, was launched in 1871, and now nothing remains of the ancient yards but dry chips and dryer traditions.

The shores near Gardiner, and for many miles below, are studded with huge ice-houses, largely the property of powerful companies of New-York capitalists. One dollar a ton pays for putting up, housing, and shipping the ice, and hundreds of thousands of tons are thus harvested every year. For miles on miles these monstrous ice-houses extend, on both sides of the river; and during the shipping season fleets of fine vessels (largely three-masted schooners) are moored at their wharves. The river is more valuable than its shores, and its frozen film has more worth than the products of its valley. Year after

year new and greater houses are erected, in which to store this precious fragment of the Kennebec waters; and larger and larger fleets sail up the placid stream. The ice-crop of the winter of 1882–83 reached nearly 700,000 tons, and employed the services of 3,000 sturdy harvesters for thirty days. Nearly half of this quantity came from the waters near Gardiner and Hallowell. . The operation of loading a vessel with ice is full of interest and excitement. Each cake of ice is kept on the run from the time it is cut out of the half-unified mass in the cold, black caverns of the ice-house until it is stowed in the hold of the vessel lying alongside. A group of men with picks run it out to the inclined plane leading to the deck, and others stationed at various points below urge it on with their picks, until, flying over the scales which register its weight, the crystal square descends on the vessel, and is seized by iron dogs, and swung into the hold. This journey is made amid a perfect babel of shoutings and gibberings from the workmen, coruscating with ingenious and complicated oaths.

About the year 1670 a gallant fellow named Alexander Brown came up to the green meadows on the Pittston shore, which the Indians then called by the terrifying name of *Kerdoormcorp*, and made himself a farm. He also got great profit by catching the sturgeon, which then swam up and down the stream, and sending them to the London market, where they were much prized at Billingsgate. This thrifty commerce was brought to a dread close in 1676, when the Indians made a foray down the valley and slew the slayer of sturgeon before his burning house. Fifty years after Brown's death, Dr. Noyes, of Boston, the agent of the Kennebec proprietors, built a fort on the shore, not far from Nahumkeag Island; but this, too, was destroyed by the red lords of the soil. After 1754, when Fort Halifax was built, up the river, Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, of Boston, a wealthy physician and importer of drugs, began the development of the plans which resulted in his acquisition of most of the territory hereabouts, and its settlement by immigrants, many of whom came direct from Falmouth, England. The river was then bordered by groves of white and red oak, which was cut down and sent to England, while the spruce and ash on the hills sought a market at Boston, where the lumber from the Kennebec Purchase found place in the rising mansions of the shipping merchants. The town-meetings

were held in the old "church-house," or Episcopal church; and Gen. Henry Dearborn, the United-States Marshal for Maine, lived on the site of the Gardiner Bank, and ordered many an unruly vagabond to the whipping-post. Benjamin Shaw was the constable and executioner; and the culprits of those early days had such a wholesome fear of his strong arm that, when he wished to arrest one, he sent his jack-knife to the hapless varlet, in the surety that he would return it in person, and abide the law's verdict. Dearborn first passed the scene of his primitive reign in 1775, when, a young soldier, he ascended the Kennebec with Arnold's army of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts volunteers. In later years he commanded the American armies invading Canada, in 1812, and was United-States minister to the court of Portugal.

Dr. Gardiner was a Tory, and fled to Halifax with the British garrison of Boston; but his heirs saved the estate from confiscation, and erected a great black marble cenotaph to his memory, in the Episcopal church at Gardiner. His son William inherited the domain hereabouts, and is buried under the church. Another son, John, some time Attorney-General in the British West Indies, became one of the founders of Unitarianism in Boston, and was the father of John Sylvester John Gardiner, rector of Trinity Church, Boston. Oakland Place, the handsome granite mansion of the Gardiners, built in 1836, and still held by the family, is near the river, about a mile from the centre of the city. It was characterized in Downing's book, as "the most remarkable seat in Maine, as respects landscape gardening and architecture."

Four miles out, on the Brunswick road, is Libbey Hill, commanding a famous view over the lakes and forests and farms of the Kennebec valley. On a clear day the glimmer of the White Mountains may be perceived, far away in the west; and more to the northward rise the nearer peaks of Saddleback and Mount Blue. Pleasant drives also lead to the bright waters of Cobbossee Contee Pond, and out across the Kennebec to the Soldiers' Home of New England, the military asylum at Togus Springs.

It is a short four miles from Gardiner to its little sister city, Hallowell, famous for fine granite. The train crosses the Cobbossee Contee just above Gardiner, and then runs close along the Kennebec for a league, past huge ice-houses, at whose wharves lies many a three-

masted schooner, and past several booms, in which myriads of logs are collected. The lumber business still maintains great proportions, although it would seem as if the forests of entire empires had already been felled and drifted down the Maine rivers. In 1881, 150,000,000 feet of lumber came down the Kennebec alone, and in 1883 there were upwards of 110,000.000 feet. If the snow lies right, and the spring-rains are copious, the drive starts about the first of May, and reaches Augusta and Hallowell in July or August. In the 1883 drive there were 1,000,000 feet each from Attean Pond, Moose River, and Cold Stream; 7,000,000 from Dead River; 3,000,000 from Moxie Stream; and other large supplies from Brassua Lake, Parlin Pond, and remoter out-of-the-way nooks of the wilderness.

HALLOWELL.

Clattering past the cliff-like sides of the ice-houses, and whirling swiftly around the river bluffs, the train soon reaches the famous river-port of Hallowell, small in population, but great in energy and enterprise.

The first settler in this town was Deacon Pease Clark, who came up hither from Attleborough, Massachusetts, in 1754.

In 1771 the town was incorporated, and took its name from Robert Hallowell, a great landowner in these parts, who died at Gardiner, in 1818, aged eighty. Robert's brother, Benjamin Hallowell, was commissioner of the Royal revenue at Boston, and when the Revolution broke out he fled, and his estate was confiscated. This gentleman's daughter married Benjamin Vaughan, a young Jamaican who had graduated at English Cambridge, and studied law at the Temple, and medicine at the University of Edinburgh. The first stood him in good stead when he was elected to Parliament and became a leader of the Whig party; and the medical study was made a blessing to all his poor and distressed neighbors for many years. During the French Revo-

lution he became politically compromised, and was forced to flee to France, and thence to Maine, where he found repose on the domain of his wife's uncle, Robert Hallowell. Vast was the influence of this cultivated gentleman upon the infant State. His noble library was a well-spring of learning in a literary desert; from his nursery of fruit-trees sprang half the orchards in the upper Kennebec valley; and the Vaughan farm was noted for its rare imported cattle. His efforts were aided by his brother Charles, and by the learned John Merrick, his brother-in-law, who lived until 1861. In this happy valley of Maine Dr. Vaughan lived for forty years, devoting himself to study and authorship, benevolence, and works of public service, and entertaining scores of eminent guests, scholars, and philanthropists from all over the world, who came hither to commune with "The rural Socrates." Among these was Talleyrand, prime minister of France under Louis Philippe, who once fell into Vaughan Stream, and got a good ducking withal. His visit occurred in 1794, and he was accompanied by Louis Philippe, afterwards king of France. For many years Hallowell had a considerable shipping and export trade, and the Vaughan family endeavored to secure for it the commerce of the upper Connecticut valley by having a road surveyed to Gorham. But the undertaking was too great for those days, and the subsequent construction of railroads took away most of the business of the little port, and left it to depend on its own granite hills for support.

Jacob Abbott, the author of the Rollo books and many other popular works, was born at Hallowell, where he and his brother, John S. C. Abbott (the biographer of Napoleon), lived for many years. Gen. O. O. Howard, also, was for a long time a resident. The old Vaughan spirit still lingers here, and its manifestations appear in the well-equipped Classical and Scientific Academy, in the beautiful charity of the Maine Industrial School for Girls, and in the Social Library, established in a handsome Gothic building of white granite, with polished red granite columns and carved oaken doors. There are, also, half-a-dozen churches, a newspaper, and three banks, for a population of a little over 3,000, and a valuation of $1,600,000. The site of the little city is attractive, being a curving hill-side, which rises over a bay-like broadening of the Kennebec, and is adorned with very many waving

trees, some of which date from the remote days when the locality was known only as "The Hook."

The Hallowell granite is nearly white, and very hard, yet capable of assuming beautiful forms under the chisel. Among the recent products of these quarries are the colossal statue of Education (forty feet high) for the Pilgrims' Monument at Plymouth, the new Board of Trade Building at Chicago (now under construction), the Boston Soldiers' Monument, the Sphinx at Mount Auburn, the Douglas Tomb at Chicago, the Yorktown Monument, the new Capitol at Albany, and many other famous monuments and buildings at Detroit, St. Louis, and elsewhere. One hundred and twenty men are kept at work in the ledges west of the city, and the annual product is upwards of $350,000, much of which is devoted to monumental work, the carving being entrusted to skilful Italian sculptors. The models are first made in clay, and then reproduced in plaster, from which the carvers work. The granite is polished by moistened emery powder, which is pressed against it by a revolving iron disk.

Among the other interesting manufactures of Hallowell are the sand-paper works, where powdered quartz is sprinkled upon and pressed into glued brown paper; the large oil-cloth factories; and the wire-works, where Bessemer iron rods are drawn out in a solution of rye-meal, and carefully annealed.

The ride from Hallowell to Augusta leads along the Kennebec shore, and takes but a few minutes.

AUGUSTA.

Augusta, the capital of Maine, is a charming semi-rural city of about 9,000 inhabitants, having a valuation exceeding $5,000,000, with plenty of schools and more than enough churches, like most New-England communities. It also has three national banks and two savings-banks, several enterprising newspapers, and three or four large hotels.

There is one very brisk and noisy business street, parallel with the river, from which shorter streets climb the heights to the noble avenues above, with their grassy borders, wide-spreading elms, and comfortable mansions. There is plenty of pure air here, and delightful surroundings on all sides, and many are the summer visitors who sojourn in this quiet and refined little capital, driving about the adjacent hill country and enjoying the cool northern air. Mr. Blaine says that he can recuperate in this climate of Augusta more quickly than anywhere else in the world; and many another exhausted toiler has found the tonic equally good.

The State House is a handsome and imposing classic building, of white granite, rising above a dense greenery of forest trees, and from its lofty perch overlooking the Kennebec and its valley for many leagues. It is now more than half a century old; and within a few years was strongly garrisoned by militia and defended by artillery, as a result of hot political quarrels and a contested election for governor. In the rotunda are eighty tattered battle-flags of the Maine volunteers in the Secession War, with a great number of cavalry and artillery pennons, and a half-score of captured rebel flags. It is proudly claimed that not even a single stand of colors was lost by the Maine troops during the war. Among these glorious mementos are portraits recalling by-gone centuries, representing Pownall and Pepperell, Knox and Washington, and other ancient heroes and statesmen. The visitor may also glance into the halls of the Senate and House of Representatives, and the great State Library, and then climb to the top of the dome and look down over silvery leagues of the Kennebec and broad undulating townships of the hill-country.

Close to the State House, among pleasant grounds, is the cosey home of James G. Blaine, the most popular and powerful of modern American politicians, who has lived at Augusta for more than forty years. In the Senate chamber above is the old-fashioned desk at which he began newspaper life, reporting during several terms the debates for "The Kennebec Journal." When twenty-six years old he was chosen Speaker of the Legislature, and he has said, "When I was elected Speaker, I felt prouder over it than of any office to which I have since been called." Augusta was also the home of the late Lot M.

Morrill, long time a Senator of the United States, and Secretary of the Treasury.

Not far from the handsome Augusta House, on the plateau, is a very impressive monument, with bronze reliefs and statue, commemorating the two hundred volunteers (out of the city's contingent of 1,000 men) who died on the Southern battle-fields. It is inscribed: "In honor of her heroic sons who died in the war for the Union, and to commend their example to succeeding generations, this monument is erected by the city of Augusta, A.D. 1881." On the same fine avenue are the modern buildings of Kennebec County, and also a handsome and stately Congregational church, of granite.

The Cony Female Academy was founded in 1815 by Judge Cony, who had the building erected and furnished before revealing to the wondering Augustans his purpose. The institution has been closed for several years, and the endowment fund has so effectually increased that a stately new brick building has been erected. Not far from this structure is a very popular Episcopal boarding-school for young ladies, known as St. Catherine's Hall, and partly connected with the flourishing parish and church of St. Mark's.

Augusta is the fifth office in the United States for second-class mail matter, since it is the very paradise of periodical light literature, of which there are several very large publishing houses here, with immense and massive buildings, electrotype foundries, and other costly paraphernalia. One of these alone has five hundred employés, and buildings which cost upwards of $300,000, and runs day and night, sending out yearly 1,600 tons of papers and magazines, at an annual postal expense of nearly $150,000. Anglo-Saxon America is flooded with circulars from these great houses, and hundreds of thousands of families are mainly dependent on the great Hoe presses of Augusta for their literary supplies.

Near the eastern end of the Kennebec bridge stands a poor tenement-house, one hundred feet long, with huge chimneys, small windows, and walls of solid timbers twelve inches thick. This building was the home of the commander of the ancient castle of the region, which was erected in 1754, and long garrisoned with Provincial troops, to protect the country against the savages. It received the name of Fort

Western, in honor of a friend of Governor Shirley, in Merrie England. The works were surrounded with a palisade, at whose corners stood massive block-houses. As early as the year 1629 the Plymouth fur-traders had established a post here, at Cushnoc, near the village of the Canibas Indians. About ninety years later the strongest stone fort in the country was built on the same site; but this suffered the fate of the trading post, and was totally destroyed by hostile Indians. After the Revolution the locality became settled very rapidly, and by 1828 Augusta was big enough to be made the capital of Maine.

Benedict Arnold sailed up to this point, the head of sloop navigation, with his army, and here built bateaux in which to ascend the Kennebec, while his men were quartered in Fort Western. Eighty-six years later Augusta again became a military post, when regiment after regiment of Maine lumbermen and farmers was formed and encamped here, before being sent off to death in Virginia.

Just above the city is the great Kennebec Dam, five hundred and eighty-four feet long and fifteen feet high, built in 1833–37, at a cost of $300,000, and furnishing an enormous power for the mills below. For years the river has been idly foaming over the dam, since the property belonged to the Rhode-Island Spragues, and shared the fate of their other enterprises. Quite recently, however, the mills, dam, and contiguous estates, valued altogether at $2,000,000, were bought by a syndicate of Boston and Augusta capitalists, who intend to have eight hundred operatives at work here this year.

The State Insane Asylum is on a secluded and sunny height across the Kennebec, surrounded with three hundred acres of cultivated grounds, with masses of bright flowers and clumps of handsome trees. The older asylum, which stood on the same site, was burned in 1850, when twenty-eight lives were lost. Many of the three hundred inmates solace the hours of their enforced retirement from the world by laboring on the great farm connected with the institution.

Below the asylum, on the river-side lowlands, is the Kennebec Arsenal, where the National Government keeps a lot of its old-fashioned artillery and muskets. The spacious grounds about these old stone buildings are types of military neatness, and the War Department keeps a handsome flag on the tall staff. The arsenal was founded in 1828, under

the direction of the doughty Col. Bomford, of the Ordnance department, to store arms and ammunition for the exposed northern and eastern frontiers. Among the commandants here were Gen. J. W. Ripley, of the Ordnance department; Robert Anderson, afterwards the hero of Fort Sumter; O. O. Howard, now a general in the U.S. Army, and other officers who became famous in later years. During the Mexican War the arsenal was the scene of very active work; and while the Secession War was going on great quantities of fixed ammunition were prepared here. The military stores at that time were valued at a million and a half dollars; and an attempt by supposed rebel emissaries to surprise the arsenal at midnight, from the river, was frustrated by the sentinels.

The best view-point near Augusta is Oliver Hill, above the Catholic cemetery, and the graveyard of the post hospital of 1861–62, and named for Captain Oliver, whose mansion stood near by. Thirty townships in the valley are overlooked from this noble height, with countless quiet Kennebec farmsteads, white villages, and far blue mountain ranges. From other high hills back of the city very lovely views are afforded, including the serpentine stream and its daughter cities on one side, and on the other the lofty peaks of Mount Blue, Mount Abraham, and Saddleback, and the long azure wall of the distant White Mountains. A favorite drive leads out over the Winthrop road for four and a half miles to Hammond's Grove, a pleasant picnic-ground at the head of Cobbossee Contee; and here one can get boats, wherewith to go out and seek the bass that inhabit these crystal waters. The road thence to the outlet runs over elevated ground, and gives many a charming view across the highland lake; and the Hallowell road leads thence through a very picturesque region of woods and dales back toward Augusta.

The Soldiers' Home at Togus is a very interesting institution, a sort of American *Hôtel des Invalides*, in a lovely valley five miles east of Gardiner, and seven miles from Augusta, among the low hills of Chelsea. There is a mineral spring here, and many years ago some one built a large summer hotel near by. But guests came slowly to this Maine Bethesda, and finally the discouraged proprietors sold the place to the United States, to be used as a home for disabled soldiers of the

Secession War. The premises were not long afterwards cleaned up by a fire, which swept away the old buildings, and left the ground clear for the spacious and comfortable brick structures which now constitute the Home. It is a regular military post, with flagstaff, guns, uniformed veterans, regular company organizations, and a fine military band. Everything is provided for the comfort of the old boys in blue, and there is no work imposed upon them, except in cases of misbehavior, when they are set to labor on the farm for a certain number of days; or, if they sometimes get tired of fighting over old battles, and reënacting the defence of Cemetery Hill or the storming of Fort Fisher, they can go to work for a few days in the shoe factory on the grounds, and earn money enough to buy a box or two of prime cigars, or a set of Charles Lever's novels. To pass the happy hours away they have a free circulating-library of five thousand volumes; a reading-room containing the chief daily and weekly newspapers; a billiard-room, and a bowling-alley; and a hall, which, on different days, serves the purposes of theatre and church. There are thirteen hundred men dependent on the Home for rations, and living close by, and nine hundred men who are inmates of the post. The dining-room seats six hundred; and in a single dinner these hearty sons of Mars consume a full ton of meat and fish. Every month they make way with two tons of sugar, a ton of coffee, and over a hundred barrels of flour, — so that any temporary delinquencies of the old-time commissariats in Virginia or Georgia are now more than amply made up to the grizzled veterans. Here and there are venerable Uncle Tobys whose army service began almost as far back as the days of the Legion of the West, and who speak of Chapultepec and Monterey with kindling eye. Others have grim memories of battles on the plains with the wild Comanches and Dakotas, or ghastly scenes among the mountain fastnesses of the Apaches and the Utes.

"The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed.
Nor War's wild notes, nor Glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
These breasts, that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight."

KENNEBEC RIVER, FROM M. C. R. R.

THE VALLEY FROM AUGUSTA TO WATERVILLE.

The line crosses the Kennebec on a high bridge of stone and iron, with good views of the great Kennebec Dam on the left, and of the broad stream on the right. Running northward on the east bank, the river is almost constantly in view, with the trees on its banks mirrored in the clear water, and here and there stranded or floating logs from the vast forests of the North.

Farther along is the station of Riverside, where a ferry crosses to the west bank of the river, and roads run into the corn-producing back country. At Vassalboro', the next station, stages are in waiting to carry passengers over the hills to North and East Vassalboro' and China, — pretty rural villages to the eastward. This wealthy old town, richly diversified in its scenery, and famous for its luscious fruits and promising water-powers, was first settled in 1760, and included among its pioneers two of the guides of Arnold's expedition, one of whom, Dennis Gatchell, long held the office of captain of the town, while another, John Gatchell, was a valiant hunter, and had vanquished and slain a wounded moose in hand-to-hand combat. He was as wary as valiant, and cut a subterranean passage from his house to the river below, so that he could escape in case of a siege by hostile Indians. A few years later, these doughty warriors were joined by one of Washington's life-guardsmen, and by other veterans of the Revolution. To neutralize the martial counsels of these men of war, Providence next sent a large number of Cape-Cod people hither, to live in the deep peace and Godliness of the Society of Friends, and to found a church and school (the Oak-Grove Seminary) which still flourish in the land. The building was burned in March, 1883, but doubtless it will rise again in renewed beauty.

The train runs north from Vassalboro' for ten minutes, with the broad river on the left, and then stops at Winslow, near the pretty little

village of the same name, nestling deep under great trees, and inhabited by the descendants of the ancient Puritan immigrants from Massachusetts. The line next crosses the Sebasticook River on a covered bridge, immediately after emerging from which one sees, on the left-hand side, and close to the track, the ancient block-house of Fort Halifax, now carefully preserved by the antiquaries of Maine. This beautiful site, at the confluence of the Kennebec and Sebasticook, was the capital of the Indian tribes in this region, — if people could be said to have had a capital who possessed as little sense of permanent residence as the birds have, or the fishes. Here, at any rate, were brave fishing-grounds, and broad alluvial meadows on which the squaws planted corn and vegetables wherewith to feed their lazy lords. In 1676, when Massachusetts was being burnt and flayed by King Philip's red warriors, her council of war sent Abraham Shurt, of Pemaquid, into the heart of the country, to search out the Kennebec chieftains, and detach them from alliance with the hostile tribes. The envoy was received with much barbaric state in the fortified "great wigwam" on this site.

As civilization advanced up the valley it became necessary to embattle its advanced guards, and so a new fort was erected at this point of vantage by the orders of Massachusetts. The corner-stone of this Provincial fortress is now in the State House at Augusta, and bears an inscription as follows: THIS CORNER-STONE LAID BY DIRECTION OF GOVERNOR SHIRLEY, 1754. The commander of the troops who built the fort was Gen. John Winslow, a veteran of the fatal Havana expedition, and the next year the chief leader in the expulsion of the Acadians from their native land. There were no settlers within many miles of the post, and the soldiers of the garrison had little to do but hunt game in the vast pine forests adjacent, or fish about the falls. The Indians gave the place a wide berth, and their allies, the French officers and Canadian gentlemen, who had in earlier years reduced many a firm New-England stronghold, never looked upon the Sebasticook fortress. Yet it was considered an important point, fencing out the barbarians as effectually as Aurelian's wall did the Picts and Scots; and the Province kept a garrison of 130 men here, under the gallant Captain Lithgow. After the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris, in 1763, the garrison was

Vaudreuil — Looking South.

withdrawn down the river, and the defences were left to fall into dilapidation.

From the block-house the long line of mills and houses which forms the front of Waterville comes into view, and the train soon sweeps across the Kennebec on a high bridge, beneath which roar and thunder the picturesque Ticonic Falls, among whose wave-swept rocks and ledges hundreds of logs from up-stream are entangled and beaten to pieces.

WATERVILLE.

The city of Waterville is one of the prettiest in Maine, and covers a broad alluvial plateau above the Kennebec, its long streets overarched with rows of venerable elms, making deep shadowy vistas like cathedral aisles. On every side extend the comfortable homes of a peaceful and industrious population, between which the streets run out to the edge of the country, and lose themselves among the lanes and highways beyond. Among these tranquil avenues, and far removed from the busy district of stores and mills, stands the new Elmwood House, a very handsome and commodious modern hotel, which attracts large numbers of summer guests. There are many pleasant drives in this favored region, and one cannot go amiss if he rides over to the pretty cascades at Oakland (West Waterville), or up to the sylvan seclusion of East Pond, or across the hills by East Vassalboro' to the lovely scenery of Webber's Pond, or down to the broad lake of China Pond. The pleasant valley towns in this region are rich in fruits, and produce great quantities of choice apples and berries, which are eagerly gathered up by buyers from Southern New England.

Waterville is about eighty miles from Portland, and here is the junction of the two main tracks of the Maine Central, which traverse the populous counties by widely distant routes, and unite here to pass on to Bangor over a single line. Hence, also, a branch road ascends the valley to Skowhegan; and the Somerset Railroad runs north (from West Waterville) to Norridgewock and North Anson. It has a population of

about 5,000, and received a city charter in 1883, in consequence of its rapid and healthy growth as a manufacturing centre. It is not many years since the vast water-power of the Ticonic Falls was used only by a few country saw and grist mills. Now it gives motive force to the great Lockwood cotton-mills, with a capacity of 90,000 spindles, and employing a thousand operatives. Mill No. 2, built in 1882, and 499 feet in length, is one of the best and costliest in America, and has all the modern innovations, electric lights, steam-heating, automatic sprinklers, and other conveniences and safeguards. The construction of this immense building was undertaken on account of the success of Mill No. 1, which has been in profitable operation for several years. Among the other products of Waterville are matches and shovel-handles. On the Messalonske River is a factory where water-pails, washbowls and other articles of indurated ware are made from spruce wood-pulp, compacted by enormous pressure, and then polished and chemically hardened into horn-like firmness.

Close to the Waterville station are the pleasant grounds of Colby University, beautifully shaded by lines of fine old trees, on which stand the college-buildings, — Memorial Hall on the south, containing the chapel and a library of 20,000 volumes; then the long old-fashioned brick dormitories of South College and North College (Chaplin Hall) with Champlin Hall between them; and on the north the granite structure known as Coburn Hall, and occupied by the scientific school. Back of these is a wooded bluff, overhanging the swift waters of the Kennebec, along which extends the favorite ramble of the students, an ancient and abandoned railway embankment, hedged in with shrubbery, and extending beside the river almost to Fairfield. In the Memorial Hall is a monument to twenty of the college men who died in the Secession War. It is an adaptation of Thorwaldsen's great work at Lucerne, and represents in marble a colossal dead lion, transfixed by a spear, and with his paw resting on the shield of the Union. The names of the dead are carved below. The citizens of the town who fell in the same dread conflict are commemorated by a martial bronze statue on the broad green square by the ancient academy.

This venerable college was chartered in 1813, and opened in 1818, and has had nearly 800 alumni, many of whom have attained fame as

missionaries and teachers. Two of the chief of these were George Dana Boardman and Benjamin Tripp, of the class of 1822, men of high courage and consecration; and among the later graduates was Prof. William Matthews, now one of the leading authors of the North-west. The roll of the alumni also includes 230 clergymen and missionaries, 158 lawyers, 162 professors and teachers, 44 doctors, and 32 newspaper men. Many years ago Benjamin F. Butler was a student here, occupying a dull little room on the third floor of the North College, and fighting penury and starvation in his struggle for an education as gallantly and cheerfully as he has since opposed other terrible adverse influences.

The original name of "The Maine Literary and Theological Institution" was changed, in 1822, to that of Waterville College, and in 1867 to Colby University, in honor of Gardiner Colby, of Boston, a generous benefactor. It is richly endowed, and has an able staff of professors; but the conservatism of the college is widely known, and keeps its antique curriculum unimpaired in an age of drifting from the old standards. The affiliated Classical Institute near by was for years one of the chief fitting-schools of New England, and a rival of Exeter and Andover; but latterly has hardly held its own, having an insufficient endowment to compete with the richer academies of Massachusetts. Ex-Governor Coburn is now erecting, at great expense, a very handsome and commodious new building for the Institute, and a brilliant future is opening for the well-famed school.

In the old days Waterville was a noted steamboat port, whence five boats departed daily for Augusta and the towns below, passing through the dam by locks. The *Waterville* ran between Augusta and Waterville as early as 1825, making slow progress against the roaring waters. The *Ticonic* was put on this route in 1832; ascended the Twelve-Mile Falls in Vassalboro' without difficulty; and was received at Waterville by artillery salutes and colossal free lunches. At one time there was a great deal of steamboat racing on the river between Waterville and Augusta, and scenes worthy of the Mississippi were enacted on these quiet waters. In 1848 the *Halifax* and the *Balloon* were indulging in such a trial of speed, when the boiler of the former exploded, killing or wounding nearly every one on board, and sinking the boat.

PITTSFIELD AND DEXTER.

To the eastward of Waterville, and especially after leaving the fair Kennebec Valley, and climbing up on the great water-shed, the country is less populous, and the villages stand much farther apart. It is fifty-five miles from Waterville to Bangor; and the day-express makes the trip in an hour and a half, stopping only at Burnham and Newport, and rushing with lightning speed by the other nine stations. After the Bangor train runs out of Waterville, leaving the ancient University buildings on one side, it ascends the west bank of the Kennebec for a short distance through a populous region, and crosses the great river below Fairfield. Beyond the quiet little station of Benton the pretty village of Clinton is reached, in one of the old Plymouth-Patent towns, settled as early as 1775. Here the line runs in the valley of the Sebasticook, which is followed for a dozen miles, or more, through long highland clearings, with heavy fringes of forest on either side, and occasional glimpses of the high blue mountains about Penobscot Bay.

From Burnham station a branch railway loafs downward to the south-east, across the dreary plains of Waldo County, to Belfast, thirty-four miles, in two hours, crossing half-a-dozen Yankee farming towns,—Unity, Thorndike, Knox, Brooks, Swanville, and Waldo. At Belfast (see Index) steamboats may be taken for the great summer hotel on Fort Point, or the camp-meeting grounds at Northport, or the ancient fortress of Castine.

The next station on the main line is Pittsfield, a brisk manufacturing village, with mills which convert Maine wool into Scotch Cheviot cloth under the direction of canny old Scottish weavers. Here also is the Maine Central Institute, a well-known training-school for the eastern colleges. Stages run from this village of the plain up the Sebasticook Valley to Hartland, and around great Moose Pond to Harmony. Beyond the station of Detroit comes the junction at Newport, in the thrifty village of the same name; and from this point a branch railroad runs northward fourteen miles, over the long plains of

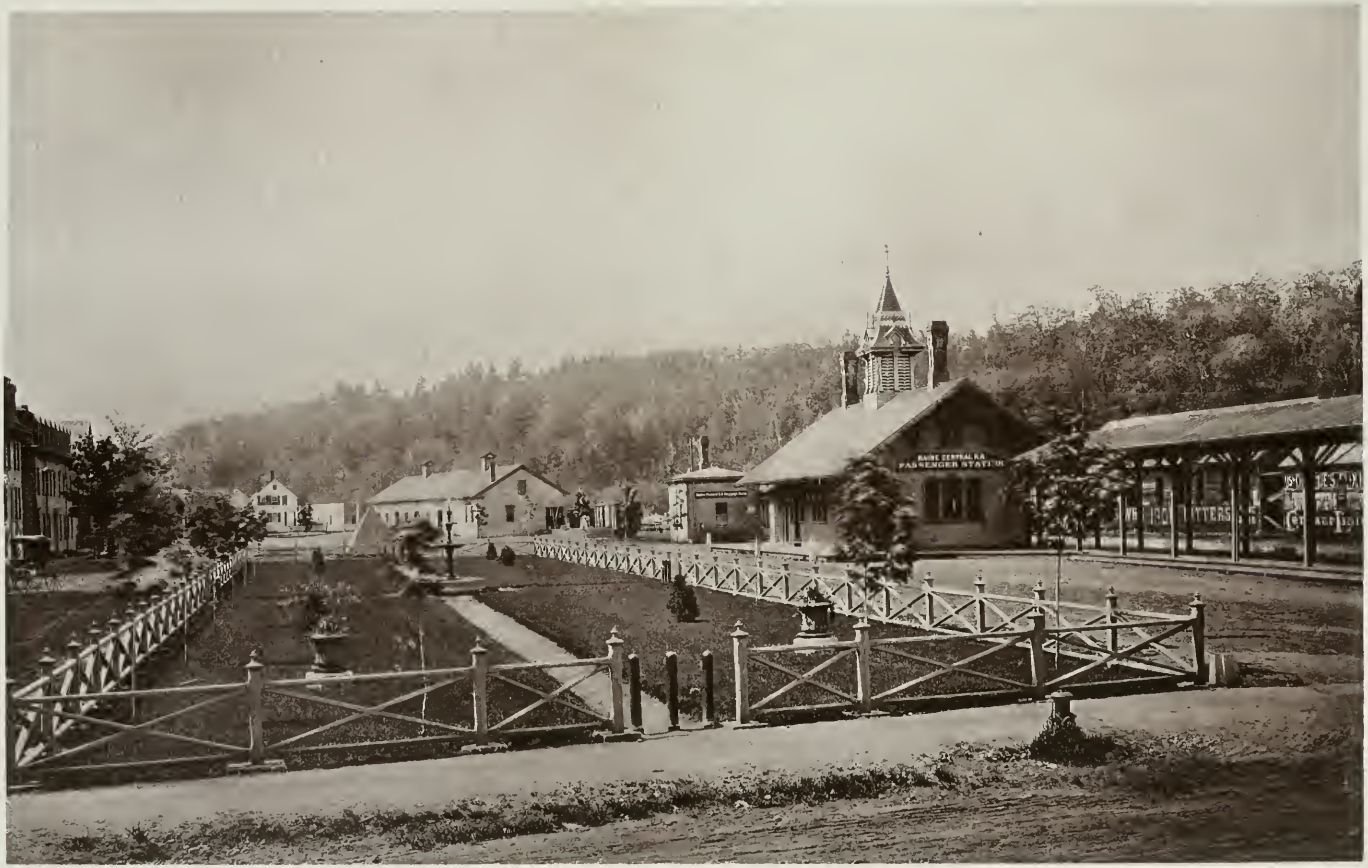
Corinna, to Dexter, a prosperous and pretty village with a line of busy factories along the downward-pitching outlet of Dexter Pond. One of the eight local churches is called the Barron Memorial, in honor of the cashier of the bank, who was murdered by burglars while defending the treasures in his charge. There are many localities in the environs where the scenery is noticeably beautiful, and summer travellers often make Dexter the goal of their pilgrimages. Up to within a very few years the favorite route to Moosehead Lake ran *via* Dexter, whence daily stages cross the hill-towns on the north to the foot of the lake.

Eastward, on the main line, the train passes near the great Newport Pond, and so on down to the lonesome station of Etna, with glimpses of the mountains of Dixmont on the south. The high water-shed of the Kennebec has now been crossed, and the line passes on into the Penobscot Valley, passing through Carmel and Hermon, primitive New-England towns, where the sewing-circle still exists in all its old-time glory. The great river is struck at a point below Bangor, and the train runs up beside the Penobscot, and stops in the outer environs of the city.

WESTERN ROUTE TO BANGOR,

Via LEWISTON AND WINTHROP.

A CONSIDERABLE part of this route lies over the old Androscoggin and Penobscot Railroad, which has been consolidated with the Maine Central line, and brought up to the same splendid efficiency which characterizes all parts of that great avenue of travel. It leaves the main track at Cumberland, eleven miles north-east of Portland, and runs across Cumberland County, a part of the ancient province of Laconia, and of Gorges's domain of New Somersetshire. After turning off at Cumberland the train runs to the rural hamlet of Walnut Hill, whose red farm-houses are nestled deep among the century-old trees, between two tall hills. Far away ahead blue ridges begin to appear, — the videttes of the wilderness. Around the station of Gray beautiful flower-beds are seen, their fragrance and color replacing the usual wretched surroundings of American railway buildings. Many other stations on this line are adorned in a similar manner, and their parterres of flowers afford pleasant refreshment to passing travellers. It is about two miles from Gray to Gray Corner, the chief village of the town, on the highlands toward Sebago Lake. Here Simon Greenleaf, the great jurist, practised law from 1807 to 1811, and laid the foundations of his vast legal learning. The railway ascends the valley of Royal River, and the pretty little stream is seen dimpling down among the trees. A new railroad line has recently been surveyed from Gray station to Poland Spring and Mechanic Falls.



M. C. R. R. Station, Augusta.

Up the narrowing valley rushes the train, and the Grand Trunk Railway is seen across Royal River on the east. New Gloucester, the next station, is in the broad town of the same name, which was granted to, and settled by, people from Massachusetts Gloucester, about the year 1735. The Indians compelled its abandonment a few years later; but in 1753 the inhabitants returned and erected a strong and spacious log-castle, which long served the purposes of homes, church, and fortress. In later years New Gloucester became a shire-town, and this period of forensic favor gave it a certain distinction and elegance which still remain among its venerable mansions. Here Peleg W. Chandler was born; and here William Pitt Fessenden, the great Senator, passed the days of his youth.

Beyond New Gloucester the Maine Central and Grand Trunk lines slowly converge, and at Danville Junction they cross each other, one route bearing away north-westward to Canada, and the former running to the north-east, into central and eastern Maine and the Maritime Provinces. The junction is in the fifth ward of the city of Auburn, but its surroundings are entirely rural. Soon, however, the Little Androscoggin is crossed, and the train halts briefly at the station of Auburn, after which it crosses the Androscoggin River, and stops at Lewiston.

AUBURN AND THE LAKE-AUBURN SPRING.

Auburn is just across the river from Lewiston, and the two cities form a kind of municipal Siamese twins, joined by the important ligament of the falls. Auburn, however, is less metropolitan than her neighbor, and has but about 10,000 inhabitants, with a valuation of $5,000,000. She has great manufactories of furniture, crackers, and bleached cottons, but her chief pride rests in shoes, and her ambition is to be a second Lynn. Over a million dollars are invested in this industry, which engages one thousand five hundred men and six hun-

dred women, out of the two thousand five hundred operatives in the city. The average annual production of shoes is nearly five million pairs; and the value of the goods manufactured here every year equals the total valuation of the city. Auburn has neither castle, cathedral, nor convent, but she takes pride in the possession of the public buildings of Androscoggin County, and in a new and handsome high-school, before which stands a bronze statue of its chief benefactor. There are also half-a-dozen good churches, and a Young Men's Christian Association building.

It is almost two hundred years since Major Church came to the site of Auburn, and stormed the Indian fort there, at the head of his gallant Provincial rangers. As the doughty Puritan infantry entered the works on one side, the aborigines fled out at the other end, and made good their escape. Several Indian skeletons have been found buried in this vicinity, all of them in a sitting posture, with their war-clubs in their hands, defiant even in death. Only a few years after the subjugation of the fort Massachusetts colonized the region with tough old veterans of the Canada wars, and the dark-skinned lords of the soil retired without argument from before these Cromwellian Congregationalists. The fire of the early days survived long, for, in 1861–65, Auburn sent four hundred and thirty soldiers into the field, and they were more than decimated during the long struggle.

The Lake-Auburn Spring Hotel is about five miles from the twin cities, by a very pleasant stage-road, which leads for miles along the shore of the lake. The hotel coaches connect with trains at Lewiston and Auburn, and run thence about three miles to the ancient Baptist hamlet of East Auburn, where passengers get on board a steamboat, and are carried across the lake to the hotel (fare from Boston and return, $7; from Portland and return, $4.25). The mineral fountain which gives interest to this locality is an uncommonly pure spring water, styled, in the jargon of the chemists, "naturally aerated, or charged with carbonic acid, oxygen and nitrogen gases, — alkaline, colorless, tasteless, odorless, sparkling, and free from any appreciable organic matter." It is a soft water, naturally laxative and corrective, and has been found very beneficial in diseases of the kidneys, liver, and stomach, as scores of testimonials in the little pamphlet sent out by the

hotel people bear witness. Not far from the spring is a commodious house, where vast quantities of water are barrelled and sent away to the agency in Boston, and to patrons in distant cities. The hotel is a modern and well-appointed house, with broad verandas, beautifully situated on a bold bluff one hundred feet above the adjacent lake, and nine hundred feet above the sea, amid ancient groves of pines and oaks. It commands an enchanting view down the lake (which is four miles long), and over the distant blue hills beyond, down the Androscoggin valley. The guests find ample resources for pleasure in boating and fishing, in evening excursions to Harlow's grove, and in driving through the beautiful and primitive country which surrounds this sequestered nook. High up above this locality, near the hamlet of West Auburn, and five miles from Auburn, is the Grand View House, which has not yet entered into the heritage of fame, but may be destined to a brilliant future. It is 1,100 feet above the sea, and commands a view of scores of mountains and lakes, near and far, including even the sovereign peak of Mount Washington. Connected with it is a very pure spring of sparkling, oxygenated, and silicated water, valuable as a solvent.

To the northward is the pond-strewn town of Turner, the birthplace of the late Postmaster-General Howe, Senator Eugene Hale, and other eminent men. This remote hill town gave an *aide-de-camp* and a life-guardsman to General Washington, and a score of soldiers to the Continental army, and also three hundred and nineteen volunteers to the national armies in the civil war. Minot, the little town to the westward, sent two hundred and six volunteers to the war, although its chief citizen, William Ladd, was the founder of the American Peace Society, and the pacific influences of the venerable Hebron Academy had for many years been leavening its youth.

LEWISTON.

Lewiston is one of the brightest and most enterprising of the manufacturing cities of New England; and the incessant motion of its machinery, moved by the swift waters of the Androscoggin, makes perpetual industrial music, as it has for more than a century. For it was as early as 1768 that the famous Pejepscot proprietors granted this locality to Moses Little and Jonathan Bagley (of Newbury, Massachusetts), who agreed to settle fifty families here within six years. The first three of their colonists came hither in 1770, and set up a mill at the falls the same season. In 1774 came Davis, the surveyor and shoemaker; in 1775, James Garcelon, from the Isle of Guernsey; in 1785, Ames, the blacksmith and inn-keeper; and in 1788, Read, the village statesman and postmaster. From these small beginnings have arisen a city of 20,000 inhabitants, with a valuation of $10,000,000, a dozen churches, thirty schools, and several newspapers, one of which, the *Lewiston Journal*, takes rank among the best products of the American press. The first tide of immigration was composed of veterans of the Revolutionary War; the second, of families who fled inland, in 1812–15, from a sea-coast exposed to the attacks of British cruisers; and the third, the voluminous and increasing stream of French-speaking people from Lower Canada, coming hither to work in the mills. A large part of the inhabitants of Lewiston are French-Canadians, descendants of the old Norman and Poitevin *emigrés* who settled about Quebec, — merry and garrulous citizens, with very little of the New-England gravity, but a vast capacity for money-earning labor. Their temporal interests are maintained by a weekly newspaper, *Le Messager*, and their spiritual welfare rests safely in the care of a body of French clergy, and under the auspices of the good St. Anne. In proportion to its population Lewiston has more Roman Catholics than any other place in Maine, and their chief shrine is the great Church of St. Peter, conducted by Dominican monks, and adorned by costly statues, imported from France, and by rich modern frescoes.

Young as the settlement was, it sent three good soldiers into the armies of the Revolution, and into the war of 1812 several companies, one of which was captured *en masse* in the gunboat *Growler*, on Lake Champlain. Toward the forces called out by the United States in 1861–65, it gave 1,142 volunteers and 16 drafted men, 112 of whom died in Maryland, Virginia, Louisiana, and elsewhere throughout the red South. The handsome little park in the centre is adorned with a bronze statue of a soldier, commemorating the Lewiston volunteers who never came back to Maine. Looking down upon this memorial are several costly churches, the city hall, with its lofty Gothic spire, and the great brick building of the De Witt House. This locality is the crown of the civic pride, and intervenes between the mill district and the residence streets, which melt away into the country outside. A charming view of the city and its environs, and of the Androscoggin valley for many a league, may be obtained from the little mountain near Bates College, whose summit has been reserved for an astronomical observatory.

Begirt as they are with mills, canals, and bridges, the falls have lost much of their ancient natural beauty; yet in seasons of high water, when vast bodies of water are thundering over the stone dam and whitening over the rocky islets and ledges, they afford a scene of deep interest and attraction. There is a very grim and terrible legend attached to this locality, of a war-party of hostile Indians lured down the river by false signals placed by white men, and swept over the falls in their canoes, to meet with destruction in the raging white floods below. But in these happy practical days the water-nymphs are yoke sisters of the mill-girls, and the Union Water Power Company, having encased the falls in bulwarks of masonry, hires out their power to the adjacent factories. Their province extends to the distant Rangeley Lakes, where vast dams serve to regulate in some degree the supply of water in dry seasons, making sure a supply to the fifty busy water-wheels, with their 6,000 horse-powers. The great cotton-mills, the Continental, Bates, Hill, Androscoggin, Lewiston, and others, run 400,000 spindles, and use every year 13,000 tons of cotton. There are also various other large factories in Lewiston, and the roll of operatives comprises 4,000 men and 3,300 women. The products for 1882 included

61,000,000 yards of cotton and woollen goods (more than enough to belt the earth at the equator), 17,000,000 feet of long lumber, 4,000,000 bags, 72,000 shirts, and a vast number of other articles.

In ample grounds above the city rise the commodious buildings of Bates College, which was founded, in 1856, as the Maine State Seminary, and assumed its present name seven years later, in honor of a generous patron. It is an undenominational Christian college, where, by frugality and intellectual industry, 130 young men and women are laying broad and deep the foundations for useful lives. The tuition fee is $36 a year; and students have gone through the entire four-years' course for $600 each. Earnest efforts are now being made by Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Duryea, Stillman B. Allen, and other eminent Bostonians, to increase the endowment of this centre of light and culture. The theological school attached to the college is the chief supply of clergy for the Free-Will Baptist Church. Elsewhere in the city is the new Eclectic Medical College.

There are many pleasant drives in this region of hills and lakes, and abundant livery accommodations in the stables of the two cities. About three miles out, on the river-road, is the Gulf, where the Androscoggin rushes down a series of rapids against a steep height below, making a very pretty sandy beach, and surging ceaselessly against the repelling ledges above and below.

POLAND SPRING.

Poland Spring, one of the chief health-resorts of New England, is reached by a hilly stage-road of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Lewiston Junction, or a longer (but still pleasant) drive from Lewiston and Auburn, over the highlands. It is in the picturesque hill town of Poland, abounding in ponds and ridges and other scenic charms, and commemorating, in its name, an ancient Indian chief of this region, now long since departed to the kingdom of Ponemah.

The hotel is one of the largest of its class, with a frontage of 262 feet, long piazzas, electric annunciators, gas-lights, steam elevator,

reading and smoking rooms, a colossal dining-room, and all the other appurtenances of a first-class American summer hotel. It is 800 feet above the sea, and commands an exquisite view, including the distant spires of Lewiston on one side, and on the other the broad waters of Sebago Lake, with the noble peaks of the White Mountains beyond. The nearer lakes of Poland are included in this panorama of beauty, and the long ridges which stretch away toward the Androscoggin valley. Within easy driving distance are the quaint Shaker villages, founded a hundred years ago, near Sabbath-Day Pond, and now rich in well-tilled farms; the busy hamlet of Mechanic Falls, with its manufactures of paper and rifles; the prosperous twin cities of Lewiston and Auburn; and the old lake-side haunts of Nathaniel Hawthorne, in Raymond.

The famous spring is close to the hotel, through whose rooms its waters are conducted in enamelled iron pipes; and alongside is a building in which vast quantities of the water are barrelled and bottled for export, to be sold in the cities. It flows from a crevice in a granite ledge, running about eight gallons a minute, and is a colorless and tasteless alkaline water, containing only about four grains of mineral matter (mainly silica, and carbonates of lime and magnesia) to the gallon. Among the diseases which yield to its gentle power are dyspepsia, Bright's disease, gravel, scrofula, debility, dropsy, and various other distressing complaints of the kidneys and digestive organs. The patients drink two full goblets of the water five times a day, and thus in a manner drown out their troubles, returning home, in many cases (as attested by a great number of witnesses in the little pamphlet given away by the proprietors), quite cured of long chronic ailments.

The spring has belonged to the Ricker family since 1792, and for many years enjoyed a considerable local fame, which was augmented by a wonderful cure performed on a sick ox that was turned into the adjacent pasture to die, but drank freely, and soon recovered and grew so fat that he passed under the butcher's knife as marketable beef. Since that time, nearly twenty-five years ago, the spring has become famous for its wonderful curative powers. The old stage-tavern of the Rickers began to be visited by crowds of health-seekers, and a few years later the present immense hotel was built to accommodate the increasing throngs of people from the cities.

WINTHROP AND LAKE MARANACOOK.

As the Bangor train runs out of Lewiston, it follows the Androscoggin for a while, and then branches off across the purely agricultural town of Greene, which was settled a century ago by Massachusetts veterans of the Revolutionary War. Here the hills attain a greater height, and begin to be called mountains. At Leeds Junction the Androscoggin branch is crossed, and passengers for Farmington and the Rangeley Lakes change cars. The next station is in the lake-bordered town of Monmouth, the seat of the great estate of Gen. Henry Dearborn, who distinguished himself at the battle of Monmouth (New Jersey) in 1778. A small and peaceful tribe of Indians were dwelling here when the first settlers came in, but they gave way in silence, and retreated into the northern wilderness. The village near the station has a small hotel and several factories. The next station, six miles beyond Monmouth, is at Winthrop, in the heart of the lake country. The outlet of Lake Maranacook, descending steeply toward Lake Annabesacook, affords a chance for Yankee mills, and here rises the village of Winthrop, whose busy little woollen factory has been running for seventy years, and in 1882 received among its laborers a large party of exiled Russian Jews. It is now nearly 120 years since Timothy Foster and his comrades settled here, "by the great pond," and were saved from starvation only by the game and fish which they were enabled to capture.

Of late years this pretty little village, the Interlachen of Maine, has attained considerable favor as a summer resort, and the enlarged Winthrop House and the rural boarding-houses have been well filled with people, who find pleasure in driving about the beautiful lake region and among the rich farms of the hill-country, prolific in hay and apples. There was good reason for the name of Pond-town Plantation, which the early settlers gave to this region before the Revolutionary War, for the country is all a-smile with bright and devious lakes. Annabesacook stretches away to the southward for many a


LAKE HARANACOOK GROVE.

shining mile, and contains one charming island, on which many interesting Indian relics have been found. Indeed, everywhere among these fair ponds are signs and tokens of the vanished race, who found here a land of joy and plenty. But of their life and deeds not even a dim tradition has survived. The first immigrants from tidewater Massachusetts found it a deserted land, made ready for their habitation by the disappearance of its ancient owners. Travellers who drive up to the old town-house describe the view thence as one of peculiar beauty, including many a hill-girt winding lake, with blue peaks far away along the horizon, and the White Mountains low in the western distance.

Cobbossee Contee Pond, a little farther eastward, is nine miles long, and meanders among the fairest of grassy hills, between groves of cedar and red oak, in the heart of a purely rural and agricultural region. In the calm cool waters about its clustered islets dwell myriads of white perch and black bass, affording rare sport to the bucolic fishermen, and occasionally tempting sportsmen out from the not distant cities of Augusta, Hallowell, and Gardiner.

Lake Maranacook is about eight miles long, and its crystal waters extend from Winthrop village to Readfield, being crossed by a railway bridge at the narrows. At one of the most charming points on the shore the railway company purchased about sixty acres of woodland, contiguous to the track, and graded the ground, thinning out some of the trees, and erecting a great number of pavilions, seats, dance-halls, wharves, and other conveniences for the vast picnic armies which visit the grove on almost every pleasant summer day. Until recently the lake was known as Winthrop Pond, and it is uncertain whether its present melodious Indian name is a revival of some long-forgotten title. It has already become a synonym for pleasure; and no prettier sight can be found than the daily summer armies of merry-making thousands rambling through these grand pine groves by the side of the silvery lake. In this delightful forest meet joyous conclaves of myriads of merry makers. Gray veterans of the Grand Army, thousands of fire-breathing Land-League Hibernians, parishes of French and Irish Catholics, temperance camp-meetings, band tournaments, rifle matches, Sunday-schools, industrial brotherhoods, mystic secret societies, and all manner of bands of pleasurers. Here the chief orators of Maine address their

constituencies, the strongest boatmen compete for shining prizes, the favorite brass bands from Kennebunk to Mattawamkeag make varied music, and thousands of happy tourists of a day wander among the delightful pine groves. If the woods are uncomfortably warm, there are several little steamboats on the lake, carrying excursionists up and down the mimic sea, amid great variety of sweet and pleasant scenery.

Beyond the picnic grove the train rumbles across the lake, which is followed for miles, on the left, to the station of Readfield. The lonely spire of Readfield Corner rises at the head of the lake, with Mount Blue far away beyond; and on the western ridge appear the towers of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College, at Kent's Hill. For nearly fifty years this school of Methodist prophets has pursued its quiet and useful way, and it now has more than one hundred and fifty students. A daily stage climbs up to it from Readfield station, giving beautiful views over the lake country.

From Belgrade station stages run to New Sharon, passing Belgrade Mills, with its little inn and Golder's spool-factory, where thirty-five workmen annually convert 1,500 cords of fine-grained white birch into about 35,000,000 spools. Near the Mills is a very attractive lake, covering nine square miles, and dotted with an archipelago of islets. There is a small steamer on these secluded waters, and several boats, in which the villagers and infrequent summer travellers pursue the bass and perch which swarm among the islands. Near by is Rome, the least of rural villages, yet not without heroes worthy of its name, for forty of its Yankee Romans died in the field during the civil war.

Northward of Belgrade station the train soon reaches the shore of Messalonske Lake, which it follows for several miles through a thinly settled farming country to Oakland (or West Waterville), the terminus of the railroad to North Anson, whence it descends to beautiful Waterville, on the Kennebec. Oakland is a manufacturing borough, rich in the possession of the Messalonske River, which, in falling downward over the edges of the plateau toward the Kennebec makes many highly prized water-powers, dear to Yankee men. One of these is the largest scythe-factory in the world. Here our route meets the Eastern Division of the Maine Central Railroad, which left it at Cumberland, and a single line runs hence eastward to Bangor.

THE NORTH-WESTERN WILDERNESS.

NORRIDGEWOCK AND NORTH ANSON.

IT is therefore from Oakland and Waterville that one turns northward toward the wilderness, aided for a few leagues by the branch railways, and afterwards dependent on more primitive modes of travel. The Somerset Railroad runs north from Oakland across an open rolling country, with many comfortable farms on either side, and occasional fair glimpses of the lofty blue hills beyond. At Norridgewock it crosses the Kennebec, with the brick house of Sophie May close to and below the track, on the right, and the venerable houses and great trees of Norridgewock beyond. Several miles farther, on the monument to Father Rasle is seen in a broad field on the left.

On this north side of the river sleeps the Norridgewock of the past, once the chief town in all this region of the upper Kennebec, with many stores and a large trade, but now a charmingly drowsy old hamlet, with immemorial elms arching over its soundless street, and dignified old gentlemen rehearsing the traditions of the past among the old-fashioned gardens. It seems as near Sleepy Hollow as a Yankee village can be, and is rich in quaint legends. The Danforth and Tenney places, once the homes of eminent Maine jurists, and many other great square mansions, stand retired from the street, like the homes of the maritime

aristocracy of Portsmouth and Newburyport. At the end of "the long house" is the most famous tree in Maine, a grand willow, twenty-three feet in circumference at the base, said to have sprung from a switch stuck in the ground over a hundred years ago by a traveller riding eastward from New Hampshire. There are several other interesting legends about this venerable Colossus. The great elm-trees, the particular pride of the village, are believed to owe their origin to a tree-planting day many generations ago, announced from the church pulpit, the minister stating that Squire —— would furnish all the saplings needed, and Brother —— all the rum. The old brick mansion, with its great white pillars, built many years ago by Cullen Sawtelle, member of Congress from Maine in the time of the Mexican War, has long been owned and occupied by Miss Rebecca S. Clarke, who has achieved fame and competence as a writer, under the pseudonym of "Sophie May." In this ideal home, earned by her pen, dwells the favorite author of the Prudy Stories, amid delightful grounds, rich in tall trees, rustic seats and arbors, and bright views of the blue Kennebec. Near by is the house of ex-Congressman Lindsey, who married Sophie May's sister. The little brick temple, with white pillars, which he uses for an office, was formerly the study of John S. Abbott, the eminent jurist. The old court-house, once the forensic centre of this great forest county, and the resort of many famous lawyers, is now used only for the occasional meetings of agricultural and temperance organizations. Adjacent is the antique meeting-house, still occupied for religious services, while the lower floor serves as the town-hall, and the steeple is packed with honey, and inhabited by myriads of bees. The men who raised the huge beams and braces in this temple of civil and religious liberty required the inspiration of "one barrel of good W. I. rum, and one hundred pounds of maple sugar." The church was once for a week or more the retreat of grim Jack Hale, the famous horse-thief, who slept very comfortably on the pew-cushions, and drank up the year's supply of communion-wine, while from time to time he could hear the villagers outside wondering where he was.

The business of old Norridgewock was very considerable, both with the adjacent rural communities and with the Indians, who expended the profits of their arduous hunting excursions in rum, beads, and

trinkets. A dozen stores lined the river bank, but they have all disappeared; and the two local newspapers which celebrated their activities, have followed them into oblivion. The genius of modern enterprise recoiled from this dreamland; and when some uneasy seekers of wealth erected various little manufactories here, they were placed on the farther side of the river, near the railway station.

About five miles above Norridgewock is Old Point, a pleasant intervale at the confluence of the Kennebec and Sandy Rivers, an acre of which is fenced off around the tall granite monument and cross which Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, erected in 1833. This little reservation belongs to the Roman Catholic Church, and has been the goal of many pilgrimages of the devout Indians of Eastern Maine. In the vicinity are occasionally found arrow-heads and tomahawks, and other relics; and it is but a few years since the chapel bell and bronze cross were discovered. Here from the most ancient times had stood a populous Indian village, — the chief town and capital of the Norridgewock tribe — near the great cornfields on the adjacent intervales. As early as the year 1610, or ten years before the Pilgrims began to massacre the Massachusetts Indians, the French people in Lower Canada opened communication with Norridgewock, and founded a Christian mission here. The last of the missionaries was Sebastian Rasle, a Jesuit, and formerly Greek professor in the ancient French college at Nismes, who settled here in 1695, and prepared a dictionary of the Abenaki language (now at Harvard College), in which he taught many of his flock to correspond with each other and with him. Sweet and gentle in his manners, and charming in conversation, he won the love of the savages, and grounded them firmly in the principles of his faith. The chapel was the chief building and the pride of the village, and its services were attended by throngs of devout worshippers. Thus consolidated, and guided by the astute counsels of their aged pastor, the Norridgewocks stood like a rock against the advancing and aggressive tide of English colonization on the south, and often made successful and pitiless forays upon the other settlements. Finally the Provincial authorities resolved to annihilate this fastness of danger, and two successive military expetions, in 1705 and 1722, burned and pillaged the village and chapel, and then swiftly retreated down the valley on snow-shoes. It was

reported that Father Rasle had erected in front of his church a flag-staff, bearing a superb consecrated standard, emblazoned with a cross and a bow and sheaf of arrows, and that this crusading flag was sometimes seen flashing like a meteor over the burning villages and murdered colonists of Maine. The chieftain of the tribe went to Boston, and demanded indemnity for the destruction of the church and town; but when the authorities asked him in return to take a Puritan minister, he haughtily turned away. In the summer of 1724 a body of two hundred and eight soldiers marched from Fort Richmond against the village, and so skilfully was their advance covered by Harmon's Rangers and a body of wary Mohawk scouts, that Norridgewock was surrounded, and their bullets began to fall among the wigwams before they were discovered. The aged Father Rasle was shot at the foot of the village cross, while endeavoring to save his people, and all who failed to break through the line of environment — men, women, and children alike — were massacred. Many fell victims to the rangers' volleys in the river while trying to escape to the other shore; and seven chiefs, who tried to protect their pastor with their own bodies, were slain with him. Then the raiders burned the church and wigwams, and retreated in great haste down the silent valley. The body of the venerable priest was mutilated, and his scalp taken to Boston, where it may still be preserved in some time-blackened coffer amid the Massachusetts archives and trophies.

Sixty years passed by, and the remnant of the tribe returned no more. After the close of the Revolutionary War, a little group of American veterans came into the deserted valley, and made for themselves farms; but the fertile plain on which the ancient village stood still remains desolate and empty, haunted by the spirits of the hapless aborigines. In one of Whittier's early poems ("Mogg Megone"), the village and the massacre are described with epic power: —

> "And where the house of prayer arose,
> And the holy hymn, at daylight's close,
> And the aged priest stood up to bless
> The children of the wilderness,
> There is nought save ashes, sodden and dank,
> And the birchen boats of the Norridgewock,
> Tethered to tree, and stump, and rock,
> Rotting along the river bank!"

Out from this long and level campagna, and from the grim memories of the New-World crusades, the train rushes fast, and the spires and white houses of a modern Yankee town soon rise by the riverside. Madison Village has some large new woollen mills, and other signs of prosperous industry, and is connected by a bridge with Anson, beyond the Kennebec. The railroad crosses the river here, and fares away northward through the woods to North Anson, the end of the route, where the Carrabasset River enters the Kennebec, and the whirling currents and plunges of the Carrabasset Falls afford interesting glimpses of river passion. North Anson is a brisk little village, with a Democratic newspaper, two or three churches, and several small factories, while near the end of the main street is the dingy old Academy where so many successful men have received their education. The Carrabasset River rushes merrily down through the village, affording no end of water-power, — that sovereign blessing of the Yankee heart. Above is the broad and rather dreary main street, with its bazaar-like shops, and the offices of various local dignitaries.

North Anson is the most northerly railway station in the Kennebec Valley, and for many years will remain so, enjoying, with Skowhegan, the trade of all the forest-towns beyond. The local newspaper combats the proposed road from The Forks to Shirley with tremendous vigor, as tending to drain off the Upper Kennebec trade to Bangor. From the main street of the village magnificent blue mountains are seen all along the western horizon, and running northward far towards Canada. Prominent among these are the nine high peaks in New Vineyard, — a wild and picturesque town, which was settled, about ninety years ago, by people from Martha's Vineyard. The soil is not so bad as might be inferred, and the chief village has several busy factories; but the population of the town has been diminishing for many years, ever since the prairie fever struck into Maine.

At North Anson is the only factory in the world for making wooden shanks wherewith to support the soles of shoes in the curve between the heel and ball. Here the butts of silver and white birches and white maples are sliced and boiled, and split and squeezed into the proper shank form, after which they are bundled together in great numbers, and sent down the valley.

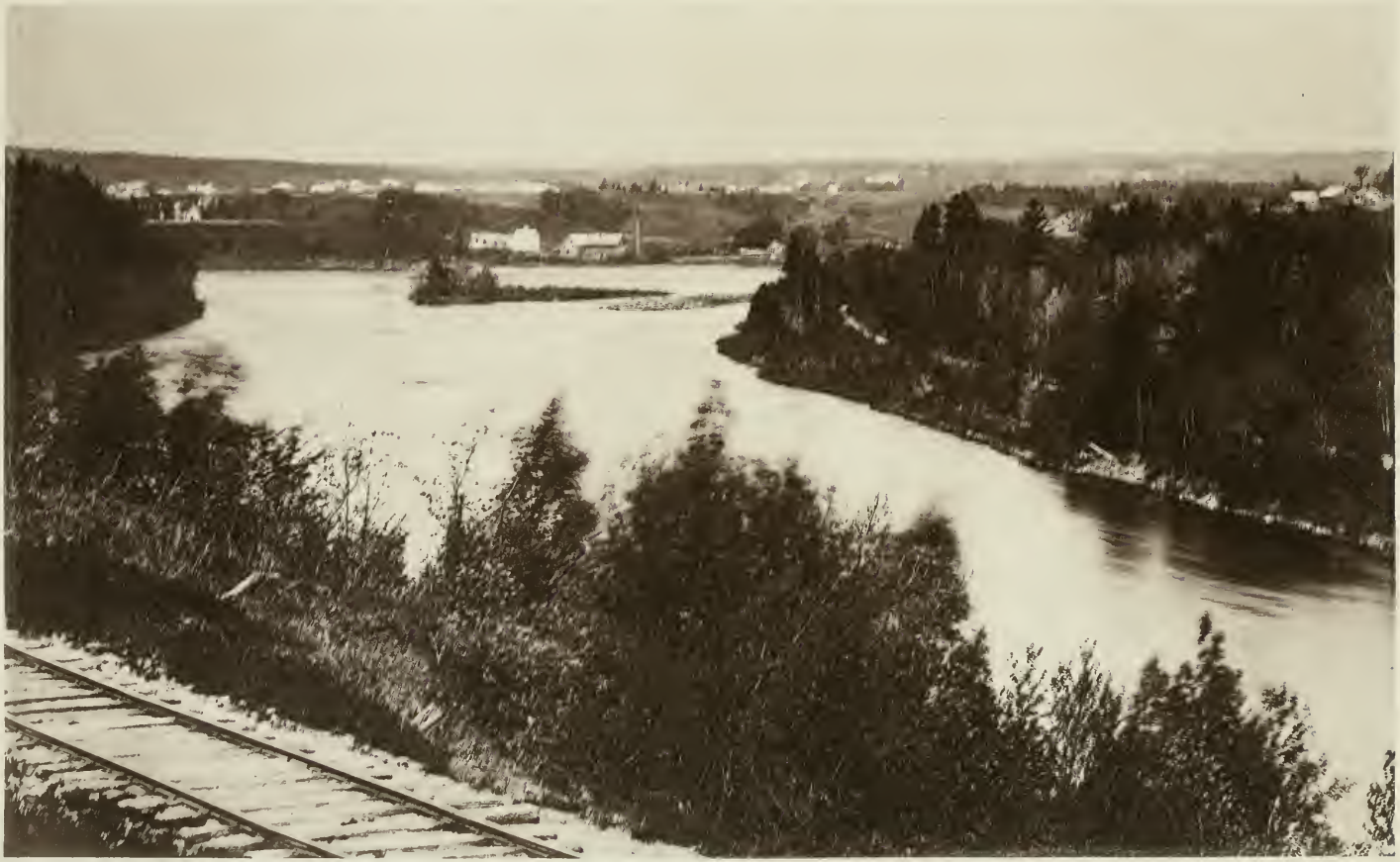
It is twelve miles from North Anson to the rich farming town of Starks, on Sandy River; twelve miles to Industry, a decaying hill-town, with four churches and 600 inhabitants; twelve miles to Skowhegan, or Norridgewock; twenty miles to Brighton; and thirty-six miles to The Forks. A stage leaves daily for Solon, eight miles up the river, where connection is made with the stage from Skowhegan to The Forks.

One can drive from North Anson to Quebec in three long days (the distance being one hundred and sixty miles), the last fifty miles being through an almost continuous village of prolific French Canadians, with many a tall stone church sacred to the saints of Rome.

EUSTIS AND FLAGSTAFF.

Forty-eight miles north-west of North Anson, by a road leading up the beautiful intervales of the Carrabasset, is the secluded hamlet of Eustis Mills, on the Dead River; and six miles beyond Kennedy Smith's farm, by a buckboard road, is the famous Tim Pond, only about a mile square, but fairly alive with small trout, which attract sportsmen from cities hundreds of miles away. There are comfortable cabins on the shore, and boats on the water. Twelve miles farther into the wilderness, and within twenty miles of Canada, lie the renowned Seven Ponds, the *ultima thule* of the trout-fisher, with their swarms of gamy and delicious trout. Here, also, are boats and camps for the use of sportsmen, under the care of Smith, the path-finder. Now and then a small herd of deer may be seen coming down to the ponds, on a still morning, to drink; and of other and smaller game the wide and mountainous forests all around are full.

This region of mountains and lakes may also be reached by way of Farmington and Kingfield, although good accommodation for staging is found at Brown's, in North Anson. The former road ascends the Carrabasset Valley from Kingfield, and then crosses the highlands by a very rough and arduous route, after which there is a final stretch of ten miles of admirable road, affording very grand views of Mount Bigelow and its sister peaks.



The road from North Anson passes through North New Portland, one of three little factory hamlets in a township which was granted to the people who suffered by the British naval bombardment of Portland in 1775. It has no fewer than six churches, to a declining population of about 1,200 souls. Beyond is Dead River Village, twenty-seven miles from North Anson, and here, at Parsons's inn, one can get boats and supplies to ascend the river to Flagstaff and Eustis, with a portage around the picturesque Hurricane Falls. Dead River Plantation has about 100 inhabitants, mostly of the Methodist persuasion, and sent twelve stalwart soldiers into the civil war. Here we are on the route of Benedict Arnold's expedition against Quebec, and can ascend the north branch of Dead River for a dozen miles (with only one short carry, at Ledge Falls), to the Chain Ponds, whence the way is short across the frontier, and down to Lake Megantic and the Chaudière waters. The territory between Dead River and Eustis belongs to Flagstaff Plantation, a patriotic little Methodist settlement at the foot of Mount Bigelow, whose great granite peaks rise to a height of 3,300 feet, and form a landmark for all Western Maine. Near the river Arnold encamped for three days, and from a tall flagstaff (whence the name of the plantation) beside his tent displayed the new-born American flag.

The descent of Dead River, from Eustis to The Forks, is a difficult journey of over fifty miles, with carries at Ledge, Hurricane, Long, and Grand Falls (the latter being twelve miles below Dead River Village), and almost continuous rapids from Grand Falls for eighteen miles below. A carry of about a mile leads from Long Falls to the sequestered and rarely visited waters of Long Pond, under Flagstaff Mountain.

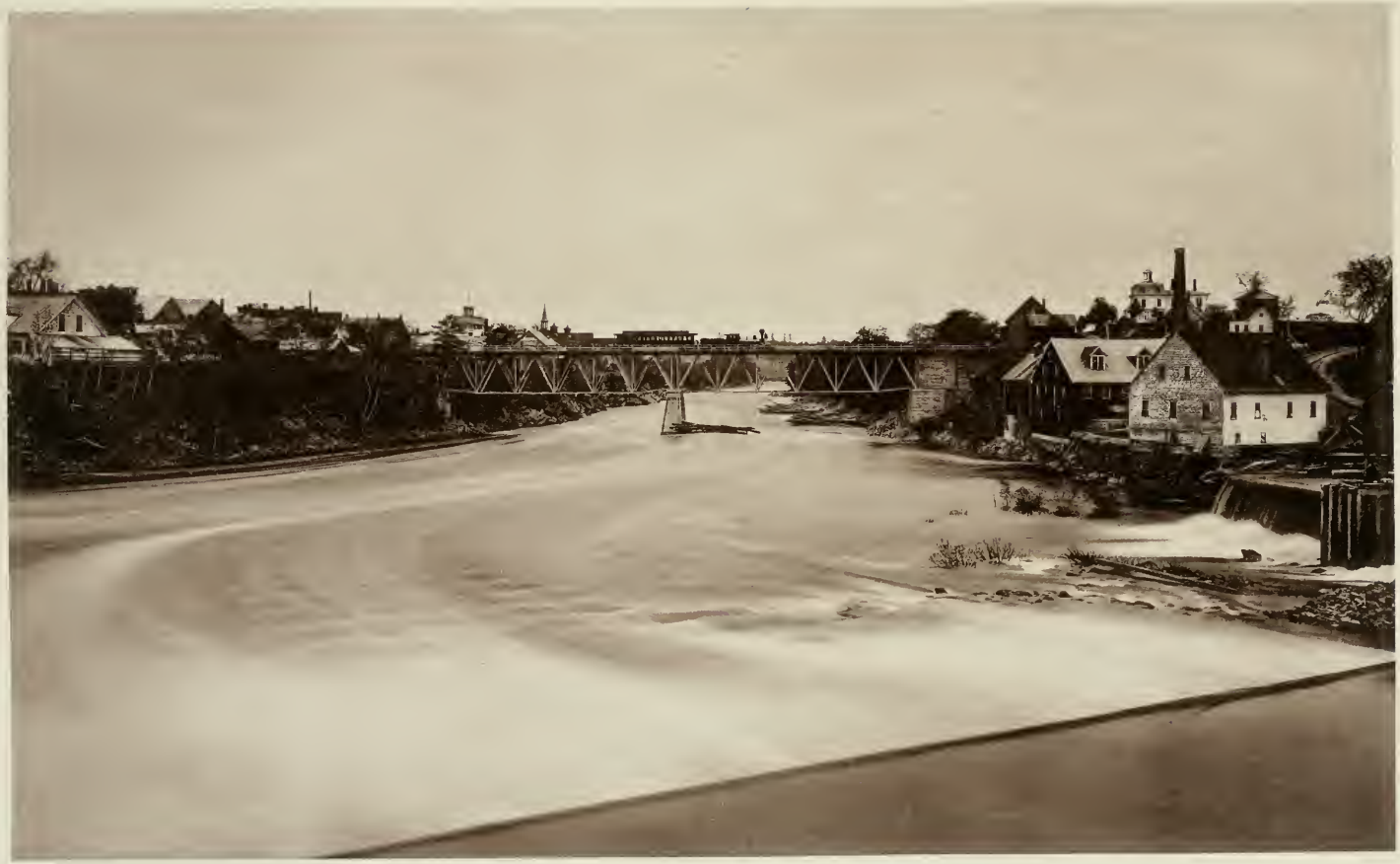
SKOWHEGAN AND SOLON.

Returning to the Maine Central line, the favorite route to the upper Kennebec region may be entered upon. It is about forty minutes' ride (nineteen miles) from Waterville to Skowhegan, the route running across the well-named town of Fairfield, famous for its fine cattle, and dotted with small manufacturing hamlets. There are beautiful views of

the Kennebec close at hand on the right, whose many curves are followed by the track, with the gentle slopes of Clinton on the farther shore. Just before reaching the end of the journey, the train crosses the deep gorge of the Kennebec on a graceful iron bridge. The railroad ends at the brisk and prosperous manufacturing village of Skowhegan, which has 4,000 inhabitants, five churches, a newspaper, and other public institutions befitting the capital of great Somerset County. The chief local treasure is the water-power afforded by the Kennebec, which descends twenty-eight feet in half a mile, amid huge masses of rock and frowning black ledges, sweeping stormily around a great island, and foaming away through a deep cañon beyond.

Skowhegan is now one of the most enterprising and prosperous of Yankee towns, and bids fair to become an important manufacturing centre. The Coburn woollen-mill has recently doubled its capacity of production; large shoe-shops have been transferred here from Lynn, and employ nearly five hundred persons; and many other manufactories are thriving on the grand water-power of the Falls. Much of this new prosperity is due to the enterprise of Abner Coburn, ex-Governor of Maine, a man worth seven million dollars, and owning vast forest townships in this State and in Oregon. His spacious and comfortable home is in the outskirts of the village, which was originally settled, in 1792, by his father, coming from Massachusetts.

The long village street, full of semi-rural activity, contains many commodious and well-stocked stores, from which the chief supplies of fifty northern towns are drawn; for this is the metropolis of the upper Kennebec, and for long lines of townships toward Moosehead Lake; and many a heavily-laden farm-wagon rumbles out hence over the rural roads to the homesteads in the distant valleys. Down by the river are clusters of mills, rattling and thundering and clattering, and daily increasing the wealth of the happy little town. There are two large and commodious modern hotels on the main street, where wayfarers meet with comfortable accommodations. Among the latest undertakings of this secluded and enterprising people is the Skowhegan & Athens Railroad, a narrow-guage line northward a dozen miles, across the rugged town of Cornville, to Athens, a pretty little village, toward Moosehead Lake.



There are two routes between Skowhegan and Solon, one of them running through the hamlet of Madison Mills, and the other crossing the long heights of Robbins Hill, from which magnificent views are gained of the distant Mount Blue range, Mounts Bigelow and Abraham, and the remote azure crest of Moxie Mountain, up by The Forks of the Kennebec. From either of these roads frequent glimpses are given of Madison Pond (or Hayden Lake), a league long, and affording a favorite excursion point for the busy Skowheganites.

The most expeditious route from Boston to The Forks is by taking the night train (at 7 P.M.), which reaches Skowhegan at about 7.30 in the morning, or but a little time after the hour when the stage usually starts, and if there is a party of half a dozen, the stage will wait for them, being duly notified. The travellers reach The Forks by supper time, and can press on still farther toward Moose River before dark. Or they can go to Skowhegan by the day train, rest there all night, purchase their supplies, and take the stage in the morning. This route is preferable to that from North Anson, as it ensures one a seat in the stage. The distance from Skowhegan to The Forks is forty-six miles, one of the longest stage rides in New England; but with a fair day and a good seat no great fatigue need be experienced.

Solon is a very pretty white village, built on a terrace high above the Kennebec, and conspicuous from points leagues away, like some of the old hill-towns of Palestine. Here Fall Brook descends rapidly from the plateau down to the Kennebec, between deep-cut banks of slate, with many a picturesque cascade and miniature cañon. The village is remarkably clean, bright, and quiet, and contains numerous pleasant old-time mansions and farm-houses, where dwell the descendants of the bold pioneers who came hither more than a century ago. The population is steadily diminishing, and is one-third less than it was thirty years ago; but the remnants of the old families still cling to their ancient homesteads, and cherish the memories of their kinsmen far away on the Western prairies, or out on the Pacific slope.

The population is purely American, and its chief subsistence is derived from agriculture. About a mile above the village are the Carritunk Falls, where the Kennebec plunges over long and abrupt ledges of jagged rocks, amid clouds of spray and never-silent roaring. A mile

or so south of the village, the road to North Anson, after passing a dainty little Boston villa, crosses the Kennebec by a singular chain-ferry, and climbs the green highlands of Embden. Near the centre of Solon village is a spacious white inn, where occasional summer guests are found enjoying the unconventional. It is sixty miles hence to Moosehead Lake, by an arduous and hilly road through Brighton, or somewhat farther by the easier Athens route.

On the opposite shore is the unfortunate town of Embden, with a scattered and decreasing population of about 700, and a tax rate double that of Boston. When the Somerset Railroad was being built, Embden subscribed for $45,000 worth of its stock; but the line stopped short before entering the township, and the unhappy farmers were left to pay for what they never received. There was nothing to do but for the town to default its bonds, and in the future it must face repudiation or ruin. Solon was saved from a like fate by the stubborn resistance of a single citizen; and Anson issued upwards of $120,000 worth of railroad bonds, which have dragged heavily on the town for years.

The stage bowls northward merrily from Solon, with frequent pleasant views over the valley, and in eight miles it reaches Bingham, where the horses are taken out, and travellers are given a chance to partake of a homely and hearty dinner at the village inn. Here is the last telegraph station in the valley, and several small stores give an appearance of commercial activity to the broad rural street. There are also some small manufactories here, on the little stream which runs down from the hills and out across the rich alluvial meadows to the Kennebec. The town derives its name from William Bingham, of Philadelphia, who purchased a million acres of land, covering forty townships, in this region, in the year 1793. The tract had originally been sold to Gen. Knox, the Secretary of War, who transferred it to his friend, Mr. Bingham. This gentleman died in England some years later, and his agent, John Black, managed the property for the estate until 1856. One of Bingham's daughters married Alexander Baring, the famous London banker, who subsequently became a peer of the realm, under the title of Lord Ashburton, and was engaged with Daniel Webster in settling the north-eastern boundary of the United States.

The next stopping place northward is Carney's Hotel, in the town of Moscow, which received its name in the year when the Russians destroyed their greater Moscow. Across the stream appears the Carrying Place, where Arnold's army left the Kennebec, and began their dreary march through the horrible jungles toward the frontier. Relics of the expeditionary force are found here from time to time, and traditions of the great march are still current in the valley. In August, 1775, the American generals planned to send Schuyler's army from New York into Canada, while Benedict Arnold should lead a force of picked men through the vast Maine wilderness to strike Quebec. Accordingly, Col. Arnold marched from the Continental camp at Cambridge, to Newburyport, where he embarked his force and sailed to the Kennebec, and up that river to Fort Western (Augusta). At Norridgewock they had great difficulty, and were obliged to carry their cumbrous batteaux, with supplies and stores, for a mile and a half around the falls, and most of their provisions were spoiled. During the last few days of the advance up the Kennebec, the stream grew so shallow and rapid that the men were obliged to wade most of the way, pushing and pulling the batteaux. On reaching the Carrying Place, where the long portage to Dead River begins, the army went into camp, only 950 men still remaining with the colors. The next fifteen miles lay across the frowning ridges to the westward, and through numerous morasses and ponds. The batteaux were drawn by oxen, and the soldiers carried the provisions and supplies on their shoulders; and, finally, after incalculable trials, the boats were launched on the placid reaches of the Upper Dead River, in the splendor of the mid-autumn days, and advanced toward Lake Megantic. The force encamped three days at the foot of a snowy peak, which Major Bigelow painfully ascended, hoping to see thence the distant towers of Quebec. The mountain still bears his name. Suddenly a tremendous storm swept the valley, destroying many boats, with their contents, and reducing the army to sore straits. The rear-guard, under Roger Enos, deserted, and returned to civilization; but the main force waded upward through the frozen streams, crossed the lofty watershed, launched their battered vessels on Lake Megantic, and Arnold and fifty-five men descended the foaming Chaudière for seventy miles to

Sertigan, a French-Canadian settlement, whence they sent back provisions to the main body, where the troops had been reduced to the necessity of eating roots, dogs, and boiled moccasins. After thirty-two days in the wilderness the entire army emerged at Sertigan, whence they marched as rapidly as possible against Quebec, appearing at the heights of Point Levi in a driving snow-storm, while the drums were beating to arms in the Gibraltar of the North. A few days later, the invading force, reduced to 750 men, crossed the St. Lawrence in birch-canoes, and advanced along the Plains of Abraham, until fired upon by the fortress-guns. The rest is known,—the siege, the desperate assaults, and the final repulse. This noble expeditionary force was an army of young men. Arnold was but 35 years old, and under him were the gallant youths Aaron Burr, afterwards so famous and infamous; Henry Dearborn, afterward Secretary of War, and Commander of the Northern Department in the War of 1812; Daniel Morgan, the Virginia rifleman, one of Washington's favorite officers; Judge Henry, of Pennsylvania; Christopher Greene, of Rhode Island, the hero of Fort Mercer; Return J. Meigs, long afterwards famous in the settlement of the West; and other young fathers of the Republic.

Carney's Hotel is owned and kept by a sturdy Yankeeized Irishman, who has a large patronage in summer, from sportsmen and trout-fishers. About three miles distant, near the foot of Moxie Mountain, is Decker Pond, celebrated for its great depth and its gamy fish, small colonies of which populate the outlet stream for over a mile. From Carney's, also, many persons visit Carrying-Place Pond, crossing the Kennebec at Briggs's Ferry, and going through the forest for three or four miles. It is a beautiful woodland water, reflecting the great trees and the blue sky in its pellucid depths, haunted by the weird cries of loons, and often visited by thirsty deer. There are plenty of fish here, and noble sport has been found in fishing down the outlet to the Kennebec. Others go in from Carney's to Pleasant-Ridge Ponds, beyond the frowning highlands on the west of the river.

Above Carney's the road runs close beside the Kennebec, and for a great part of the way to The Forks is built on artificial terraces, cut out of the sides of the environing hills, and almost overhanging the rushing stream far below. As the stage swings around these curving

galleries, with dense green thickets overarching on both sides, and the unbroken savagery of nature all about, the ride becomes highly exhilarating, and the pure and bracing air of the highlands fills the valley like an elixir.

"And, stretching out, on either hand,
O'er all that wide and unshorn land,
Slumbers the mighty wilderness!
The oak, upon the windy hill,
Its dark green burthen upward heaves;
The hemlock broods above its rill,
Its cone-like foliage darker still,
Against the birch's graceful stem;
And the rough walnut-bough receives
The sun upon its crowded leaves,
Each colored like a topaz gem;
And the tall maple wears with them,
The coronal which autumn gives, —
The brief, bright sign of ruin near,
The hectic of a dying year!"

Over this road, at certain seasons of the year, pass thousands of French-Canadians, on their way to the harvest-fields of Maine, bivouacking by the wayside when evening comes, and at dawn faring on towards the populous lowlands. For many years these annual processions of peaceful invaders have marched down the Canada Road, in search of the Yankee farmers' acceptable dollars.

THE FORKS, AND THE CANADA ROAD.

At last the low hills break down on either side, the glen widens and grows more populous, and in front appears the great white hotel at The Forks, where a hearty supper awaits the tired and hungry riders. Here, where the Dead River comes in from the south-west, and meets the Kennebec, is a hamlet of about a hundred inhabitants, with two or three small stores and a school-house. It is the merest dot of Yankee civilization, amid a wilderness of virgin forests and shadowy mountains,

and the guides and lumbermen who congregate in the capacious office of the hotel tell many a fascinating story of the silent leagues beyond. The view from the house is full of placid beauty, and the night-hours are lulled by the ceaseless murmur of the rapid Kennebec, which is here upwards of two hundred feet wide.

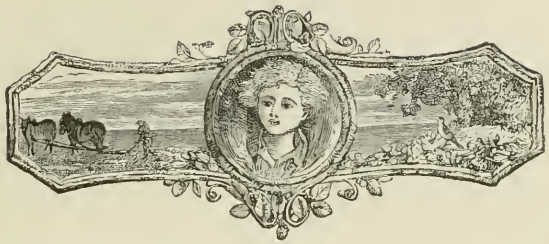
Within a few miles of The Forks are a dozen forest-bound ponds, famous in the annals of angling, and well-known to the old rangers who frequent the hotel. About twenty-five miles to the north-east, up the rapid and turbulent Kennebec, is Moosehead Lake. The Legislature has been petitioned to build a road across from The Forks, by Moxie, to Shirley, near the foot of Moosehead Lake, which would bring this secluded region into more direct railway communication with the outer world. The distance is not far from twenty miles.

Moxie Pond, which is about ten miles long, is reached by a five-mile road from The Forks, and here stand two or three neat camps, one of which pertains to a hospitable Georgian. At its outlet are the pine-shaded Caribou Narrows, and many a stately caribou may be seen drinking from the lake above. There are other narrows cutting across the blue waters; islands, also, and reefs, and navigable tributary streams, in whose cold depths the gamiest of fish await the angler's lure. On the outlet, and but a short drive from The Forks, are the famous Moxie Falls, where the stream gives a noble leap of nearly a hundred feet, over dark and frowning cliffs. Or, if one drives down the Skowhegan road nine miles, and there turns off on a rugged road to the eastward, in three miles he will reach the crystalline Pleasant Pond, famous for the delicious flavor of its trout. From the little settlement here, the road is prolonged four miles, to Mosquito Pond, close to Moxie.

But, remote and sequestered as The Forks appears, it is metropolitan in comparison with the alleged plantations farther out on the Canada Road. A public vehicle leaves The Forks three times a week for Hilton's inn, in Sandy Bay township, whence Canadian stages descend through the townships of Quebec on the north. At The Forks the Kennebec River is crossed on a massive little covered bridge, and the road for three miles beyond is steep and arduous, until, after ascending 1,100 feet, it emerges on a high, cold plateau, with grand mountain views on every side. Outside this little civilized band of road the vast

sea of forests sweeps around for scores of leagues, dark, still, and awe-inspiring, as when the Pilgrims first landed in Plymouth harbor. Falling away from the open plateau, the road enters vast overarching woods, through which it burrows on until broader horizons appear at Parlin Pond, fifteen miles from The Forks. Here stands the United-States custom-house, guarding the frontier in this direction, and critically observing the imports of Canadian ponies. Here, also, is a snug tavern, separated from the pond by a broad intervale, and occasionally visited by sportsmen. The pond is fully three miles long, and its clean, sandy bottom affords homes for many colonies of trout, for which the casual visitor angles, aided by the boats and guides furnished at the hotel. Five miles beyond is Adams' tavern, from whence roads and trails lead to the famous Parlin-Pond dam, and Long Pond (four miles). Nine miles from this forest-hostelry, and thirty miles from The Forks (still on the Canada Road), is the important settlement of Moose-River Village, with a couple of taverns, mills, stores, and several scores of inhabitants. If any one wants to see desolation intensified, let him keep on fourteen miles further on the Canada Road, through vast, unbroken forests, to the township of Sandy Bay, which is half surrounded by the rugged mountain ranges of the Canadian frontier, and has a population of two families. But the wisest course for the sportsman and the lover of nature is to engage guides and boats at the village, and enter the adjacent labyrinth of ponds and streams, amid whose tranquil solitudes fish and game and rest are found, and telegraphs are not. Close by, on the west, is the island-dotted expanse of Wood Pond, several miles long, and with the gallant home of a farmer at its head. The stream above broadens out into other ponds, and finally into the picturesque and charming Attean Pond, irregular, island-strewn, and overlooked by vast and lonely mountains. A road one mile long leads from its western bay to Holeb Pond, whence one may descend Moose River for twenty-seven miles, with occasional carries around the falls, and finally drift out again into Attean Pond. Men of Boston who have made this romantic journey return to it again, year after year, with great joy in the infinite restfulness of thus drifting down the forest-aisles, sleeping at night the profound sleep of physical weariness, and eating heartily of the products of their skill with the rod and gun.

It is a long and interesting journey from Moose-River Village to Moosehead Lake, down the Moose River. Seven miles of smooth water, overhung by vast elms, lead to Long Pond, a very beautiful sheet of water, ten miles long, with rocky islands, far-projecting capes, and graceful bays enough for a miniature Mediterranean, and fish enough for all the Fridays of a century. There are two or three log-houses, with attendant clearings, on this lovely lake. It is less than ten miles thence down the stream, with occasional carries around dams and rapids, to Brassua Lake, whose outlet runs into Moosehead Lake in about four miles.



THE RANGELEY LAKES.

THE LOWER ANDROSCOGGIN VALLEY.

THE railroad line that runs from tide-water toward the Rangeley Lakes begins at Bath, and runs thence by Brunswick and Leeds to Farmington, a distance of seventy-two miles. It was built under the names of the Androscoggin Railroad, and the Leeds and Farmington Railroad, and now forms a division of the Maine Central line. The chief point on this route is Lisbon Falls, a right busy manufacturing village, with the great Worumbo woollen mills, and other industrial hives. Here is another formidable cascade on the Androscoggin, where the Indians found many fish, and doubtless enjoyed life in their grim way. As early as the year 1650 Thomas Purchas established a fish-house here, and sent hence to London many a snug little cargo of smoked salmon. Near this point, six miles above the falls, was the chief village and capital of Sebenoa, the wise sachem of the Indian tribe which occupied the lower Androscoggin valley, and hither (in 1607) came Capt. Gilbert, nephew of the Lord Chief Justice of England, with nine men. He was cordially received here by fifty well-armed warriors, who might easily have destroyed the little band, but preferred to give them the hospitalities of the town.

A few miles beyond Lisbon, at Crowley's, a branch railway diverges to Lewiston, running across to the bright Androscoggin.

The Farmington train passes northward across the ridgy town of Webster, a stronghold of Baptists; and beyond the little factory village of Sabattusville it follows the shore of Sabattus Pond, a pretty lakelet of several miles' length. At Leeds Junction the back route of the Maine Central Railroad is crossed. Most travellers to the Rangeley Lakes come up from Portland on this route, passing through Lewiston, and change cars at Leeds Junction for Farmington. The line runs north, through the immensely long town of Leeds, for upwards of ten miles, in which it stops at three stations, each with its saw-mill and dull little hamlet. Among the highlands of Leeds Gen. O. O. Howard and his gifted brothers were born.

As the train rushes on through the rather lonely country, the beautiful expanse of Androscoggin Pond appears on the right, sparkling in the sunshine, and a mile or more away. Beyond it looms the long plateau of Quaker Ridge, which commemorates an ancient Quaker society of Leeds, now long since moribund. This land of venerable farm-houses and lovely rural landscapes is becoming somewhat popular as a summer-home for Bostonians, some scores of whom come hither every season. By and by the five-mile expanse of Androscoggin Pond fades away on the eastward, and the livelier waters of the Androscoggin River appear on the other side, close at hand. The route lies through that happy farming country which the Indians called *Rokomeka*, "the great corn land," and where some of the most valuable patrician cattle and horses of Maine have been raised. On the left the Livermore Falls are seen, whitening over long ledges, close to a pretty little manufacturing village. Here are the Umbagog Pulp Mills, provided with copious water-power from a massive new dam two hundred and twenty-five feet long and eighteen feet high, and grinding up great numbers of logs into pulp, from which a superior grade of paper for newspapers is made. The daily production is several tons, and the paper takes printing-ink better than paper made from rags. There are several other hopeful little factories here, and during the decade between 1870 and 1880 the town gained nearly eighty inhabitants. This region was granted by Massachusetts, one hundred and thirty years ago, to some of her gallant veterans of the wars against Port Royal; and about twenty years later Deacon Elijah Livermore moved in, and built the first mill. His comrade

in the wilderness was Major Thomas Fish, who does not seem to have been entirely satisfied with the Deacon as a life-long mate, since he became engaged to be married to a fair damsel in the town of Winthrop. His hopes of domestic joy amid the glens of the Androscoggin were doomed to a fatal ending, for on a savage winter day, while returning from a precious visit to his betrothed, the Major was overwhelmed by a snow-storm, and perished miserably in the vast and lonely forest.

This town was the cradle of the celebrated Washburn family, the six sons of Israel of that ilk, of whom were Elihu B., long time a Congressman, and known as "the watch-dog of the U.S. Treasury," and afterwards Minister to France; Charles A., Minister to Paraguay; General Cadwallader C., for many years a Congressman, and a brilliant officer in the Mississippi campaigns; Israel, Jr., for ten years in Congress, and sometime Governor of Maine; William D., Surveyor-General of Minnesota; and Samuel B., a naval officer in the civil war. These sturdy men have recently built, in their old home, a handsome Memorial Library, of Hallowell granite, in Gothic architecture. On an adjacent farm was born (in 1809) Hannibal Hamlin, for over a score of years a Congressman or Senator, Vice-President of the United States from 1861 to 1865, and recently Minister to Spain. Governor Hunton, General Learned, Editor E. B. Haskell (of the Boston *Herald*), and Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the celebrated missionary, were also born in this nursery of heroes and statesmen.

The scenery in this region is rich in quiet pastoral beauty, and amid the pure air of the high hills men grow to a great age, living peaceful and contented lives of honest toil. The track follows the dimpling Androscoggin northward, with broad expanses of emerald meadow, overlooked by very noble and picturesque mountains, and enters the town of Jay, which was granted by Massachusetts, under the name of Phips-Canada, to sixty-four veterans of the French war of 1755. In 1795 it was named in honor of John Jay, the Revolutionary statesman, at that time Governor of New York. It is a rugged town, dominated by the green heights of Spruce Mountain, but producing large crops of corn, grain, and fruits. At Jay Bridge is a large factory, where great quantities of sweet corn and apples are packed in cans, for exportation. A daily stage runs from North Jay station (famous for

its granite quarries) to Dixfield, fifteen miles up the Androscoggin valley, near the august peak of Aunt Hepsy Brown's Mountain.

The next station is Wilton, a mile and a quarter from the village of the same name, with its three churches and half-dozen factories, all in a picturesque little glen under a wooded hill. Daily stages run from the station twelve or fourteen miles north-westward, across the bold Carthage hills, and down into the pretty hamlet of Weld, close to Webb's Pond (a noble lake, seven miles long), and almost under the shadow of Mount Blue. The cosey tavern here has been well-recommended. Ten miles beyond is the mountain-girded town of Byron; and another ten miles leads to Camp Bema, at the foot of Mooselucmaguntic Lake. The next station beyond Wilton is East Wilton, a pretty village on a rushing brook, with four snug little churches to defend the adjacent farmers against the assaults of Satan and his hosts. Not long after leaving this rural station the landscape broadens and grows more charming. Among the hills on the right is the village of Farmington Falls, beautifully situated in an amphitheatre of hills, bending around the sinuous river, and near the tomb of Jotham Sewall, the Apostle of Maine, and the ancient fortress and cemetery of the Canibas Indians. Beyond West Farmington the track makes a broad curve around and across the lonely intervales of Sandy River, where the red men, in the long-past centuries, had their corn-fields, and many a Minnehaha and Nokomis watched the growing of the golden grain.

"And the maize-field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumage,
And the maize-ears full and shining
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure."

FARMINGTON.

High on the bluff across these emerald fields rise the spires and towers of Farmington, a little Athens in the backwoods; and after rumbling on a wide semicircular trestle across Sandy River, and

entombing itself in a cavernous railway-station, the train finally stops, at the head of broad-gauge navigation. High overhead is the village, the capital of Franklin County, the seat of its two newspapers, and the location of twoscore small factories, — named "farming-town," or Farmington, on account of "the goodness of its soil for agriculture." The streets on the plateau are bordered with long lines of shade-trees, back of which, across fragrant gardens of old-fashioned flowers, are the neat homes of the villagers. Two or three of the churches are of considerable architectural beauty. There are two hotels here, the Stoddard and the Marble, where many travellers have found fair accommodations while bound in to the lakes beyond. In and near the village are several noted schools, chief of which is the Little Blue School, occupying the picturesque estate where Jacob Abbott dwelt when he wrote those charming classics of our childhood's days, the Rollo books. For nearly forty years this school has been under the charge of Mr. A. H. Abbott, and hundreds of men, now gray with age, remember fondly the glens, and dells, and ponds about the old school, and the rich exotic tulip and magnolia trees which perfume the summer air. Elsewhere is the modern brick building of the Western Normal School, where the old science with a new name, pedagogy, is taught, under the arching trees of Main Street.

Among these peaceful scenes lived for many years Jacob Abbott, whose sixty volumes of books for the young endeared him to all juvenile America; and his brother, John S. C. Abbott, the biographer of the Napoleons. Lilian Nordica (Norton), the favorite soprano of Paris and St. Petersburg, is a native of Farmington, and a granddaughter of Camp-meeting John Allen. This flower of the Sandy-River valley is not yet twenty-five years old; but she has dined with the Czar of Russia, and now receives $12,000 a year at Paris.

The orchards of Farmington are famous for their great productiveness, and, besides the quantities exported in barrels, 70,000 gallons of canned, and eighteen or twenty tons of evaporated, apples are put up here yearly. A still more important product is sweet corn, which attains greater perfection here than anywhere else in the United States. Hundreds of thousands of cans are put up yearly in the factories of Farmington, whence they are sent out to all parts of the world. There are

seventy corn-canning establishments in Maine, whose product exceeds 10,000,000 cans yearly, besides immense quantities of succotash. The corn is picked and husked at early morning; cut from the cob by a machine; boiled in sealed cans for half an hour, and then opened to let the gas escape, and, finally, re-soldered. Not satisfied with these precious products of their happy valley, the inhabitants claim that there is gold in the bed of Sandy River, and that a few grains of the royal metal may be found in every panful of earth. Sometime the Argonauts may return to the old Pine-Tree State, and find bonanzas among her noble hills.

It is a very pleasant drive down the river by Farmington Falls to New Sharon, a distance of nine miles (daily stages). The river runs through a devious course of eight miles between the Falls and New Sharon, with rich meadows and farm-lands on either side, and high blue hills beyond. It has been likened to the valley of the Connecticut, for its rich and tranquil pastoral scenery. There is very good boating on all this long reach of quiet water; and the local tradition stoutly claims that the first screw steamboat in the world was invented here, by Mr. Beard, and ran upon this stream. New Sharon is a lovely village, on both sides of Sandy River, near broad corn-bearing meadows, much of whose product, transmuted into money and given to the adventurous youth of the valley, has gone, as a chronicler dryly says, "to develop new towns and States in the West." A stately and far-viewing hill near by bears the singular name of Cape Cod, in memory of its early settlers, who came from that sandy and sea-girt right arm of Massachusetts. This town was the birthplace of George Dana Boardman, the Apostle to the Karens, who founded his great missions in Burmah as early as the year 1827. A daily stage runs out from New Sharon for sixteen miles, through the wonderful lake country of central Maine, to Belgrade, on the Maine Central Railroad.

Another stage-route leads northward across the hills from Farmington to remote Eustis, high up on the Dead River, passing through the mountain towns of New Vineyard, New Portland, and Kingfield. It is twenty-two miles from Farmington to North Anson, by a good road, leading through several high mountain-passes. Another beautiful drive passes through the pleasant village of Temple, to the great lake (Webb's Pond) in Weld. All this lovely valley of Sandy River, with its ramparts

of blue peaks and its hamlets of sturdy and intelligent New-Englanders, affords a worthy rambling-ground for summer idlers and seekers after picturesque variety in life and manners. From the streets of Farmington, Mount Blue appears in full majesty in the near north-west; and from Powder-Horn Hill, above the village, an exquisite view is given for dim leagues up and down the valley.

Five miles out, in the town of Industry, is Clear Water Pond, covering a thousand acres, and girdled with forests, which curve gracefully around many a snug little cove, shadowing cool waters in which trout are fabled to attain a weight of fifteen pounds. About the same distance from Farmington, and also a favorite drive, is the Rainbow Cascade, a very charming little fall, fifty feet high, on a sequestered forest-stream, where the rainbows play with the deep shadows of the thronging maples.

STRONG AND PHILLIPS.

The Sandy-River Railroad.

The quaintest of narrow-gauge railroads, apparently hardly more than a toy, runs from Farmington, for nineteen miles up the Sandy River, to Phillips. The line and its stations and rolling-stock have cost about $150,000, and the annual running expenses amount to $10,000. The gauge is twenty-four inches, and the little cars have but a single seat on each side of the aisle. The ride is full of interest and beauty, for the woods are on more intimate terms with this tiny line than with its broader lowland brethren, and bend down closely and curiously over the way. On one side is the rapid river, with graceful sandy beaches and broad reaches of pebbly strand; and across the valley loom the conspicuous peaks of the Mount-Blue range. The train rushes merrily onward, over high and rattling trestles, up steep grades, and around sharp curves, until one wonders what keeps it to the track, and would hardly feel surprise to see it swing off independently up the mountain side. At almost every cross-road it makes a brief stop, while some stalwart farmer gets on or off, and then it speeds away with new vigor

up the glen. Occasionally the imposing form of Mount Abraham appears on the far front, gliding ghost-like over the trees; and soon the train slows up at the pretty white village of Strong, on the great bend of the Sandy River, and between two immense hills. It is a hopeful, energetic, enterprising little place, with the usual quota of small factories and smaller churches; and its citizens claim for it (whether rightly or not) the honor of having been the birthplace of the Republican party.

Another fact, of which Strong should be proud, is that here was born Elizabeth Akers Allen (Florence Percy), the poet, whose exquisite song of "Rock me to Sleep" has been sung all round the world.

Adventurous mountaineeers, who want to look over the Maine wilderness from the top of Mount Abraham, may drive out eight or ten miles to Salem, whence the ascent, four miles long, can be made in three hours. The summit, 3,387 feet above the sea, is covered with long moss, and affords an unimpeded and magnificent outlook.

Beyond Strong the track is carried across the Porter Stream on a long bridge, and then winds upward along the hill-sides, with lovely views of the glens below, and the high green peaks across the valley. Finally it makes a dash at Sandy River, crosses it triumphantly on a rattling lattice-bridge, and stops at the end of the line, — the inexpensive station of Phillips. The traveller who has left Boston at 8.30 or 9 in the morning, and lunched at Portland, gets to this point at about 7 in the evening; spends the night here, and leaves a little before 8 next morning on the stage, and dines at Rangeley. Phillips is a lively town of 1,400 inhabitants, with various manufactures, and a large country trade, a brace of churches, a sparkling newspaper (*The Phillips Phonograph*), and environing miles of fertile farms. Favored by its attractive scenery, and still more by its excellent hotels, it is fast becoming a summer resort of some celebrity. The Barden House is a large old-fashioned country inn, near the centre of the village; and farther out on the main street stands the Elmwood, a thoroughly first-class house, kept by Theodore L. Page, of Boston. The only difficulty with this quaintly luxurious little hotel, one of the best in all rural New England, is that the demand for rooms, throughout the summer, largely exceeds the supply. Brook trout abound in the streams near Phillips, to lure the sedentary sportsman; and a valuable and highly-flavored

sulphur spring near the village gives relief to victims of rheumatism. Travellers in search of natural phenomena may drive to the Sandy-River Falls, in Madrid, or to the Mammoth Rock, — a wonderful boulder, three or four miles out; or to the deep glens in the neighboring plantations; or they can ride to within a mile of the top of Mount Blue, and ascend the path to the crest, 2,804 feet above the sea, where stands a signal station, commanding a view as far as the ocean, and along the White-Mountain range.

Greenvale and Rangeley are respectively seventeen and twenty-one miles from Phillips, on Rangeley Lake, and the stage leaves betimes in the morning, passing through the hamlet of Madrid, not far from Mount Abraham, and surrounded with valuable spruce forests. Beyond, from the lofty summit of Beech Hill, a spur of Saddle-back, 2,500 feet above the sea, a magnificent view is gained; and then the road descends rapidly into the great Rangeley Basin, passing between the Sandy-River Ponds, the head of this important tributary of the Kennebec, and the trout-haunted Long Pond, the source of the Androscoggin. Two miles from the latter the stage draws up at Greenvale, near the steamboat-pier and head of navigation on these inland waters.

THE RANGELEY LAKES.

High up on the plateau of North-western Maine, at an elevation as great as that of the head-waters of the Mississippi, are the famous Rangeley Lakes, the fountains of the Androscoggin River, and the favorite fishing-ground of New England. For forty or fifty years thousands of gentlemen, who love the gentle art of dear old Izaak Walton, have frequented these beautiful mountain-tarns, enwalled with primeval forests, gemmed with embowered islands, and connected by many a silvery stream with remoter recesses of the wilderness, amid the haunts of bear, deer, and moose. Over the crystalline waters several odd little steamboats ply back and forth, and the light cedar boats of the foresters skim up and down, bearing enthusiastic knights of the

rod and line. Among the bordering woodlands dwell Mahng, the loon, Opechee, the robin, Shuh-shuh-gah, the heron, and Adjidaumo, the squirrel, with Mokwa, the great bear; and in every camp along the shore lives Iagoo, the great story-teller. In the exquisitely clear waters is the chosen abode of the *salmo-fontinalis*, classed by Agassiz with the ordinary brook-trout, but sometimes attaining a weight of eight or ten pounds each. From the highest of the lakes the plateau falls off to the south-west in a series of vast terraces, down to the muddy levels of Umbagog, two hundred and fifty feet below, yet more than twelve hundred feet above the sea; and everywhere the scenery is wild, aboriginal, and primitive, and worthily echoes the ponderous polysyllabic names which the long-extinct barbarians bestowed upon these happy hunting-grounds. With every returning season larger and larger companies of tired city men come up to these restful solitudes to drink in the blessings of the pure, sweet air, and to lure the gamy trout from their coverts in the deep pools. There comes a time, in our fierce American summers, when with poor old Falstaff we "babble o' green fields," and then it is pleasant to seek these sylvan heights, far away in the virgin wilderness. As Shakespeare, in the gloomy old Globe Theatre of London, dreamed of the moonlight on the Avon, and Wordsworth could see the solemn arches of Tintern Abbey across the smoky streets of the British metropolis, and Daniel Webster at Washington beheld with his spiritual eyes the blue sea beating along Marshfield beach, so thousands of weary merchants and professional men in our cities stop in their labors, from time to time, and in fancy look over the dimpling wavelets of the Rangeleys and hear the wild cry of the northern loon.

The clang of the metropolitan fire-bells, the ceaseless tinkle of the horse-cars, the maddening click of the ticker, and the thousand noises of the city, are replaced here by soothing and primeval melodies,—Minnewawa, the sound of the wind in the trees, and Mudway-aushka, the lapping of the waves on the shore, in the Moon of Strawberries, or the Moon of Falling Leaves. It is a time and place in which to avoid the excitements of the urban Heralds and Journals and Tribunes, and to dream over the woodland achievements of Hiawatha, the illuminated wanderings of Thoreau and Winthrop, and the racy Munchausen stories of the lake guides. After fifty weeks of treadmill

life in our brick and brownstone cities, the yearning for Nature's freedom breaks out in the cry, "I go a-fishing," even although the vacation tourist may share Josh Billings' rueful experience: "There are plenty of two-pound trout, but I always manage to get there about ten days too late." The limpid atmosphere is unchangeable, and Thoreau says that the very air of Maine is a diet-drink. It is a liquid food that costs nothing, a beef-iron-and-wine tonic that is imbibed with every inspiration, an aerial Apollinaris Spring covering hundreds of cubic miles. Starr King calls lakes embodied sympathies, and Goethe sees in them the eyes of the landscape. Whittier, the poet of New-England nature, found that by such sweet waters as these, —

> "Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
> I lapse into the glad release
> Of Nature's own exceeding peace.
>
> "The western wind hath Lethean powers,
> Yon noon-day clouds Nepenthe showers,
> The lake is white with lotus-flowers."

Four hours after leaving Phillips the stage pulls up at Greenvale, at the head of Rangeley Lake, where there is a comfortable inn, with carriages and boats to let, and situated in a region where good fishing abounds. From the grassy hill near by, a broad bird's-eye view is given over the waters of the lake, and out upon its low enwalling mountains. The road goes on from Greenvale three miles, along the shore of the lake, to Rangeley, the metropolis of this amphibious region, a village of twenty or more houses, with several stores and small workshops, and two hotels,—the Rangeley-Lake House, with cupola and broad piazzas, and rooms for seventy-five guests, and the smaller Oquossoc House, which commands a noble view over the lakes and hills. These hotels were built in 1876–77, and have very good accommodations, considering their remoteness from the world; and attached to them are livery stables and boatmen galore. A rather rugged road follows the north shore of the lake from this village to the hotel at the Outlet, a distance of perhaps seven miles.

The best way of travelling beyond Greenvale is (of course) the steamboat; one of the least of steamboats, to be sure, but affording an

easy and safe conveyance across these narrow waters. The *Molly-chunkamunk* is not so long a craft as her name would indicate; but she meets the miniature billows right gallantly, and runs across the lake from Greenvale to Rangeley, and thence to the Outlet, a distance of nine miles, passing Ram Island and other wee bits of islets, and giving notable views of the great hills along the coast. The Indian name of this famous sheet of water was *Oquossoc*, and the present name, dear to thousands of sportsmen, commemorates an eccentric English gentleman, who gave up his tentative land-speculations in Virginia in order to found a little feudal sovereignty in the wildest corner of New England. He was a florid and hearty gentleman, always hospitable, very courtly in his manners, well dressed and well housed, and rich in bankable funds, in the possession of 70,000 woodland acres, in the love of two blooming daughters and several stalwart sons, and in the hopes, which he constantly kept bright, of a future time in which the developed gold mines and lumber mills and the perfected inland navigation of his domain should give him a ducal power in Western Maine. A few score of Yankees were drawn into the wilderness to follow his fortunes, and the squire built a little red chapel, in which they and his very dear wife could hear the Episcopal service on Sundays and saints' days. All these things occurred half a century ago, and their memory has become vague and confused. In his fifteen years of life at the lakes he found that his Yankee neighbors would not take kindly to the idea of landlord and tenantry, and that neither his handsome house and accomplished family, nor his notable achievements in mill-building and road-making, could secure him seigniorial rights and honors from the practical pioneers about him.

It was during Tyler's administration, while the Florida War and Dorr's Rebellion were going forward, and Fremont was exploring the Wind-River Mountains, that Mr. Rangeley grew discouraged, and abandoned his forest principality, retiring to Portland, and thence to North Carolina, where he died, twenty years later. On the whole rather a picturesque and romantic individual, and worthy to have his name perpetuated for some centuries yet.

But, earlier even than Squire Rangeley's settlement, this wilderness was penetrated and occupied by sturdy old Deacon Hoar, of Leominster.

From Phillips he advanced for four days, deep into the grim solitudes beyond, dragging after him a hand-sled, on which were all his household goods and two of his youngest babies. Behind this group followed Mrs. Hoar, also on foot, and leading five more children. The vast wilderness of Maine was attacked by hundreds of such heroic processions, from fifty to eighty years ago; but it baffled them all, and still remains the unconquered fastness of Nature.

Rangeley Lake is one thousand five hundred and twelve feet above the sea, and the village on its shore stands higher than even Bethlehem of the White Mountains. In the south rises the long Beaver Mountain; on the west is Bald Mountain, four thousand feet high, and a landmark for all the upper lakes; and on the north, several miles away, rise the vast dark ridges of Saddleback, higher than Chocorua or Kearsarge. The lake is nine miles long, and about three miles wide, and along its rolling banks are several sunny farms.

Kennebago is about five miles long, a narrow lake winding among high hills, and reflecting the bare crests of several Alpine peaks. The peculiar beauty of the shores, with their dainty, sandy beaches, and groves of sturdy trees, is largely due to the fact that there is no dam at the outlet to raise the waters and kill the trees on the banks. There is a camp at the head of the lake, where sportsmen get simple and hearty board while seeking the small but plucky trout that dwell in these waters. The inlet-stream leads in three miles to Little Kennebago Lake. Twelve miles north of Kennebago, by the Kennebago River, are the Seven Ponds, in an uninhabited township that corners on Canada. Many enthusiastic and hardy trout-fishers visit these remotest of the Rangeley waters, going by boat to the head of Little Kennebago, and walking thence for six or eight miles. Across the unexplored and unnamed mountain on the north is the lonely valley of Dead River, through which Benedict Arnold led his doomed army. Kennebago is reached from Rangeley by riding three miles to a hill-top which overlooks the entire region, and then walking eight miles down a rough, but well-worn, forest-path.

At Rangeley Outlet, with a pleasant view up the lake from its broad piazzas, is Kimball's Mountain-View House, — a two-story building, several years old, with forty sleeping-rooms, which are proudly adver-

tised as "lathed and plastered, and suitable for the accommodation of ladies." Attached to the house is a livery-stable, and on the silvery waters before it floats a squadron of boats. Near by are the Lake Point Cottage, the Oquossoc Angling Association's camp, and a large hatching-house, where a million spotted trout are hatched every winter. A road, a mile and a half long, leads down the Outlet from Kimball's to Indian Rock, the site of Camp Kennebago, the head-quarters of the Oquossoc Angling Association, — a powerful New-York company, with great sums invested hereabouts, active in stocking the lakes with young fish, and very vigilant in enforcing the wise game-laws of Maine. At this point they own numerous buildings and a fleet of thirty boats, besides other camps and adjacent waters; and here, in a delightful semi-primitive manner, they entertain their guests and themselves, and spread a joyous table in the midst of the wilderness. In July and August outsiders are allowed to board at Camp Kennebago. Indian Rock is at the confluence of the Rangeley stream and Kennebago River, whence Oquossoc River flows down to Cupsuptic Lake, nearly a mile distant. The head-quarters of sportsmen in the lake region, forty or fifty years ago, was at this place, where the old-time guides had their rendezvous.

Cupsuptic Lake, one of the prettiest in the group, island-gemmed and girt by wooded hills, lies close to Camp Kennebago, whence boats may be easily rowed five miles across Cupsuptic, and four miles up the Kennebago River to Cupsuptic Falls, above which eight miles of navigable (but swift and shallow) water lead to the portage (eight long miles over hills and ridges) which crosses to Parmachenee Lake. A guide should be secured at Indian Rock for this journey. The long promontories and enclosed sandy beaches which surround Cupsuptic make beautiful episodes of scenery all around the quiet tarn; and the Narrows, the great thoroughfare of the upper lakes, affords the best of fishing. Here many a recreating citizen adopts the goodly creed that "a thing of duty is a bore forever," and lazily studies the chief lesson of Italian civilization, the charming *dolce far niente*.

Mooselucmaguntic Lake lies below Indian Rock, and is connected with Cupsuptic by navigable narrows, on and near which are several comfortable camps and cabins, with lovely views down the ten miles of the great lake. At the end of the two-mile carry from Rangeley Outlet,

at Haines' Landing, is Richardson's camp, with twenty "lathed and plastered" rooms, in a two-story house, and accommodations for sixty sojourners. This is the chief hotel hereabouts, and at the landing in front touches the little steamer *Oquossoc*, which makes the tour of the lake every day. Three or four miles below is Bugle Cove, a picturesque and beautiful locality, the seat of Allerton Lodge, over which rises the ponderous Bald Mountain (not bald at all, in fact, but partly cleared on top, for the view, and climbed by a path from the Lodge). At the south end of the lake is Camp Bema, under the care of Captain Fred C. Barker, where thirty guests can find accommodations, and luxuriate on mattresses and spring-beds, in a group of log huts. The fishing here is very good, and the view down the lake, and including several large islands and distant mountain-ranges, is full of beauty. The curving sandy beach near the camp is more than a mile long, and in the background rise the long Bema Mountains, lonely amid the forests. Mooselucmaguntic, the musically named, is the largest and most diversified of the upper lakes, rich in islands, promontories, coves, and mountains, and highly favored by the most patrician of trout. The distance from Indian Rock to Camp Bema is seventeen miles, and it is seven miles thence to the Upper Dam. Some of the islands are so large that valuable rafts of timber have been cut from them; others, especially in the great archipelago near Brandy Point, form a labyrinth of insulated rocks and groves,—a miniature Thousand Islands. As the *Oquossoc* glides over the lake striking views are gained of the Bema Mountains at the south, the Bald Mountain ridge on the east, and the Kennebago, Aziscoös and Boundary Mountains on the north. Farther away, in the south-west, occasional glimpses are vouchsafed of the distant White Mountains, at the end of long vistas of blue water. The *Oquossoc* plies between Indian Rock, Camp Bema, and the Upper Dam daily; and the *Cupsuptic* (least of steamers) runs up frequently through the lake and to the falls whose bibulous name she bears.

The Upper Dam is a vast and massive structure of heavy timber, iron, and rocks, fifteen hundred feet long, erected in 1845–47, and purchased in 1877, together with the other dams hereabouts, for $350,000, by the company that furnishes water-power to the mills at Lewiston. Many millions of dollars' worth of logs have passed through this great

warder of the lakes, which in June and July raises the waters above upwards of ten feet, overflowing many a lovely beach and romantic islet. The Upper Dam Camp consists of two rude buildings, a refectory and a dormitory; and here the lamented Theodore Winthrop had his experience with Bourgogne, so delightfully recorded in "Life in the Open Air." About the middle of June there is great excitement here, when the logs from above sweep through the cataracts of the opened sluice, by thousands, turning and twisting and leaping in every direction, and preceded by great batteaux skilfully guided by gigantic woodsmen.

There are famous fishing grounds near the Upper Dam, where spotted brook trout of seven pounds have been captured, and where the long vista down the stream is terminated by the distant peak of Aziscoös. It is half a mile from Trout Cove, on Moosehemaguntic, to Echo Landing, where the steamboat is taken on the next lake below.

The beautiful lake which opens below the Upper Dam bears the name of Mollychunkamunk, or the Upper Richardson Lake, and its shores are dotted with the camps and lodges of sportsmen, usually rather pretty cottages, built on conspicuous points. The trout in this lake average over a pound each, and are caught by thousands. Occasionally a ten-pound trout may be captured. Hundreds of thousands of artificially hatched young trout and landlocked salmon are turned loose here yearly. A path leads from the head of the lake, in a little over a mile, to the Richardson Ponds, famous for their deer and caribou, as well as for fishing, and beautified by many a lovely islet. Aziscoös may be reached by a steep blazed trail two miles long, which begins two miles from the settlement on the Magalloway; and its summit, covered with blueberries and huge square blocks of granite, commands a magnificent view of the Magalloway and Rangeley valleys, the distant White Mountains, Katahdin far in the east, and the long lines of the Boundary Mountains. The top of Aziscoös is five miles from the Richardson Pond, whence it may be ascended by skilful foresters.

A tiny steamer runs up and down the lake daily, leaving the pier a short walk from the Upper Dam, and near Camp Bellevue, a Philadelphian institution. Steaming down the lake, it passes Camp Aziscoös, the head-quarters of the Boston Club, and Camp Whitney (pertaining

to San Francisco gentlemen), a delightfully equipped hunting-lodge, whence trails run to all parts of the adjacent wilderness. Near the outlet of the lake is Metalic Point, whence a trail leads inland to the paradise of deer and ducks, Metalic Pond. Mollychunkamunk is over five miles long, and about a third as wide, with the low mountains thronging around its shores, making many a Trosach-like view, over which far-away blue peaks here and there shoot up into sight. The lake covers ten square miles, and its clear cold waters are inhabited by the choicest and daintiest of trout. The immense sesquipedalian name of this little lake is thus happily explained by Theodore Winthrop: "Bewildered Indian we deem it, — transmogrified somewhat from aboriginal sound by the fond imagination of some lumberman, finding in it a sweet memorial of his Mary far away in the kitchens of the Kennebec; his Mary so rotund of blooming cheek; his Molly of the chunky mug."

The picturesque and navigable strait called the Narrows is two miles long, and very rocky, with a singular wall of rock running along its right bank, and down this blue aisle in the forest the little steamboat rushes, passing from Mollychunkamunk into the Lower Richardson Lake, usually called by its ancient and pretty Indian name of Welokennebacook. Just as the boat glides out on these broader waters, a very noble view is opened on the southward, where the distant Mount Washington and his gigantic brethren rise above the forest, and beyond Speckled Mountain, and other guardians of Grafton Notch. Eight miles from the Upper Dam the boat runs up to the wharf at the Middle Dam, on the outlet of Welokennebacook, and thence steams down by Loon Bay, Spirit Island, and other picturesque localities, to the South Arm, the remotest corner of the lake. The lower lakes are frequently visited by the Andover route, which leaves the railway at Bryant's Pond, and passes north for thirty-three miles, by the pretty village of Andover, to the South Arm.

The Middle Dam holds the waters of Welokennebacook and Mollychunkamunk at a high level, as one of the reservoirs of the Androscoggin water-power. Close by it is a two-and-a-half-story hotel, with piazzas and "lathed and plastered" rooms, frequented by sportsmen, and commanding a lovely view from its piazzas, up the long vistas of

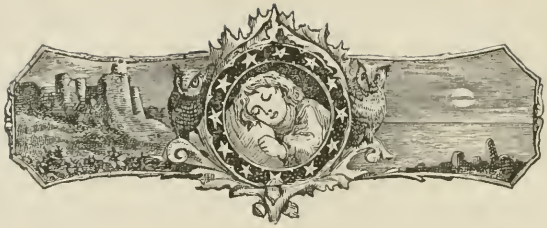
Welokennebacook. It is about six miles hence down the portage road, alongside the Rapid River, and past several camps, to the landing of the steamboat on Umbagog Lake.

Umbagog is the lowest and largest of the lakes, being but 1,256 feet above the sea, and covering eighteen square miles with its red and turbid waters. Far away appear the lofty spires of the White Mountains, the Dixville highlands, the Diamond Peaks, Aziscoös and the Boundary range, and scores of nameless and unvisited hills. The steamboat runs from the Richardson-Lake road across the lake, and down its outlet for a mile or so, past the inflowing of the Magalloway, to Errol Dam, whence a highway leads up to Dixville Notch and Connecticut Lake. Steaming back into Umbagog, the course is laid southward for several leagues, to the head of the lake, where the steamer runs into the Cambridge River, and soon reaches the hotel in Upton, where connection is made with stages through the Grafton Notch, to Bethel.

About seventy miles north of Umbagog is Parmachenee Lake, deep in the heart of the wilderness. The steamboat ascends the rapid Magalloway for about ten miles, nearly to the head-quarters and hotel of the Berlin Mills Lumbering Company; and above that point the traveller must do his touring in a row-boat, often alighting for long portages around roaring rapids, or for attacks on the trout of the clear inflowing brooks, or to pass the nights in the half-savage camps of the pioneers. The stream slips down blackly between walls of evergreen forest, or sweeps the long coasts of natural meadows, dotted with royal elms; or flashes down over long inclines up which the pilgrims of pleasure wade, towing their boats. Sometimes the woods open out, and reveal magic glimpses of the Diamond Peaks, or lofty Azicoös, or the colossal semi-amphitheatre of Half-moon Mountain, or the rugged and lonely peaks along the Canadian frontier.

Parmachenee is a very lovely lake, five miles long and three wide, and nestling deep among a group of gently sloping hills, clad with verdure to the water's edge, and inhabited only by game, large and small. The altitude of this region is so great, and the air is so exquisitely pure and bracing, that a sojourn here, even though unattended by the exhilarations of hunting and fishing, is full of benefit to the exhausted citizen. On a romantic islet near the head of the lake is Camp Caribou,

a cluster of buildings where fifty guests can be accommodated at once, while being initiated into the mysteries of the woodland craft by John Danforth, the veteran guide, who has constructed comfortable camps at a dozen trout-populated ponds in the adjacent forests. An old portage road leads from Little Boy's Falls, two miles from Camp Caribou, for eight very long miles through the woods, to the Second Connecticut Lake, one of the reservoirs of the Connecticut River.



THE SEA-BOARD OF MAINE.

BATH, AND THE MOUTH OF THE KENNEBEC.

FROM the dim green heart of the forest, on the edge of the almost unexplored Eastern Townships of Canada, turn we to the rocky shores of the ocean, where the restless waves forever beat against the iron-bound and unyielding shore. It is a straight-away track from Phillips down to Bath, and the train traverses the distance in five hours, down the Sandy-River and Androscoggin valleys.

Bath is a quaint old maritime city, stretching sleepily along the Kennebec, which is here both broad and deep, and presenting from the river the appearance of a place of considerable magnitude. It has about 8,000 inhabitants, a dozen churches (of which those of the Free Baptists are most numerous), capital schools, half-a-dozen banks, two newspapers, a public library, and a stately monument to commemorate the one hundred and seventeen soldiers out of its contingent of seven hundred and sixty-five (one-tenth of the population), who died on the Southern battle-fields. The earliest settlement here was made by Robert Gutch, a minister from Salem, and two companions, in 1657, after they had bought the land from the Indian sachem, Robin Hood. A little over a century later, the citizens seized the King's Dock and its British commandant, and beat back, from a battery down the river, two incoming royal gunboats. The ship-building industry had already been founded

here by Captain Swanton, a veteran of the French wars, and grew amain, until Bath became widely famous for its swift and seaworthy vessels. In 1854 fully 94,000 tons of shipping were built here; and then the business declined rapidly, until the year before the civil war, when the product fell to 18,400 tons. Nevertheless, between 1859 and 1882, the tonnage built was 464,217. Recently this industry has increased very notably, and now more sailing-vessels are built in the Bath district than in any State of the Union. The tonnage in 1882 was above 39,000, and 13,000 tons were on the stocks at the beginning of 1883. Among these were several ships of over 2,000 tons each. The firm of Goss & Sawyer alone has built more than one hundred and sixty vessels within fifteen years, with a tonnage exceeding 125,000, and is now turning out a completed vessel every fortnight. Extensive works are now in preparation for the construction of iron ships and steamers, boilers and engines, and it is hoped that at no distant day stanch and stately ships, constructed from the magnificent Katahdin iron, may sail from this port. There are three miles of ship-yards, occupied by more than a thousand skilled mechanics, substantial and intelligent citizens, whose weekly wages average above $16.00 each. The greater part of the lumber used is brought from the Southern States, Maine contributing only the hard-wood and hackmatack. Occasionally a large vessel is rigged, ballasted, and provisioned while on the stocks, and launched, with colors flying, and crew on board, leaving port immediately for distant foreign voyages. Bath builds more wooden ships than any other place in the world, and has produced more than $50,000,000 worth of them within a century. The wide, deep, salty river, with its bold shores and sheltering hills, gives good natural advantages for this business; but the chief reason for its development is found in the skill and energy of the people. "The men of Bath, born in the seventeenth century," says the local historian, "were reckoned a half-head taller than the men of any other community in the country. They were a race of giants in size and strength." Their Maine forests have faded away; but they draw to this remote point lumber from Georgia and Canada, spars from Oregon, wire rigging from Europe, add to these their own labor and ingenuity (reckoned at one-third the cost of a ship), and construct vessels that are known in all seas.

A little way down the river, at a time (1601) when many of the Pilgrim Fathers were still at school in England, Popham's colonists launched the first vessel ever built within the present territory of the United States. They named her the *Virginia*, of Sagadahoc, and she sailed merrily away to England, and thence to Virginia. In 1674 Sir William Phips built a ship, across the river from the present Bath, and when she was ready for sea the Indians were pressing so hard on the settlers that the latter all got on board, and sailed away to Boston. Ninety-two years later came Swanton, and built a dozen good three-masters here. In 1771 the Rev. Francis Winter drove into Bath with the first carriage which had ever been seen there, having been obliged to take it to pieces several times on the way, and carry the parts across bad places in the roads. Thirty years later the United-States mails were brought to Bath on horseback. The roads were of minor importance, for the homes and routes of the people were upon the ocean.

The sea is about a dozen miles away, but the Kennebec is fully half a mile wide at this point, and bears a large coastwise and foreign trade to the city wharves. The chief hotel at Bath is the Sagadahoc House, — a large and commodious brick building on the main street, not far from the handsome stone edifice which is occupied by the United-States post-office and custom-house. The people of Bath are highly cultivated and widely connected, and have many visitors during the summer, which gives a sort of watering-place gayety to the town. The local livery stables give the best of facilities for driving, whether the route is over the beautiful wood road, on the plains, or down to Adams', prolific in clams, or out along the adjacent shores; and the river is alive with boats, sailing to the picnic grounds of Woolwich and Arrowsic, or down to the green islands below, or by steamboat through the delightful short routes to Squirrel Island or Fort Popham.

The mouth of the Kennebec River is guarded by Fort Popham, — a ponderous granite structure on which the National Government has spent great sums of money, and to little purpose, since the works were never finished, and in 1882 the cannon and shells were removed from the walls and magazines. Near this picturesque and half-dismantled fortress is the long sweep of Hunnewell's Beach, of late years becoming more and more known abroad as the site of the Eureka House, to which

small steamboats run daily from Bath. In the vicinity are extensive cranberry-meadows, whose products bring high prices at Boston. These localities are in the famous peninsular town of Phippsburg, which is joined to the mainland near Bath by the Winnegance Carrying Place, less than half a mile wide, and extends into the sea for more than a dozen miles, a long and narrow tongue of land, indented by beautiful bays and fiords, dotted with bright fresh-water ponds, and enlivened by three or four semi-amphibious hamlets. The very picturesque scenery of the adjacent beaches and islands derives an added interest from the historic associations which cling to them.

It was in 1607 that the Plymouth Company, excited by Weymouth's discovery of a new terrestrial paradise in Maine, sent out the ships *Mary and John* and *Gift of God*, commanded by George Popham, brother of the Lord Chief-Justice of England, and bearing one hundred and twenty planters, to found a colony on this coast. They settled on the peninsula of Phippsburg, with religious ceremonies of the Episcopalian variety, and built a twelve-gun fort, a ship, and fifty log-cabins, where they were visited by many of the neighboring Indian chieftains. The colonists, after the deaths of several of their leaders, repaid the hospitalities of the natives with horrible atrocities. Once they induced a party of their red-skinned friends to pull a loaded cannon across the parade-ground, and while they were in line before it fired off the gun, killing and wounding nearly all of them. The assembled tribes soon laid siege to the place, and carried the fort by escalade, after which, as they were revelling in the captured works, the magazines blew up, killing a great number of them, and causing the rest to flee away in abject terror. A few months later the remains of this evil and ill-fated colony abandoned the place forever, and returned to England, reporting that the aborigines, whom they had so shamefully outraged, were "the outcasts of civilization, — the very ruins of mankind." Governor Popham died and was buried at the colony, among his last words being, "I die content. My name will always be associated with the first planting of the English race in the New World."

In 1614 Capt. John Smith made his head-quarters at the mouth of the Kennebec, while on that profitable trading expedition in which, for a few trifles, he secured eleven thousand beaver skins, and four hundred

marten and otter skins. Capt. Hunt treacherously seized twenty-four Indians hereabouts, whom he took to Malaga, Spain, and sold for $100 each. The next year still further disasters overtook the natives, when the Penobscot and Kennebec tribes went to war with each other, and were almost exterminated. Those whom the tomahawk and arrow spared were swept off by a terrible pestilence (yellow fever or small-pox), and left the land almost empty. A volume would fail to tell of the merciless wars which, for over a century, broke over this fair peninsula, from time to time, when the brave and indomitable survivors endeavored to extinguish the English colonies in blood.

BOOTHBAY AND ITS ISLANDS.

Within a very few years the pretty islands off the mouth of Boothbay harbor have attained the dignity of great summer-resorts, which are visited by many thousands of people every year, and are famous all along the Atlantic seaboard. At first their visitors were altogether people from Maine; but the fame of the purity of the island air, and the beauty of the scenery, and the genial *bonhomie* of the assembled companies, soon secured a wider recognition, and now Squirrel and its neighbors have guests from all over the broad Union.

The little steamboats *Sebenoa* and *Sasanoa* run from Bath to the Boothbay islands, a distance of fifteen miles, through the intricate and picturesque passages which connect the Kennebec and Sheepscot Rivers. It is a trip filled with charming surprises, leading through deep and narrow straits, between rocky shores fringed with floating sea-weed, and under noble promontories and high-crested islands, whose garniture of trees is reflected in the clear sea-water below. And, besides all this charm of nature, there is hardly another locality on the coast so consecrated by legends and romantic annals of the remote past.

Crossing the broad Kennebec from Bath, the boat runs through the bridge which connects Woolwich with ancient Arrowsic, and follows the shore of the latter for several miles, through the rushing tides of Upper

Hell Gate, and around the ghost-haunted cliffs of Hockomock Point. Arrowsic is an island-town, running south seven miles to the cliffs of Bald Head, and having about two hundred and fifty inhabitants. The gloomy annals of the seventeenth century redden when they record the frequent disasters of this ill-fated colony, thrice swept by the Indians, and stained all over with conflagration and massacre.

Leaving Phip's Point on the left, the obedient little boat, held well in hand, runs up a snug cove to Westport Upper Landing, and then down through the boiling caldron of Lower Hell Gate to Westport Lower Landing, passing several dainty little islets mirrored in the stream. Westport is an island-town, eleven miles long from the old fortifications on Squam Heights to the southern point. There are about 600 inhabitants, with a few farms, but mainly devoted to the sea and its mysterious harvests. Beyond the landing-places at Riggsville the boat crosses the mouth of the estuary which nearly cuts Georgetown in two, and runs out through a very picturesque strait into the Sheepscot River, touching again at Fire Islands, where several Malden and Boston families have established summer homes. The largest of these islands was bought in 1870 for $200, and has a group of club-cottages, a common dining hall and kitchen, and hall, and yacht. It covers twelve acres, part of which is occupied by pretty groves of spruce and fir.

After a short run across the mouth of the Sheepscot, with the open sea on the right, the snug narrows north of Southport being traversed, the outer harbor of Boothbay is entered, and the course is laid for the joyous archipelago, Capitol, Mouse, and Squirrel Islands, with beautiful marine scenery on every side, Boothbay village on the left, and the broad ocean on the right.

Boothbay's two small hotels are overflowed by summer guests, who clamber about the crooked hill-streets and among the gray old wharves, and sail up and down the harbor, and among the islands beyond. There are about 4,000 inhabitants in the town, mostly dependent on the ever-generous sea for a living, and passing rich in the possession of one of the finest harbors in New England, wherein sometimes several hundred sail of fishing-vessels take refuge. Many thousands of barrels of porgies have been brought into this little port, and made into oil, the refuse being afterwards used for phosphate fertilizers. There are now large

dog-fish works here; and another important industry is the storage and shipment of vast quantities of ice. At the little custom-house is a museum of curiosities, — John Brown's shackles, Zulu assegais, a brick from the house where Columbus was born, and many strange relics of war and of the fisheries.

Captain Weymouth, in the *Archangel*, lay in this haven (or one adjacent) for several days, in the year 1605, and named it Pentecost Harbor, trading and visiting with the natives, and rearing crosses on the adjacent promontories. Then he treacherously seized five of the Indians, and carried them to England, where they were received into kind and commiserating Christian families. One of these was that Squanto who many years later walked into the gloomy village of Plymouth, saying "Welcome, Englishmen!" and became the most valued friend of the unhappy Pilgrims. Skitwarroes also returned to America, with the Popham colony; and Nahanada, who was captured by the Spaniards, while in an English vessel, somehow escaped from Iberian captivity, and returned to Maine, where he became the chief of his native village. Assecomet and Dehamida, the other captives, disappeared in Europe. The Boothbay heroes who died in the civil war are commemorated by a monument, with a martial statue of Hallowell granite. This locality was settled as early as Boston, and destroyed by hordes of Indian warriors. The next relay of colonists were valiant Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, veterans of the Revolution of 1688; and the celebrated John Murray was pastor here for many years. The village suffered greatly from plundering raids of British frigates, until Murray went out to the fleet, arrayed in his canonical robes, and set forth to the naval officers the sad state of his people. After this solemn visitation the blue-jackets were kept in their wooden walls, and the little town enjoyed comparative peace.

Squirrel Island is the summer-metropolis of this region, and looks bravely out to sea from the outer roads of Boothbay harbor, three miles from the village. It formed a part of the dowry of the bride of William Greenlief, an old-time Harvard graduate and member of the Legislature. In 1870 the little domain was bought by Lewiston gentlemen, for $2,150, and divided into lots, most of which have since been sold and occupied by summer-cottages. The population during the season is not far from one thousand, mainly people from the Androscoggin and

Kennebec towns, whose families come hither in happy colonies, and mingle in a pleasant and decorous democracy, on the croquet, archery, and tennis grounds, or along the lovely beaches, or on the yachts which skim the adjacent seas. Plank-walks run through the groves and by the cottages in every direction; but roads there are none. A union chapel forms the centre of the island on Sunday, and on other days the people flock to the cosey public reading-room and post-office. The annals of the community, and countless legends of the coast, are preserved in the *Squirrel-Island Squid*,—a bright and good-natured little newspaper, luxuriously printed on fine-tinted book-paper. Around the island you may visit Kidd's Cave, and seek buried treasure; or look off from Moss Cliff; or catch fish from the rocks of Cunner's Point; or examine the wonderful flume of Cleft Rock; or see the great waves roll in along the south shore; or sail in the swift yachts into new worlds, and out to famous historic islands in the blue main. The Squirrel-Island Association forbids the erection of a hotel, but the spacious Chase House and several boarding-houses give accommodations to transient visitors, who ramble at will over these enchanted hundred and fifty acres of natural parks, and down to the resonant shores.

There is a pretty little sandy cove on one side of the island, with a rivulet of pure fresh water pouring into it, and here in ancient times many vessels used to get supplies of drinking-water. The British frigate *Squirrel* spent a long time on the Maine coast, cruising from Pemaquid to the Kennebec, and it is supposed that her visits to this island, to get wherewithal for her jolly jack-tars to mix their grog with, caused her name to be transferred to it. At one time the British government intended to establish a navy-yard at Boothbay, and the huge old three-decker *Bulwark*, 74, often looked into the harbor, until the alert militiamen gathered on all the adjacent headlands, to drive off her inquisitive boats.

Mouse Island, more than a mile from Boothbay, covers about forty acres, in woods, lawns, and parks, with charming sea-views all around, and every convenience for boating, bathing, and fishing. It was discovered in 1866, by Mr. Johnston, who erected here Rosewood Cottage, a pretty stone villa, with rosewood finishings. In 1877 the Samoset House was built, adjoining the cottage, with seventy rooms, and since that time

the summer congregation on the island has increased with every year. It is supposed that the original name of the locality was *Moss Island*, for which very good reason may be found around its rocky ledges. Steamboats can be taken here several times daily for the other Islands and shores of the harbor.

Ocean Point was visited by Capt. Weymouth's expedition in 1605, and Owen Griffin, a gallant young Welsh sailor, first set foot on its wild shores. He found nearly three hundred armed Indians there, but parleyed with them, and was allowed to depart in peace. The point is at the seaward end of Boothbay's easternmost promontory, six miles from the village, and has a hotel and a considerable colony of summer cottages. A large Queen-Anne hotel, of the first class, is about to be erected here, face to face with the ocean. Ocean Point is six miles from Boothbay, viewing the wide sweep from Seguin, by Mouse and Squirrel Islands and Monhegan, to Pemaquid.

Capitol Island, with its little hotel and group of summer-cottages, lies near the Southport shore; and on Burnt Island stands a light-house, showing the way into port at night. Space fails to tell of the beauties and legends of Cape Newagen and lonely Seguin, of Fisherman's and Damariscove Islands, and many others, out in the resounding ocean.

Far out at sea, a purple cloud on the horizon, rise the tall cliffs of Monhegan, visited by Champlain in 1605, and also by Capt. Weymouth, who named it St. George, and lifted up an Anglican cross upon its silent hills. When the English had so incurred the just hostility of the Indians that they dared not settle on the mainland, they made Monhegan their head-quarters, and it was for some years the chief trading-port and harbor of Maine. It was the site of a populous and prosperous fishing station and village until King Philip's War broke out, and compelled the desertion of all outlying New-England colonies. In these days it forms a snug little Methodist hamlet of one hundred and thirty-three souls, with a good school and a high tax-rate; and summer visitors sojourn here, well out to sea, in Mrs. Albee's boarding-house, to which they are brought (on giving several days' notice) by sail-boats from Boothbay. The island covers one thousand acres, rising two hundred feet above the sea, and marking its presence, at night, by a strong and steady white light burning in its high granite tower. One may stand here as on the

deck of a fast-anchored ship, and from the grassy hill look out on three sides upon the unbroken blue sea, and on the fourth side see the distant shores of Maine.

Away back in 1813 the British brig *Boxer*, the terror of this coast, cruised insolently up and down between Monhegan and Pemaquid; and when the American brig *Enterprise* sailed down to meet her every headland and island bore its groups of anxious spectators, watching the red cannon-flashes leaping through the smoke-pall of battle. In less than an hour the *Boxer* surrendered, and the two ships sailed away to Portland, bearing the bodies of Burrows and Blythe, their respective commanders, who fell in that hot and deadly engagement. They were buried in the Portland cemetery, side by side, with great pomp and solemnity. This was the battle of which our Longfellow wrote: —

> "I remember the sea-fight far away,
> How it thundered over the tide!"

THE CLASSIC MARITIME PENINSULAS.

The Knox and Lincoln Railroad runs across the heads of half-a-dozen great peninsulas, which project to the southward into the ocean, interlinked with noble bays and clusters of islands. It affords many glimpses of beautiful marine scenery, and skirts a region which is classic in the annals of America. When the natural charms of this country are more widely known, summer-travel hitherward will be greatly augmented, and the picturesque and decaying old maritime towns will receive a new life and develop new sources of wealth.

At Bath, forty miles east of Portland, the eastward-bound cars run on to a great steam ferry-boat, and are carried across the broad Kennebec, with charming views of the city and the long reaches of the river. On the opposite shore is Woolwich, a rugged and rocky town, originally called Nequasset by the Indian tribe which dwelt here, and winning its present name from a fancied resemblance of its river-shore to that of ancient Woolwich, on the Thames. In 1638 the first pioneers occupied

the place, and in 1676 the hostile Indians attacked their feeble village. They would have been exterminated, but that young William Phips, who had for years been the shepherd of his father's flocks, on the promontory still known as Phips Neck, took them on board of a little vessel that he had built, and sailed away to a place of safety. Many years afterward our shepherd of Nequasset recovered from the wreck of a Spanish galleon, near the Bahamas, $1,600,000 in jewels and bars of gold and silver, and became Sir William Phips, Governor of Massachusetts, and commander of the victorious expedition against Port Royal.

After passing the obscure little stations of Nequasset and Monsweag the line emerges from the low hills and runs along the shore of a broad bright arm of the sea, to the ancient and unfortunate village of Wiscasset. Hither came the first settlers as early as the year 1663, and a dozen years later they were sent flying down the coast, by an irruption of fierce Indians. For sixty years the town lay silent and depopulated, and then another party of pioneers came in and built a fort, which was saved from capture, soon after, by a skilful stratagem on the part of three women who were occupying it. During the Revolution the British sloop-of-war *Rainbow* sailed up the river, and forced a contribution of supplies from the town, under threat of a bombardment. The flourishing maritime business which sprung up after the war carried Wiscasset vessels and mariners into every sea; but the Embargo and the War of 1812 annihilated this lucrative commerce, and inflicted upon the brave little seaport a ruin from which it has never recovered. A few years ago the town made large outlays of money and credit, in the hope of regaining its commercial importance by opening routes of communication between its harbor and the interior; but the scheme came to naught, and left Wiscasset on the verge of bankruptcy, and it is doubtful if it can ever recover.

This landlocked harbor is one of the best on the New-England coast, being formed by a widening of the Sheepscot River, broad, deep, and perfectly sheltered, and never closed by ice. Seventy years ago a national surveying commission recommended it as a very eligible site for a navy-yard. It is the hope of the citizens that at some future time a railway will be constructed hence to Quebec, affording the shortest and most convenient route between England and Canada. But in spite of

its memories of the palmy long-ago, and its hopes of a brilliant future, the quiet little shire-town is slowly fading away, losing every year in population and valuation. The local newspaper, the *Seaside Oracle*, chronicles the decay of its constituency, and the vast elms about the village park wave mournfully over the grassy streets. The scenery in the vicinity and along the neighboring roads is very beautiful, and perhaps, like some of the ancient Italian ports, Wiscasset may be destined to find its future emolument as a resort for pleasure-travellers and seekers after the picturesque. Whoever drives down the Monsweag road, or across the long bridge to Edgecomb, or down the sea-beaten shores of Jewonke Neck, or climbs the far-viewing heights on Clarke's Point, will get a succession of charming panoramic prospects over widening leagues of land and sea. Daily stages run down the long peninsula for nine miles, to Boothbay, facing the sea, traversing the ancient town of Edgecomb, productive of bricks and ice. The harbor of Wiscasset is guarded by Fort Edgecomb, a ponderous and once imposing stone fortress, now nearly eighty years old, and of value only as a picturesque element in the landscape.

A short sail below Wiscasset, down a beautiful expanse of salt water, leads to the site of Old Sheepscot, which was settled by a branch of Popham's colony, about the year 1608, and afterwards became a large and important colony, occupied mainly by people from English Dartmouth. For some years this town had a representation in the General Assembly of New York. In 1676 it was destroyed by the Indians; and in 1689 the citizens of the new colony, suspecting their garrison of regulars to be partisans of the royal Stuarts, dispersed them, and soon fell an easy prey to a terrible Indian attack. The town was so utterly destroyed that no attempt was ever made to rebuild it, and the ancient King's Highway is now only a grassy cart-track, bordered by scores of cellars and other remains.

The Sheepscot River, from Wiscasset to the sea, has been likened to Somes's Sound, on Mount Desert, for its singular and romantic beauty, bordered by rocky shores, wooded hills, deep coves, and waving forests. Its waters are very deep, a pure salt-sea current, never freezing, and the home of countless fish and lobsters. The facilities for boating are very good, and the dense fogs and heavy squalls, which become such

elements of danger outside, rarely invade these tranquil recesses. The historic interest of the region is equal to its scenic beauty, for the Sheepscot River was in the very heart of the dark and bloody ground of the ancient colonial wars, when, amid these islands and harbors, French infantry and sailors, Indian warriors, Maine colonists, and Massachusetts Provincial troops, met in many a bloody contest.

On the bold headland of Squam Heights, below Wiscasset, are the ruins of Fort McDonough, which was erected during the war of 1812, a star-fort with six guns, its outer approaches guarded by a formidable *abattis* of fallen trees and sharpened stakes.

The famous Rosicrucian Springs are two and one-half miles from Wiscasset, near Wiscasset Bay, and will soon (it is hoped) be provided with a large summer-hotel and other needed accessories.

The Rosicrucian Spring is alkaline-saline, somewhat resembling the Seltzers of Germany, but much stronger, and very beneficial in relieving cases of rheumatism, malaria, hay fever, dyspepsia, etc. Many hundreds of barrels of it are sold yearly in Boston and in other cities.

The Ashburton Spring is remarkably pure, and has special value for patients who require a water much less contaminated than the aqueducts of the cities afford, or than the products of the average well and spring. In this respect its properties resemble those of the Poland and Auburn Springs, so long and justly famous.

Close to the Rosicrucian is the Mantho-Mér Spring, which is said to be the purest alkaline water in the world, having but two grains of mineral matter to each gallon. It bears the name of the friendly Indian chief who held a council on the adjacent heights, with DeMonts and Champlain, in the summer of 1605. With delicious gravity the Spring Company remarks, in its prospectus: "While there seems to be some evidence that the water from the Rosicrucian Spring, now favorably known in several States of the Union, was famous from the early part of the fourteenth to the eighteenth century, during which time it worked almost miraculous cures, and that while controlled and dispensed by the Rosicrucian Brotherhood it had the power of renewing youth and imparting perpetuity of life; yet as this opinion, if established, would interfere with the generally accepted theory of the early

settlement of this country, and as the purposes of our corporation are not entirely of an historical nature, we prefer to drop tradition . . . and to date our history from 1849." The scenery and historic associations of this region are of such deep interest, and the curative properties of the springs are so well recognized, that Edgecomb Heights seem destined to win a wide fame, as a summer resort, as soon as proper accommodations are ready.

The next station on the railway is at the twin villages of Newcastle and Damariscotta, separated by the Damariscotta River, and containing together about 2,500 inhabitants, with half-a-dozen churches, good schools, and several mills. When Governor Winthrop founded Boston there were more than fifty families in this settlement; but the town was entirely destroyed by the Indians in 1675, and again in 1688, and consequently Boston somehow got an advantage, which she still retains. A long stage-ride leads from these villages down seaward into Bristol, which was granted by the Plymouth Council to certain merchants of English Bristol, in 1631, and is inhabited by the Americanized descendants of ancient Scottish and Scotch-Irish immigrants, with the Dutch colonists brought by Sir Edmund Andros from New Amsterdam, and several German families, descended from the people brought over a century or so ago by General Waldo.

There are over 3,000 people in this amphibious town, with half-a-dozen fish-oil works, factories for lobster-canning and sail-making, a granite quarry, and six little neighborhood hamlets. On one of the outermost peninsulas of Bristol are the scanty ruins of Pemaquid, one of the ancient fortresses of New England, and latterly a permanent battle-ground of antiquaries. Somewhere hereabout Capt. Weymouth led his savage English sailors, in 1605, and twenty-seven years later a rudely fortified village was in existence on this site, and received a plundering visit from Dixey Bull, the redoubtable pirate of the Eastern coast, who carried off all the vessels in the harbor. In 1635 the war-ship *Angel Gabriel* was wrecked near by. In 1664 the region of Pemaquid became a Ducal State, under the control of the Duke of York, the son of King Charles I. and brother of Charles II., and himself in later years crowned as James II., and driven from his throne by Prince William of Orange. By the waters of Pemaquid he

founded a little Episcopalian principality, named Jamestown, and built the strong bulwark of Fort Charles, which he garrisoned with unfortunate Dutchmen from New York. During King Philip's War this "centre of civilization in the wilderness, one of the first-born cities of the New World," was annihilated by an Indian army. It had hardly been rebuilt again when another horde of warriors swooped down from the northern forests, and destroyed town and fort and people.

In 1692 Sir William Phips erected here a strong stone fortress, with eighteen cannon; but four years later Iberville and Castine besieged it with two frigates, two companies of French infantry, and a swarm of Micmac and Tarratine Indians. A bombardment from sea and land batteries begun, and shells rained on the little parade-ground, and drove the defenders from the walls. The works were surrendered, and the justly incensed Indians massacred a part of the garrison. Then the strongest fortress in New England, with its flanking towers and bomb-proofs, and lofty barbican, was blown up, and the victors sailed away joyfully, hotly pursued by a fleet of English and Massachusetts frigates. In 1722–26 the ruins afforded shelter to new companies of settlers, and a few years later Colonel Dunbar rebuilt the works, as a defence of Eastern Maine. In 1745 and 1747 this post, then known as Fort Frederick, beat off French attacks; but about thirty years later the inhabitants of the neighborhood destroyed it, root and branch, so that the British might not make it a military post during the Revolutionary War. In 1814 the place was attacked by two hundred and seventy-five British tars, in boats from the frigate *Maidstone;* but the invaders were beaten off with such heavy loss that the captain of the frigate was discharged from the service. Pemaquid did not become, as its good old magistrate, Abraham Shurt, prayed, "the Metropolitan of these parts"; but it is their Marathon and Pompeii, full of all heroic memories. Many cellars, cemeteries, bits of paved streets, and the massive foundations of Sir William Phips's fortress, still remain, but no other signs of the busy port and the embattled batteries.

"The restless sea resounds along the shore,
The light land-breeze flows outward with a sigh,
And each to each seems chanting evermore
A mournful memory of the days gone by."

In these ancient days many a bold buccaneer sailed these narrow seas, seeking adventure and profit among the fleets which then came hitherward from Europe. Dixey Bull, the plunderer of Pemaquid, was captured off the coast by a Royal cruiser, and hung in chains at London. Captain Kidd, "as he sailed, as he sailed," visited many a lonely headland and island of Maine, and an organized company of romantic Yankees spent some years of this nineteenth century in digging for his buried pots of gold, along the lower Kennebec. Captain Bellamy, who afterwards lost his ship and his life, and his hundred black-bearded pirates, on Cape Cod, once made a hot foray down the Maine coast, and when his "long, low, black vessel" was well-nigh foundering in a whirling thunder-storm, he loaded his guns, in defiant rage, and answered each peal of thunder rolling through the heavens with a full broadside from his rocking batteries.

Near Newcastle are vast heaps of oyster-shells, covering acres of ground, and affording numerous themes to the antiquaries of New England. Arrow-heads, bones, and bits of decorated pottery are found among these prehistoric remains, and it is evident that the aborigines appreciated and feasted freely upon the delicious shell-fish, long centuries gone by.

The train runs north-east to Waldoborough, a pretty village, which is seen stretching along the hills on the south, embowered in century-old trees, and girt about with ship-yards and small and bustling factories. This venerable town was settled before 1740 by German and Scotch-Irish colonists; but the red aborigines soon fell upon the unhappy village, and swept away or slew all its people. About a dozen years later, fifteen hundred Germans came over the seas, and settled in this region, where they found the land speculators their worst enemies.

The next town on the line is Warren, which was settled in 1736 by Germans and Scots, and still preserves the memory of the latter in its little hamlet of Stirling, and in the mills on Georges River, where capital Scotch Cheviot cloths are made. As the train winds up through the lonely hills occasional glimpses are gained of Congress Mountain and Mount Pleasant, and the route descends the valley of Georges River to Thomaston, a pleasant village on a snug harbor

formed by the widening of the stream. This town has 3,000 inhabitants, half-a-dozen churches, two or three banks, and a local newspaper. It is also the seat of the Maine State Prison, where nearly two thousand unhappy convicts have languished during the past sixty years. Close to the site of the present railway-station stood (until 1872) "Montpelier," the great mansion of General Henry Knox, commander of the American artillery during the Revolution, Secretary of War from 1785 to 1795, founder of the order of the Cincinnati, and grand seignior of all this region, which came to him through his wife, heiress of a large part of the extensive domains granted to and colonized by General Waldo, about the year 1730. This baronial mansion stood near the site of the ancient fort, which several times beat off attacks by the Indians, led on by French monks, and aided by fleets of vessels. Blockade, bombardment, and mining, alike failed to reduce this little fortress, which was finally demolished by the British, at the outbreak of the Revolution. In later years Knox exercised a princely hospitality here, and exacted the observance of the strictest old-time etiquette. Another veteran artillerist, Captain Thomas Vose, built a mansion near by, which stood until 1882.

Stages run from Thomaston down the seaward peninsulas to the ancient towns of Friendship, Cushing, and St. George, on rocky points making down toward Muscongus Bay and the open ocean, and dotted with hardy little maritime hamlets. Along these shores and among the islands in the offing occurred several sanguinary conflicts during the old Indian wars, and it was found necessary to erect a strong stone fortress here, to prevent the annihilation of the settlements. The scenery in this region is famed for its beauty, and bears some resemblance to localities on the coast of Norway.

A few miles beyond Thomaston the railroad reaches its terminus, far out in the fields outside of Rockland, the metropolis of Penobscot Bay, amid very pleasant hills, and facing out on a broad expanse of salt water. This is a chartered city, with nearly 8,000 inhabitants, a very copious supply of banks, hotels, newspapers, and churches, and a long and busy (but architecturally unpretentious) street of stores and offices. The chief public building is the post-office, a handsome structure of St. George's granite. The manufacture of lime has been

the leading industry of Rockland for ninety years, and sometimes employs a thousand men, producing more than a million barrels a year. The lime quarries are about a mile out, and the eighty kilns form a smoky fringe around the city, each of them employing four men, and consuming vast quantities of lime rock and soft wood. Nearly all this supply of lime, and a great product of Portland cement, are sent away by sea.

Rockland is highly favored by summer tourists, for besides the beautiful drives in its vicinity, and the interesting stage-routes to St. George, Owl's Head, Union, Belfast, Augusta, and Camden, it is the port of departure for several important steamboat lines. The Boston and Bangor steamboats touch here, and connect with the two lines to Mount Desert (one *via* Castine, and the other through the Fox Islands); and small and wheezy steamers run hence to several of the islands out in the bay, — to Vinalhaven, North Haven, Hurricane Isle, etc.

PENOBSCOT BAY.

On the islands near the mouth of Penobscot Bay are vast granite quarries, employing thousands of men, and producing a building material which takes high rank for its uniformity and compactness. From the wave-washed ledges of Dix Island, Hurricane Isle, Vinalhaven, and Spruce Head have been taken the granite monolithic pillars for the Treasury Department at Washington, the materials for the New-York Post-office, and the great government buildings at Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Atlanta, St. Louis, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, besides many other structures of almost equal importance. Hurricane Isle, twelve miles from Rockland (daily steamers), covers one hundred and fifty acres, and is an independent town, with from 200 to 600 inhabitants, according to the amount of work on hand. Among other products of the Penobscot granite are the Brooklyn Bridge, the Tribune Building, the Masonic Temple at Phila-

delphia, the St. Louis Bridge, the Indiana State-House pillars, much of the Capitol at Albany, and the Chicago Board of Trade Building.

Vinalhaven, an interesting island town between Penobscot Bay and the sea, is connected with Rockland, fifteen miles distant, by a primitive little daily steamboat, which touches on the way at Hurricane Isle. The chief village in Vinalhaven is at Carver's Harbor, which was named from the descendants of Governor John Carver, of Plymouth, many of whom dwell here, and occupies a very favorable location on a high terrace over the sea. It has a church, a score of stores, and two ideally cheap hotels, where hearty and simple fare is furnished at five dollars a week. The great institution of the island is the Bodwell Granite Quarries, producing vast quantities of gray and red granites, which are highly prized all over the country. The polishing mill is very interesting, and also the powerful machinery by whose aid immense masses of stone are lifted and moved about. An obelisk of a single stone sixty feet long has been quarried here.

North Haven is another island-town, one of the Fox Islands, eight miles long, with hills seven hundred feet high rising from its plains. Although it has but 800 inhabitants, its fishing fleet includes some of the finest vessels in New England, and North Haven ranks as the foremost fishing-port in Maine, next to Portland. The earliest explorers of the coast saw such numbers of silver-gray foxes on these silent shores that they named them the Fox Islands. They resorted to them frequently for wood and water. When the British troops occupied Castine, during the Revolution, they made frequent raids on the little colonies here, and carried off all the men to work on their fortifications. Many a sharp naval skirmish occurred in these narrow waters, between the privateers of the bay and the Royalist vessels, and the chronicles of the adjacent towns teem with deeds of daring wrought in those heroic days.

Isle-au-Haut lies well out in the sea, to the eastward of Vinalhaven, twenty-five miles from Rockland, and is destined to become one of the foremost summer-resorts of Maine, several thousand acres of it having been purchased and laid out by Boston, New-York, and Chicago gentlemen. The Thoroughfare is the island capital, where are the homes of about two hundred people, kind-hearted, intelligent, and

hospitable, and nearly all deriving their subsistence from the surrounding seas. A recent visitor reports that "A Sabbath-like stillness prevails over the island, broken only by the bleating of sheep and lowing of kine. Almost every one you meet is solemn, even the children." Yet the chief building is a perfectly appointed dance-hall, which was erected by that chivalric Southerner, Colonel Montgomery, and the defunct Isle-au-Haut Improvement Company. The little Congregational Church near by has for a vane a strange and extraordinary fish. There are no horses on Isle-au-Haut, and many of the islanders have never seen this noblest friend of mankind. A few cattle serve for the meagre farming operations. The grand feature of this insular land of dreams is its mountains, rising from the shores to the height of six hundred feet, clad with a vast number of berry-bushes and strawberry-vines, and visible for many leagues over the sea and bay, almost always wrapped in a rich purple haze, approaching

"The light that never was, on land or sea."

To the south is the mile-long expanse of Crystal Lake, bordered by shining sands, and so transparent that a newspaper can be read through a piece of its ice twenty-two inches thick. Thousands of wild-fowl haunt this lovely vale during the summer and autumn. Foxes formerly swarmed on the island; but they have been nearly all killed, because they used to destroy the sheep, which now roam at will over the grand sea-viewing hills.

Islesborough is a town out in Penobscot Bay, composed of Long Island and several short islands, with about 1,200 Baptist inhabitants, and every man a good sailor and skilful fisherman. Of late years it has become known as a summer-resort, and its hotels, the Seaside and Sprague, fail to accommodate the throngs of visitors who seek the cool and fragrant air of these lovely isles, while many families from up the valley have erected pretty summer-cottages amid the attractive scenery of Ryder's Cove.

Deer Isle is a very interesting marine town, ten miles long and six wide, with 3,300 inhabitants, half-a-dozen churches, three high schools, and six snug little sea-side hamlets, frequently touched at by the

Mount-Desert steamers. There are several small and unpretentious boarding-houses in the villages, and many of the farmers take boarders; so that three or four hundred summer visitors are enabled to spend part of each season here. The Sunnyside, at North-west Harbor, is the chief hotel. Most of the summer guests come from New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, and the Bostonians do not seem to have discovered the locality. Half the island is in forest and half in farms, connected by fine roads, and rising here and there into lofty sea-viewing hills. Along the shores are delightful coves, whose warm salt waters afford the best of bathing for invalids and children, while off-shore there are famous fishing and boating. Nearly every family on the island has one or more members on the sea, and every school-boy in its thirty districts looks forward to freedom on the blue main. The ancient church dates back to 1773, and has a strong membership among these grave, thoughtful, and moral islanders. The silver mines which have been in operation here for some years have affected the people hardly more than the sheep that browse on the breezy hills, or the herons in the lowland marshes. Across the surrounding waters tower the noble mountains of Camden and Mount Desert, and many a picturesque rocky islet rises through the fretted blue plain of the bay. Over all flows the air, — the wonderful tonic air, always in motion, and compounded of the bracing salty breath of the sea, and the fragrant exhalations of the great island forests of pine, spruce, and hemlock. It has been likened to the atmosphere of the Riviera, between Nice and Bordighera, or that of the upper Adirondack region. Some one has happily spoken of the *joyousness* of the Deer-Isle air, in which are combined the softness of Italy and the bracing qualities of a high northern climate. It is a land of low prices, plain living, and rest, unadapted to seekers after social excitement, but just the thing for tired workers, who want peace and the truest refreshment of nature.

The scenery of Penobscot Bay has been the theme of praise from countless writers, American and foreign, in prose and verse; and year by year its merits become more widely known and enthusiastically celebrated. Cruising on or dwelling by these embowered waters, amid the brief but surpassing splendors of the northern summer, the happy idler gains new strength with every breath, and fills his memory with lovely

pictures of blended sea and land and sky. The magnificent hills on either side, Camden on the west, Mount Desert on the east, and Isle-au-Haut on the south, are among the choicest beauties of New England, clothed with a rich and mystic purple by the sea-haze, and melting off in bands of rich foliage down to the peaceful farms below.

The islands are rich in variety, from miniature continents, a dozen miles long, and occupied by populous communities, down to lonely rocks, over which the high tides break in long white wreaths. Perhaps their chief beauty is in their coronals of spruce and fir trees, graceful and symmetrical cones rising above the curving channels, and filling the air with a strange woodland fragrance. This famous archipelago, with its white cottages, well-tilled farms, and flocks of grazing sheep, forms a sort of agricultural Yankee Venice, separated in summer by myriads of lanes of blue water, and joined in winter by crystal sheets of ice.

These intricate avenues of water have been admirably surveyed and charted, and afford very good yachting-ground, especially with the aid of the encyclopædic and loquacious pilots of the region. And whether the traveller crosses by the northern route, through the Reach (in the *City of Richmond*), or across the centre, by the Thoroughfare (in the *Mount Desert*), the trip will be found full of interest and of health-giving change.

The romance of history dwells in all the coves, on all the islands, of this lovely Penobscot region, — the Norumbega of the ancient geographers. It is impossible to tell whether the old Norse vikings who cruised along the New-England coasts at the time of the Crusades visited the bay, or not. Perhaps Cabot's West-of-England mariners entered these solitudes; or Cortereal's Portuguese explorers, in 1500; or Verrazano's sturdy Normans and Bretons, in 1524; or the Spanish caravels of Estevan Gomez, in 1525; or John Rut's good English ship, the *Mary of Guilford*. In Ramusio's geography, this land of Norumbega appears as "abounding in all kinds of fruit. There grow oranges, almonds, wild grapes, and many other fruits of odoriferous trees." In 1556, Thevet, a French scholar, ascended the Penobscot River, then called by the Indians *Agoncy*, and saw great villages of fur-clad aborigines, with whom he and his twenty Frenchmen held long and merry revels, "and,

parting from them with great contentment upon both sides, went out upon the sea." About fifty years later, Martin Pring and De Monts entered the bay in succession, with British and French vessels, followed by Weymouth. The first sea-fight in these waters took place on a July day in 1643, when the Massachusetts ships *Greyhound*, *Increase*, *Philip and Mary*, and *Seabridge*, and the French Huguenot ship *Clement*, attacked D'Aulnay's French fleet, and drove it up the river, during a hot contest, in which the thirty-eight Puritan cannon made deep music among the island-aisles. The battles and adventures of the last two and a half centuries have left their records everywhere, and the student of history, the lover of romance, finds rare pleasure in their annals.

CAMDEN AND ITS MOUNTAINS.

Camden, eight miles north of Rockland (with which it is connected by stage and steamboat), is one of the most picturesque towns on the American coast, passing rich in its mingled charms of sea and mountain scenery, and already attaining a notable position as a summer-resort. The view from the chief village, down the snug little harbor, and out across and between the islands to the broader expanse of Penobscot Bay, is full of beauty, and several costly summer-villas have been erected on the adjacent shores and points, from which comfortably circumstanced gentlemen of the great cities down the seaboard enjoy the delicious air and the inspiring prospect. In the village there are several hotels and boarding-houses, which are well filled in summer. Among the various curious manufactures here is that of anchors, of the best and most reliable quality. There are also ship-yards, powder-mills, and other manufactories; and the neighboring villages of Rockport and Rockville have other industries, besides several lucrative lime-kilns. The crowning beauty of Camden is its mountains, the lofty blue range, which for centuries has been a landmark for sailors entering Penobscot Bay, the ancient Mathebestuck Hills, on whose account the Indians named this region Megunticook, "the land of great sea-swells." The ancient

boundaries between the domains of the Tarratines and the Kennebec tribes lay among these frowning ridges, which are still almost entirely clothed with forest-trees. Mount Megunticook, twelve hundred and sixty-five feet high, is the loftiest of the five Camden peaks, and commands a majestic view over the bay, and beyond to Mount Desert and out on the open sea, and across hundreds of miles of inland Maine to Katahdin and the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Among the glens and around the bases of the mountains there are several beautiful drives, leading by still and sequestered lakes, and sweeping over high and lonely foot-hills, amid luxuriant overarching forests. In some of these deep ravines the scenery has a true Tyrolese aspect, and one might fancy that the great resounding sea was a thousand miles away. But the road soon slopes down to the lowlands, and reaches the shore, where the long salty surges beat inward from the breezy East. It is a realm of surprises, and in the not-distant future will be one of the most favored summer-resorts of this great national park called Maine.

The finest inland scenery hereabouts is along the shores of Lincolnville Pond, which the Indians called Megunticook, and the old settlers entitled Molyneaux' Pond, in memory of the courtly old Huguenot gentleman who dwelt for many years on the rocky knoll at its foot, and daily traversed the adjacent regions of sylvan beauty with fishing-rod or fowling-piece in hand. The pond covers nearly a square mile. Several other lakelets among the mountains are noted for their great beauty of situation, and afford good sport to the contemplative fisherman.

The snug little village of Rockport, with its new Carleton House, is on a pretty harbor a mile from Camden, and boasts of several active ship-yards, and hundreds of summer visitors. Back among the hills are the great forests, almost as wild as in the old days, when in the woods of Camden alone James Richards killed thirty bears and seventy moose, or when Metcalf, the mighty hunter, rode a bear down Mount Batty. Richards's wife, Betty, often designated one of the peaks near the harbor as her mountain, and the obliging farmers always spoke of it as Betty's Mountain, which has latterly been Frenchified into Mount Batty. The view from the top of Batty includes the broad bay of Penobscot, with its thronging islands and bordering villages, and the remoter

heights of Monhegan, Matinicus, and Mount Desert. Standing here people of Camden saw the sea-fight between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer*.

During the Revolutionary War the British made several forays on this town, and were hotly met by Ulmer's ever-ready minute-men. There were two hundred men, including a company of Penobscot Indians, in barracks at Clam Cove, where they had a small fort and a lonely eighteen-pounder gun, which mingled its roaring with that of the British batteries at Castine, when the news of peace arrived. When the War of 1812 broke out, the citizens erected a battery on the top of Mount Batty, nine hundred feet high, and near the village, and the bold Britons avoided any contact with this little fortress amid the clouds. It appears to have been put far enough out of the way to avoid all opportunity to receive or inflict harm, and was doubtless garrisoned by the most Falstaffian of militia-men. The gallant little community also sent a company into the 9th regiment of regulars, which fought in the battles along the New York frontiers. In 1814, when the British frigate *Furieuse* lay off the town, the 5th militia regiment hurriedly assembled here to repel an attack. It is said that the colonel commanding inspired his garrison by ordering them to hold the forts until the last moment; "but, should you be under the necessity of retreating, you'll find me out back of Simon Barrett's barn." The military traditions of the town bore good fruit later, when the integrity of the Union was threatened, and three hundred sturdy volunteers went thence into the hot and fatal South, where nearly one in three of them laid down their lives. The town was named in honor of Lord Camden, the friend of America in Parliament, who characterized the arming of Indians against Americans as "a war of revenge, such as Moloch in Pandemonium advised."

BELFAST AND NORTHPORT.

Belfast is about ten miles up Penobscot Bay, a quiet little city of 5,000 inhabitants, founded by Scotch-Irish people in 1770, tormented by British fleets in our two wars with the mother-country, and often devastated by fires. The front of the city is lined with gray old wharves, with some evidences of still lingering commerce, the masts of the vessels forming not exactly a forest, but rather an irregular hedge-row, up to the mouth of the Passagassawakeag River. Beyond these is the brick nucleus of the city, the old-fashioned business-blocks in which the trading of Waldo County centres, and the head-quarters of the local newspapers and banks. A succession of long streets, nearly parallel with the water-front, follows the trend of the hill, one above another, delightful terraces of homes and tree-avenues, up to the summit, nearly one hundred and eighty feet above the tide, where from Congress street one looks out over the bay and down even to the blue ridges of Mount Desert. This dreamy old sea-city is a capital point from which to make excursions, for its people are great lovers of summer recreation, and steamboats leave every day for almost all parts of Penobscot Bay. There are also lines of stages running hence to Searsmont, Searsport, Winterport, Rockland, Camden, Belmont, Bangor, and all parts of the outlying country. The Maine Central trains reach this point in about five and a half hours from Portland, passing through Augusta and Waterville.

The Northport Wesleyan Camp Meeting Ground is a summer-port of the bay steamers, and is easily and quickly reached by several modes of conveyance from the neighboring city of Belfast. The August camp-meeting still draws thousands of visitors, but more important than this has become the city of summer-cottages and hotels among the groves, open to the delicious breezes from the bay, and occupied throughout the heated season by a joyous population, continually reinforced by crowded steamboats from the river-towns. A vivacious little newspaper, *The Sea Breeze*, chronicles the gossip of

the camp, and continually records new devices for enjoying the vacation-days. About a mile from the camp-ground, and reached by a good carriage-road, is the summit of Mount Percival, which commands a famous view over the bay and the open sea, and through the mazes of countless islands off-shore.

The camp-meeting ground was bought by the East Maine Methodists in 1848, and the first cottage dates from 1869, before which the summer-pilgrims dwelt in tents, as many still do. Steamboats now ply daily between this sea-fronting bluff and Islesborough, Castine, Belfast, and all the other ports on the bay and river, and yachts run out from the snug little harbor to all parts of the bay. Almost the entire shore from Belfast down is occupied by summer-cottages, and farther south, at the pretty hamlet of Saturday Cove, is a favorite haunt of other vacation tourists.

Searsport is a pretty village of white houses, peeping from the trees which line its streets. It has about 2,000 inhabitants, and is connected with Belfast, six miles southward, by a stage-line. Its little harbor is sheltered by Sears Island, the ancient Brigadier Island, on which appears the comfortable summer-mansion of the Sears family of Boston, whose great-grandfather, David Sears, was the chief proprietor of the adjacent town.

FORT POINT AND BUCKSPORT.

Fort Point is now secure of fame and favor as a first-class summer-resort, and annually receives thousands of visitors from the great cities, who find ample amusement in sailing and fishing in the adjacent waters of the bay, in rambling over the beautiful peninsula, in riding among the picturesque hill-towns on the north, and in dancing, banqueting, and comfortably resting amid the flowers and groves and piazzas of the hotel. A perpetual cool breeze draws across this magnificent peninsular bluff, upon which rise the long walls of the hotel, looking, from miles away down the bay, like a huge stranded line-of-battle ship, and commanding, in return, a view which includes many leagues of dancing waves, fringed with wooded islands, and overlooked by far-away blue mountains. After several years of but partial success, the Fort-Point

House appears to have entered into the flood tide of favor, and is visited by larger and larger companies each returning season.

The fort on this commanding promontory was a substantial work of stone, three hundred and sixty feet around, with flankarts at the corners, *chevaux-de-frise* in the deep moat, a drawbridge and portcullis, and a massive interior block-house surmounted by a sentry-tower, and garnished with a dozen cannon and several cohorn mortars. It was built in 1758–59, by Governor Pownall, of Massachusetts, to protect the Penobscot settlements from attacks by sea or land; and the British Parliament paid for its construction. After the French wars ceased this became a great trading-post, to which the Indians brought their stores of beaver, sable, and otter skins. The garrison abandoned the works when the Revolution broke out. The British frigate *Canseau* disarmed and partly demolished it in 1775; and four years later a detachment of Americans, under Capt. Cargill, completed the work of destruction. Some slight remains of the ancient fort are still visible, and afford pleasant rambling-ground for the summer visitors. The tall light-house on the extreme point marks the head of Penobscot Bay. The adjacent mainland was settled by veterans of the French wars and retired fur-traders. General Waldo, the founder of the chief colonies in this part of Maine, was buried on Fort Point, but some years later his remains were carried to their present tomb in King's Chapel burying-ground, at Boston.

Bucksport is one of the loveliest villages on the Penobscot, and rises conspicuously from the swift currents of the Narrows, its steep streets being laid out regularly along a picturesque slope, whose summit is crowned by the rectangular brick buildings of the East Maine Conference Seminary. It has upwards of 2,000 inhabitants, and in summer the population is much augmented by people who explore the adjacent hill and lake country. This territory was granted by William and Mary of England to sundry stout burghers of Haverhill, and settled in 1762 by Colonel Jonathan Buck and other pioneers. Seventeen years later a part of the village was burned by a British naval foray. The immense and costly defences of Fort Knox, on the bluff opposite, present a very imposing appearance from the river, and were designed to protect the towns above from future molestation.

Bucksport is said to be eighteen miles from everywhere, that being its distance from Bangor, Ellsworth, and Castine. With the former point it is connected by the Eastern Maine Railroad, running along the river, and connecting with the Maine Central line, by which travellers may come hither from Portland in seven hours.

Winterport, on the west bank of the Penobscot, above the widenings of Marsh Bay, is a decadent village of 2,000 inhabitants, once celebrated for its ship-building and commerce, but now quietly fading away among the sleepy river-hills. It has rich farms inland, and at the port a contented community of citizens, with houses distinguished for neatness and comfort. The view from the lofty hill on which stands the soldiers' monument is famous for its extent and beauty.

CASTINE.

Castine is reached by the steamboat in two hours from Rockland, or by steamers from Belfast and Bangor, or by stage from Bucksport, about eighteen miles. It is a lovely old village of about a thousand inhabitants, and stands on the harborward slope of a high ridge which overlooks for many leagues the fascinating scenery of Penobscot Bay and its purple hills. A very pleasant illustrated article on this town, written by Noah Brooks, appeared in the *Century Magazine* for September, 1882. The little fort now overlooking the harbor was built during the late Secession War; and farther back are remains of the old American siege-works, erected by Paul Revere and Peleg Wadsworth (Longfellow's grandfather), and fragments of the English and French batteries. There are distinct traces of more than twenty fortifications on this little peninsula, which was an important garrisoned post for more than one hundred and fifty years, and has seen many days of conflict, and the rise and fall of many a proud standard. Scores of legends still cling to the abandoned batteries and to the stately old houses on the shadowy village streets. Among the young subalterns stationed here during the British occupation were several, like Sir John Moore, who afterwards achieved great renown.

Hundreds of visitors come hither every summer, living at the Acadian House and the numerous boarding-houses near by, and, as Noah Brooks says, "he who comes once comes again and again." They sail and fish among the adjacent islands and coves, or ramble about the quaint old village and the adjacent woods, or take buckboard rides among the hills beyond, or make excursions on the steamboats up and down the bay. The stores are small and dull, the wharves are dilapidated, and the village-life seems listless and drowsy; but many a quaint old house rises among the environing trees of the upper streets, and the ladies of the old families still exemplify the antique culture of their ancestors, when this was a brilliant garrison town.

The history of Castine is full of epic grandeur. Thevet, who explored the bay in 1555, said that long before that time a French fort had been razed hereabouts. In 1613 the lively French traders erected another little castle here, which was visited by Captain John Smith. The Plymouth Company fortified the Pentagoet peninsula in 1626, under the direction of Isaac Allerton; but it was captured by the French in 1632, and three years later became French territory, held by the Sieur D'Aulnay, and one of the centres of the long war between this Catholic chief and the grim Huguenot La Tour, holding a feudal lordship to the eastward. Friar Leo erected a Capuchin chapel here, under the influence of Cardinal Richelieu, and in 1654 the Puritans swooped down from the sea and occupied the place under orders from Oliver Cromwell. In 1667 came Vincent, the Baron of St. Castin, and lord of Oléron, in the Pyrenees, who had been colonel of the Royal Carignan Regiment, but came across the seas and married the dusky daughter of Madockawando, the sachem of the Tarratine Indians. If he had been a Parsee the Indians would have worshipped fire with him, so deeply did they reverence this gallant seignior; but, since he was a stanch Roman Catholic, they made to themselves rosaries, and became devout children of Rome. The port was fortified again in 1670 by the Chevalier de Grandfontaine, acting under the orders of Colbert, the French statesman. In 1674 a Dutch fleet, under Captain Jurriaen Aernoots, captured Pentagoet; and thirteen years later it was plundered again by Sir Edmund Andros, in the frigate *Rose*. St. Castin retaliated by the destruction of Pemaquid, and after thirty years of life

with his savage clan he returned to La Belle France. One of his half-Indian sons followed him, twenty years after, and became Lord of Oléron, while another remained, and perpetuated the line of Tarratine chieftains. The tribe remained under the government of St. Castin's descendants until the year 1860.

In 1799 General McLean and seven hundred British troops of the 74th and 83d Regiments captured Castine and fortified its approaches, where he was speedily attacked by a Massachusetts fleet and army, composed of nineteen war-vessels, mounting three hundred and forty-four guns, with twenty-four transports, and two thousand soldiers. After several repulses the Americans secured a footing on the peninsula, and opened a lively bombardment from land-batteries. Suddenly a British fleet of seven large frigates, under Sir George Collier, entered the bay and boldly attacked the American squadron, whose vessels fled away up the bay, hotly pursued, and one by one were burnt or blown up, or driven ashore. The American army retreated in detachments to the settlements on the Kennebec; and the British flag floated peacefully over Castine until the end of the war, four years later. In the years 1814 and 1815, again, the little town was garrisoned by two brigades of red-coats under General Gosselin, who kept the bay-towns in terror for many a harassing month. The British fleet was composed of the ships-of-the-line *Bulwark*, *Spencer*, and *Dragon;* the frigates *Bacchante* and *Tenedos;* the *Sylph*, *Peruvian*, and *Pictou;* and ten transports. The little American garrison of forty regulars exchanged a few shots with this formidable armada, and then blew up the fort and retreated up the river.

Dice's Head, at the mouth of the beautiful island-gemmed harbor, is a promontory of evergreen groves, dowered with a medicinal spring, and commanding a broad view over Penobscot Bay and its mountain-walls. Summer-cottages crown its rocky cliffs, and hither come many picnic parties from the bay and river towns.

Beautiful views are afforded from the summit of Kench's Mountain, and from the Walker farm, on the adjacent mainland of Brooksville, amid an ancient and democratic farming region, and around the shores of Walker's Pond, and down to the legend-haunted cliffs of Cape Rosier.

MOUNT DESERT.

Nowhere else on the North-Atlantic coast is there such a grand combination of scenery, of forest and lake, mountain and glen, sound and bay, beach and promontory, trout-brook and open sea, as is found on this wonderful island of Mount Desert, which has become of late years one of the most delightful and fashionable of resorts. In the hundred square miles of the island there are thirteen well-defined mountains and seventeen lakes and ponds. Among the remoter glens are the homes of deer, foxes, and minks, and virgin pastures of rich flowers and luscious berries. The magnificent coloring of these far northern woods and waters rivals that of the Mediterranean shores. The perfect sapphire of the sea reflects the overarching sky, and is framed by gray and pink and brown cliffs, light-green meadow-lands, silvery beaches, and surging leagues of dark forest.

The history of the island abounds in romance. The Indians called it *Pemetic*, meaning "that which is at the head"; and Champlain, the French discoverer, in 1604 called it the Island of the Desert Mountains (*Monts Déserts*). In 1603 Henri IV. of France granted it to the Sieur de Monts; and the priests Du Thet, Biard, and Massè, with thirty colonists, founded the mission-settlement of St. Sauveur, on Fernald's Point, in Somes's Sound. This town was destroyed in 1613 by Captain Argall and a ship from Virginia, and Du Thet, slain in the fight, was buried at St. Sauveur. In 1691 Louis XIV. granted the island to M. de la Motte Cadillac, whose grand-daughter, Marie Thérèse de Gregoire, secured from Massachusetts a ratification of the grant, in 1764, and lived at Hull's Cove until her death, in 1810.

The steamer *Mount Desert,* on its way to the island, runs through the very picturesque Fox-Island Thoroughfare, crosses Isle-au-Haut Bay, with the purple heights of Isle-au-Haut on the right; touches at Green's Landing, on Deer Isle; crosses Blue-Hill Sound, by Swan's Island and the Placentia Isles, and then cruises around the Mount-Desert coast, touching at Bass Harbor, South-west Harbor, and Bar

Harbor, connecting there with a small steamer running northward up Frenchman's Bay to Sullivan and East Lamoine. The *City of Richmond* runs direct from Rockland through the Thoroughfare, and touches only at South-west Harbor and Bar Harbor. The *Lewiston* ascends Penobscot Bay from Rockland to Castine; then rounds Cape Rosier and traverses the beautiful Eggemoggin Reach, stopping at North Deer Isle and Sedgwick; passes Naskeag Point and across Blue-Hill Bay, with noble peaks in front and on the left; runs around Bass Harbor Head, and touches at South-west Harbor and Bar Harbor.

People who fear sea-sickness come to Mount Desert, by the stage-route, in eight hours from Bangor; others descend the Penobscot from the same city in the steamboats which run thence to the island daily; others take the daily Mount-Desert steamers at Rockland, which is reached by rail from Portland and Boston; and others sail into the harbor in yachts, amid great din of salutes and show of dipping flags from the pleasure-fleet at anchor there.

South-west Harbor, south-west of the entrance of Somes's Sound, and commanding a view through the mountain-gorge up to its head, and out to several groups of islands in the deep sea, is one of the best points from which to make excursions through the finest scenery of Mount Desert, to Bass Harbor, the Sea Wall, Long Pond, Fernald's Cove, and Somesville, affording very inspiring views of sea and shore and mountain-peak. It is an easy drive thence to Great Pond, the chief of the island-lakes, eight miles long, between two shaggy mountain-ranges, and abounding in fine trout. Echo Lake, five miles out, lies deep-set between a huge perpendicular cliff and a mountain covered with unbroken woods. On one of the islands off-shore several hundred Russians encamped, when, during the recent Russo-Turkish war, the great northern empire expected to be drawn into hostilities with England, and the Russian steamer *Cimbria* lay off Mount Desert for five months, awaiting the event.

North-east Harbor is a romantic and almost landlocked cove, eastward of the mouth of Somes's Sound, and inside of Bear-Island light-house and the Cranberry Isles. It is a very small village, with Kimball's neat inn as its centre, and the grandest possible scenery of sea and sound and mountain all around. In the vicinity are the summer-man-

sions of President Eliot, of Harvard University, and Bishop Doane, of the Episcopal diocese of Albany. Eastward of this point is Seal Harbor, with two handsome hotels, and a wharf at which the steamboats sometimes stop. The views thence to the south-east, out over the open sea, and through the islands to the south, are rich in variety and grandeur. The Cranberry Isles, which lie off-shore, are five in number, forming a township of above 300 inhabitants, with a Methodist church, a public library, four schools, two light-houses, and many establishments for the curing of fish.

Somes's Sound cleaves the island half in two, its wild and lonely waters entering for leagues into the breast of the mountains, its commingled odors of salty sea and piny forests perfuming the delightful air. It is an arm of the sea that resembles a deep tidal river, a Norwegian fiord, cutting its way through barriers of rocky cliffs and ranges of frowning hills, and rippling across secluded mountain-glades, overhung with sombre dark forests. The inner recesses and coves of this noble sound have a solemn beauty, rich in wonderful contrasts of light and shade, and reflecting line after line of huge and inaccessible peaks, known only to the deer and the eagle. In the morning one may catch cod in the deep sea, and a few hours later may entice the spotted trout from his cool seclusion in a mountain-tarn.

Agassiz says that "Mount Desert was once a miniature Spitzbergen, and colossal icebergs floated off from Somes's Sound." The summer temperature now ranges from sixty to seventy degrees, with a remarkably pure and bracing air, sometimes charged with fog; and people who go out riding or sailing always carry extra wraps, to provide against occasional cold sea-turns. The frequency of sudden flaws of wind along Somes's Sound, flying down out of the gorges, renders it necessary to sail here with great caution. In time a steamboat will ply between Somesville and the outer harbors, and then this scenery, which has been likened to the Hudson Highlands, or Lake George, can be enjoyed at its best.

In 1609, Hendrick Hudson, while on his way south to discover the river which immortalizes his name, sailed into Somes's Sound, and opened upon the amazed natives with his roaring Dutch artillery. The first American settler was Abraham Somes, of Gloucester, who, in 1760,

established his home at the head of the wonderful fiord which still bears his name; and a few years later several families from Cape Cod occupied the other coves around the shores. Somesville is one of the quietest of country villages, on a picturesque, hill-girt, tidal bay in the heart of the island, with two or three small hotels, which are much frequented by driving parties from Bar Harbor, following the road around the head of the Sound.

Bar Harbor, the summer capital of the island, derives its name from a sandy bar which runs out thence to one of the Porcupine Islands, and faces on the broad reaches of Frenchman's Bay. In 1868 the Agamont Hotel and a few farm-houses, were the only buildings hereabouts; but the caprice of fashion and the rich advantages of the locality have brought about a wonderful change, and now the shore is lined with magnificent villas and parks, — the homes of the Searses, Ogdens, Musgraves, Howes, and other patrician families, — while beyond are streets provided with all the appliances of modern city life, and lined with metropolitan stores and huge hotels. The strip along the water-front, with its spacious houses, in quaint and picturesque architecture, is a down-east Newport; the great village above is a combination of Bethlehem and Old Orchard.

The new town has admirable streets, a fire department with a steam fire-engine, water-works dependent on the crystalline Eagle Lake, a new high school, a complicated and efficient system of sewers; churches for Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, and Methodists; two bright and gossipy newspapers; lecture-courses, a skating rink, and a public library.

Upwards of $5,600,000 has been invested here, and real estate commands enormous prices. The unknown little hamlet of fishermen gave place to a village of somewhat primitive summer boarding-houses, and this, in turn, has been metamorphosed into a fashionable town, — the royal summer-resort of Maine; the pearl of that wonderful three thousand miles of sinous coast which stretches from Kittery Point to Quoddy Head.

In its early days Mount Desert was the paradise of the unconventional, where comfortably clad summer-idlers unbent their year-long city formalisms, and indulged in all manner of fishing and sailing, clambering over the rocks and up the mountains, long buckboard rides,

and other rural amusements. Of late years this freedom of recreation has been growing more restricted, and the inmates of the cottages and the habitues of the great hotels appear to be introducing somewhat of the stately decorum of Newport and Nahant. When the French dress-maker asks, "What are Mademoiselle's commands for summer-costume?" Miss Knickerbocker answers, "Oh, something that will look well against a rock. I am going to Mount Desert." The first summer-cottage here was built by the Hon. Alpheus Hardy, of Boston, and Governeur M. Ogden was the pioneer of the New York colonists. Now every picturesque cove and headland along the adjacent shore is occupied by gems of rural architecture: old-English cottages, — houses which suggest Queen Anne, — dignified mansions rising from velvety lawns, — snug lodges dominating lovely curving beaches, and high-towered villas among the deep pine woods a thousand feet above. The season for the cottagers begins early in June, and lasts into September. So predominant has this element become, that it warrants the annual issue of a very pretty illustrated Blue Book, which gives the names and places of residence of the cottage aristocracy.

There are many romantic rambles in the vicinity, and it is in good form to walk here, and to climb the rocks and mountains, and clamber along the shore-cliffs, in strong and serviceable garments. Thus the young men and maidens haunt the coast-line towards Cromwell's Harbor and Saul's Cliffs; or ascend the gorges of Duck Brook; or look down on Bar Harbor from the top of Kebo; or gain the grand view from the crest of Newport Mountain; or go down along the beach at low tide, and study the various fascinating forms of marine life. The variety of rambles in every direction is almost inexhaustible, and the views are rich in all elements of grandeur and beauty. Whoever has De Costa's "Mount Desert" for the history, and the Blue Book for a topographical guide, and "Golden Rod," or "The Summer School of Philosophy," or "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," or "Mrs. Beauchamp Brown," for the study of the humanities, cannot fail of abundant entertainment and health-giving diversion. The costumes of the ladies are brilliant beyond description, and bravely light up the dark rocks and groves; and the young men, in their knee-breeches and odd jackets, present a more noteworthy appearance, certainly, than they do in our

city streets. The buckboard, which Hassard describes as "long as an obelisk, and as hard to turn," and some one else calls "a cross between a see-saw and a hammock," is the favorite vehicle for driving parties, and also finds practical use in transporting that class of the community known as "hauled mealers."

The rise and fall of the tide here is upwards of fifteen feet, and the high isthmus which leads at ebb tide to Bar Island, the old Rodick homestead, is covered with deep water at full tide. South-east of the harbor is Porcupine Island, with cliffs of jagged rock two hundred feet high, facing the sea. This noble solitude was bought by Gen. Fremont for $500; but when financial disasters overtook the great Pathfinder of the West, he was constrained to relinquish this, with many other possessions. Near the village is an encampment of Penobscot Indians, tall, good-natured, lazy fellows, with plenty of gaudily-dressed squaws and pappooses, who make great numbers of baskets, canoes, and other barbaric curiosities, which are eagerly bought up by the visitors. Some of these half-French and entirely-Romish aborigines are among the best boatmen at Bar Harbor, and carry their delighted white patrons far out on the breezy bay in their light birch canoes.

It is nearly three miles from Bar Harbor to Eagle Lake, that lonely inland water to which Church, the famous artist, gave its name. Here are trout innumerable, and boats in which to seek them; and not far distant are the favorite fishing-grounds of Jordan's Pond. About the same distance from Bar Harbor to the southward is the fine gorge between Newport and Dry Mountains, which has been likened to the notches of New Hampshire. The road between Newport and the bay leads to Schooner Head, a bold rocky promontory, against which the Atlantic surges rush, bursting up through the famous Spouting Horn, in its top. A little way below is Anemone Cave, famous for its beautiful sea-anemones, and further down rises the frowning cliff of Great Head, sheltering the only good beach on the island. Beyond the gorge under Dry Mountain, the road descends to the Otter-Creek Cliffs, one hundred and twelve feet high, nearly two miles from Great Head. Northward of Bar Harbor the road leads along the rugged coast to Duck Brook and Hull's Cove, and by the slaty and sea-beaten caverns called the Ovens, and the Gothic-pointed cliffs of the Cathedral.

The ascent of Green Mountain is made by a railway similar to that on Mount Washington, built in 1883, ascending from Eagle Lake by a grade of one in three, the station being reached by a steamboat sail of three miles over the lake, from a point two and a half miles from Bar Harbor. The summit is four miles from, and fifteen hundred feet above, Bar Harbor, and may also be reached by a steep carriage-road. On the summit is a little inn, formerly much patronized by persons who stayed on the summit all night, in order to see the sun rise. The view is magnificent, and includes leagues on leagues of open sea, the gem-like outer islands, the long levels of Frenchman's Bay, the great mountains from Interlaken Hill to Katahdin, and bits of Eagle Lake and Somes's Sound. Five thousand persons visit this peak every year; and now that the route has been made at once easier, cheaper, and more interesting, the number will greatly increase.

At the head of Frenchman's Bay are the quiet old towns of Hancock and Sullivan, the first noted for its gallant fishermen, and the noble scenery of Crabtree's Neck, and the second for its vast granite quarries, silver mines, and ship-yards. At Sullivan is the spacious and comfortable Waukeag House, a well-known summer-resort near the salt water. Gouldsborough, across the bay from Bar Harbor, is a rugged land of hills, abounding in mines, and fringed with pretty little harbors and bold islands.

The coast towns between Frenchman's Bay and Passamaquoddy Bay are Steuben, the home of hardy fishermen; Millbridge, the port of the great lumber-mills of Cherryfield; Harrington, with a lofty obelisk of white marble erected to the memory of its soldier dead; Addison, with a quarry of fine black granite; Jonesport, projecting far seaward, amid its tributary islands; Jonesborough, rich in admirable red granite, now much used for fine work in the cities; Machiasport, on a splendid harbor, where ship-yards abound, and the port of the prosperous town of Machias, famous in colonial and Revolutionary history; Whiting, a great hilly township with few inhabitants; Cutler, looking out on the Bay of Fundy; Trescott, a sea-fronting Roman Catholic town; and Lubec, populous and beautifully situated, with Grand Manan on one side, and Campobello on the other. It is a wild and picturesque shore, cut into by deep fiords, and fronted by lines of lovely islands.

BANGOR AND THE NORTHERN FOREST.

BANGOR.

BANGOR is at the head of navigation on the Penobscot River, sixty miles from the sea, and has about 18,000 inhabitants, with the true Yankee liberality of churches, schools, and newspapers, great hotels, and busy streets of stores and offices. It was first settled in 1769, on the Indian domain of Kenduskeag, and derived its name from the venerable psalm-tune of *Bangor*, then a favorite melody with the pioneers. An old legend says that the Rev. Seth Noble, the town's representative, was ordered to have it named *Sunbury;* but he substituted the present title, under which, and before due protest could be offered, the act of incorporation was granted. In 1814 the British fleet captured the village, and laid it under contribution, to the infinite disgust of the patriotic citizens, whose houses were ruthlessly pillaged by the enemy.

Bangor has long been known as the Queen City of the East, and is the social capital of the great Penobscot Valley, with many tokens of opulence and dignity. Among the houses along its well-shaded streets are the homes of the lumber kings, who own an area of Northern Maine greater than Connecticut and Rhode Island united. With its increase of wealth and social importance Bangor has enjoyed also a marked literary development, and in its bibliography appear the names of nearly two hundred authors. Many distinguished political leaders and several

able diplomats have also been residents here. Among the eminent clergymen who have been stationed at Bangor have been John Cotton Smith, Mark Trafton, Newman Smyth, Frederick H. Hedge, Charles C. Everett, Samuel L. Caldwell, Cyrus Hamlin, Leonard Woods, and Enoch Pond; and with such a group of pastors the religious name of the town has been well maintained. The Bangor Theological Seminary stands on the heights, amid broad lawns and venerable trees, and is a Congregationalist school, incorporated in 1814, with about forty students and seven hundred graduates, many of whom, like Webb, Tenney, Hamlin, Lord, H. B. Smith, Means, Peloubet, Gordon, and Chamberlain, have done noble pastoral, missionary, and educational work. Not far distant, near the handsome Unitarian church and the Opera House, is the spacious Bangor House, a very comfortable and well-placed first-class hotel, and the point of departure of the stages for Mount Desert.

The chief public buildings are the U. S. Post-Office, a substantial granite structure; the State Arsenal, in the environs; and the massive county buildings, surrounded by lawns and trees. In Norumbega Hall and the Opera House the chief orators, lecturers, singers, and actors of the last thirty years have appeared. The water-supply of the city is excellent, and the great stationary engines at the reservoirs, with the multitude of hydrants in the streets, make large fires almost impossible. The business district is in the lowlands, about the mouth of the Kenduskeag and along the Penobscot; and on the commanding hills adjacent are many pleasant residence streets, overarched with large trees.

Ship-building, once one of the chief industries of the place, has considerably fallen off since Congress annihilated this great New-England trade; but many other manufactures have taken its place. The paramount business of this locality, however, is that connected with the lumber trade. The logs are brought down from the booms near Sunkhaze, to the great Bangor boom, in drives of from five million to twenty million feet, and thence they are rafted out to the six mills of the city, where they are cut into various forms of lumber for the Boston and New York markets. This is the second lumber mart in the world (during the last three years, four hundred and fifty million feet of lumber have been surveyed here), and near its long-drawn miles of booms anchor the largest ships, bearing the flags of all the great maritime nations. The

arterial tributaries of the Penobscot penetrate the vast Maine forest for thousands of miles, and bring its yearly tribute of timber to this fair tide-water city, for distribution throughout the world. Many billions of feet of long and short lumber have thus been handled here, and now enter into the composition of far-off homes. When the annual ice-blockade is broken up in the spring-time, and the fleets come up above Winterport and Bucksport, and the armies of stalwart lumbermen emerge from the desolate northern woods, the streets of the city are full of life and motion, and, what with rollicking mariners and woodsmen set free from arduous winter-work, and paid off with large sums of money, the civic police have active duties to perform. But it is claimed that year by year these elements in the municipal history become relatively less important, while with her steady growth in wealth, culture, and local pride, Bangor takes honorable place among the great cities of New England.

Besides its advantages as a county capital, and metropolis for the wide area of Eastern Maine, Bangor derives great importance as a central point for travellers, being the terminus of four railways, ten stage-routes, and several lines of steamboats, for Boston, Mount Desert, and various landings on the river. Upwards of two thousand vessels enter the port yearly, and their aggregate amounts to nearly four hundred thousand tons. There is a large trade to West-Indian and European ports, which receive (besides lumber) various kinds of manufactured goods from Bangor. When the immense water-power at Oldtown and along the river shall have been utilized — and it is now being fast taken up — Bangor will be one of the leading manufacturing cities of New England.

From Thomas's Hill, on the edge of the city, there is a fine view of the Ebeeme and Passadumkeag Mountains, the Dixmont Hills, and other distant peaks around the horizon. Another favorite drive leads out Kenduskeag Avenue to Lover's Leap, a noble cliff on the Kenduskeag River, dowered with the usual tradition of a pair of luckless Indian lovers. Other pleasant carriage routes lead to Mount Hope Cemetery, near the Penobscot, and to the Holly Water Works, at Treat's Falls, and up the craggy and picturesque ravine of the Kenduskeag.

THE ROUTE TO MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

The favorite way to get from outer civilization into the pleasant primitiveness of the Moosehead region leads by the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad, which diverges from the railroad running eastward from Bangor at Oldtown, and crosses to the valley of the Piscataquis, traversing the thrifty but decadent rural towns of Alton, La Grange, and Orneville.

From Brownville a road diverges to the north-east, running to the Lower Ebeeme Ponds (whence it is four miles by river to the Upper Ebeeme Pond), a group of pretty and sequestered lakelets in a picturesque mountain country, with very good shooting and fishing. A path less than a mile long leads from the lowest Ebeeme Pond to Schoodic Lake, a large and handsome sheet of water in a lonely land.

A portage leads across from Schoodic to Lake Seboois, one of the loveliest of forest archipelagoes, which is connected by a strait with Endless Lake. The uninhabited logging-road from Brownville, after running between Lower Ebeeme and Schoodic, traverses several leagues of grim desolation, to the Jo Mary Lakes and the Twin Lakes, on the West Branch of the Penobscot. Guides to this region may be obtained at Brownville.

Katahdin Iron Works are at the end of a railway diverging from the Piscataquis route at Milo, and running up the valley of Pleasant River for sixteen miles, crossing the town of Brownville, famous for its quarries of fine slate, worked by industrious Welshmen. The Iron Works were established in 1843, and the product of the mine is ranked very high for its valuable properties of strength and tenacity. From seventy-five to one hundred tons of iron are made per week, and it is regarded as especially adapted for car-wheels and other uses where great endurance is required. Near the village is the Silver-Lake Hotel, fronting on a large pond, and recently augmented by a considerable addition, so that it can accommodate almost a hundred guests. Many sportsmen who

have been driven from the Rangeley country by the advent of civilization find at Katahdin Iron Works very good sport, — deer, caribou, and smaller game in the woods, trout and landlocked salmon in the adjacent streams and ponds. On the east are the Ebeeme Lakes and Mountains; on the west, the wild Houston ponds; and on the north, fifty miles of rarely visited ponds and streams, in the unbroken wilderness which stretches northward to Mount Katahdin and Chesuncook Lake. There is a rude road to Chesuncook and Ripogenus, which, at ten miles from the Iron Works, passes B Pond, famous for its trout and caribou. Six miles by road from the Iron Works is the great cañon called the Gulf, which is traversed by the river for three miles. About four miles from the hotel, respectively, are the summits of two mountains, Horseback and Chairback, overlooking many square leagues of unsettled wilderness. There are several other interesting resorts in the vicinity where sportsmen find abundant amusement.

Sebec was sold by Bowdoin College to Richard Pike, of Newburyport, for seventy cents an acre, in 1803, in which year the first family settled here. It now has about 800 inhabitants, with many good farms and some small manufactures. From South Sebec, on the railroad, stages run five miles north, to the village of Sebec, whence a steamboat plies daily up the long and narrow lower pond, and across the pretty Sebec Lake, surrounded by high mountains and pretty bays, to the Lake House, at the mouth of Wilson Stream. Large and spirited landlocked salmon are caught here, and in the multitude of ponds adjacent; and boats, provisions, and guides may be obtained at Sebec. Still farther into the wild lands is Sheep Pond, very celebrated for its beautiful scenery. The landlocked salmon in Buck's Cove, an island-studded nook of Sebec Lake, afford very good sport, and make very delicious suppers.

Dover, the capital of Piscataquis County, is a neat village south of the river, with a newspaper and a savings-bank, and several square miles of good farming lands. Across the river is the busy factory-village of Foxcroft, with a snug little inn fronting on the public square, near the academy and the Congregational church. Beyond Sangerville are the prosperous hamlets of Guilford and Abbott, west of which the track rises on high grades, and gives broad views over the valley,

now becoming mountainous in character. Amid such scenes of interest the train runs on to Blanchard, at whose railway-restaurant people have time to take a noon-day meal before the stage starts for the lake.

Monson, five miles east of Blanchard and nine hundred feet above the sea, will soon be connected by a narrow-gauge railroad with the Bangor and Piscataquis line. There are large quarries of fine roofing-slate about the pretty village near the outlet of Lake Hebron, employing two hundred and fifty men, and shipping over six hundred carloads yearly. The best of fishing is found hereabouts, and several of the twenty-five ponds of Monson have been stocked with that rare and delicious fish, the German carp. A new hotel has been built on the plateau over Lake Hebron, for the accommodation of summer-visitors, with rooms for one hundred guests. Nine miles distant is Ship Pond, covering nearly eight square miles, endowed with great natural beauty, and abounding in lake trout and landlocked salmon. This gem of the forest has recently received the name of Lake Onaway, commemorating an Indian maiden of the Penobscot tribe, who, while being carried away by a foray of Chesuncook Indians, escaped at night from their camp by this lake, and returned safely to her people.

The stage-ride from Blanchard up the hills to Shirley, five miles, and thence away to Greenville, six miles further, at the foot of Moosehead Lake, has many attractive features, especially to wise travellers who get up on the outside. The mountains of the adjacent lumber principalities, the distant views of blue Katahdin, and, finally, the charming views up the lake, with the Lily-Bay and Ebeeme Mountains on the right and Squaw Mountain on the left, make a succession of pleasing pictures, framed by the waving branches of the roadside trees.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

Greenville, at the end of the east cove of Moosehead Lake, is a village of about 300 inhabitants, with a church and two hotels, and several large country-stores, which furnish the supplies for the logging-camps in the wilderness beyond. In the perpetual campaign against the Maine woods Greenville is an important strategic point, and large detachments of lumbermen pass through every season. There are also several eligible ponds in the vicinity, where heroes from the cities pursue the crafty trout. The Wilson Ponds, within three or four miles, and Squaw and Fitzgerald Ponds, are frequently visited; while people with strong topographical interests ascend to the top of Squaw Mountain, the chief peak of the Moosehead family, and admirers of romantic scenery sail or canoe out on the lake, among its diversified bays and islands.

The time is not far distant when armies of summer travellers shall penetrate the heart of the Maine wilderness, looking out upon the dim haunts of the bear and moose through the plate-glass windows of palace-cars. The International Railway has surveyed a route almost due east from the present terminus of its line from Montreal, at Lake Megantic, across the forest to Greenville, at the foot of Moosehead Lake, and thence through another vast expanse of savage woods to Lincoln, or Mattawamkeag, where the European and North American Railway leaves the Penobscot Valley, toward New Brunswick.

Moosehead Lake is at once the largest and most interesting of the lakes of Maine, and it has for many years been a favorite goal for the summer pilgrimages of great numbers of people. A thousand feet above the sea, thirty-eight miles long, and with four hundred miles of sinuous coast-line, this noble inland sea affords interest and amusement to all temperaments, and its delicious air, saturated with the odors of pine and spruce, is a tonic of rare properties. Here and there the shores are indented by deep coves and half-enclosed bays, or overhung by long lines of shaggy highlands, or (more rarely) broken by clearings

and white farm-houses, denoting the advance of civilization toward the heart of the forest.

The Mount Kineo House is twenty-one miles from Greenville, down the lake, and the voyage has many features of interest. At first the most conspicuous object is Squaw Mountain, rising on the left to a great height, and conspicuous from all parts of the lake. On the other side, and scarcely discernible for the ranks of islands across its mouth, is Lily Bay, overlooked by the Lily-Bay Mountains, and half taken up by fairy islands. There is a small hotel in there, thirteen miles by road from Greenville; and seven miles further into the woods, beyond the mountains, and close to Roach Pond, is another small hotel, frequented by trout-fishers. About half-way between Greenville and Mount Kineo the boat stops at Deer Island, near a small summer boarding-house; and then traverses the narrows between Deer and Sugar Islands, the latter of which covers seven thousand acres, and is unoccupied. Next, the steamer enters the broadest part of the lake, with Kineo ahead, the hotel at the East Outlet four miles off on the port bow, and on the other side, the narrow opening of Spencer Bay, almost closed up by an islet, and opening a vista back to the distant Spencer Mountains, four thousand feet high, with occasional glimpses of Katahdin far away in the east. Running over the dam at the outlet, the Kennebec, born in this northern sea, flows away to the south-east, reaching The Forks after several swift leagues of rapids and dead-water, and thence flowing downward with more dignity, by many an ancient town, to the distant ocean.

The Mount Kineo House, so dear to a generation of tourists, was burned during the year 1882, and a smaller hotel, since built near its site, accommodates the annual immigration until another vast summer-palace shall rise on the historic point. The hotels at Greenville, at the East Outlet, and on the other bays, may profit by the temporary disaster; but the capital of the summer population will always be on this lovely peninsula under Mount Kineo, and stretching almost across the lake. The mountain is a vast mass of hornblende, fully two thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the sea, almost perpendicular on the south and east, and running down to beaches of sand and pebbles. The summit is easily ascended, and commands a very interesting view over the

lake-country and its guardian mountains, and out to distant peaks in remote counties.

The Mount Kineo House is on the meridian line of pure air and good appetites, lovely and peaceful scenes, and the occasionally welcome unconventionalism of flannel shirts and short skirts. For many years the current of travel hitherward has increased continually, as the many advantages of the region became more widely known and appreciated, and especially as the railroad approached nearer and nearer to the lake, and made the journey less formidable. Boating and fishing and hunting, and that best of all recreations, loafing, may be enjoyed here in almost every form. The Newport gilded youth may come up here and wear his pretty bangles on the piazza of the hotel; and his sturdier brethren can relapse into temporary savagery among the adjacent coves, where neither road nor village, church bell nor locomotive whistle, intrudes on their embowered camps.

James Russell Lowell came up here once, and admired "the deep blue mountains, of remarkably graceful outline," but laughed good-naturedly at Greenville as "a village which looked as if it had *dripped down* from the hills, and settled in the hollow at the foot of the lake." He likened Mount Kineo to Capri; but Tahmunt, the Indian hunter, told Thoreau, who encamped here many years ago, that the first white men who came into this region fancied a resemblance between Kineo and a moose's head, and named the lake therefor. The ancient New-England tribes were mainly supplied with arrow-heads and tomahawks from the sharp-edged fragments of the Kineo cliffs; and they called the lake *Sebamook*, meaning (like Sebec and Sebago) "the Great Pond;" and *Chenebesic*, or "the Great Water Place." The wild Indian legend of Kineo is told in the local guide-books. (Hubbard's is the best of these.)

There are many interesting points to which to make excursions within a short sailing distance. Among these are the Moody Islands, famous as fishing-grounds; the Gull Rocks; the shadowy Cowen's Cove, and many another coign of vantage, made accessible by pleasant water-routes, and each justifying a holiday journey. In rambling about the peninsula one may find ledges of gold-bearing quartz, caverns in the rocky cliffs, lonely and sequestered beaches, croquet-

squares and base-ball diamonds, and the productive fields whence the vegetable side-dishes of the hotel are drawn. There is a goodly company of stalwart and trusty guides connected with the hotel, and their boats and canoes are always ready to carry travellers to remoter solitudes, to the beautiful Brassua Lake and its pathetic Miseree stream, to the alluring waters of Tomhegan and Socatean, to Duck Cove and the West Outlet, and a score of other frequented localities.

CHESUNCOOK AND KATAHDIN.

The upper part of Moosehead Lake is called the North Bay, and is traversed semi-weekly by a steamboat, which runs up for twenty miles or so to the North-east Carry, where there is a great pier and a small hotel. A portage-road leads thence to the West Branch of the Penobscot, over which Lowell carried his baggage while exploring the lakes. "My estimate of the distance is eighteen thousand six hundred and seventy-four and three-fourths miles," said he; but the surveys make it only two miles. The river runs thence down to Chesuncook Lake, eighteen miles, by many a rapid, but still navigable for canoes. From the North-west Carry it is two or three miles across to the West Branch of the Penobscot, which may be ascended by canoes, for sixteen miles (in ten or twelve hours), to the Forks, where the North and South Branches flow together. Twenty-seven miles distant up the North Branch, by a route where navigation is difficult, is the Abacotnetic Bog, where deer and caribou enjoy almost unchallenged possession; and a portage leads thence to Baker Lake, one of the upper reservoirs to the great St. John River, two long days' journey above the Seven Islands. In another direction, up the South Branch, is Penobscot Lake, the cradle of the river which bears its name, mirroring the high mountains of the Canadian frontier. Old tote-roads ascend these two valleys and cross the border into French America.

Chesuncook Lake is a bulge in the Penobscot, eighteen miles long, and in places three miles wide, with a little farming hamlet at the head, a church, and a hotel, and a fine view of Katahdin and the Sourdnahunk Mountains. Rugged and lonely roads run hence to Moosehead Lake; to the long-drawn Chamberlain Lake, the reservoir of the Allagash River; and to the beautiful scenery which surrounds Caucomgomoc Lake. Between Chesuncook and the French Canadian villages on the St. Lawrence there are no hamlets nor villages, nothing but woods and lakes, rivers, rapids, and mountains, abounding in game and fish, and as yet unattacked by permanent civilization. It is about ninety miles down the West Branch to Mattawamkeag, on the railway, the stream flowing down through Ripogenus, Pamedomcook, and the Twin Lakes, and past the mouths of many a famous fishing stream.

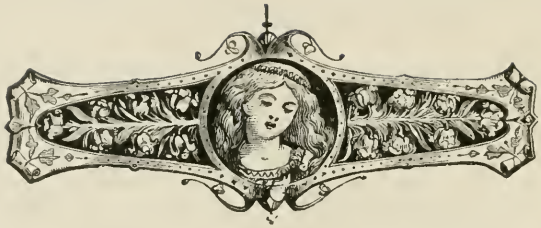
Many travellers descend this romantic stream, favored by frequent glimpses of great Katahdin and its minor brethren, and blest with many an encampment in the quiet forest, with provisions supplied by the adjacent waters. A two-mile stream conducts from Chesuncook to Caribou Lake, seven miles long. The outlet of Chesuncook soon opens into Ripogenus Lake, commanding remarkably fine views of Katahdin and the Sourdnahunk range, and surrounded by lovely scenery, including the great rocky gorge through which the river flows away to the south, over rapids and falls, with occasional patches of navigable dead water. There are many portages to be made around Pockwockamon, Katepskonegan, Passamagamook, and other polysyllabic falls; but the scenery is beautiful and full of variety, and choice fishing is found on all sides. From Pamedomcook Lake the rare beauties of Millnoket, Nahmakanta, and Rainbow Lakes are visited. Pamedomcook is characterized by Theodore Winthrop as "the largest bulge of the Penobscot, and irregular as the verb 'To be.'" It commands fine distant views of Katahdin, the presiding genius of all these wilderness leagues.

Mount Katahdin, the chief mountain of Maine, rises to a height of five thousand three hundred and eighty-five feet, from the quiet wilderness between the East and West Branches, so far away from the human world that it is rarely visited, save by the most adventurous of tourists, or the most enterprising of scientific persons. The western

route to the top leads in a day from the West Branch, near Ayboljockamejus and Sandy Stream, up to

> "Where, through clouds, are glimpses given
> Of Katahdin's sides, —
> Rock and forest piled to heaven,
> Torn and ploughed by slides."

The most direct route to the top of Mount Katahdin leads in from Mattawamkeag to Sherman Village, and Katahdin Lake, a distance of fifty miles, whence it is about ten miles by a very arduous route to the crest. The twin peaks rise from a broad mossy plateau, strewn with rocks, and haunted by clouds, and are joined by a long and dangerous ridge, very narrow, on one side a tremendous escarped cliff falling away hundreds of feet into deep, woody glens, where it is mirrored in dark ponds. The view is magnificent and sombre, without signs of human occupation, village, spire, or clearing, but lighted up by the flashing surfaces of five hundred ponds and lakes, which, as a poetic visitor remarked, resemble a mirror broken into a thousand fragments, scattered over the greenwood counties, and reflecting the sun on every side.



THE EASTERN FRONTIER.

THE ROUTE TO AROOSTOOK AND THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

THE great land route from Boston and Portland to the Eastern Provinces of Canada runs north and east from Bangor to the frontier, where it connects with the railway system of New Brunswick, by which access is gained to all important points in that Province and Nova Scotia, and the lovely scenery of Cape Breton. After leaving Bangor the route follows the Penobscot River for many miles, with great saw-mills, lumber-booms, and other appurtenances of Maine's chief industry, strung out along and across the stream. Beyond the pretty village of Veazie it passes Orono, the seat of the State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts; and beyond West Great Works it reaches Oldtown, where the Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad diverges towards Moosehead Lake. On an island in the river is the chief Indian village of New England, where more than two hundred Tarratine (or Penobscot) Indians dwell, with neat little houses, a Roman-Catholic church, and schools taught by devoted Sisters of Mercy. The women make great quantities of curious baskets and beadwork, to sell to tourists; and the men are expert and daring lumbermen, boatmen, and guides. The State has reserved for them the seven-score islands in the river above this point, covering four thousand five hundred acres, and, under treaty stipulations, gives them a handsome annual grant of money.

The train crosses the Penobscot above Oldtown, and runs up its east bank to Milford, a quiet elm-shaded village, which lost fifty men in the civil war. Further on is Greenbush, where snow-shoes and moccasins are made; Passadumkeag, a lumber-manufacturing village, with an adjacent island bearing the ruins of a French fort; Enfield, near the broad waters of Coldstream Pond, abounding in fish; and Lincoln, whence stages depart for the forest towns. A few miles beyond the train reaches Mattawamkeag, a busy village at the confluence of the Mattawamkeag and Penobscot Rivers, on the site of a very ancient Indian town. Stages run thence northward twenty-five miles along the old military road, to Sherman, a pretty village on the Molunkus; and ten miles beyond to Patten. The usual route to Mount Katahdin leads westward from Sherman, most of the way over rugged portage roads, by Stacyville and across the East Branch to Katahdin Lake (twenty-seven miles), where the night-camp is usually made. A path leads from the lake to the summit in six or eight very tiresome and picturesque miles.

A few miles beyond Mattawamkeag, at Bancroft, the railway leaves the Mattawamkeag Valley, and turns to the south-east, running down by Danforth, whence stages go north to Houlton, passing through the towns along the upper Chiputneticook waters; by Jackson Brook; through Forest, whose stage-route runs southerly into the Schoodic region; by Lambert Lake, and out through the woods to Vanceboro', the last American station. It is a little Methodist hamlet of 300 inhabitants, with one or two inns and two stores. From Vanceboro' sportsmen enter the grand solitudes of the Chiputneticook Lakes, extending from the village, for nearly fifty miles, to the north-west, and in some places attaining a width of ten miles, with infinite variety of scenery, hundreds of islands and islets clad with cedars, hemlocks, and birches, narrow straits leading through far-surrounding archipelagoes, still and sequestered coves and bays, and broad reaches of open water. Great numbers of boulders and ledges, composed of fine white granite, are found here, lining the shores like titanic masonry, or gleaming through the transparent waters. The tall highlands which approach the lakes are mantled with heavy forests to their summits, and shelter undisturbed colonies of moose and caribou, deer and bears, foxes and wolves, and all the other animals of primeval New England. In the

lakes great numbers of landlocked salmon and pickerel may be caught, and trout densely populate the inflowing brooks. The chief industry in this region is the collecting of bark, for the immense sole-leather tanneries at Forest City, where myriads of buffalo-hides from the far West are made into serviceable leather. A quaint and wheezy little steamboat plies up and down the lakes, carrying the tan-bark from various places of deposit along the shores, down to the so-called "city."

A branch line from the New-Brunswick Railway meets the Maine Central track at Vanceboro', where passengers bound north or south, for the Aroostook or Passamaquoddy regions, change cars.

The railroad crosses the St. Croix River at Vanceboro', and seven miles beyond reaches McAdam Junction, where it is crossed by the main line of the New-Brunswick Railway, running south to Passamaquoddy Bay, and north to the upper Aroostook and Madawaska region. The main route continues down through New Brunswick for eighty-five miles, by the well-known fishing-grounds of Magaguadavic and Oromocto, to the provincial metropolis of St. John, whence access is easy to all parts of Nova Scotia and the remoter east. The line from Bangor to St. John was opened in 1872, amid international rejoicings, since which, amid many vicissitudes, it has slowly advanced in value and productiveness, and has received improved equipments and advantages. There is now a continuous all-rail line, of about four hundred and fifty miles, from Boston to St. John, without ferry or transfer, and working harmoniously with combined interests. When the new bridge at St. John is finished there will be an unbroken route clear through to Halifax; and the Canadian Pacific Railway is rapidly closing the gap in its Montreal-Halifax route, crossing Maine from Sherbrooke and Lake Megantic, by Moosehead Lake, to Lincoln on the Maine Central, and thence following the consolidated line around to the sea.

St. John, the handsome little Tory city, which, in October, 1883, celebrates the hundredth anniversary of its foundation by self-exiled American Loyalists, has long been a favorite objective point for summer-travellers, who find much to interest them in its bright and busy streets and beautiful environs. From thence daily steamers ascend the St. John River — which the provincials liken to the Rhine or the Hudson — to Fredericton, a charming little cathedral-town, and the capital of

New Brunswick. Others cross the Bay of Fundy to Digby and Annapolis Royal, and visit the land of Evangeline, around the Basin of Minas, whence a short railway line leads down to Halifax, or around to the Gut of Canso, connecting there with steamboats which traverse the beautiful Bras d'Or Lakes, in Cape Breton. The Intercolonial Railway runs eastward from St. John to Moncton, whence its main line crosses hundreds of miles of picturesque and thinly settled country, by the Bay of Chaleur and the Lower St. Lawrence towns, to Quebec; while branch lines lead to Shediac and the Prince-Edward-Island steamers, to Pictou, and to Parrsboro', on the Basin of Minas. At the end of this route is smoky old Halifax, the last and strongest fortress of the British Empire in North America, with its huge hill-citadel, its bevy of Her Majesty's iron-clads, its regiments of red-coats, and all the singular sights and sounds of a royal garrison-town. Here one may take steamer for Prince Edward Island, the Magdalen Islands, St. Pierre, Newfoundland, or Liverpool; or for the sequestered ports and magnificent scenery on the contiguous coasts of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton.

AROOSTOOK AND MADAWASKA.

The New-Brunswick Railway, running north from Vanceboro' and McAdam Junction, traverses a marvellously dreary region for nearly fifty miles, to Debec Junction, whence a branch eight miles long leads across the American border to Houlton, the capital of the famous Aroostook country. This is a brisk little town, of 3,000 inhabitants, with half-a-dozen churches, two newspapers, a famous academy, and several prosperous little factories. It was founded in 1807, and had a garrison of United-States troops from 1830 until the outbreak of the Mexican War. The dilapidated old barracks and their parade-ground are still preserved, near the railway station.

Houlton is a great centre for stage-routes, which run thence to all the border towns, — Orient and Topsfield, Lineus and Molunkus, Smyrna and Patten, Presque Isle and Fort Fairfield.

Eastward from Debec the railway enters the rich and beautiful valley of the St. John, at Woodstock, and ascends for many leagues through a very interesting country, by Muniac, Tobique, and the noble scenery of Grand Falls, close along the border, to Edmundston, at present the terminus. This is a quaint little hamlet of Acadian farmers, with two hotels and two churches. Twenty-five miles to the northward, on the Royal Mail route to Rivière du Loup, on the St. Lawrence River, is Temiscouata Lake, thirty miles long, where white-fish may be caught, and large gray trout, or tuladi, and burbot, or eel-pouts. Across the river from Edmundston is the large French-American village of Madawaska, whence stages run ten miles up the valley to Dionne, or Frenchville, whence it is five miles to Lake Cleveland, the uppermost of the Eagle Lakes. For seventy-five miles or more, from St. Francis to Grand Falls, the St. John flows through a rich rural country, prolific in oats, buckwheat, and potatoes, studded with little hamlets grouped around tall Roman-Catholic churches, and bordered by hundreds of long and narrow farms. It is all one people, partly in Canada and partly within the American lines, but oblivious of modern boundaries in their ancient unity of race. They are the descendants of the Acadian peasantry who were driven from about the Bay of Fundy in 1755, and fled far into the trackless northern solitudes, where they found rest and peace. There are now not far from ten thousand of these happy and industrious Latin farmers, a frugal and contented race, perpetuating the customs and traditions of the era of Louis Quatorze, and having in their parishes many a good Father Felicien, many a stalwart Basil, many a fair Evangeline.

Stages run up the St. John for fifteen miles to the far-away French-American hamlet of St. Francis; and an equal distance to the southward are the infant settlements on Eagle Lake, the lowest of the great chain of Eagle Lakes, extending thence in a long line toward the north-east.

It is about two hundred and twenty miles from Greenville, at the head of Moosehead Lake, to Edmundston, through the lakes and rivers of Northern Maine. The distance across Moosehead, and out to Moosehorn, is about forty-eight miles; and it is twenty miles thence, down the West Branch of the Penobscot, across the head of Chesuncook Lake,

and up the Umbazooksus Stream, to Umbazooksus Lake. A very arduous carry of two miles goes from thence into Mud Pond, whose outlet is followed down to Chamberlain Lake. A road leads across from Chesuncook to Chamberlain. There is a farm here where supplies may be obtained; and a dam at the natural foot of the lake compels its waters, and the inflowing upper Allagash, and all the logs that therein float, to seek an unnatural channel, flowing southward into the East Branch of the Penobscot, instead of (as for centuries) northward into the St. John River, and out through Canadian waters. After traversing the gloomy miles of Chamberlain Lake the boatman goes around the dam and descends to the broad and picturesque waters of Eagle Lake, which are followed for a dozen miles or more. A line of narrows connects Eagle with Churchill Lake, six miles long, with several pretty islands. After a carry of about a mile, around the Devil's Elbow, the voyager descends the pretty Allagash River for eight miles to Umsaskis Lake, which opens into Long Lake, the two giving a free waterway of sixteen miles. Thirty miles more of navigable Allagash, including also its bulge of Square Lake, and the boat comes to the Allagash Falls, which must be carried around. Twelve more miles of smooth water and the Allagash enters the St. John, fifty-two miles above Madawaska.

The famous and interesting Aroostook country is reached by a branch line, thirty-four miles long, which leaves the New-Brunswick Railway at Aroostook station, and ascends the Aroostook valley through pleasant and picturesque scenery. This valuable country, rich in agricultural capabilities, will soon be reached by an extension of the Maine Central line leading through American territory. The present route bends around the multiplied curves and graceful windings of the Aroostook River, with a pretty view of the Aroostook Falls; and at four miles from the junction it crosses the international frontier. Fort Fairfield is a bright and enterprising town, with good hotels and hospitable society, and a large country trade, supplying many townships along the border. In one respect, at least, this is preëminent among American towns, for more potatoes are shipped thence than from any other place in the United States. On the hill over the railway station are the ruins of the escarpment and barracks which pertained to old Fort Fairfield, a

stronghold dating from the days of the bloodless Aroostook War, and commanding the wide and peaceful valley for many miles.

A few miles beyond the train reaches Caribou, a brisk town of pioneers, emulating the prospective cities of Dakota in its earnestness and ambition, and like them provided with a spacious modern hotel, conspicuously placed in full view of the travelling world. Not far from Caribou, towards the Eagle Lakes, is New Sweden, the chief settlement of the Scandinavian immigrants who have entered Maine in such numbers during the last few years. Continual accessions are made to this colony of Norsemen, and several detachments direct from the old country passed through Caribou in 1882. The new-comers make good citizens, and the Swedish hamlets of Northern Aroostook, extending up to the extensive district inhabited by the Acadian French, will soon be known as a very interesting feature in New-England travel. These fair-haired northern farmers are at once temperate, practical, and industrious; and so, by their persistent and steady labor, even though conducted in the ancient and obsolete Swedish fashion, they are patiently subjugating the forest, and preparing a rural region which will blossom as the rose.

The railway has recently been extended up the Aroostook Valley, to the southward, for fifteen miles, and terminates at the thriving Yankee town of Presque Isle,—second only to Houlton among the free cities of Aroostook, and hopeful of attaining the dignity of capital of a new northern county. There are upwards of 2,000 inhabitants here, with four churches, an academy, and a newspaper entitled *The Presque Isle Sunrise*. The old United-States military road runs thence northward to the Madawaska region, and southward to Houlton (forty-two miles distant) and the valley of the Penobscot. Presque Isle is a rich town, for a rural one, and is famous for the great value of its farms.

This great Aroostook country is the only part of rural New England into which immigration is now pouring, and the remarkable crops of grain and potatoes raised on its rich alluvial limestone soil promise the support of a dense and prosperous population, fifty years hence, when many populous villages and towns shall rise on these arable plains. It seems destined to be the great cattle and sheep-raising district of New England, and in this respect alone its continued prosperity is

assured. Millions of shingles are sent down the country every season, and the railway cars groan under their burdens of "shingle-rift." But the chief product of the Aroostook country is potatoes, which at certain seasons form the exclusive subject of conversation in hotels, cars, and stores. Large Boston houses send buyers throughout this region when the crops come in, who accumulate the products of the farms in their store-houses near the railway stations. Millions upon millions of bushels are sent away yearly, and the returning money of the merchants makes it possible to add many luxuries to the Spartan pioneer households. Nearly all the small potatoes are ground into starch, of which from four to five thousand tons are shipped hence every year. The product per acre sometimes reaches five hundred bushels of potatoes. Many an enterprising young farmer has entered the Aroostook woods, built him a rude log-house, cut down the dense forest around, planted the virgin soil, and, in a few years, with courage and hard work, won for himself a handsome and productivee state, unencumbered and independent.

PASSAMAQUODDY BAY.

Passamaquoddy Bay, separating the south-eastern corner of Maine and the United States from the Province of New Brunswick, is a lovely archipelago, opening from the Bay of Fundy, and traversed by immense fleets of fishing and coasting vessels, as well as by the International steamships, and smaller steamers connecting Eastport with Grand Manan, Campobello, St. Andrews, and Calais. This region is reached from Boston by railway, through Portland and Bangor, to McAdam Junction, whence the New-Brunswick Railway runs down through the provincial county of Charlotte, to St. Stephen and St. Andrews (forty-three miles). The romantic Passamaquoddy region was explored by the ship *Mary of Guilford* in 1527; and in 1603 DeMonts established a settlement on St. Croix Island, with batteries, barracks for

the Swiss soldiery, and a chapel; but the first winter finished this untimely enterprise, and one-half of the colonists were buried on the island. Several other French settlements near these waters failed miserably; and about the middle of the last century the New-Englanders moved in, to stay. At the head of navigation on the St. Croix River, on opposite sides of the stream, stand the brisk towns of Calais and St. Stephen, — one American and the other Canadian, and always very happy neighbors, even when war exists between their respective nations. Calais is a city of above 6,000 inhabitants, with good hotels, two newspapers, several churches, and a large and lucrative lumber business. This pretty little city was the birthplace of Harriett Prescott Spofford, the novelist. St. Stephen is another lumber-town, with 5,000 inhabitants, and a good quota of provincial institutions.

A railway runs north-west, twenty miles from Calais, into the unnamed wilderness-townships up the St. Croix valley, by the prosperous international lumber village of Milltown, and in to the village of Princeton, at the foot of Big Lake. From this point the famous Schoodic Lakes stretch north-westward for thirty miles, joined by navigable straits. A small steamboat runs up the lower lake to Grand-Lake Stream, the outlet of Grand Lake, and the home of countless salmon-trout. Grand Lake is a very beautiful sheet of water, girded by dark forests of pine and hard-wood, dotted with wooded islets, and floored with vast granite boulders. Here are found perch, pickerel, trout, lake-trout, and the rare and delicious landlocked salmon, with bears and deer in the adjacent woods. On the lower lake there is a large village of Passamaquoddy Indians, whose young men make capital guides for parties entering this remote wilderness. Some account of this labyrinth of lakes may be found in Scott's "Fishing in American Waters"; but they are as yet scarcely known to our fishermen, who find at Rangeley finer mountain scenery and better accommodations, but not better sport. Far westward to the Penobscot watershed extend these silent lakes, guarded by the virgin forests, and inhabited by myriads of aldermanic and unsophisticated fish, who are left here to die of old age.

St. Andrews, at the lower end of the forked railroad running south

from McAdam Junction, stands on a pleasant peninsula projecting far into Passamaquoddy Bay, at the mouth of the St. Croix, and is a quaint and quiet old provincial village, bordered on one side by rich farm-lands and on the other by decaying wharves. The great fleets which once loaded here for the British and West-Indian trade have departed forever, and the dilapidated little town is left with only its petty dignities as a county capital, and quiet and conservative claims as a summer resort. Some years ago a handsome summer-hotel, the Argyll House, was built near the bay, over which it gives a very noble view. Visitors to St. Andrews need not lack for amusement, for they can sail up and down through the beautiful archipelago near by; or visit the glacier-cut crest of Chamcook Mountain, overlooking both bay and river; or sail across to the great Indian village at Pleasant Point; or voyage up the lovely St. Croix to Calais and St. Stephen, and down the bay to Eastport.

Eastport stands on Moose Island, in Passamaquoddy Bay, and has about 3,000 inhabitants, most of whom are connected with the fisheries and the sardine factories. It is prettily placed on the slope of a high hill, from which an abandoned fort looks down on the harbor, and silently protects the sardine factories of the little town ("sardines," in this case, is an euphemism for small herrings, packed in sardine boxes). The ancient history of this Passamaquoddy region has many episodes of great interest, and merits careful study. The earliest French colonies here and around the bay were swept off by Massachusetts armaments, and Eastport was founded by Essex-County fishermen, in 1784. In 1813 the British frigate *Martin* bombarded the little town, but was driven off by the guns of the fort; and a year later, the *Ramilies*, 74, and a powerful fleet took the place, which remained under British martial law for four years. Of late years many summer-travellers and hay-fever fugitives have sought out Eastport, finding comfortable accommodations at the Passamaquoddy House, and enjoying marine excursions among the adjacent islands. The village is reached by a pleasant steamboat route down the river from Calais and St. Andrews.

Opposite Eastport is the Canadian island of Campobello, eight miles long, and occupied by several villages of fishermen, nestling among the coves at the foot of far-viewing hills. Of late years this has become

a fashionable summer-resort, patronized by the *élite* of Boston, and adorned with two great hotels, the Owen and the Tyn-y-Coedd. Large tracts of land on the seaward-facing bluffs have been laid out for summer-cottages, and it seems as if this rugged provincial island might become a sort of far-eastern Nahant. The scenery is grand, and the cool breezes of the bays — Passamaquoddy and Fundy — make the air delightful, and fill it with rare tonic and bracing properties.

Grand Manan, "the paradise of cliffs," is a lofty island, at the mouth of Passamaquoddy Bay, twenty-two miles long, and seven miles from the Maine coast, from which its amazing precipices are seen, like a long purple wall, looming over the sea. It is connected with the ports on the bay by a small steamboat, which carries out large freightage of artists and enthusiasts for grand scenery. There are upwards of 2,500 inhabitants here, honest, earnest, religious, and intelligent folk, expert in the fisheries, and mainly descended from exiled Massachusetts Loyalists. The powerful tides of the Bay of Fundy rush impetuously by its lofty and highly colored cliffs and picturesque rocky bastions, and many a fatal wreck has been thrown against the iron-bound coast. There are several quaint maritime hamlets along the shores, and good roads traverse the breezy uplands, from Grand Harbor down to the metropolis of gulls at South-west Head. Noble calls this island "the very throne of the bold and romantic," and many adorers of these attributes, coming from the cities of New England and New York, have found here the fruition of their hopes. There are several boarding-houses, where simple fare and kindly care are given, at old-time prices.

PRINCIPAL HOTELS AND BOARDING HOUSES ON LINE OF MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD AND CONNECTIONS.

Station.	Name of Houses.	Names of Proprietors.	Post-Office Address.	Distance from Station.	Conveyance.	Price per Day.	Price per Week.	Capacity.
				Miles.				
*Portland	Falmouth	J. K. Martin	Portland ..	¾	Hack	$2.50 to $3.00	$15.00 to $30.00	300
"	Preble House ..	M. S. Gibson	" ..	¾	"	2.00 to 2.50	10.00 to 30.00	250
"	United States .	W. H. McDonald..	" ..	¾	"	2.00 to 2.50	12.00 to 28.00	200
"	City Hotel	J. W. Robinson ...	" ..	¾	"	2.00	10.00 to 14.00	150
"	Merchants' Ex.	Geo. Waterhouse ..	" ..	¾	"	2.00	10.00 to 14.00	100
*Yarmouth	Baker House ..	D. S. Moody.....	Yarmouth .	¾	Car'ge			
*Freeport	Cushing House	S. E. Cushing	Freeport ..	¼	"		4.00	50
"	Boarding	Mrs. S. H. Dillingham	" ..	¼	"		3.00 to 5.00	10
*Brunswick....	Tontine House	S. B. Brewster	Brunswick.	⅛	Hack	2.00	7.00 to 10.00	75
"	Union House ..	Jas. Jewell	E. Harpswell	12	Stage			
"	Merriconeag ..	A. E. Pinkham	So. Harpswell	14	"	2.00	7.00 to 10.00	70
Hardings	Adams House .	J. J. Conant.....	Hardings .	1	"	1.50	8.00	15
*Bath.....	Sagadahoc	J. M. Taylor	Bath	near	Hack	2.00 to 3.00	12.00 to 20.00	150
"	Shannon	Jere Shannon	"	"	"	2.00	7.00 to 14.00	50
"	Bath	C. M. Plummer....	"	"	"	1.00	5.00 to 7.00	75
"	Eureka House	Perkins & Stacy ...	Hunnewell's Point	12	Ste'mer	1.50 to 2.00	6.00 to 9.00	75
"	Allaquippa ...	C. O. Lowell.....	Small Point	12	"	1.00	5.00	50
"	Sidney House..	John Sidney	Capitol Is'd	15	"	1.00 to 2.00	7.00 to 10.00	50
"	Samoset House	R. W. Haines	Mouse Is'd	15	"	1.00 to 2.50	7.00 to 15.00	150
"	Chase House ..	Mrs. Noble	Squirrel Is'd	15	"			75
"	Boothbay	J. E. Knight.....	Boothbay ..	15	"	1.00 to 2.00	5.00 to 12.00	50
"	Weymouth ...	L. & M. Weymouth	" ..	15	"	1.00 to 2.00	5.00 to 12.00	50
*Richmond	Lincoln House.	J. L. Robinson	Richmond .	near	Car'ge	2.00	7.00	25
"	Mitchell House	W. L. Mitchell	" .	"	"	1.50	5.00	15
"	Richmond	H. Springer	" .	"		2.00	6.00	25
*Gardiner	Evans House ..	O. C. Rollins	Gardiner ..	"	Hack	2.00	7.00 to 20.00	100
"	Johnson House	Benj. Johnson	" ..	"	"	2.00	5.00 and up'ds	75
"	Boarding	Wm. G. Heseltine.	Pittston ...	½	"			12
*Hallowell	Hallowell	H. Q. Blake.	Hallowell..	near		1.50	6.00	50
*Augusta	Augusta House	E. & A. C. Manson	Augusta ..	¾	"	2.50	10.00 to 15.00	150
"	Conv House ...	G. A. & H. Cony ..	" ..	2 rds.	"	2.00	10.00 to 15.00	75
"	Hotel North. ..	W. S. Baker	" ..	3 rds.	"	2.00	8.00 to 12.00	75
"	Central House .	A. H. Brick	" ..	¾	"	1.50	6.00 to 10.00	50
*Vassalboro'...	Revere House .	A. M. Bradley & Sons	E. Vassalboro'.....	4	Stage	1.50	7.00	50
*Waterville	Elmwood	Jas. E. Osborne....	Waterville .	¼	Hack	2.50	7.00 to 18.00	100
"	Smith House ..	A. O. Smith	" .	½	"	2.00	5.00 to 10.00	75
*Clinton	Clinton House	C. C. Brown.....	Clinton	½	Car'ge	1.00	3.50	20
"	Village House	A. F. Worthing ...	" .	⅛	"	1.00	3.50	25
*Burnham	Railroad House	John P. Brown	Burnham ..	15 rds.	"	1.00	4.00	20
"	Burnham	John E. Hart	" ..	20 "	"	1.50	3.50	10
"	Winnecook Lake House .	Wm. Weed	" ..	5	"	1.00	4.00	25
"	Dodge House..	Bradford Dodge ...	" ..	5	"	.75	3.50	30
*Unity	Central House .	E. F. Whitehouse..	Unity.....	½	"	2.00	10.00	75
*Thorndike	Dixmont House	A. B. Porter.....	Freedom...	4	Stage	1.50		10
*Brooks	Rose House . .	L. & A. H. Rose...	Brooks	near		.75	3.00	10
"	Travelers Home	Daniel Jones.....	"	"		.75	3.00	10
"	Monroe Home .	Ellen Mayo.....	Monroe	7	"	.75	3.00	10
*Belfast	New England .	C. H. Crosby	Belfast	near	Hack	2.00	7.00 to 12.00	50
"	American.....	H. N. Lancaster...	"	"	"	2.00	7.00 to 12.00	50
"	Phœnix House.	J. C. Robbins.....	"	"	"	1.50	10.00	50
"	Waverly House	H. W. Chase	Northport .	3½	Stage	2.00		100

*Telegraph Offices.

Station.	Name of Houses.	Names of Proprietors.	Post-Office Address.	Distance from Station.	Conveyance.	Price per Day.	Price per Week.	Capacity.
				Miles.				
*Belfast	Cleaves House	F. W. Nichols	Stockton	10	Stage	$1.50	$12.00 to $15.00	35
"	Searsport	W. Grinnell	Searsport	6	"	2.00		75
*Pittsfield	Lancey House	I. H. Lancey	Pittsfield	near		2.00	10.00	50
"	Hartland House	Ira W. Page	Hartland	7	"	2.00	10.00	25
"	Park House	R. L. Williams	"	7	"	1.50	7.00	25
*Detroit	Boarding	Geo. Verrill	Detroit	½		.75	3.50	10
*Newport	Shaw House	Chas. Sawyer	Newport	near	Car'ge	2.00	7.00 to 10.00	5
*Corinna	Corinna House	A. L. Grant	Corinna	"				15
*Dexter	Merchants' Ex.	W. W. Morrill	Dexter	½	Hack	2.00	7.00 to 12.00	50
"	Dexter House	Spooner & Brady	"	¼	"	1.00	5.00	30
East Newport	Plymouth	E. J. Prescott	Plymouth	4	Stage	1.00	4.00	20
"	Wayside	J. F. Gray	Dixmont	10	"	1.00	4.00	20
*Bangor	Bangor House	F. O. Beal	Bangor	¼	Hack	2.00 to $2.50		250
"	Penobscot Ex.	J. E. Harriman	"	¼	"	2.00 to 2.50		200
"	American	Chase & Thayer	"	¼	"	2.00		115
"	Bangor Exch.	A. S. Thayer	"	¼	"	2.00		28
"	Marlborough	Chas. Higgins	*BarHarbor	40	Ste'mer or stage	2.50	10.50 to 18.00	100
"	Rockaway	Tobias Roberts	"	46	"	2.50	10.00 to 20.00	100
"	Hotel Hamilton	Geo. W. Hamilton	"	46	"	2.00	14.00 to 18.00	30
"	Hotel St. Saveur	F. J. Alley	"	46	"	3.00	10.50 to 21.00	175
"	Lynam House	Jno. S Lynam	"	46	"	2.00 to 2.50	11.00 to 15.00	100
"	Belmont House	Jno. C. Manchester	"	46	"	2.25	12.00 to 14.00	75
"	Birch Tree Inn	J. Andrew Rodick	"	46	"	2.00	10.00 to 12.00	40
"	Atlantic House	Jno. H. Douglas	"	46	"	2.00	10.50 to 17.00	125
"	Newport House	Wm. M. Roberts	"	46	"	2.50	14.00 to 18.00	150
"	Grand Central	R. Hamor & Sons	"	46	"	2.00 to 3.00	12.00 to 15.00	400
"	Rodick House	F. & S. H. Rodick	"	46	"	2.00 to 3.00	12.00 to 16.00	700
"	Hotel Des Isle	E. G. Des Isle	"	46	"	2.50	14.00 to 21.00	120
"	Malvern House	D. G. Fox	"	46	"			50
"	West End	O. M. Shaw & Son	"	46	"			200
"	Kebo House	Andrew J. Mills	"	46	"	2.00	9.00 to 12.00	40
"	Wayside House	Mrs. R. G. Higgins	"	46	"	1.50	6.00 to 10.00	20
"	Ocean House	Sam'l Higgins	"	46	"	2.00	7.00 to 15.00	25
"	Parker House	E. C. Parker	"	46	"	2.00	8.00 to 12.00	20
"	Freeman House	J. A. Freeman	*So. West Harbor	47	"	2.00	9.00 to 12.00	50
"	Island House	H. H. Clark	"	47	"	2.00	7.00 to 12.00	60
"	Hotel Dirigo	C. M. Holden	"	47	"	2.00	7.00 to 12.00	30
"	Ocean House	N. Teague, Jr.	"	47	"	2.00	6.00 to 12.00	50
"	Stanley House	S. Stanley	"	47	"	1.50	7.00 to 9.00	25
"	Pemetic House	H. H. Clark	"	47	"	2.00	7.00 to 12.00	30
"	Harbor House	A. H. Haynes	"	47	"	1.50	6.00 to 10.50	15
"	Sea Wall House	S. Mooney	"	47	"			25
"	Mt. Desert	Chas. P. Somers	Mt. Desert	40	"	2.00	6.00 to 10.00	15
"	Central House	Wm. Fenneley	"	40	"	2.00	6.00 to 10.00	20
"	Sea Shore	J. Clement & Son	Long Pond	52	"	1.50		
"	Boarding	C. H. Clement	"	52	"	1.50		
"	Kimball House	D. Kimball	"	52	"	1.50		20
"	Wankeag		Sullivan	38	"			75
"	McFarland	Osgood & Tinker	S. Hancock	38	"	2.00	9.00	30
*Veazie	Everett House	A. B. Waters	Veazie	⅛	Car'ge	1.50	7.00	15
*Orono	Orono House	W. F. Lunt	Orono	½	"	1.50	5.00	25
*Oldtown	Codman House	J. M. Robinson	Oldtown	⅛	"	2.00	6.00 to 8.00	50
"	Cousins House	L. Cousins	"	⅛	"	2.00	6.00 to 8.00	50
*Blanchard	*Kineo House	O. A. Donnen	Greenville	12 / 20	Stage Ste'mer			75
"	Lake House	Littlefield & Sawyer	"	12	Stage			75
"	Eveleth House	A. H. Walker	"	12	"			50
"	Outlet House	H. J. Wilson	"					30
"	Winnegarnock	Simeon Savage	"					20
"	Deer Island	A. Capen	"					15
"	Roach River	Levi Davis	"					15
"	Wilson Pond	A. H. Walker	"					20
"	Shirley House	H. Knowles	Shirley					20
Monson Village	Lake Hebron	Lake Hebron Hotel Co.	Monson Vil.	5	Car'ge			50

*Telegraph Offices.

Station.	Name of Houses.	Names of Proprietors.	Post-Office Address.	Distance from Station.	Conveyance.	Price per Day.	Price per Week.	Capacity.
				Miles.				
*Abbot Village.	Abbott Village.	D. H. Buxton.....	Abbot Vil.					25
*Guilford.....	Turner House .	N. Turner	Guilford ...					25
*Dover	Blethen House.	Wm. Blethen.....	Dover	near	Car'ge			50
"	Foxcroft Ex....	John Wood	Foxcroft ..	"	"			40
Katahdin Iron Works.....	Silver Lake	O. W. Davis.....	K. I. Works					50
Brownville	Brownville.....	N. Herrick	Brownville					30
*Milo	Oriental House.	John Gould	Milo					30
Milford	American.....	J. S. Adams	Milford	¼	"	$1.25	$5.00	50
"	Boarding	Mrs. F. A. Canney.	"	¼	"	1.00	4.00	50
"	"	A. P. Mayhew.....	"	⅛	"	.50	3.50	
*Passadumkeag	Passadumkeag.	H. Chapman.....	Passad'k'g.	⅛	"	1.00		
*Lincoln.....	Lincoln House.	David Stockbridge.	Lincoln....	¼	"	1.50	4.00 to $7.00	30
"	Mansion House	M.H. & J.B.Stetson	"	⅓	"	1.50	4.00 to 7.00	30
*Winn.....	Katahdin House	S. B. Gates	Winn.....	near	"	2.00	10.00	100
"	Duck Lake.....	A. E. Gorosee	Springfield	20	Stage	1.50	6.00	20
"	Dobsis House..	G. L. F. Bail.....	"	35	"	1.50	6.00	20
"	Springfield.....	H. Burr	"	15	"	1.50	6.00	40
"	Hunt Farm	C. E. Bayington...	Sherman ..	35	"	1.50	6.00	50
*Matt'wamkeag	Patten House..	C. L. Hackett.....	Patten	35	"	1.50	7.00	50
"	Moluncus	B. F. Coburn.....	S. Moluncus	7	"	1.50	4.00	25
"	Sewell House..	W. W. Sewell	Island Falls	35	"	1.50	5.00	25
*Kingman	Kingman	Larrabee Bros.	Kingman ..	¼	Car'ge	.75	4.00	50
*Danforth	Danforth House	A. D. Morse	Danforth ..	near	"	1.00	3.50	
"	Foss House....	Joel Foss.....	" ..	"	"	1.00	3.50	
*Vanceboro' ...	Vanceboro'	M. L. Ross.....	Vanceboro'	at				50
" ..	McDonald's H'l	D. McDonald.....	"	near		1.00	3.25	25
*Gray	Gibbs House ..	Chas. Gibbs	Gray Corner	3	Stage	1.50	8.00	25
"	Mountain View Farm.....	Silas Adams.....	West Gray.					
*Auburn.....	Elm House....	Wm. Young	Auburn ...	near	Hack	2.00	14.00	150
"	Maine Hotel...	Wm. Spooner.....	" ...	"	"	1.00	6.00	50
"	Grand View...	S. E. Brown.....	W. Auburn	5½	Stage	1.50	7.00	150
"	Lake Auburn..		"	5½	"	2.00 to $2.50	10.00 to 15.00	
"	Turner Hotel..	Calvin McKenny ..	Turner	10	"	1.50	7.00	
"	Keene House..	E. Keene	No. Turner	15	"	1.50	7.00	
*Lewiston.....	DeWitt House.	Quimby & Murch..	Lewiston ..	½	Hack	2.50	10.00 to 16.00	150
"	Marston House	D. C. Hathaway...	" ..	⅓	"	2.00	6.00 to 14.00	100
*Monmouth ...	Boarding	J. S. Ballard.....	Monmouth.	3½	Car'ge	1.25	6.00	20
" ...	Cochnewagan..	D. A. Pinkham....	"					
*Winthrop	Winthrop	Webb & Richardson	Winthrop..	⅛	"	1.50	7.00	70
"	Boarding	Franklin Wood....	" ..	¼	"		7.00	12
"	"	A. G. Chandler....	" ..	¼	"		7.00	10
"	"	Ezra Norcross.....	" ..	2	"		7.00	8
"	"	Mrs. Geo. Bailey ..	" ..	3	"		7.00	8
"	"	I. A. Carr	E. Winthr'p	3	Stage		7.00	12
"	Wayne	W. S. Howard.....	Wayne	6	"	1.00	4.00 to 7.00	30
*Maranacook ..	Maranacook Dining		Winthrop..					30
*Readfield	Maranacook ...	G. M. Fillebrown..	Readfield ..	2	"		6.00 to 10.00	40
"	Dolly House ..	Dolly & Folsom ...	" ..	1	"		4.00 to 5.00	20
"	Lake View	T. J. Townsend....	" D'p't	1½	"		4.00 to 6.00	25
"	Smith Farm	Fred S. Packard ...	" "	1	"		4.00 to 6.00	15
"	Upham House .	E. W. Lewis	" "	2	"		5.00 to 8.00	40
"	Hillside Farm .	A. W. Brainerd	" "	1	"		4.00 to 6.00	25
*Belgrade	Railroad House	Leander Yeaton ...	Belgrade ..	near		1.00	5.00	20
"	Central House .	Chas. H. Austin...	" Mill-	6	"	1.00	5.00	15
*No. Belgrade .	No. Pond House	Simonds Bros.....	Smithfield .	4	"	1.00	5.00	25
*Oakland	Oakland House	B. F. Frizzell.....	Oakland ...	near	Car'ge	1.50 to 2.00	5.00	15
"	Lake House ...	W. F. Cunningham	" ...	"	"	1.50 to 2.00	5.00	20
"	E. Pond House	Simonds Bros.....	Smithfield .	4	"	1.00	5.00	20
*Fairfield.....	Fairfield House	A. S. Pease.....	Fairfield ..	near	"	2.00	5.00 to 10.50	50
*Skowhegan ..	Heselton House	F. B. Heselton	Skowhegan	"	Hack	1.50 to 2.50	10.50 to 14.00	150
" ..	Hotel Coburn..	Robt. W. Haines ..	"	"	"	2.00	8.00 to 12.00	100
" ..	Carritunk Ho...	Geo. E. Washburn	Solon	15	Stage	1.50	5.00 to 7.00	50
" ..	Carney's House	John Carney	Carritunk..	32	"	1.00 to 2.00	5.00 to 9.00	50

*Telegraph Offices.

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				Miles.				
*Skowhegan ..	Forks Hotel ...	Joseph Clark.....	The Forks.	46	Stage	$1.00 to $2.00	$5.00 to $14.00	150
" ..	Parlin Pond ...	A. F. Adams	Parlin Pond	61	"	1.00 to 2.00	5.00 to 14.00	75
" ..	Stage House ...		Bingham ..	23	"	1.00 to 1.50	5.00 to 8.00	40
" ..	Holbrook		" ..	23	"	1.00 to 1.50	5.00 to 8.00	40
*Lisbon Falls..	Maine Central .	S. P. Littlefield	Lisbon F'lls	2ords.	Car'ge	2.00	7.00	15
*Lisbon.....	Lisbon House .	W. B. Jordan.....	Lisbon.....	¼	"	1.00	5.00	30
"	Boarding	J. P. Merchant.....	"	¼	"	.75	3.50	40
*Sabattisville ..	Sabattus House	F. E. Spofford.....	Sabattisvi'e	2ords.		1.00	4.00	15
*Strickland's fy.	Livermore	R. D. Morse.....	Livermore .	5	Stage	1.00	4.00	50
*E. Livermore .	Boarding	Mrs. J. H. Sturtevant	Fayette Cor.	3	Car'ge			10
*Livermore F'ls	Knockomeka ..	C. G. Thwing & Co.	Liv'rm'r F's	near	"	2.00	8.00	30
*No. Jay.....	National House		Dixfield ...	15	Stage	1.00		25
*Wilton	Franklin House	Gilbert Muler.....	Wilton	1	"	1.50 to 2.00	3.00 to 5.00	20
"	Wilton House .	C. M. Richards	"	1	"	1.50 to 2.00	3.00 to 5.00	15
"	Boarding	Dr. A. B. Adams ..	"	1	"		5.00	5
"	"	Jas. York	Webb.....	15	"		3.00 to 5.00	15
"	"	E. Newman	"	15	"		3.00 to 5.00	10
East Wilton ...	Morton House.	Frank Morton	East Wilton	near		1.00	5.00	10
*Farmington ..	Hotel Marble ..	J. B. Marble	Farm'gton.	⅛	Car'ge	2.00	7.00 to 10.00	75
" ..	Stoddard House	J. W. Withee	"	⅛	"	2.00	7.00 to 10.00	75
" ..	Lake House ...	E. Weymouth	"	⅛	"	1.25	7.00	25
" ..	Exchange	J. Knowlton	"	⅛	"	1.25	7.00	25
*Phillips.....	Elmwood.....	T. L. Page	Phillips....	near	"			50
"	Barden House.	Samuel Farmer....	"	10rds.	"	2.00	7.00	50
"	Mt Blue House	R. L. Hillgrove....	"	6	"	1.50	5.00 to 7.00	20
"	Green Vale	George M. Estey ..	Greenvale .	17	Stage	2.00	7.00 to 10.00	40
"	Rangeley Lake	J. A. Burke.....	Rangeley ..	20	"	2.00	7.00 to 10.00	75
"	Oquossoc	E. Grant.....	" ..	20	"	2.00	10.00	30
"	Mountain View	H. T. Kimball.....	" ..	26	Stage & Steamer	2.00	7.00 to 10.00	60
"	Forest Retreat.	Grant & Richardson	Kennebago Lake	29	Stage	2.00	12.00	50
"	Moosemeguntic	C. T. Richardson ..	Richardson	28	Stage & Steamer	2.00	7.00	30
"	Upper Dam....	John Chadwick	Up. Dam *via* Indian R'k	40	"	2.00		40
"	Camp Bema....	F. C. Barker.....	Bema.....	38	"	2.00		40
Norridgewock .	Sawyer House.	Sawyer Bros.....	South Norridgewock	½	Car'ge	1.50	3.50 to 6.00	35
" ..	Norridgewock .	G. S. Jewett..... .	Norrid'w'k	½	"		3.50 to 6.00	60
" ..	Mercer House..	George E. Snow...	Mercer.....	7	Stage	1.50	3.00 to 5.00	20
*Madison.....	Madison	D. W. Simonds	Madison ...	⅞	Car'ge	1.00	4.00	20
Anson	Kennebec		Anson				5.00	10
*North Anson..	Somerset.....	Brown & Hilton ...	No. Anson.	½	"	1.50	5.00 to 10.00	50
"	Paine House ...	N. Gray	"		"	1.50	4.00 to 8.00	15
*Farmington or *No. Anson..	Flagstaff House	G. A. Hewett.....	Flagstaff ..	37	Stage	1.50	3.00 to 8.00	20
"	Shaw House...	Shaw & Page.....	Eustis	45	"	1.50	3.00 to 8.00	25
"	Mt. Bigelow ...	Samuel Parsons ...	Dead River	27	"	2.00	5.00 to 10.00	40
"	Quint House...	Orlando Quint.....	North New Portland.	8	"	1.50	3.00 to 8.00	20
"	Dirigo House..	Hanson Richardson	"	8	"	1.50	3.00 to 8.00	20
"	Blaisdell House	R. Blaisdell	West New Portland.	12	"	1.50	3.00 to 8.00	25
"	Tim Pond Boarding	Kennedy Smith....	Eustis	37	"	1.50		50
"	Seven Ponds Boarding..	"	"	37	"	2.00		30
"	Coburn House .	Zadoc Norton.....	" ..... N.B.	37	"	1.00		25
*St. John.....	Royal House ..	T. F. Raymond....	St. John....		Hack			100
"	Dufferin House	F. A. Jones.....	"		"			100
"	International...	R. S. Hyke.....	"		"			80
"	Wave Ley House	J. Guthrie.....	"		"			100
"	New Victoria ..	D. W. McCormack.	"		"			60
"	Park House....	Edwards & Philips.	"		"			80

*Telegraph Offices.

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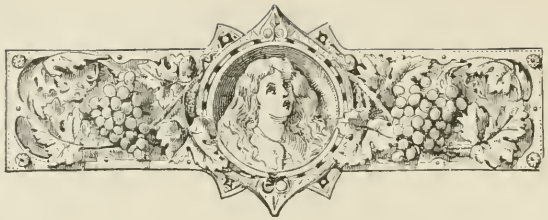
				Miles.				
*Sussex	Intercolonial H.	P. McKay	Sussex		Car'ge			40
"	Depot House..	A. McLean.....	"		"			40
*Petitcodiac ...	Mansard House	Ritchie	Petitcodiac					30
*Moncton.....	Weldon House.	W. J. Weldon. ...	Moncton...		Hack			50
"	Royal House ..	W. Wallace.....	" ...		"			40
"	Phœnix House	E. White	" ...		"			40
*Pt. Du Chene .	Point Du Chene	Geo. L. Harington .	Point Du Chene ...		Car'ge			50
*Shediac.....	Weldon House.	J. Weldon	Shediac ...		"			
*Dorchester....	Dorchester.....	W. D. Wilbur	Dorchester.					50
"	Weldon House.	W. L. Wilbur	"					50
Sackville	Brunswick.....	G. B. Estabrooks & Sons.....	Sackville .. N.S.					40
*Amherst.....	Hamilton Ter.	W. J. Hamilton....	Amherst...					35
"	Lamays.....	N. C. Calhoun.....	"					40
*New Glasgow.	Norfolk House.	H. Murray.....	N. Glasgow		Hack			75
"	Royal House .	S. C. Graham	"					50
"	Banquet House	D. McDearmid....	"					20
*Pictou	Eureka House.	D. Munroe	Pictou					60
"	Waverley.....	Miss McLean.....	"					30
*Bedford	Claremont	H. B. Sellon.....	Bedford ...					40
"	Belle Vue.....	Thos Beech	"					40
*Halifax.....	Halifax House.	H. Hesslein & Son..	Halifax....		"			120
"	International ..	Archibald Nelson..	"		"			100
"	Waverley.....	Miss Roman	"		"			50

*Telegraph Offices.



INDEX.