

1884

Mount Desert Souvenir : Fifteenth Annual Excursion of the Massachusetts Press Association, July 5-9, 1884

Charles W. Eddy

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MOUNT DESERT SOUVENIR.



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—FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXCURSION—

OF THE

—MASSACHUSETTS PRESS ASSOCIATION, —

JULY 5—9, 1884.

PUBLISHED BY

CHARLES W. EDDY, WARE, MASS.,

—•—
AUTOLYPH PRINTS BY W. P. ALLEN,

WEST GARDNER, MASS.

—BAR HARBOR, MOUNT DESERT.—



It is becoming more and more a recognized fact, as the years roll by, that—in this hurrying Yankee land of ours—every man, and woman too for that matter, needs a vacation: a relief from physical or mental toil: a rest that shall enable us again to take up the every-day work of life so invigorated that we may accomplish more in a twelvemonth than if we had not spent the days or weeks, as the case may be, away from the usual routine of business.

The Committee of the Massachusetts Press Association, believing in this,—and also to bring the members with their ladies together, where they might become better acquainted in a social way—planned this glorious trip to Mount Desert. Thus we find ourselves in company with the members of the Association on Saturday morning, July 5th, on board the train known as the “Flying Yankee,” bound over the new all-rail route of the Eastern and Maine Central Railroads to Bar Harbor. This new route, which was opened to the public this season, must largely increase the travel to Bar Harbor, as the comfort of the trip as well as the wondrous beauties of nature at its terminus, become more fully known.

To add to our pleasures, as well as to preserve mementoes of the trip for the enjoyment of ourselves and friends in years to come, we took with us our Amateur Photographic Outfit. The success attending its use may be seen in the following pages.

There may be other places where there is as much of loveliness, beauty and grandeur of nature combined as in the vicinity of Bar Harbor, but if there are, it has never been the happy lot of the writer to visit them; and we believe that no pen, pencil, or brush, however skilfully wielded—or even the camera, however carefully manipulated—can give but a faint idea of what may be seen in this vicinity. But if this little work may help to keep in mind some of the magnificent scenes through which we passed, or be instrumental in inducing others to visit this “Eden,” the object of its publication will be accomplished.

The island of Mount Desert is fourteen miles in length, with an average width of seven miles, and no less than thirteen mountains, ranging in height from six hundred and seventy to fifteen hundred and twenty-two feet, six of them being over a thousand feet in height. There are also seven or eight lakes, all of them considerably above the sea level, the lowest being thirty-eight feet and the highest four hundred and ten feet above the salt water. There are three townships—Tremont, Mount Desert, and Eden. In the last named town is located Bar Harbor, the “metropolis” of the island, and many a weary summer traveler who lingers here, drinking in the pure, invigorating sea and mountain air, and enjoying the charming scenery, which is the most diversified we have ever seen, the rugged mountain peaks, the ever restless ocean, the rock-bound shore, the inland lakes and the mountain brooks, will agree that the town is most appropriately named. The roads about Bar Harbor are kept in excellent condition, and it is a pleasure to drive over them, especially in the commodious and comfortable buckboards which are so popular.

The trip from Boston was made more enjoyable by the company of Mr. EDWARD SANDS, “the inimitable, irrepressible and illimitable Sands,” White Mountain Agent of the Eastern Railroad, who not only kept the party in the best of humor by his ready wit and jokes, but imparted much information in reference to points of interest by which we passed.

The RODICK HOUSE, which was the terminus of our route on Saturday, is the largest hotel in Maine, and one of the largest summer hotels in the country, accommodating eight hundred guests. Standing as it does in an elevated position, a fine view is obtained from the House of THE HARBOR, BAR ISLAND, and FRENCHMAN'S BAY.

Sunday was a day of quiet rest to most of the party, some taking a stroll to PULPIT ROCK and BALANCE ROCK near the landing, or along the path by the shore of Old Ocean, with the added attraction of the fine shade and the numerous rustic seats, where one could find rest, with the soothing lullaby of the waves at his feet.

Monday the party were taken by carriages and buckboards through a lovely drive to EAGLE LAKE, near which is DUCK BROOK, over which we pass. Taking the little stern-wheel steamer, “Wauwinet,” we have a delightful trip over this hill-encircled lake, which is two hundred and seventy feet above the sea, landing at the station of the Green Mountain Railroad. It is built in the same style as the famous

Mount Washington Railroad, the railroad being firmly bolted to the rocks for upwards of six thousand feet.

The track of the MOUNTAIN TRAIN is peculiarly constructed, with a ratchet rail between, into which the gear wheel of the locomotive works. The view from THE SUMMIT HOUSE, on the top of Green Mountain, fifteen hundred and twenty-seven feet above the sea, is an especially lovely one. "For miles and miles on either hand the eye ranges, taking in island, mainland, mountain, towns and villages, and the grand old ocean, reaching to the horizon—as if to check the growing desire to know of the far beyond—brings a limit to the vision. The mingled mountain and ocean prospect is one unequaled in this country, and but by few places elsewhere on the globe: it is the sight of a lifetime, and as such can never be effaced from the memory."

In the afternoon the party accepted an invitation to a trip in the steamer "Sebenoa," around Frenchman's Bay, and a most delightful trip it was, made more enjoyable by the attentions of Harry Tucker, Esq., Mount Desert Agent for the "All-Rail Line," and the fine music of the Casino band. Touching at the terminus of the railroad we have a fine view of MOUNT DESERT ISLAND, FROM HANCOCK POINT, giving the contour of the island, as we could not see it on our first trip by moonlight. A landing was also made at Sullivan, where the picture EAST FROM SULLIVAN was made.

In the evening a musical and literary entertainment was given of marked excellence, by Miss Lizzie W. Cary, soprano; Mrs. Carrie C. Mills, contralto; W. H. Dunham, tenor; A. B. Hitchcock, baritone; C. A. Marshall, accompanist; Leland T. Powers, elocutionist, gave some admirable impersonations.

On Tuesday we varied our programme slightly from that of the majority of the party, going to the southward in the morning. After a ride of about five miles we leave the carriage road for the WALK TO SPOUTING HORN, which is one of great wildness and beauty. SPOUTING HORN is perhaps as grand a sight as any we have witnessed. This consists of a funnel shaped cavern under a cliff facing the ocean, and extending back some seventy-five feet. There is a deep chasm at the back, into which the water rushes with terrific fury.

A still further drive brought us to a point where we leave our MOUNTAIN BUCKBOARD with Bee Hive

Mountain in the background, for a walk across the fields and through the fragrant groves to GREAT HEAD, an immense cliff, several hundred feet high, against the foot of which old ocean dashes in his might.

In the afternoon an attractive drive was taken to THE OVENS, CATHEDRAL and PROFILE ROCKS: through the base of the latter is a NATURAL BRIDGE, through which persons may pass. Near by, at the left of the path that leads down from the carriage road, is the GREAT OVEN and ROCKY COAST, which have for ages stood against the battle of the elements. They have been worn into weird and grotesque forms, so no doubt the imaginative may find on these other faces of men and animals besides that of the Great Profile which is so plain to all. In the evening another enjoyable entertainment was given, and a business meeting of the Association was held, at which time Mr. D. Gilbert Dexter, of the *Cambridge Tribune*, read the following poem, which—abounding in sharp hits and funny points—was received with enthusiastic applause.

AWAY DOWN IN MAINE.

From the State of Massachusetts, representing cheek and brain,
Comes this band of ready writers on their annual, down in Maine.
Here we come to seek a respite from the click of busy life—
Time to care for cousin, sweetheart, time to court a fellow's wife.
'Tis no time to make life wretched, but to lift the veil of care,
Hunt the buttercups and daises, woo the crimson from the air.
Politics and vexing issues, that bring anything but gain,
Left behind us in the sanctum—we are neutral, down in Maine.
Fill the cup with joyful bumpers of the nectared wine of life;
Drink the health from Eastern breezes, bury troubles, human strife;
Let the tie of love and friendship stronger be from having met;
Bind in cords that ne'er may sever with no murmur nor regret.
To our generous host of Rodick, grateful thanks we give to thee,
Lift the voice in glad acclaim with a three times three.

We shall tell our aunts and uncles where to sleep and where to eat,
Giving health and every comfort, but no fellow dares to treat ;
State of Maine, you know, is famous for its laws and men like Dow,
“ Prohibition ” is the watch-word, save your rum, but keep a cow.
Now a word about the transit by the Eastern from “ the Hub,”
Joined to “ Central,” it is easy, safer than a leaky tub ;
Riding through the piney forests, through the hamlets and the towns ;
Truly, it is worth an outlay of the ducats and the crowns.
Up now, boys, and give a rouser—it is proper, never fear—
Send the echo through the pine trees, lift the dome-crown by thy cheer.
We will ne'er forget the jovial Sands, whose life should ne'er run out ;
He will cure all blue diseases, not excepting Lowell's gout.
To our president and others, who planned the work to bring us here,
Vote we thanks, profuse, abundant, may their shadows e'er be near.
Then the stop to greet the statesman, at Augusta, James G. Blaine,
Was no swearing of allegiance, but to honor him and Maine.
All admire a man of talents, towering high in realms of state,
Let no party spite or hatred keep due homage from the great.
Safely keep this band of brothers, and the sisters, dear and true,
'Till another season cometh, then old friendships we'll renew.
Let the heavenly benediction rest upon thee, printers all,
From the chief down to the devil (not the one in Adam's fall.)
Wield the pen for truth and duty, men who rule the mighty press,
Fearless, brave, yet scanning, weighing, every cause that seeks redress.



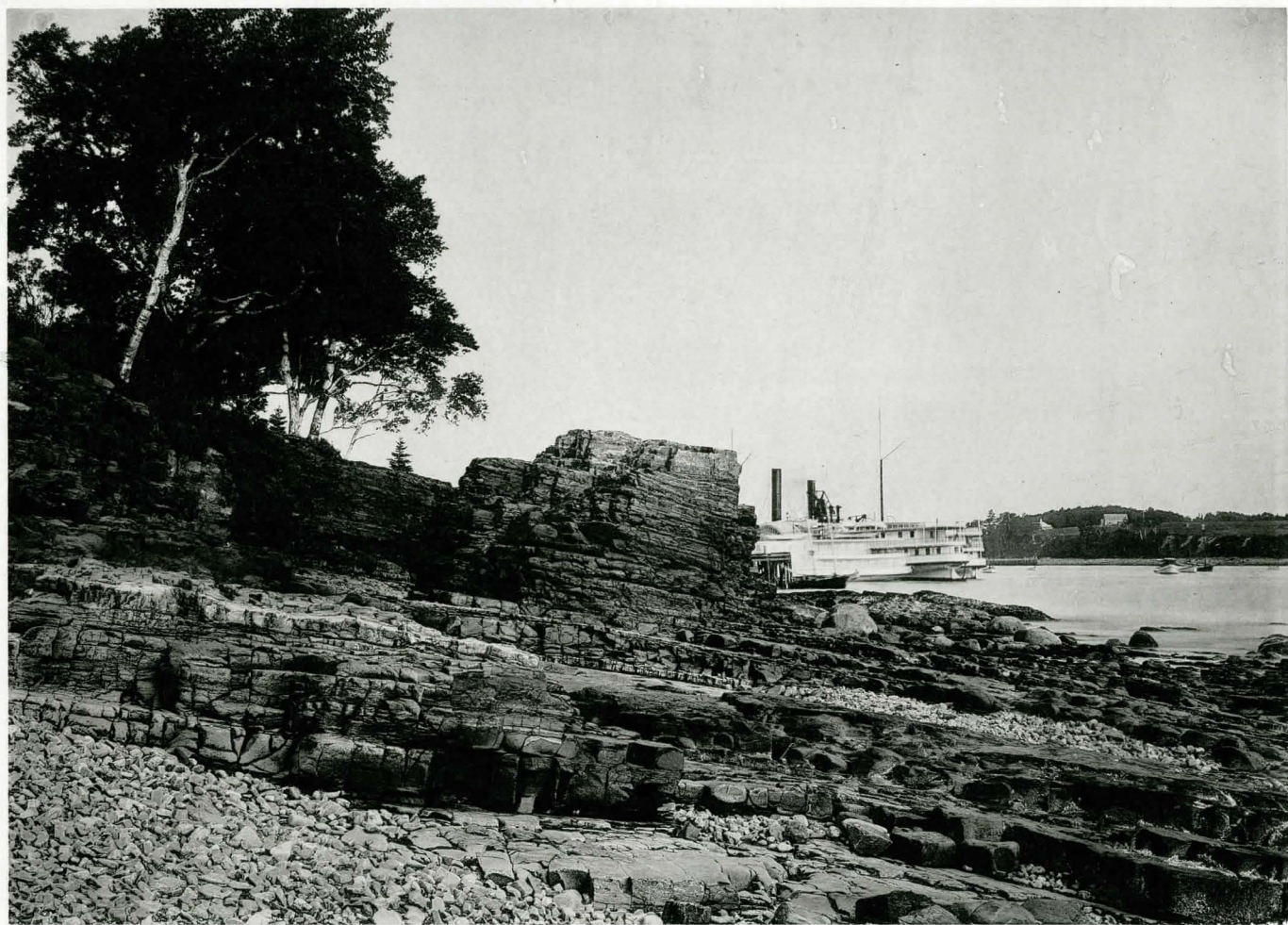
Wm. Paul & Co
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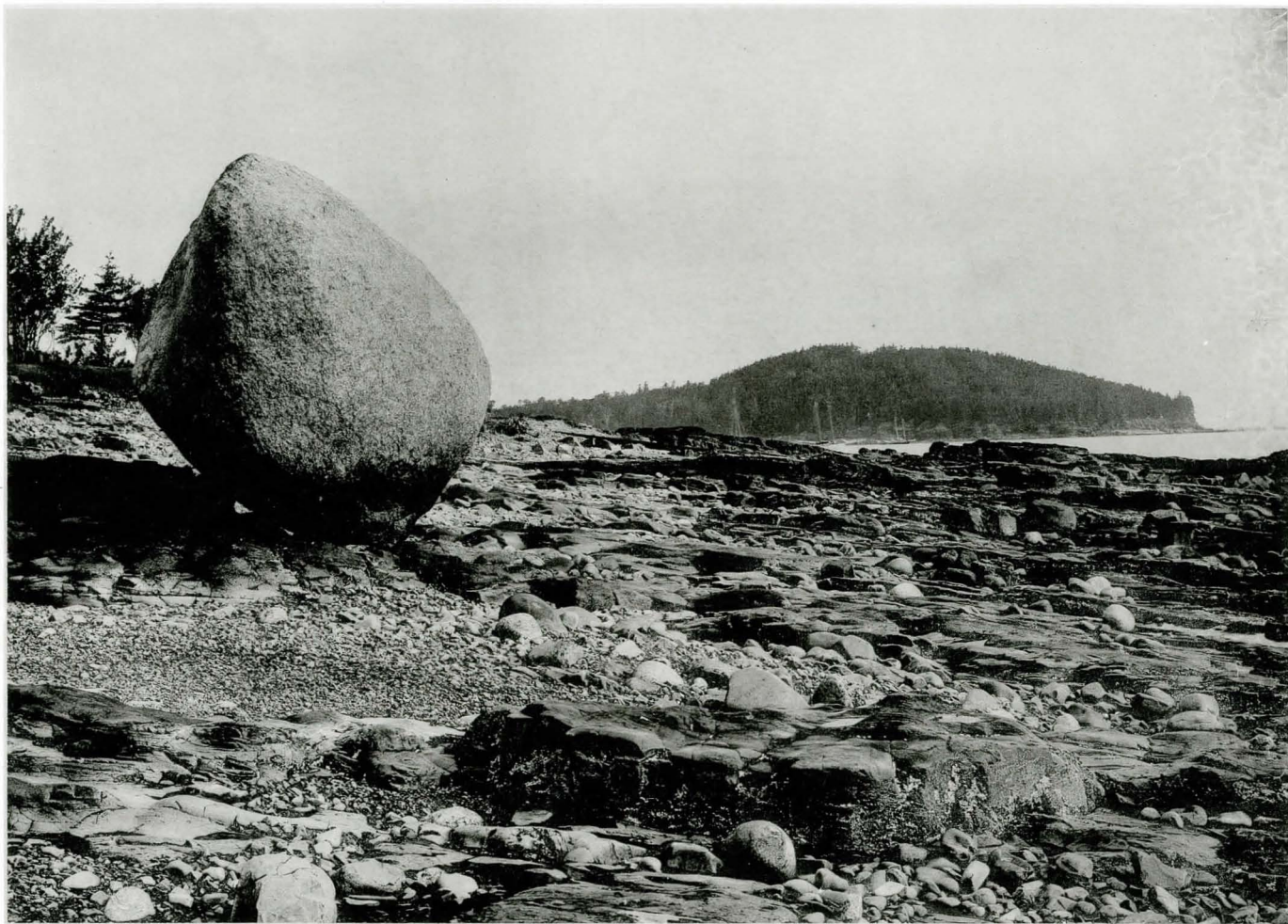
—*RÖDIGK *HOUSE,*—



→FROM * RODIGK * HOUSE * TOWARDS * LANDING,*←



—PULPIT * ROCK,*—



—BALANCE * ROCK.—



—DUGK * BROOK.—



—EAGLE * LAKE,—



—GREEN * MOUNTAIN * TRAIN, —



—SUMMIT HOUSE, GREEN MOUNTAIN,—



—MOUNT DESERT ISLAND, FROM HANGOCK POINT,—



—*EAST * FROM * SULLIVAN * LANDING,*—



—*WALK *TO *SPOUTING *HORN.*—



—*ABOVE * SPOUTING * HORN,*—



→BUGKBOARD * PARTY, * BEE-HIVE * MOUNTAIN, ←



—*GREAT *HEAD *—



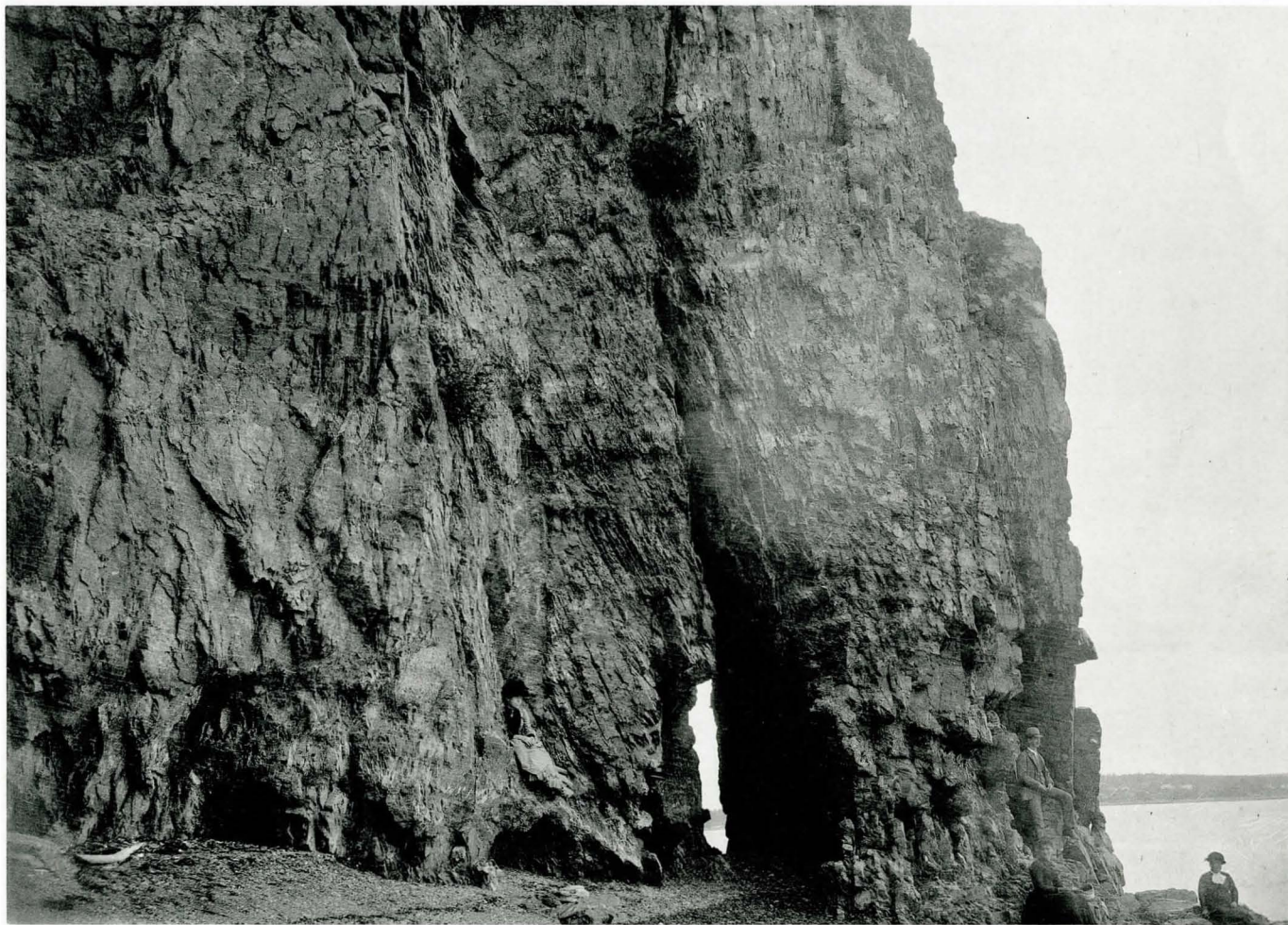
—THE OVENS—



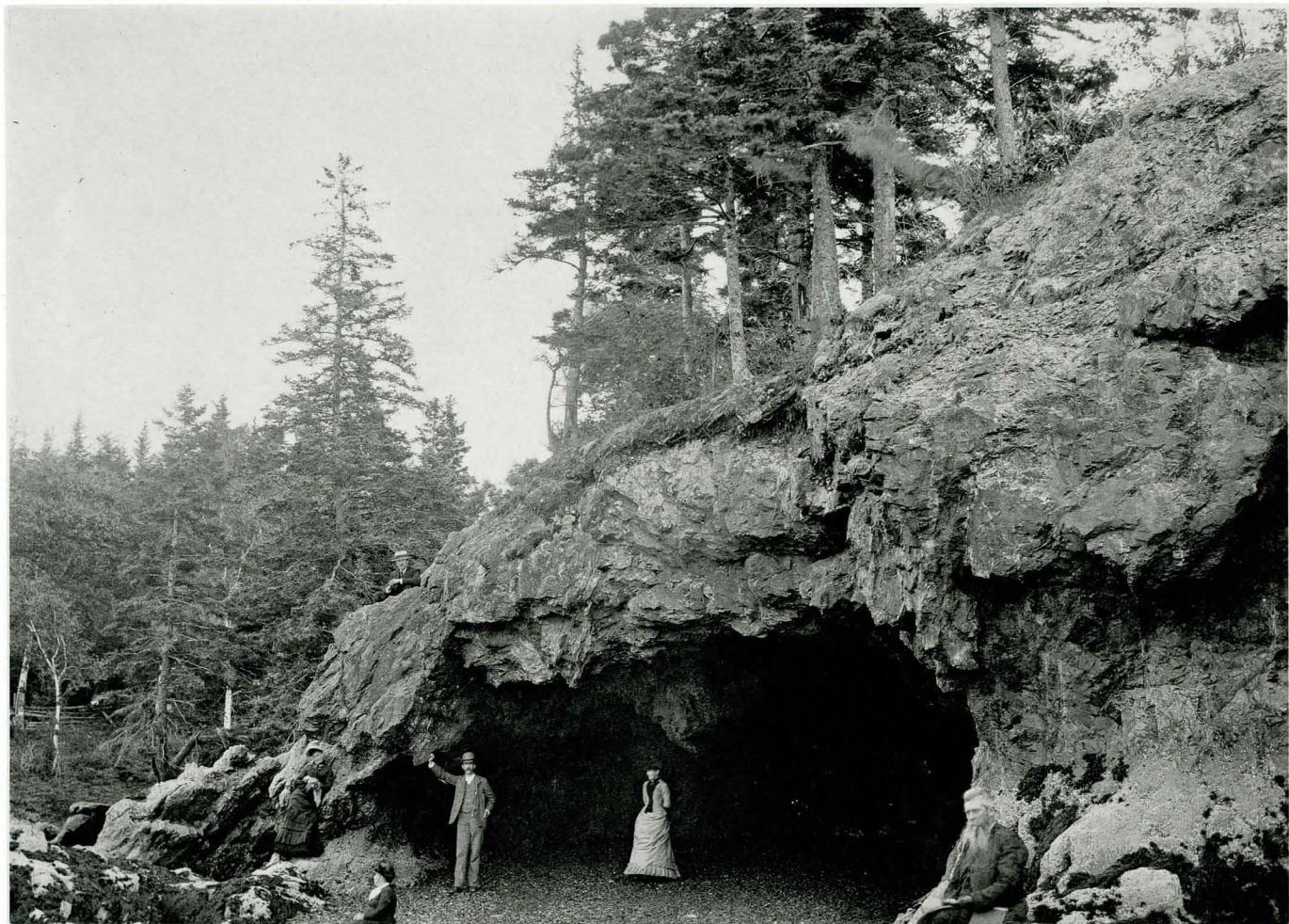
—CATHEDRAL * ROCK.—



—PROFILE * ROCK —



—NATURAL * BRIDGE * THROUGH * PROFILE * ROCK.*—



—*GREAT *OVEN,*—



→ROCKS * NEAR * GREAT * OVEN *←

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