

Chebacco

The Journal of the Mount Desert Island Historical Society

SUMMERS OF SCIENCE AND WONDER:
THE CHAMPLAIN SOCIETY LOGBOOKS 1880–1882

Volume XXII 2021

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2021
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Champlain Society
1880

Champlain Society members at Camp Pemetic, 1880. Left to right: Donnell, C. Eliot, De Windt, Townsend, S. Eliot, Davis, John Wakefield, Rand, Breyant. *M.P. Slade photo*

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The Shore Road. *R. Thaxter photo*

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Introduction

Science, Wonder, and the Conservation of Mount Desert Island

by Catherine Schmitt

In March 1880, a group of students gathered in 34 Grays Hall, a brick dormitory in Harvard Yard. They were discussing the upcoming summer and a proposed camping trip to Mount Desert Island. The group was organized by Charles Eliot and included his younger brother, Samuel Eliot.

Charles and Sam Eliot's connection to nature began early in life. Their father, Harvard president Charles William Eliot, encouraged them to spend time outside, believing like many others at the time that it would help their physical and mental health. Beginning in 1871, when Charles was eleven years old and Sam was eight, they began sailing the New England coast, and camping on Calf Island in Frenchman Bay.¹

In 1880, their father and stepmother were going to Europe, and Charles and Sam had permission to use the family yacht and camping equipment. Charles Eliot proposed to his friends that they spend the summer on Mount Desert Island. The "summer vacation ramble" was popular among college students, but the young men assembled by Eliot were a bit more ambitious than other student vacationers.²

"The plan is that each member of the party shall do some work in some branch of natural history or science," Charles wrote in the marble-covered notebooks he kept to document their activity. The new group called themselves Champlain Society, named after Samuel de Champlain, who first documented (and named) Mount Desert Island for European audiences. They divided into "departments," reflecting the times, when natural history separated into disciplines, and natural history that was practiced by many gave way to professional "science" conducted by the trained few. They were influenced by Harvard professors such as Asa Gray, Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, Charles Sprague Sargent, and Francis Parkman, as well as institutions such as the Museum of Comparative Zoology and the Boston Society of Natural History.

With ambition, eagerness, and probably some anxiety, carrying all the monitoring and sampling equipment they would need for a summer of measuring and collecting, the Champlain Society set sail for Maine in June 1880.

The First Summer

The initial group of eight set up their tents in Asa Smallidge's field on the shore of Somes Sound near the outlet of Hadlock Brook, and named it Camp Pemetic, after the Wabanaki name for Mount Desert Island. Members came and went over the next two months. They spent the summer out-of-doors, hiking nearby hills, collecting plants and flowers, and attracting attention from curious onlookers. They sailed to outlying islands, to Bar Harbor, and up and down Somes Sound, swimming and fishing, and recording geology and meteorology. William Morris Davis, professor of geology at Harvard and only ten years their senior, joined them for a time and led geological investigations.

They kept daily logbooks, the members taking turns writing, filling the pages with youthful enthusiasm for the surrounding wilderness and observations of the Mount Desert Island environs. As noted by Tim Garrity and Maureen Fournier in this volume, much can be learned from the Champlain Society's observations about the island's changing human landscape.

Much can be learned, too, from their science. Over the course of the first summer, they documented dozens of birds, 31 species of fish, 30 species of marine invertebrates, and hundreds of plants, described in detail in "department" notebooks.³

They returned to Camp Pemetic in 1881 with a larger group of 16 members, including Charles and Sam Eliot, Edward Rand, photographer Marshall Slade, and Professor Davis. They collected birds, continued geological work, and added 200 species to the list of plants. Their standards were high and, in their reports and meeting records, the scribes (especially Edward Rand) expressed frustration about the shortcomings of scientific work, and urged that they cover more ground, expand their lists, and communicate their results.

Through science, they engaged more deeply with the environment than other rusticators. Young women practiced natural history on the island too, and intersected with the Champlain Society at social events—social events that were influenced by the Champlain Society's natural history expeditions, as when "the Castle hall was transformed into a bower of ferns and bulrushes."⁴

Their studies gave them both focus and freedom. They sought to know the wildflowers, the fishes, the insects, the shoreline. In the process, they forged an unshakable connection to Mount Desert Island, engaging in what we might call today "citizen science."⁵

A Sense of Place

The camp logs reveal this evolving and strengthening relationship with nature, key to which was their immersive scientific approach, with its emphasis on curiosity and close attention.⁶ But several other factors contributed to their sense of place, including their age.

As college students in their late teens and early twenties, members of the Champlain Society approached new places and subjects as learners, explorers, listeners. Back at Harvard during the school year, they continued to meet to share results from the summer expeditions and to socialize. They looked at images printed by photographer Marshall Slade, memories from the months before. They read their reports before the Harvard Natural History Society, studied maps of the island, and shared meals together.

The Champlain Society's diaries are filled with the joy and pain of being on the brink of adulthood. The ages between fifteen and thirty are when our most positive and vivid memories are made. Why? Is it because everything is new, and novelty begets memory? Are memories stronger because young brains are physically robust and still growing? Individuals in their late teens and early twenties are still figuring out who they want to become and, as they age, they will hold on to those experiences that most contribute to their sense of self.⁷

They were forming bonds with each other and with Mount Desert Island, simultaneously. And they kept coming back; for many of the Champlain Society members, they would return year after year, for a decade, or even a lifetime.

The places we experience in our youth, that we most remember, form our identity—this effect is especially powerful if those places happen to be beautiful and awe-inspiring.⁸ The Champlain Society's logs contain numerous passages describing scenery, weather, and natural phenomena. They noted how fog capped the mountains at sunset as thunder rumbled beyond the hills. They saw the northern lights, meteors, and phosphorescence in the water. They often paused to take in the view and enjoy simply being outside, alone and together.

One of the new members in 1881 was John McGaw Foster, a poet whose verses reveal their growing emotional attachment to Mount Desert Island:

Yet we, who have wandered o'er hill and o'er heath,
Know well of the heart that is beating beneath;
For we, too, have found it, and given our own-
Yes, given our hearts to that island of stone!⁹



Hadlock's Upper Pond and Sargent Mountain.
R. Thaxter photo

Charles Eliot, Edward Rand, and the other members of the Champlain Society found themselves freed from houses and classrooms and immersed in stunning beauty and dramatic scenery at a crucial moment in their lives. Modern psychological research confirms what nineteenth century artists and rusticators knew about the power of landscape. To be in awe—struck silent, immobile, mindblown—is to experience a sense of vastness that provides a new perspective on the world and one's place in it; to feel small, yet also connected to something larger.

Surrounded by the *monts desert*, the foamy surf against rocky shores, and the old forests full of birdsong, the Champlain Society members were stirred to shift their attention away from the self and the immediate, and toward others and the future.

"This park shall be free to all"

All of these factors—the practice of science, their age, their repeated and deep engagement that led to a sense of identity connected to place—meant that the Champlain Society would not stand idly by as the Mount Desert Island they loved was harmed. The destruction they saw, from wanton flower-picking by tourists to clear-cutting forests for hotels and summer mansions, caused concern to rise in their hearts alongside the growing knowledge in their minds.¹⁰

They began to put their concerns in writing as early as 1881, Eliot drafting a plan for conservation as William Dunbar and Edward Rand, both members of the society's Botanical Department, imagined how to protect the natural beauty of the island. Perhaps a company of interested parties could purchase some property, they thought, and place the land in the care of a forester, keeping the park free and open to the public.¹¹

At Eliot's suggestion, the Champlain Society formed a committee "to consider the question of the preservation of the scenery of Mount Desert." On the evening of Thursday, March 13, 1884, four members met at President Eliot's house at 17 Quincy Street in Cambridge. They came to the conclusion that "The scenery of Mount Desert is so beautiful and remarkable that no pains should be spared to save it from injury—to the end that many generations may receive all possible benefit and enjoyment from the sight of it."

After graduating from Harvard in 1882, apprenticing in the office of landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted, touring the parks, estates, and gardens of Europe, Charles Eliot established his own landscape architecture business. He made a living designing private and public properties, but he continued to argue for preservation of the Mount Desert Island landscape, that "seaside wilderness of Maine," which was fast growing as a tourist destination. Edward Rand, meanwhile, as he continued to compile the *Flora of Mount Desert Island*, published numerous articles about threats to the island's forests. To both Eliot and Rand, it seemed that every year people were being excluded from beautiful places, and more beautiful places were being destroyed.

Eliot worked with the Appalachian Mountain Club to found The Trustees of Public Reservations, the world's first land trust, in Massachusetts in 1891; the following year, Eliot helped establish Boston's Metropolitan Park Commission. He rejoined the Olmsted firm as partner, and began work on Boston's "Emerald Necklace" of greenways, riverfront parks, and conservation areas. Rand's *Flora* was published in 1894. Charles Eliot and Edward Rand continued to promote preservation of Mount Desert Island with their voices and words.

When Charles Eliot died suddenly of spinal meningitis at age 37, his father took up his cause, collaborating with George Dorr to form the Hancock County Trustees of Public Reservations, modeled after the Massachusetts organization the young Eliot created. And it was through the Hancock County Trustees that they began to protect the landscape of Mount Desert Island, eventually giving land secured by purchase and

donation to the public as Sieur de Monts National Monument, which became Acadia National Park.

The origins of this legacy can be found in the descriptions of daily life at Camp Pemetic and Camp Asticou in the following pages. So, too, can be found evidence for the importance of providing opportunities for all young people everywhere to experience their own summers of science and wonder.

1 Henry James, *Charles W. Eliot, Vol. I* (Boston, MA: Houghton Mifflin, 1930); Charles W. Eliot, *Charles Eliot, Landscape Architect* (Amherst, MA: University of Massachusetts Press, 1999).

2 William A. Koelsch, "Antebellum Harvard Students and the Recreational Exploration of the New England Landscape," *Journal of Historical Geography* 8 (1982): 362–372; Catherine Schmitt, "Visionary Science of the 'Harvard Barbarians,'" *Chebacco* 15 (2014): 17–31.

3 See the Bibliography for a complete list of logbooks.

4 See Camp Log entry for August 3, 1882.

5 Catherine Schmitt and Abe Miller-Rushing, "Citizen Science and the National Parks: An Old Idea is New Again," National Park Service (2019), <https://www.nps.gov/articles/citsci.htm>

6 Scientific research on the influence of nature on mental health, functioning, and wellbeing has greatly expanded since publication of Richard Louv's *Last Child in the Woods* in 2005, with too many sources to cite here, but new science relevant to youth is tracked by the Children & Nature Network (<https://research.childrenandnature.org/research-library/>). Key references that have informed this essay include Genevive R. Meredith, Donald A. Rakow, Erin R.B. Eldermire, Cecelia G. Madsen, Steven P. Shelley, and Naomi A. Sachs, "Minimum Time Dose in Nature to Positively Impact the Mental Health of College-aged Students, and How to Measure It: A Scoping Review," *Frontiers in Psychology* 10 (2020): 2942; A. Basu, J. Duvall, and R. Kaplan, "Attention Restoration Theory: Exploring the Role of Soft Fascination and Mental Bandwidth," *Environment and Behavior* 51, no. 9–10 (2019): 1055–1081; M.G. Berman, J. Jonides, and S. Kaplan, "The Cognitive Benefits of Interacting with Nature," *Psychological Science* 19, no. 12 (2008): 1207–1212.

7 H.E. Prince, "The Lasting Impacts of Outdoor Adventure Residential Experiences on Young People," *Journal of Adventure Education and Outdoor Learning* (2020): 1–16; Diana Dow-Edwards, Frank P. MacMaster, Bradley S. Peterson, Raymond Niesink, Susan Andersen, and B. R. Braams, "Experience During Adolescence Shapes Brain Development: From Synapses and Networks to Normal and Pathological Behavior," *Neurotoxicology and Teratology* 76 (2019): 106–34; T. Vanderbilt, "Learning Chess at 40," *Nautilus* May/June (2016): 39–43; A. Ananthaswamy, "The Wisdom of the Aging Brain," *Nautilus* May/June (2016): 69–74; and J.J. Arnett, "Emerging Adulthood: A Theory of Development from the Late Teens through the Twenties," *American Psychologist* 55, no. 5 (2000): 469. According to Arnett, exploration and finding one's place in the world take on greater importance as one transitions from adolescence to adulthood, and it is possible that contact with the natural environment provides one mechanism through which individuals at this age can satisfy the need for exploration and gain some perspective on their place within the broader environment.

8 There is also a growing literature on the science of awe—the Greater Good Science Center at University of California Berkeley keeps track of the latest research (<https://greatergood.berkeley.edu/topic/awe/>). See also P.K. Piff et al., "Awe, the Small Self, and Prosocial Behavior," *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*, 108 (Jun 2015): 883–899; Y. Joye and J.W. Bolderdijk, "An Exploratory Study into the Effects of Extraordinary Nature on Emotions, Mood, and Prosociality," *Frontiers in Psychology* 5 (2014); M.H. Nicolson, *Mountain Gloom and Mountain Glory: The Development of the Aesthetics of the Infinite* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1959).

9 John M. Foster, "Introductory Poem to the Botanical Department," Champlain Society Report of the Botanical Department 1881 (Cambridge, 1882), Rand Collection, Gray Herbarium Library, Harvard University.

10 Discussions of this destruction can be found in the Champlain Society meeting records and Botanical Department reports; see also Camp Log entry for August 9, 1882.

11 Edward L. Rand, Champlain Society Report of the Botanical Department 1880, First Annual Report (Cambridge, 1881), Rand Collection, Gray Herbarium Library, Harvard University.



Little Long Pond. M.P. Slade photo

Mount Desert Island in the 1880s

by Tim Garrity and Maureen Fournier

Only a few human lifespans separate us in time from the young men of the Champlain Society and the Mount Desert Island they encountered in the early 1880s. In some respects, many parts of the island seem to have hardly changed at all. In others, the differences between their world and ours are profound.

Then, as now, summer visitors left the crowds and heat of the city to seek the cool, quiet, and inspiring scenery of the Maine coast. The sea, with its power to transform the human spirit, drew visitors by the thousands by the 1880s. Charles Tracy wrote of his 1855 visit to Mount Desert Island, "The little excitements and contests and hopes and doubts of the human world sink into nothing as we look out upon the mighty world of waters."¹ The ocean wrought its charms even as visitors traveled to their destination. Henry Eliot Guild described the view from the deck of the steamer *Mount Desert*. He saw "long rollers breaking into white war-horses against the rocks, and the mountains dark and varied with shadows."²

The opening of reliable steamboat travel made Mount Desert Island one of America's preeminent tourist destinations. One popular route was



by train from Boston to Rockland and then via steamboat across Penobscot Bay, stopping at North Haven, through the Deer Isle Thoroughfare, across Blue Hill Bay, finally reaching Mount Desert Island at the Bass Harbor lighthouse. The first sight of the island, unless obscured by fog, never failed to enchant the visitor as "one mountain after another came into view."³

The water was important to both year-round inhabitants and summer visitors, for transportation to, from, and to different points on the island, for quarrying, fishing, logging, and transferring goods and supplies, and for leisure.

Though most visitors enjoyed the excitement of bustling Bar Harbor, some preferred the western side of Mount Desert Island, where the pace, then as now, was slower. Clara Barnes Martin wrote, "The first landing on the Island is made at SOUTHWEST HARBOR in the town of Tremont. The village is the largest as well as the oldest on the Island... There are comfortable hotels here now, and not a few prefer the more peaceful life of the genuine seaside village to the gay crowd at Bar Harbor."⁴

In 1880 and 1881, the young men situated their Camp Pemetie on the banks of Somes Sound, opposite Flying Mountain. They camped about one mile by land from the center of Northeast Harbor and about the same distance over the water to the larger Southwest Harbor, a maritime adventure at least one of them undertook almost every day. The village

post office, located on the north side of the harbor, provided the members with important mail, telegraph service, and news of the day. They attended socials and dances at hotels like the Freeman House, the Claremont, the Dirigo, and the Castle. On Sundays, church services were readily available in Southwest Harbor and Somesville, with choice of Congregational, Methodist, Freewill Baptist, and two non-denominational churches.

The atmosphere of even a small village like Southwest Harbor drew a marked contrast with the fresh air of the sea and mountains. In town, one would hear the hammering of the blacksmith, and the noise of carpenters at work at the boat shops. The atmosphere was pungent with smoke from the forge, the odor of new leather at the shoemaker's, the smell of fresh cut wood, pitch, and paint at the boat shops and, overwhelming all, the stench of the lobster and sardine canning factories and fish wharves.

The Champlain Society visited the Clark mining shafts, where they found deposits of copper and silver. They visited the nearby Wabanaki encampment, located on Clark Point in Southwest Harbor.⁵ They walked, sailed, or rowed to the far points of the island, to Goose Cove, Squid Cove, High Head, the Ovens, Bar Harbor, and to the outlying islands of Greenings, Baker, and the Cranberries.

In the summer of 1882, the Champlain Society moved their site closer to the village of Northeast Harbor which was then "a very primitive spot," as William Warren Vaughan remembered it. "The 'village store' stood on the beach. The only 'wharf' was a small structure where Spurling's Dock now stands. The only summer cottage then built was that of Bishop Doane. The rest of the village was perhaps a dozen or more scattered houses."⁶

Remote paths blazed by the Champlain Society led them to nearby Hadlock Pond, Brown Mountain, Sargent Mountain, and Jordan Pond. "There was then only one good road from Northeast Harbor to Bar Harbor," Vaughan wrote, describing the route up Sound Drive to Eagle Lake Road. "Transportation was by many buckboards and a few single-horsed 'buggies'—a two hours' trip by the former and perhaps an hour and a half by the latter."⁷

Sleepy Northeast Harbor was soon to awake, with summer homes and hotels quickly rising up. The Asticou Inn was built in 1883, the Rockend Hotel in 1884, the Clifton House in 1885, and the Kimball House in 1886.⁸ Champlain Society members arrived in 1885 to find Northeast Harbor full of visitors: "At supper-time the boarding-house was found to be alarmingly full as compared with former years, and with the numbers of Cambridge people and others which rumor reports at the other houses



Northeast Harbor and the Cranberry Isles
from the Lower Pond. *R. Thaxter photo*

in the vicinity, the modest and retiring inhabitants of Camp Asticou feel as though they had been plunged into the midst of a giddy whirl."⁹

By 1888, a guidebook described Northeast Harbor as "a charming sequestered neighborhood, haunted through the livelong summer by bright tennis-suits and vivacious exiles from the city."¹⁰ Camp Asticou, the home of the Champlain Society from 1882 to 1886, was located at the head of the harbor, close enough to the road to be concerning to the members. Because they were now more obvious to passersby and buckboard traffic, distractions of civilization entered more readily into their daily lives and competed for attention with their scientific purpose.

The year-round population of Mount Desert Island grew alongside the growth in tourists, increasing more than one-third in the two decades between 1870 and 1890.¹¹ The nature of work changed for islanders, too. In 1880, 42 percent of working men were employed on the farm or



Bear Island as seen from the Ancestral.
R. Thaxter photo

on the sea. By 1900, this percentage decreased to 13 percent. With the arrival of summer people, new employment opportunities emerged in the building and tourist trades. For women, jobs appeared for dressmakers, housekeepers, telephone operators, store clerks, and laundresses.¹²

The population of summer visitors during this time is unknown but in August 1881 the paper published the registers of local hotels, containing the names of "summer sojourners, hotel guests, and cottagers" from Bar Harbor and vicinity. Hundreds of people, with their places of residence, were listed. The great majority came from Boston, though Philadelphia and New York were also well-represented in the lists.¹³

But still, it was the air, the scenery, the mountains, and the sea that gave purpose to summer sojourns. Mountain hikes were as enthralling then as now. At the end of a vigorous climb, the hiker might rest on the summit, snacking on blueberries, blackberries, and huckleberries, taking in beautiful views of the Sound and outer harbors far below, the waters full of sail. Sailing excursions afforded views of summer storms and sunsets. A journey to Little Cranberry Island might be rewarded with the kind of scene that

a visiting poet described. He saw "a beautiful view of the whole island of Mount Desert and its deep-cut mountain range. Then the fog came drifting in around the ends of the island and suddenly shut out the view, while, if we looked upward, we saw the sun shining through the flying scud. Gradually the fog lifted and left the tops of the mountains bare, though still clinging to their bases, and the effect was most grand, enhancing their height and doubling their picturesqueness."¹⁴

It was evident as early as the 1880s that rapid population growth, unconstrained tourism, and the consumption of natural resources could not be sustained indefinitely. Clara Barnes Martin remarked on the island's fragility as she witnessed the cutting of the island's forests. She wrote, "If the present destruction goes on, the strict assertion of private ownership will be the only means of preserving the beauty of the woods or the shore."¹⁵

The Champlain Society also recognized the incalculable treasure that is Mount Desert Island, and its dire vulnerability. But unlike Martin, their idea for preservation was one that provided access for everyone. Their vision, dreamed in their youth and forged in their adulthood, was realized nearly forty years later in the creation of Acadia National Park.

1 Charles Tracy in *The Tracy Log Book, 1855: A Month in Summer*, ed. Anne Mazlish (Bar Harbor: Acadia Publishing Co., 1997), 67.

2 Henry Eliot Guild, *Letters and Verses of Henry Eliot Guild* (Boston: Privately Printed, 1890), 13.

3 Clara Barnes Martin, *Mount Desert on the Coast of Maine* (Boston: Loring, Short, & Harmon, 1877), 19.

4 *Ibid.*, 20.

5 H.E.L. Prins and B. McBride, *Asticou's Island Domain: Wabanakis at Mount Desert Island 1500–2000, Acadia National Park Ethnographic Overview and Assessment*. (Boston, MA: National Park Service, 2007).

6 An Old Summer Resident (William Warren Vaughan), *Northeast Harbor Reminiscences*, (Hartford: White & Horne Company, 1930), 29–31.

7 *Ibid.*, 39.

8 Robert R. Pyle, "Northeast Harbor," in *Mount Desert: An Informal History*, ed. Gunnar Hansen (Mount Desert: Town of Mount Desert, 1989), 75.

9 Edward L. Rand, untitled notebook [Botanical Report, 1885], Rand Collection, Gray Herbarium Library, Harvard University.

10 Moses Foster Sweetser, *Chisolm's Mount Desert Guidebook* (Portland: Chisolm Brothers, 1888), 65.

11 Grenville M. Donham, *Maine Register, State Year-Book, and Legislative Manual*, No. 31 (June 1900), 466, 480, and 489.

12 US Census data via Ancestry.com.

13 *Mount Desert Herald*, August 24, 1881.

14 Henry Eliot Guild, *Letters and Verses of Henry Eliot Guild* (Boston: Privately Printed, 1890), 21.

15 Clara Barnes Martin, *Mount Desert on the Coast of Maine* (Boston: Loring, Short, & Harmon, 1877), 36.

Source and Editorial Notes

The Champlain Society collection held by the Mount Desert Island Historical Society includes 19 notebooks of more than 1,000 pages, in various but overall good condition, spanning the period 1880–1893. Many have marbled covers; all have lined pages. The materials, which were organized and annotated by Charles Eliot and later kept by members of the Eliot family, were given by Ted Eliot to Nan Lincoln in 1992; Lincoln gave the collection to the Mount Desert Island Historical Society in 2007. An inventory can be found in the Bibliography at the end of this volume.

This volume contains unabridged text of the Champlain Society camp logs for the summers of 1880, 1881, and 1882. Champlain Society members took turns writing in the logs. Where possible, we have identified the writer. This also means the style varies from writer to writer, and therefore the text has been edited for consistency and ease of reading, with annotations for definition and context.

Readers interested in details of the original texts are referred to the Maine Memory Network and Mount Desert Island Historical Society websites for digital scans of the logbooks, with original handwriting and transcriptions that preserve spelling, punctuation, line and paragraph breaks, etc.

C.S.

Cambridge.

Wednesday

March. 31. 1880.

This evening the gentlemen named below met at 34 Grays and had a talk about the camping expedition which has been proposed by Charles Eliot.

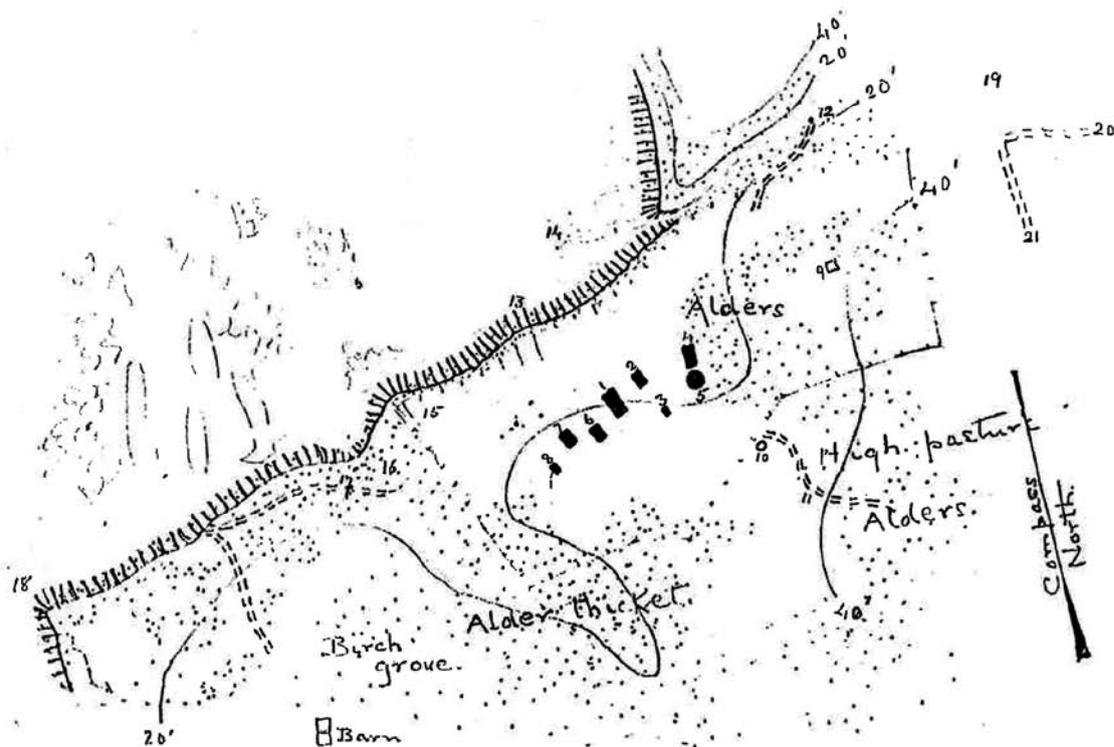
The party is to have the use of Mr C. W. Eliot's yacht and camping outfit, and the plan is that each member of the party shall do some work in some branch of natural history or science.

Charles Eliot has invited 12 persons to be members of the club, and 7 of these were present this evening; as follows.

G. B. Dunbar — E. L. Rand — S. A. Eliot

C. W. Townsend — H. M. Silliman

J. C. Munroe — H. M. Hubbard.



1. Parlor tent. 2. 6. 7. Larger sleeping tents. 3. 8. Small tents.
4. Pantry. 5. Kitchen tent. 6. Old cellar of Spencer Holmes house. 10. Camp spring. 11. Path to the school-house road. 12. Watering place at the brook.
13. Half tide landing place a rd foot of the bluff path. 14. Landing place for $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ tide (ebb).
15. Vegetative patch. 16. Clay gully. 17. Path to low-water landing. 18. Low-water landing.
19. Road to Concord. 20. Path to Hadlock's Pond and to N. S. Harbor. 21. The school-house road.

Sketch of Camp Pemetic from the yacht's log.

Champlain Society Camp and Yacht Sunshine Logs 1880

At the end of June 1880, twenty-year-old Charles Eliot sailed the 43-foot sloop *Sunshine* from Boston to Mount Desert. He was an experienced yachtsman, having been sailing aboard the family yacht to Frenchman Bay and the Mount Desert Island region throughout his childhood. Also aboard were Sam Eliot, Marshall Slade, Henry Rand, George and William Dunbar, Hersey Goodwin, William Breyant, and Orrin Donnell. Goodwin was a brother-in-law of Grace Hopkinson Eliot, stepmother of Charles and Samuel, and returned to Boston after two days. William Breyant served as camp cook for the summer, and Orrin Donnell as "boatman" or yacht assistant. Both were considered hired hands, not official "members" of the club.

They stopped in Gloucester, Portland, Burnt Island (near Boothbay Harbor), and Green's Landing (Stonington) before arriving at Mount Desert Island and anchoring in Somes Sound near Hadlock Brook (Wasgatt Cove) on June 30. They explored the east shore of the Sound in search of a camping ground, and just after sunset they climbed Fernald's Hill, "reaching the top in seven minutes from the water side." The next day they went to Southwest Harbor, where Henry Rand left for Boston. They continued on to Bar Harbor and across Frenchman Bay to retrieve the Eliot family's camping gear from Captain Elijah Doane in Sorrento. According to the yacht log, they stayed two nights among the islands before returning to Southwest Harbor.

At Mount Desert

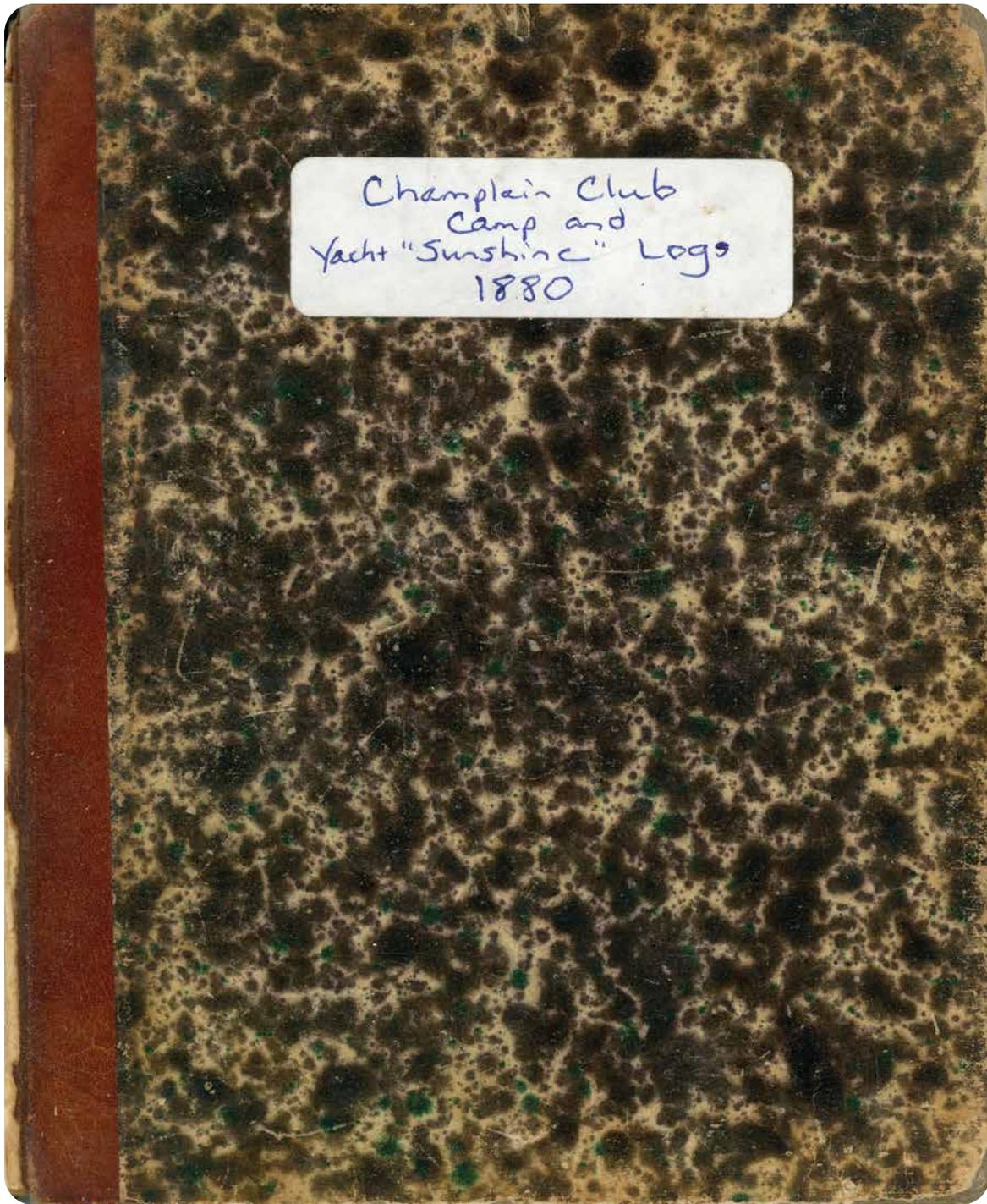
Sunday, July 4¹

The *Sunshine* left Southwest Harbor with all the camp truck aboard and with the following crew, Charles Eliot, captain, Marshall P. Slade, G.B. Dunbar, W.H. Dunbar, H.M. Spelman, S.A. Eliot, aft. O.A. Donnell, W. Breyant, cook, forward.² Anchored shortly off the camp beach and landed a few goods. In the afternoon the cabin party explored the neighborhood visiting Hadlock's Lower Pond.³

¹ Writer unidentified.

² Samuel Eliot and Henry Spelman were picked up in Southwest Harbor at the ferry landing, located at the current site of the U.S. Coast Guard station at Norwood's Cove.

³ Lower Hadlock Pond named for Mary Hadlock, daughter of Samuel Hadlock, a sea captain and one of the first European colonists of Mount Desert Island.



Cover of 1880 camp log.

4 Downy woodpecker. The logbook has a long blank line, as if the writer were unsure of the correct term.

5 A meteorological box was a screened wooden cabinet containing instruments such as a barometer and thermometer. Eliot used the *Meteorological Manual* by Alexander Buchan, methods of Henry James, and instruments borrowed from Harvard chemistry professor Josiah Cooke. Winds were "(over) estimated" with Beaufort's table of equivalents, according to Samuel Eliot's Meteorological Department report.

6 "Snowbird" is a dark-eyed junco.

7 The campers slept in three medium-sized tents. Breyant slept alone in a small tent, and Donnell slept aboard the yacht.

8 Here, Sam Eliot begins daily weather records, with tabulated measurements of pressure, temperature, humidity, dewpoint, wind, and cloudiness at 9 am, 3 pm, and 9 pm. Only the "remarks" are included here, as a first line after the date.

9 They used the latest editions of the *Manual of Botany* and *Field, Forest & Garden Botany* by Asa Gray.

10 The fact that Marshall Slade "prepared plates" suggests he was using the "wet plate" process of coating glass with a cellulose nitrate and iodine solution—but this method also required a portable darkroom and supply of water and chemicals. There are later references to Slade developing film at camp; see July 12 and July 17.

Monday, July 5

A fair, fine day. An early start and a hard morning's work. The hay was cut on the camp field, stores landed and six tents viz. parlor, kitchen, 3 medium, 1 small and pantry, were pitched.

The work on the camp prevented any labor on specialties except Spelman _____ a *Picus pubescens*.⁴

Tuesday, July 6

A southeasterly storm preventing the necessary work on the camp and also on specialties. In the afternoon, the rain ceasing, tables were made and the meteorological box placed in position.⁵

W.H. Dunbar began to work on flowers.

H.M. Spelman obtained snowbird and young warbler.⁶

The party are divided among the tents as follows: Tent 1 C. Eliot, M.P. Slade. Tent 2 G.B. Dunbar, W.H. Dunbar. Tent 3 H.M. Spelman, S.A. Eliot. Tent 4 (S) W. Breyant.⁷

Wednesday, July 7

Remarks.⁸ In the morning heavy fog clearing at 11:30 but returning at 4 pm.

In the morning all hands were engaged in cutting and setting up a flag pole and at 12 the signal of the Champlain Society was hoisted over Camp Pemetie. In the afternoon the mooring anchor for the yacht was put down, tables and washstands made and the camp put finally in order.

W.H. Dunbar procured and analysed flowers.⁹

H.M. Spelman procured Nashville warbler and black and yellow warbler.

M.P. Slade prepared plates.¹⁰

Thursday, July 8

A clear, fine, regulation day.

The morning was occupied in fishing, analysing, etc. In the afternoon the *Sunshine* went to Southwest Harbor for the mail and provisions.

G.B. Dunbar examined the anatomy of a mussel.

W.H. Dunbar and Spelman walked from Northeast Harbor to Hadlock's Upper Pond, Dunbar procuring flowers and Spelman a Canada flycatcher and two other flycatchers.

Friday, July 9

Light showers in the morning. Fresh breeze in afternoon and in the evening thunder over the hills. The fog capped the mountains at sunset.

The morning was spent by the Messrs. Dunbar in analysing flowers, by Spelman in stuffing, while C. Eliot explored the glacial drift behind the camp and the scratches in the vicinity.¹¹ In the afternoon the whole party ascended Brown's mountain noticing scratches and trap dikes.¹² W.H. Dunbar obtained flowers and Spelman a night hawk. In the evening the camp was visited by a party of natives and Spelman shot another night hawk.¹³

11 "Stuffing" involved skinning birds and stuffing them with cotton, sometimes treated with chemical preservatives.

12 John Brown and his family had a farm just to the north of the mountain now known as Norumbega.

13 "Natives" refers to year-round residents of the area.

Saturday, July 10

A hot, windy day.

The morning was occupied by Slade in photographing, by the Dunbars in analysing flowers, while Spelman shot a great blue heron. In the afternoon C. Eliot, Slade, and Orrin went to Southwest Harbor for mail and provisions. Spelman stuffed birds. A fine sunset.

Sunday, July 11

A suspicious haze in the evening. Wet wood.

Slade took two photographs in the morning, the first of Robinson's Mountain, the second of the brook.¹⁴ The rest of the party read and walked. In the afternoon the Dunbars, Slade, and S.A. Eliot rowed across the Sound and walked to the base of Beech Mountain by a wood road, and then up the almost perpendicular side to the summit, descended on the northern side, and went up to Beech Cliff where they met a party of Bar Harborites.¹⁵ Thence down the cliff to the southward of the vertical path and striking the road returned to Fernald's. Had difficulty in getting the boat off but got

14 Acadia Mountain, previously named for the Robinson family who had a house and farm at the base of the mountain.

15 The "wood road" followed what is today the Valley Trail and continued as Beech Hill Road; the descent via the north ridge would have been along the current trail.

Wednesday July 7.

	1st 9 a.m.	2nd. 3 P.m.	3rd 9 P.m.	Mean.
Barometer	29.99	30.05	30.00	30.01
Thermometer.	63.	69.	59	64
Humidity	93	85	100	93
Dew point.	60	64.5	59.00	61.5
Wind.	— 0	SE by S 1.5	— 0	MAX = 69
Cloudiness.	10	0	—	MIN = 53

Remarks. In the morning heavy fog clearing at 11.30. but returning at 4 P.M.

In the morning all hands were engaged in cutting and setting up a flag pole and at 12 M the signal of the Champlain Society was hoisted over Camp ^{Pemphig} ~~du~~ ~~Trick~~. In the afternoon the morning anchor for the yacht was put down, tables and washstands made and the camp put finally in order.

W. H. Quibar procured and analysed flowers
H. M. Spelman " Nashville warbler and black
and yellow warblers.

M. P. Slade prepared plates.



Hadlock's Brook looking from the
watering place to the camp cove.
M.P. Slade photo

back to camp at 6:30. C. Eliot and Spelman remained at camp while Orrin and William went to church. The bills for the week ending July 10 were distributed, amounting to \$2.37 apiece, adding the \$3 apiece advanced. Total expense = 5.37 apiece.

Monday, July 12

The morning was smoky and hazy and the afternoon cloudy and windy.

Spelman was feverish during the night and spent the day in bed.

The rest of the party washed their clothes in the brook and there Slade albumenized his plates while the Dunbars analysed the flowers procured the day before. In the afternoon C. Eliot, the Dunbars, and Orrin rowed up the Sound on the western side and down the eastern, landing at several places, noticing the dikes and drifts, procuring flowers, etc. Slade photographed the Eagle Cliff from the beach.¹⁶

¹⁶ Valley Peak.

Tuesday, July 13

A southeast storm with occasional rain and heavy fogs over the mountains.

Slade, G.B. Dunbar, Spelman, and S.A. Eliot went fishing in the morning and obtained sea cucumbers, etc. W.H. Dunbar analyzed flowers. In the afternoon W.H. Dunbar and Orrin went to Southwest Harbor for mail and provisions. Tugs of war and whist in the evening.¹⁷

¹⁷ Whist is a card game, similar to Spades.

Wednesday, July 14

Wind strong and squally all day.

Slade photographed the view up the Sound in the morning. Spelman had a relapse and retired to bed again. After an early dinner the Messrs. Dunbar, Slade, and S.A. Eliot walked by the wood road to Hadlock's Lower Pond thence through the brush for two hours to Jordan's pond and then with great difficulty ascended the southern slope of Pemetic Mountain. The great amount of dead wood made the descent as difficult as the ascent and Jordan's was not reached until 6:20 pm. Fearing to be overtaken by darkness in the forest, the party walked home by the road, arriving at 8 pm. The walk was long and hard and the mountain the most difficult to climb on the island.¹⁸

¹⁸ The road from Jordan's is the now approximate location of Stanley Brook Road and Route 3.

Thursday, July 15

Thick smoke and haze in the morning. Heavy fog came in at 7:30 pm.

C. Eliot, Slade and Orrin started at 10:45 for Southwest Harbor to get E. Lovering who came down from Bar Harbor on the *Lewiston*.¹⁹ Taking him on board they proceeded to Hadlock's Cove, Cranberry Island where landed and took a walk. Afterwards sailed back to Southwest for mail and provisions. Thence to moorings arriving at 4:45. The rest of the party remained at camp.

G.B. Dunbar obtained a sea anemone, a sea cucumber, and a peculiar young shrimp. W.H. Dunbar analysed.

Spelman kept his bed all day but was better.

Another tent was set up for the accommodation of Lovering. Whist in the evening.

¹⁹ Steam-powered ferry between Portland, Bar Harbor, and Machias.

Friday, July 16

Light haze in the morning with heavy fog in the evening, at 10 pm a heavy thunder shower passed over going west. Vivid lightning with loud claps. Superb echoes among the mountains.

The morning was occupied in setting up and arranging a sundial under the superintendance [sic] of Lovering. W.H. Dunbar analysed. G.B. Dunbar obtained starfish for preservation, etc. Spelman still kept his bed. In the afternoon Lovering, C. Eliot, and Orrin sailed in the little boat to Somesville for stores but were unsuccessful. They rowed back. Slade tried the camp brook for trout but was also unsuccessful. Spelman and W.H. Dunbar analysed flowers. Whist in the evening.

20 Charles Eliot writing.

Saturday, July 17²⁰

A light northwester cleared the fog off in the early morning, but a southeaster brought back part of it between 9 and 10 am. At 11 am the fog burned off and a southwester arose.

Slade photographed a group in front of the parlor tent and also the camp in the morning, but the latter was spoilt in developing. C. Eliot paid bill at Smallidges.²¹ Spelman recovered sufficiently to return to the table. C. Eliot and Lovering placed a buoy on the end of the mussel bar but afterwards, loading the lower end too heavily, they sunk it. In the afternoon C. Eliot, Slade, Lovering and W.H. Dunbar crossed the Sound and ascended the southern slope of Dog Mountain.²² Descended by the western side. G.B. Dunbar and Orrin went to Southwest Harbor for mail and provisions. Slade prepared plates in the evening.

21 Asa Smallidge (1832–1904) and Phoebe R.S. Smallidge (1832–1899) owned the field where Camp Pematic was established, to the north of their house. The Champlain Society paid the Smallidges for the campsite, as well as for wood and vegetables. Asa Smallidge was a sea captain, fisherman, and farmer.

22 Dog Mountain is now known as St. Sauveur Mountain.

23 Samuel Eliot writing.

Meteorological Report for the week ending July 17²³

During the week two southeasterly storms occurred, the first on Tuesday, lasting about 22 hours, the second on Thursday lasting until Saturday morning, 30 hours. During these storms the fog was thick over the hills and descended at night. Fires on the main caused a smoky atmosphere for several days. One thunder shower, Friday night, fell. This shower followed the hills. Observations of the surface sea water showed that its temperature varied as the temperature of the air not differing materially at any change of wind or tide, except that it became unusually cold during a southeast storm. The temperature of the brook water was slightly lowered at the same time. Mean temperature of surface sea water = 58°.

Sunday, July 18

C. Eliot and Lovering tried to recover the lost buoy but were unsuccessful. In the afternoon C. Eliot, Slade, G.B. Dunbar, W.H. Dunbar walked to Hadlock's Upper Pond where all but C. Eliot bathed. In returning tried to find a shortcut from camp to Northeast Harbor but were unsuccessful. W.H. Dunbar obtained flowers. In the evening Lovering and S.A. Eliot attended prayer meeting at the School House.²⁴ Afterwards took a row. The latitude and longitude of Camp Pematic were determined by Lovering. Lat. 44°18'. Long. 68°18'.²⁵ The sundial was also completed.

24 Likely the School House on Fernald Road along Norwood's Cove, built in 1860. Another School House (the "Freeman School") to the south, constructed around 1795, was used for religious meetings and occasionally for town meetings. Members of the Champlain Society may have attended prayer meetings at these buildings.

25 The site of Camp Pematic is privately owned and protected by conservation easement.

Champlain Society at Camp Pemetic, 1880. Left to right: S. Eliot, G. Dunbar, J.L. Wakefield, C. Eliot, W. Dunbar, Donnell, Lovering. *M.P. Slade photo*



Monday, July 19²⁶

26 Writer unidentified.

Light winds and clear sky. At 8 pm a low fog covered the surface of the water.

At 9 am the whole party went aboard the *Sunshine* and beat down the Sound and out of passage between Seawall Point and the Cranberries. Slade

27 A 76-foot schooner belonging to Franklin Dexter Jr. of Boston, according to the 1881 *American Yacht List*.

28 "Sea pigeon" is another name for a guillemot.

29 Writer unidentified.

30 The yacht's "tender" or dinghy.

31 Echo Lake Road approximate location of current Route 102.

32 Charles Eliot kept a map of the island at camp, which he updated with paths and geological observations. The Champlain Society's extensive knowledge of the trails and place names motivated Edward Rand to publish the first trail map as part of the *Flora of Mount Desert Island, Maine*, in 1894.

landed on Seawall Point and took a photograph of the view towards Bear Island. The *Meta* passed while waiting for Slade.²⁷ Sailed outside Bunker's Ledge and tacked about while Spelman shot a sea pigeon.²⁸ Then proceeded to Ship Harbor, passing the *Clyde G. Dextlis*, on the way anchored off the Harbor at 12:30 pm. Some of the party landed. After dinner G.B. Dunbar, W.H. Dunbar, and S.A. Eliot landed and walked to Fernald's Point via Bass and Southwest Harbors, obtaining flowers, mail, etc. The rest of the party returned in the yacht. Spelman shot two more sea pigeons. Reached Camp at 6 pm.

Tuesday, July 20²⁹

A dry southeaster. Flecks of fog were spotted on the southern sky all day. In the evening the upper fog came up with a peculiar wavy motion and at 9 pm it settled down.

In the morning the party washed clothes in the brook. Spelman stuffed, the Dunbars analysed and Slade photographed the camp from the west. After dinner Slade and Lovering went to Long Pond and Jordan's brook for trout. They returned at 7 pm reporting the brook fished out. C. Eliot, W.H. Dunbar, Spelman, and Orrin sailed to Somesville in the little boat.³⁰ C. Eliot and Dunbar landed and walked to Fernald's by the Echo Lake road obtaining flowers, etc.³¹ Spelman and Orrin rowed home. G.B. Dunbar and S.A. Eliot took a walk, obtained and analysed flowers. Whist in the evening.

Wednesday, July 21

In the early morning heavy rains fell. Thick fog clearing at 9 am but returning at 6 pm. The volume of the brook was greatly increased and its temperature lowered by the rain.

The Dunbars spent the morning in analysing, Spelman in stuffing, while Slade and Lovering rowed about the Sound. After dinner C. Eliot and Lovering started to explore the wood roads near camp. They discovered several new paths and mapped them upon the chart.³² Spelman and S.A. Eliot sailed in the little boat in pursuit of birds. Slade photographed from the beach. The Dunbars crossed the Sound and ascended Dog Mountain a little to the left of Eagle Cliff. Slade, Spelman, and S.A. Eliot chased gulls unsuccessfully. At 5:30 C. Eliot and Lovering were taken from Brown's and the Dunbars from Fernald's and the party returned to camp. Caught a dozen mackerel on the way. Whist in evening.

Thursday, July 22

Heavy fog in the morning continuing with occasional intervals all day. Light rain in evening.

Lovering and Spelman went mackereling at 6 am but with poor success. After breakfast Slade, G.B. Dunbar, and Spelman tried them again unsuccessfully. C. Eliot and Lovering made a further exploration and clearing of the wood roads back of camp. W.H. Dunbar analysed. In the afternoon C. Eliot, Spelman, and Orrin went to Southwest Harbor for mail and provisions and on their return another hunt was made for the lost buoy. Unsuccessful.

Friday, July 23

Thick fog in morning continuing with occasional intervals all day. A few light showers. The wind boxed the compass and was very light.

Spelman spent the night on board the yacht and attempted to shoot gulls in the early morning. After breakfast Slade, Lovering, G.B. Dunbar, and Spelman went mackereling with indifferent success. C. and S.A. Eliot made inquiries as to boarding houses along the shore. In the afternoon C. Eliot and Orrin went to Southwest with mail. The fishing party prepared trolling for the next day's fishing. Whist in evening.

Saturday, July 24

Thick fog in the morning continuing with occasional intervals until 5 pm when it broke and drifted away. The wind boxed the campers and was very light.

In the morning Slade, Lovering, G.B. Dunbar, and Spelman tried the mackerel but did not get a bite. Spelman shot two gulls. In the afternoon the sun broke through the clouds for the first time in four days. G.B. Dunbar and Orrin went to Southwest Harbor for mail and provisions. C. Eliot, Lovering, and Spelman took a walk along the shore and explored the clam heaps at Sands Point.³³ Whist in the evening. A buoy was placed in the position of the last buoy in the evening.

Meteorological Report for the Week Ending July 24

Greatest velocity 2 dir[ections] northwest, south. The week was marked by great cloudiness and continual fog. The sun was hidden for four consecutive

³³ A pile of clam shells marking a cultural site of previous generations of the native Wabanaki inhabitants. Though the Wabanaki continued to live and work on Mount Desert, their traditional gathering places were continually encroached upon by European settlement. The shell piles contained stone tools and other objects, and were popular destinations for souvenir-collecting tourists.



Sidewheel steam ferry *City of Richmond* off the Manset shore.
Photo courtesy of the Southwest Harbor Public Library

days. Heavy rains fell on Wednesday morning and there were light showers on several other days. Observations of the surface sea water were continued. Mean Temp. 56.3.

Sunday, July 25

Bright morning. Clouds cirro-cumulus passing into cirro-stratus. Circle round the sun.

In the morning Slade and C. Eliot went to the foot of Robinson's Mountain and photographed Eagle Cliff. They also photographed it from Valley Cove. Spelman stuffed. W.H. Dunbar, Spelman, and S.A. Eliot walked to Hadlock's Lower Pond for a bath. In the afternoon Slade, Lovering, and G.B. Dunbar rowed across the Sound and ascended Robinson's Mountain whence they flashed signals to camp.³⁴ On descending they were met by Old Robinson who showed them all over his place and explained to them his operations in search of Captain Kidd's treasure.³⁵ W.H. Dunbar spent the afternoon in analysing and pressing flowers and Spelman in stuffing. The interior of the parlor tent was ornamented with flags.

³⁴ Morse code signals flashed with sunlight reflected from a plain mirror or a heliograph, a tool developed for surveying elevations, which had a movable screen or shutter.

³⁵ Rumors of Captain Kidd's buried treasure and superstitious gold diggers surrounded Robinson's Mountain, now named Acadia Mountain.

Monday, July 26

Thick fog in the morning clearing at 11:30. Light haze in afternoon. Fog settled into the Sound at 6 pm.

In the morning Slade, G.B. Dunbar, Spelman, and S.A. Eliot caught 60 mackerel while C. Eliot cut a path to the low-water landing place and W.H. Dunbar analyzed. Spelman shot another gull. After dinner the whole party went aboard the *Sunshine* and sailed around Sutton's Island. Off the Great Cranberry anchored, landed, and took a walk. Spelman obtained two young snowbirds. The fog kept shutting down and the wind was light before the yacht reached her mooring at 6 pm. Whist in evening.

Tuesday, July 27³⁶

Light haze in early morning and outside during day. Light shower in pm followed by a squall.

About 9 am all hands except W.H. Dunbar started in the yacht for Southwest Harbor. Off Norwood's Cove landed Lovering to go to the post office, Orrin to the butchers, and Spelman to shoot. Farther down landed Slade to go to Steamboat Wharf to find E.L. Rand who did not appear. Took off the shore party and proceeded to Bear Island where all hands landed inspected the island and lighthouse. Spelman shot a Nashville warbler. Dined and then proceeded to Bunker's Ledge and back along Sutton's Island where landed Slade and C. Eliot who photographed etc.³⁷ Returned to Southwest Harbor and landed Slade and Spelman to go to the post office. A shower passed over as the yacht waited for them. Reached the mooring at 6 pm. Slade took two photos. W.H. Dunbar spent the day in camp analysing, etc.

Wednesday, July 28

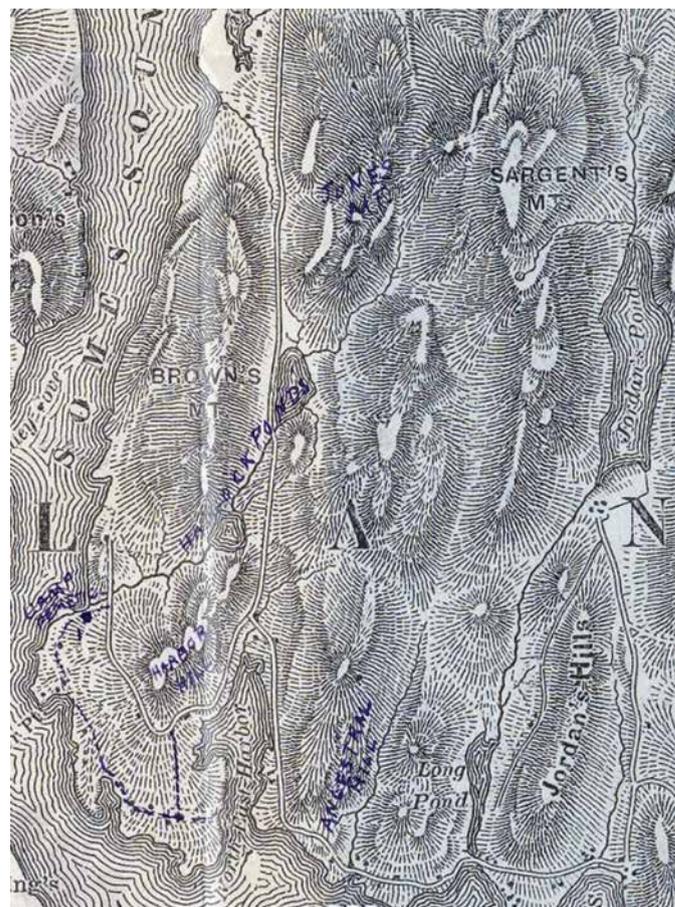
Clear, bright day. In the morning and evening strong breeze.

At 7:30 am all hands except Spelman started in the yacht for Bar Harbor. At Otter Creek landed Slade, Lovering, and the Dunbars to go up Green Mountain.³⁸ The yacht drifted with the tide and anchored in Bar Harbor at 1:25. Signals were flashed from Green Mountain at 1:30. After dinner C. and S.A. Eliot landed and made calls and purchases. At 3:40 the Green Mountain party arrived and after making their purchases the whole party started back. A strong northwestern carried the yacht along well but at Great Head the wind hauled ahead and she did not make Bear

36 Charles Eliot writing.

37 East Bunkers Ledge, located off the shore of Seal Harbor and named for the Bunker family of Cranberry Island, site of the first daymark, a pyramidal stone beacon established by the U.S. government in 1840.

38 Green Mountain is now known as Cadillac Mountain.



Marked map showing location of "Jones Mountain" from 1881 Botany Report. Courtesy Gray Herbarium Archives, Harvard University

Island Light until 7:30. Owing to the darkness did not enter the Sound but anchored in Manchester Cove at 8:30 and walked to camp. Very beautiful sail. Spelman spent the day in camp, shooting two birds and stuffing.

39 Writer unidentified.

Thursday, July 29³⁹

Strong wind in morning and evening. Light rain shower fell in pm.

After breakfast C. Eliot, Lovering, G.B. Dunbar, and Spelman started in the yacht for Southwest Harbor, at Norwood's Cove landed Orrin to go to the butcher's and Spelman to shoot. Proceeded to Steamboat Wharf and picked up J.L. Wakefield who came in the *Richmond*.⁴⁰ Returning picked up Orrin and Spelman who had shot five small birds and returned to camp for dinner. Slade, W.H. Dunbar, and S.A. Eliot walked to Hadlock's [Lower] Pond for a bath. In the afternoon a new buoy was prepared for a

40 The *City of Richmond* steam-powered ferry sailed from Portland to Mount Desert Island.

ledge outside of old buoy (the *Sunshine* had touched on this ledge on July 27) by Slade and Lovering. C. Eliot and Wakefield took a walk while Spelman packed his birds and clothing in preparation for his departure. Whist in evening.

Friday, July 30⁴¹

Strong northeasterly winds all day.

Spelman left camp at 7:15 for Boston carrying with him a box containing 22 skins and 4 unstuffed birds. He left a list of birds observed during his stay. At 9:45 the whole remaining party except G.B. Dunbar started for Sargent's Mountain via Hadlock's Ponds. Went up the Gorge between the main summit and the western spur Jones.⁴² Found the Gorge very pretty and quite easy. Reached the summit at 12:40. Dined. At 2:45 descended to the Lake of the Clouds, where the party separated. W.H. Dunbar and S.A. Eliot going down and across the western ridges to Hadlock's Upper Pond where they bathed and reached camp at 5:20. The rest of the party crossed the eastern spur and descended to Jordan's whence they walked home by the road arriving at 5:40. Whist in evening. A very successful day and walk.

41 Charles Eliot writing.

42 Likely near current route of Maple Spring and Grandgent Trails. "Jones" is the name given by Champlain Society to the cluster of hills west of Sargent Mountain now known as Gilmore and Bald mountains. Lake of the Clouds is Sargent Mountain Pond. Descent to Jordan Pond same route as Penobscot Mountain Trail; "western ridges" part of Cedar Swamp Mountain.

Saturday, July 31⁴³

Clear day with fresh westerly winds.

After breakfast all the party except Wakefield, W.H. Dunbar, and S.A. Eliot started in the yacht for Southwest Harbor. Landed E. Lovering to take the *Lewiston* for Bar Harbor and then proceeded to Norwood's Cove where landed Orrin to go to the butcher's and picked up G.B. Dunbar with the mail. Dined and on Orrin's return proceeded to the mooring arriving at 3:30 pm. W.H. Dunbar and S.A. Eliot analysed flowers. Whist in evening.

43 Writer unidentified.

Meteorological Report for the Week Ending July 31

The week was one of clear, light weather and was marked by a continuation of strong northerly gales, by great dryness, and by little cloudiness. A light southeaster blew for a few hours on Tuesday but it was unattended by fog. During the first few days the fog occasionally covered the outer islands. Light rain fell two days. Observations of the surface sea water were continued. Mean temperature 58. The greatest heat occurs with a northerly wind, a rising tide, and high temperature of the air. Time of greatest heat 6 pm.

Sunday, August 1

A clear and very hot day.

In the morning G.B. Dunbar and Orrin rowed to Southwest Harbor to meet the *Richmond* and get Mr. Dunbar with whom they returned to camp. Wakefield and S.A. Eliot went to church at the schoolhouse and brought the minister, Mr. Baker, to camp for dinner. At 8 pm C. Eliot went to walk and, losing his watch chain in the bushes, after returning to camp, went back with Mr. Dunbar and succeeded in finding it. The rest of party bathed. The water very warm. After supper all hands went aboard the *Sunshine*, the Dunbars carrying their baggage and with fair tide dripped through the narrows and anchored in Manchester Cove in preparation for an early start to the westward on the morrow. Wakefield, Slade, and S.A. Eliot landed at Manchester's and succeeded in hiring a dory for the three days of the yacht's expected absence.

Monday, August 2

A clear, warm day. At 10 am a heavy southwest wind arose which steadily increased and blew with great violence until 7:30 pm.

At 9:45 the camp party started in the dory *Fair Play* and sailed rapidly up the Sound to Richardson's Cove whence walked by the road to the Eagle Lake House where took a boat and rowed against very strong wind about a mile and a quarter up the lake where landed, bathed and dined.⁴⁴ Then rowed across the lake, as the wind prevented further progress, landed on the western shore, struggled along the bank and up the Larger Bubble Mountain. The slopes of the hill were covered with deciduous growth and very beautiful but very hard walking. After a few minutes [of] unsuccessful fishing, rowed down the lake among the whitecaps and walked back to the dory by the road. The strong wind and head tide made it impossible to row down the Sound. Therefore walked down the road in the dark to camp arriving at 8:30 pm. Round trip 25 m. On foot 17+ m.

⁴⁴ The Eagle Lake House, at the base of Green (Cadillac) Mountain, accessed via carriage road, had a small pier with boats and canoes available for rent; inside were billiards and bowling and refreshments.

Tuesday, August 3

Remarks. Fog in the morning clearing at 9 am. Heavy wind in the afternoon. Rain began to fall 8 pm continuing all night.

After breakfast the party walked rapidly to Richardson's Cove and sailed the *Fair Play* to camp and then to Norwood's Cove where landed Slade to go to the butchers and Wakefield to go to the post office.⁴⁵

⁴⁵ Cove located at the northeast side of Somes Sound, at the outlet of Richardson Brook.

Proceeded to the Steamboat Wharf but finding no signs of E.L. Rand, who was expected on the steamer, Wakefield and S.A. Eliot rowed back to Norwood's Cove, picked up Slade and returned to camp to find Rand already arrived. The stormy weather kept all hands at camp during the rest of the day.

Wednesday, August 4

A southeast to northeast wind with heavy rain lasting nearly all day.

In the morning Wakefield and Slade caught 42 mackerel in the Sound, while the afternoon was spent by all hands in reading and writing.

Thursday, August 5

Heavy winds in the morning. Sky cleared at 5 pm.

Mr. W.M. Davis arrived at 11:30 am. A party of ladies came with him who landed, inspected the camp and returned to Somesville. Mr. Davis occupied tent 5. In the afternoon Wakefield, Slade, and S.A. Eliot rowed to Southwest Harbor in the dory, obtained mail, provisions etc. and sailed home. Whist and singing in the evening. Very fine sunset. The *Sunshine* arrived in Manchester Cove at 11 pm.

Friday, August 6

A fine, clear, regulation day.

The yacht's party, Messrs. C. Eliot, H.A. De Windt, and C.W. Townsend came over to breakfast. Orrin sailed the yacht round. At 9:45 all hands except C. Eliot and Rand crossed the Sound and walked by roads and wood paths to the base of the east peak of Western Mountain. Crossed this peak, the middle peak and the two intervening gorges and ascended the western and highest peak on the top of which dined. Descended by the western gorge round the east peak and by wood road to Long Pond where bathed, then by wood road to the Somesville Road thence to Fernald's. Wakefield obtained flowers most of which he analysed in the evening. Mr. Davis and De Windt noticed dikes, glacial scratches etc. Fossils were found at the camp beach. Reached camp at 5 pm. Very enjoyable excursion. Whist in the evening.

Tents were occupied as follows: Tent 1 C. Eliot and Slade. Tent 3 Rand and Wakefield. Tent 4 W. Breyant. Tent 2 Townsend and De Windt. Tent 5 Mr. Davis and S.A. Eliot.

Saturday, August 7

Heavy clouds and thunder over the mainland. A few drops of rain fell in the afternoon.

After breakfast C. Eliot, Mr. Davis, Slade, and De Windt went aboard the *Sunshine* and sailed to Long Pond where landed while Slade photographed and Mr. Davis and C. Eliot sketched. Proceeded to Otter Creek landed again and photographed, geologised, etc. Dined and returned to camp arriving at 6:30 pm. Townsend in the morning ascended Brown's Mountain shooting a wild pigeon, a Nashville warbler, and a white-throated sparrow. In the afternoon he collected marine invertebrates on the shore. Wakefield and Rand analysed flowers. The *Sunshine* brought mail and provisions from Southwest Harbor.

Meteorological Report for the Week Ending August 7

The week was marked by a violent southwest gale on Monday and by a southeast storm lasting 30 hours on Wednesday. This storm was accompanied by heavy rains but was without fog. Sunday was a very warm day and Wednesday cold. The high temperature on Sunday and Monday raised the mean of the surface sea water to 61.8. Mean of the four weeks 58.8. Highest observed 66 lowest 51.

Sunday, August 8

Light rain fell in the early morning.

In the morning Orrin went to Norwood's Cove for provisions and afterwards Townsend and De Windt to Southwest Harbor for newspapers. Mr. Davis and Wakefield walked to Somesville by road and after dinner returned to camp over Brown's Mountain arriving at 5:30 pm. C. Eliot obtained fossils from the beach. Mr. Davis found pyrites. Townsend examined the anatomy of a sea cucumber, etc. In the afternoon clothes were washed and then C. Eliot, Townsend, and De Windt walked to Hadlock's Ponds and Northeast Harbor. Slade also took a walk. Wakefield and Rand analysed flowers. Singing in evening.

Monday, August 9

Light fog in the early morning.

Townsend, with Mr. Davis and S.A. Eliot, spent the morning dredging.

C. Eliot, Wakefield, and Slade crossed the Sound to Robinson's and walked to Echo Lake where Slade photographed Beech Cliff. They returned to Fernald's at 12:30. De Windt geologised along the shore. After dinner Slade photographed a group under the birch tree and then C. Eliot, Mr. Davis, Wakefield, Townsend, and De Windt crossed the Sound and ascended Robinson's Mountain, descending to Robinson's house they talked with old man and then returned to camp at 6:15 pm. Slade went to Hadlock's Lower Pond and fished the upper brook. One trout. Athletics in the evening.

Tuesday, August 10⁴⁶

Distant thunder in the early morning and again in the afternoon and evening. Very light and variable winds.

After breakfast all hands went aboard and drifted to Southwest Harbor. S.A. Eliot took *Richmond* for Bar Harbor, Slade went to post office and Mr. Davis, De Windt, and Townsend landed on Greening's Island. To camp for dinner at 1:10 pm. At 2:20 were off again and this time were becalmed near Bear Island. All but Rand and C. Eliot rowed to Sutton's Island and there rambled about for an hour. Slade took a view of the cliffs on the north shore. Some towing and sweeping as one or two airs of wind took the yacht and all hands home to camp, where they arrived at about 7 pm.

Wednesday, August 11

Clear, fine, weather. Low cumulus clouds came from the mainland during the whole day. Winds were very light and variable.

Mr. Davis, Townsend, and De Windt started at 9:15 for Sargent's Mountain and returned at 4:15 pm. Slade and Wakefield were landed from the yacht in the Cove of Stony Beach at 11:45 am, and then the yacht proceeded with C. Eliot and Donnell to Southwest Harbor.⁴⁷ Got mail and waited for R. Thaxter to arrive on the *Lewiston*. Reached camp at 3 pm and Rand (who had spent the morning in camp), Thaxter, and C. Eliot dined. At 5 C. Eliot was landed from the yacht at Kimball's boarding house while Rand and R. Thaxter sailed slowly about. Camp again reached at 5:30 pm just as Slade and Wakefield arrived from Hunter's Brook with about 30 trout.⁴⁸

Thursday, August 12

A pleasantly warm day with very little wind except under Dog Mountain

⁴⁶ Charles Eliot writing.

⁴⁷ Hunter's Beach, according to 1875 Coast Survey map.

⁴⁸ Daniel Kimball and his family opened his Northeast Harbor home to boarders in the 1830s. Located on Cottage Street, now South Shore Road, the inn was expanded into a hotel in 1886.



Visitors to Camp Pemetic, 1880. M.P. Slade photo

where there was wind all day. Two showers passed along the mainland. Very fine northern lights in the evening, and many meteors.

Slade, Orrin, and C. Eliot took *Sunshine* to Southwest Harbor and brought 19 people from *Lewiston* to camp. Big dinner at camp at 2 pm and at 5:30 the party were landed at Somesville to take buckboards to Bar Harbor. Mr. Davis and De Windt did some work on the shore of the cove in the morning. In the afternoon Townsend shot a Traill's flycatcher⁴⁹ and a hairy woodpecker, and Thaxter was at Hadlock's [Lower] Pond in the morning and out walking again in the afternoon. Mr. Davis left camp in the pm. Slade got two negatives of a group of Bar Harborites.

⁴⁹ Willow flycatcher, *Empidonax traillii*.

Friday, August 13

Last night was cold. The temperature today has been very agreeable indeed.

At 9 am the yacht started with all hands except Wakefield and Rand who stayed behind to receive two lady callers. There was no wind in the narrows and at noon *Sunshine* was again at her moorings. Townsend got several interesting invertebrates on the flats of Fernald's Point. C. Eliot

wrote in the cabin in company with De Windt. A mess of flounders were caught from the tender and at 1 the yacht was working out with a pleasant southwest wind. Dinner was cooked and eaten aboard. Anchored in Hadlock's Cove on Little Cranberry Isle. Townsend shot 40 peep.⁵⁰ Rand caught many little cod from the yacht, Wakefield got flowers, De Windt and C. Eliot geologized along the north shore, and collected pebbles, etc. Reached camp at 6 pm. Slade took *Richmond* in am.

50 "Peep" refers to small shorebirds such as sandpipers.

Saturday, August 14

Dubious weather. A little rain fell in showers during the afternoon. The brook is very low.

The threatening weather kept all hands near camp. De Windt set a lobster pot, Townsend dredged and obtained several interesting specimens, which he spent a great part of the day in examining; and a mail of 14 letters was written in the morning. After dinner C. Eliot and Donnell went to post office, butcher's and store; while 3 or 4 of the camp party dug into the shell heap on Manchester's Point. A few bones, and one piece of broken pottery, were the results of an hour's work. Thaxter and De Windt made a flounder spear out of a pitch fork, and after the boat got back from Norwood's Cove they caught a mess of flounders. Thaxter got two or three moths in the morning, and yesterday he got a geometrid that was new to him.⁵¹ Journal writing in evening.

51 A kind of moth from the family *Geometridae*, from the Greek meaning "to measure the earth," referring to the looping movement of the larva (inchworm caterpillars).

Sunday, August 15

A very gusty wind all day and at night.

Much writing of journals and letters in the morning. Rand and Wakefield went to Southwest Harbor and got back to dinner at 1:10 pm. In the afternoon De Windt, Townsend and Thaxter walked to [Little] Long Pond beach and back. Mr. and Mrs. Storer made a call at camp, on C. Eliot, Rand, and Wakefield.⁵²

52 Catherine Atkins (Eliot) Storer (1836–1882) was Charles William Eliot's sister, aunt to Charles and Samuel. Her husband, Francis Storer (1832–1914), was a professor of agricultural chemistry at Harvard's Bussey Institution.

Monday, August 16

Strong and gusty northwest wind all day. Barometer rising steadily. Fleecy clouds in the pm came over from the mainland in flocks. Wind fell at 5 pm.

The strong northwest wind prevented the start of our proposed Bar Harbor expedition. At 9 we landed on Fernald's Point with lunch in our pockets and all but Rand walked 18 miles arriving at Fernald's at 5:30

53 The Heath Family store.

pm. Reached Beech Cliff at 10:15. Tramped down the Beech Hill road and reached Somesville road corner at 11:20, took the west shore road and at 1 pm had a bath and took our lunch at a wharf on Bartlett's Island Narrows. At 2:15 started again, and stopped at the Seal Cove store for candy, took the road to Norwood's Cove and thence to Fernald's.⁵³ All hands in bed early.

Tuesday, August 17

Remarks. After 12 [o'clock] flocks of cumuli from the mainland came trooping over Mount Desert and over Schoodic Point, but over Frenchman's Bay the sky remained clear.

At 9 the yacht was underway, with all hands except W. Breyant on board. With gentle south wind got to Bar Harbor at 2 pm, having dinner off Sol's cliff.⁵⁴ C. Eliot, Wakefield, and De Windt landed and stayed 2 hours. E.L. Rand went ashore for the night. Ran to Sullivan with a free wind, and arrived at 6 pm. After supper took a walk ashore, visited the Waukeag House and got aboard at 10:30.⁵⁵ Townsend did some dredging. A glorious moonlight on the water, and the air too seemed to be full of it, probably owing to the smoke which was very thick during the afternoon.

54 Sol's Cliff is located just south of the village of Bar Harbor. Also referred to as "Sallis Cliff," the name refers to Solomon Higgins, son of Dean Higgins who lived nearby.

55 The Waukeag House hotel was built on "Beacon Hill" in Sorrento (then part of Sullivan), currently the location of Dunbar's Store on Route 1.

Wednesday, August 18

The smoke, which was very thick yesterday, was in much less quantity today. The sky was partly cloudy and had a threatening look at sunset.

After a 7:30 breakfast all hands walked to the mines. Visited the shaft-houses of the Ashley, Milton, and Sullivan companies, also the new reduction works of the Sullivan.⁵⁶ Started off in *Sunshine* at 11:30 and beat down to the Ovens where landed for a few minutes at 1 pm. Took a long tack to Calf Island and then could fetch Bar Harbor, where we stopped for E.L. Rand at 3:15 pm. Continued beating down the bay. Outside Egg Rock light wind and later, calm. C. Eliot and Orrin on deck until 3:20 am, when we anchored under Sutton's Island.

At 5:45 got underway again and reached camp to breakfast on the morning of August 19.

56 Quarrying and silver mining were major industries in Sullivan, with some eleven companies in operation as well as a smelting works.

Thursday, August 19

A showery rain began at about 8 pm.

In the morning Thaxter went out after moths and larvae and was reasonably successful. Townsend was also out in the woods and he shot



The Waukeag House hotel. *Sullivan-Sorrento Historical Society*

a ____.⁵⁷ Wakefield went to the post office and brought 1 dozen papers and as many letters. De Windt hauled the lobster pot obtaining 8 lobsters, and he also speared 8 flounders, Rand was writing, and C. Eliot making up accounts and sleeping. In the afternoon Wakefield analyzed and dug clams with Rand; Townsend and De Windt went dredging; Thaxter got some moths about camp and in the woods; and C. Eliot was writing. In the evening rain began to fall and all hands worked and wrote in the parlor tent.

Friday, August 20

Much rain last night. Fog was thick in the morning and evening, between 4 and 5 there were patches of clear sky over Somesville.

Townsend tried for gulls in the rowboat, Wakefield analyzed 7 kinds of goldenrod. Thaxter read, De Windt sailed the row-boat. Rand read and wrote, C. Eliot computed for the weather record and wrote up his journal. W. Breyant took the observations while the yacht was away on the Sullivan expedition. In the afternoon Wakefield copied the list of flowers into his notebook. 135 thus far. Townsend has added about 10 birds to Spelman's list.

⁵⁷ The bird shot by Townsend may have been unidentified at the time. There is no specimen for this date in the Harvard archives, however a later list of birds compiled by Spelman recorded a brown creeper from this date.



Cathedral Rock at The Ovens. *M.P.*
Slade photo

Saturday, August 21

Fog thick in early morning. About noon the Sound was clear of fog, and thunder was to be heard south of Mount Desert. At sunset there were signs of fair weather above the fog which had shut in thick at 5 pm. A thunder shower in the evening.

After breakfast Townsend, De Windt, and Thaxter went to Bass Harbor from Fernald's. Townsend shot 13 yellow-legs in the marshes, and Thaxter got many larvae, including one species probably new. By the time they reached Fernald's at 3 pm they were thoroughly wet, for it rained steadily from about 11 am to 3:30 pm. In the afternoon Wakefield went to the post office, Townsend ransacked the shore, the tide being very low, and got many specimens of shore life. In the evening Wakefield analyzed, Townsend worked his specimens, Rand prepared a 'fish list,' cribbage occupied De Windt and Thaxter.

Sunday, August 22

A very fine, clear, and bright day.

Wakefield and Townsend walked to Jordan's Pond and back, arriving to dinner at 2 pm. At 11 am Mrs. Rand and Mrs. Da Costa arrived from Bar Harbor and they dined with De Windt, Rand, Thaxter, and C. Eliot at 1 pm.⁵⁸ In the afternoon Wakefield and Townsend bathed in the cove, and De Windt and Thaxter in Hadlock's [Lower] Pond. Just after supper Mr. Lunt and a friend landed from a row boat and made a visit to camp.⁵⁹ The two ladies started for Bar Harbor at 3 pm. R. Thaxter was out walking in the woods in both the morning and afternoon. He got many larvae; among them being 7 specimens of the rare *Platysamia columbia*. He also got *Terias lisa*, which has never before been seen so far north.⁶⁰

Monday, August 23

Rand and Wakefield went off by *Lewiston* and Thaxter by *Richmond*. Thaxter was rowed down by Orrin in the early morning and at 10 the others started in the rowboat. De Windt and C. Eliot sailed the yacht down, and got to the steamboat wharf at about the same time as the row-boat. *Lewiston* brought S.A.E. from Bar Harbor. At 1:15 Townsend, De Windt, C. Eliot, and S.A. Eliot dined in camp. During the morning Townsend was walking over Flying Mountain and Dog Mountain. In the afternoon *Sunshine*

58 Jennie Rand, mother of Edward and Henry Rand. The Rand family had been summering in Bar Harbor since the 1860s. At this time she and her husband, plant enthusiast Edward Sprague Rand, were separated. Mrs. Sarah Brinton Da Costa, married to Civil War physician Jacob Mendes Da Costa, was a neighbor of the Rands in Bar Harbor.

59 Captain A.K. Lunt of Goose Cove, married to Miriam Mathilda Lunt (who is mentioned later). The house in which they lived was called "Goose Gables," and also referred to as the "Bayview House" according to *A History of the Houses of West Tremont, Maine*.

60 *Platysamia columbia*, now known as *Hyalophora columbia*, is a large dark brown and red patterned silk moth that feeds on larch (tamarack) trees. *Terias lisa*, now known as *Eurema lisa*, Little Yellow, is a small butterfly that lives throughout the eastern United States, including the southern half of Maine. As Mount Desert is near the northern edge of the range, it is reasonable that Thaxter's observation was the farthest north record in 1880.

61 Catherine and Frank Storer, aunt and uncle to Charles and Samuel Eliot. Francis Storer, who married his friend Charles William Eliot's sister Catherine Atkins Eliot in 1871, was professor of agricultural chemistry in the Bussey Institution at Harvard. His father, Charles Storer, authored important texts on Massachusetts fish and reptiles.

62 Writer unidentified.

63 Henry Guild was a cousin of Charles and Samuel Eliot, son of their aunt Mary Lyman Eliot and Charles Eliot Guild.

64 The newly constructed U.S. Coast Guard Station on Cranberry Island was consolidated with the Southwest Harbor Depot in 1946. "The Station" is now a summer rental property.

took a party from 'down the shore' out sailing. Townsend kept camp. Mr. and Mrs. Storer and some friends came to call just before supper.⁶¹ In the evening cribbage occupied De Windt and S.A. Eliot, while Townsend worked at his lists.

Tuesday, August 24⁶²

The meteorological [station] was discontinued. The morning was clear and calm with light southeast air; in the afternoon the fog drifted in over the outer islands and occasionally covered the hills.

Before breakfast C. Eliot and Orrin towed the yacht to Manchester Cove and at 9:30 the camp party except Orrin went aboard and beat slowly down to Kimball's where took on board Mr. and Mrs. Storer and H.E. Guild.⁶³ Continued to beat between Sutton's and Bear Islands and at 1 pm landed in a cove on the northern side of Little Cranberry, where picnicked. Professor Storer, De Windt and Townsend examined the peculiar rocks of the beach. C. Eliot walked to the life-saving station.⁶⁴ At 4 pm got underway again and sailed slowly to Southwest Harbor where landed Townsend to go to the post office. After taking him off again proceeded to Kimball's where landed the visitors and then returned to the moorings, arriving at 6:30 pm. The fog shut down in the evening but disappeared before the moon rose. Rain began to fall about midnight continuing til morning. Orrin struck tents 3 and 5.

Wednesday, August 25

A very strong north wind blew all day. The barometer was steady rising, reaching 30.3+.

The dampness prevented the immediate striking of the tents, so the morning was spent by De Windt in searching for fossils along the shore, by Townsend in shooting and by C. Eliot in breaking the fossiliferous rocks already obtained, with good success. A good deal of packing and cleaning up was also done and the men carried off wood to the yacht. In the afternoon all hands were busy striking tents and transporting baggage to the yacht. Mr. Smallidge brought down his horse and cart and the poles, bedsteads etc. were carried to his barn. By six pm every thing had been carried off, the flag was lowered and all hands went aboard the *Sunshine*. Cribbage and writing in the evening.



Terias lisa (now *Eurema lisa*),
little yellow butterfly, collected
by Roland Thaxter. *Museum
of Comparative Zoology, Harvard
University*

Thursday, August 26

Breakfast at 7:30. Then the mooring anchor was raised, the buoy detached, etc. At 9:30 got underway and sailed to Southwest Harbor where anchored and landed Orrin to go to the butcher's and post office and William to get provisions, etc. Townsend went in the *Lewiston* and after dinner the yacht got underway and sailed slowly to Cranberry Island Harbor. At 4 pm C. Eliot and De Windt landed on the Great Cranberry and walked around the island mapping the rocks, dikes, etc. They got aboard again at 7:30 pm. Cribbage and Shakespeare in the evening. Fine northern lights.

Friday, August 27

With a very light air got underway at 8:30 am passed into Sperlin's passage. C. Eliot and De Windt landed on Seawall Point and inspected the rock. The wind failing and the tide turning it became impossible to beat out through the passage. Turn tail and ran before the wind up Frenchman's Bay. Passed outside Ironbound, noticing rocks of the shore, inside Jordan's and anchored in Stave Island harbor at 3:30 pm. De Windt and S.A. Eliot went sailing and fishing in the tender. C. Eliot wrote. Cribbage and Shakespeare in the evening.

Saturday, August 28

In the morning sailed to Bar Harbor inspecting the island rocks on the way. Anchored at 10:20 am. C. Eliot dined with the Lanes, De Windt at the Grand Central with Miss Krebs and S.A. Eliot at the Thayer's.⁶⁵ All hands aboard to supper and at 9:30 pm three ringing Yo Ho's announced that the Champlain Society had finished its work for the season of 1880.

⁶⁵ James Bradley Thayer, Harvard law professor. "Krebs" is a guess, as the text is unclear. According to the July 14, 1881 *Mount Desert Herald*, a "Mrs. Krebs & friend, Boston, stayed at the Lynam House."

On August 31, the *Sunshine* left Bar Harbor with Charles and Samuel Eliot, Heyliger De Windt, Charles Townsend, their Harvard classmate Augustus Thorndike, Orrin Donnell, and William Breyant on board. They sailed downeast to Roque Island, where they visited the home of Gilbert and Hannah Longfellow. Gilbert was a cousin of poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and was interested in natural history. They went on to Eastport where they dined at a hotel (either the Quoddy Hotel or the Passamaquoddy Hotel) and attended a Republican rally for candidate James Garfield. They continued to Calais and Grand Manan before returning to Mount Desert Island on September 16, when they went their separate ways. The Eliots sailed *Sunshine* back to Boston.

Edward Rand still had some work to do. He headed to Lake Mooselookmeguntic in the Rangeley Lakes region with John W. Suter and Ernest Lovering. From their camp on an island below Upper Dam, the young men made many excursions in different directions. They climbed Mount Aziscoos and identified 160 species of plants, according to Rand's memoriam in the journal *Rhodora*. This camping party may be the origins of the name "Students Island."

Back at Harvard, the Champlain Society continued to meet in their rooms on or near campus. The different "departments" prepared and



Photo of 1880 Champlain Society members taken near the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard, May 27, 1881. Front row seated, left to right: Lovering and Slade. Middle row seated, left to right: Thaxter, Townsend, S. Eliot, Davis, J. Wakefield, W. Dunbar, E. Rand. Back row, seated, left to right: Spelman and C. Eliot. Standing, left to right: G. Dunbar, De Windt. *Mount Desert Island Historical Society Collection*

delivered their scientific reports, and club president Charles Eliot led discussions of business matters. Meetings usually included a meal, conversation, and singing, and closed with a rousing Yo Ho!

In December 1880, they presented their work before the Boston Society of Natural History and Harvard Society of Natural History.

The Champlain Society planned a second summer at Mount Desert. New members signed up (and paid their \$3.00 per week dues). Others, including George Dunbar and Charles Townsend, were unable to return to camp.

Orrin Donnell went to work on the yacht at Beverly on June 7. (Charles William Eliot paid half of Donnell's board and wages, \$12.98, and the Champlain Society paid the other half.) Two weeks later, Donnell sailed it up to Boston along with Francis Bellows Allen (Harvard Class of 1881), Ernest Lovering, Edward Rand, and Charles Eliot. Eliot purchased and organized provisions and gear, and on Saturday, June 25, Charles and Samuel Eliot, Edward and Henry Rand, Lovering, De Windt, J.L. Wakefield,

Spelman, and Hubbard sailed to Gloucester. Edward Rand, De Windt, Wakefield, and Lovering went back to Boston and William Dunbar joined the crew for travel to Maine (the others would arrive by ferry later).

It is on this trip that "claret lemonade," a favorite beverage of the Champlain Society, first appears in the logbooks. They fished for cunners, cod, pollock, and sculpins from the yacht, purchased and set off fireworks, and had pistol target-practice on the Rockport breakwater. Spelman shot seabirds, and a long and bright "Great Comet" made an appearance.

They arrived at Southwest Harbor on the afternoon of Saturday, July 2, 1881. They went ashore, visiting the post office, store, and freight house for tent bags, flour, and hard-bread. They visited the Eliots' new summer home then under construction, which they called "the Ancestral."

They wrote upon arrival at Smallidge's field, "The Sound looked as lovely as ever, and the camp field seemed as perfect a spot as it did to the first comers last year."



Yacht *Sunshine* at High Head. *M.P. Slade* photo

CHAMPLAIN
SOCIETY.

1881.

Camp Log.

Champlain Society Records

Camp Log 1881

66 Hubbard writing.

67 President James A. Garfield was assassinated in Washington, D.C. on July 2, 1881, shot in the back by Charles J. Guiteau, less than four months into his term. Garfield was scheduled to visit Bar Harbor the week of July 10, as guest of Secretary of State James Blaine of Maine, according to the *Mount Desert Herald* for July 14, 1881.

68 The yacht log was a separate notebook and is not transcribed here.

69 Trap dykes are linear formations of magma that crystallized within rock cracks when the continent was forming 200 million years ago.

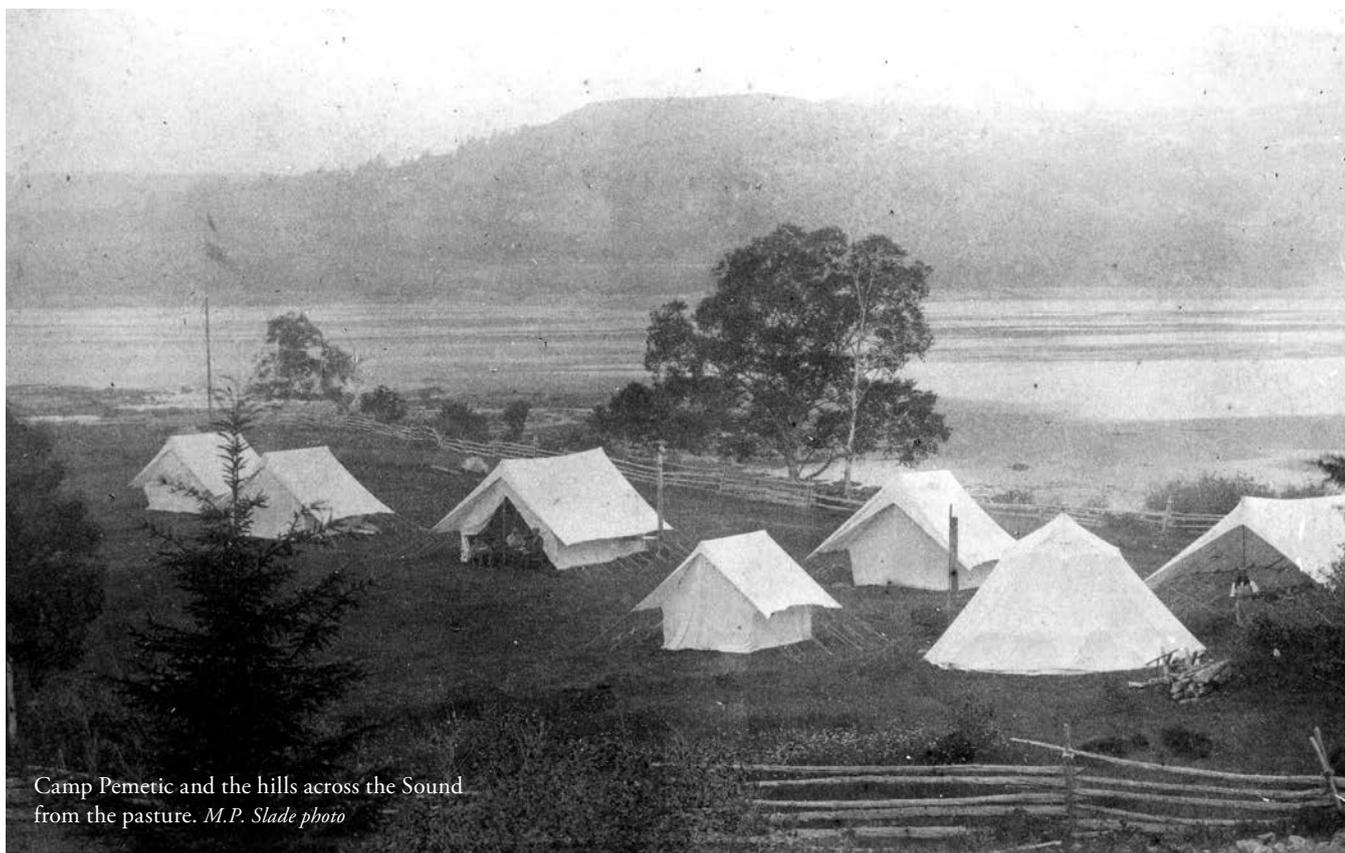
Sunday, July 3⁶⁶

The yacht *Sunshine* arrived at Camp Pemetie anchorage at about noon today after having lain at anchorage in Northeast Harbor overnight. She had a slow but successful trip, as Captain Eliot's log will show, from Boston, having been seven days and a few hours on the way. The following gentlemen came up on her: Captain Eliot, Messrs. Dunbar, Rand (H.L.), Spelman, and Hubbard. Mr. E.L. Rand arrived at Southwest Harbor by the S.F. *Richmond* on Sunday and was met by the yacht. The news of the attempted assassination of President James A. Garfield on Saturday was confirmed.⁶⁷ The doings of Sunday properly belong in the yacht's log, where they are recorded so that they will be passed over here.⁶⁸

The following departments are at present represented here: the Botanical, Ornithological, Geological, and Piscatorial, for to that Mr. H.L. Rand seems to be devoted. One thinks it is our duty to mention, though it does not deserve it, for a beginning made on Sunday is an unfair advantage over the other departments; namely the Botanical Department made an addition of five new species to the list of 1880. Mr. Spelman succeeded in obtaining a stormy petrel on the way here near the Isle of Shoals. The Botanical Department affirms that the season is late and we doubt not that the Meteorological Department would agree to it, for the trip down was remarkably cool, and but one day was without a shower. The Geological Department found some interesting trap dykes on the beach at York, running about east-northeast and west-southwest nearly parallel with the beach.⁶⁹

Monday, July 4

The sun rose bright and hot giving promise of a clear day and just right for pitching camp. Mr. E.L. Rand superintended the setting of the bunting on the yacht from the top mast to the quarter, appropriate to the Fourth. Orrin was early ashore to mow the camp field. While this was going on some fishing was done with no success, but with great slaughter to sculpins. During the morning six tents were pitched. The large parlor tent, four sleeping tents, the kitchen tent, and pantry fly. The cots, mattresses, poles,



Camp Pemetic and the hills across the Sound
from the pasture. *M.P. Slade photo*

and kitchen utensils were carted over to the camp from Mr. Smallidge's barn, where they were stored during the winter. Dinner on board the yacht. The afternoon was devoted to internal furnishing, and bathing by all but Eliot and E.L. Rand. Supper was the first meal on shore. After supper at about dark the committee on pyrotechnics gave a display to a large and enthusiastic audience from Northeast Harbor, in fact the whole village apparently. After the show, the Captain did the honors and showed off the "elephant" by the light of a torch, a souvenir of the procession of November 2, 1880.⁷⁰ Among the ceremonies of the day was the raising of the pole and camp flag over Camp Pemetic.

The flag was raised to the sound of a rousing "Yo Ho!" and the report of a large fire-cracker. After Yo Ho's for the ladies and for the camp, the Champlain Society, as far as represented, fell asleep to the lively hum of the mosquito, or hum of the lively mosquito.

The party occupy the tents as follows: C. Eliot, H.M. Hubbard, center; E.L. Rand, W.H. Dunbar, south; H.M. Spelman, H.L. Rand, north.⁷¹

⁷⁰ In the midterm election of 1874, Thomas Nast, political cartoonist, introduced the elephant as symbol for the Republican Party. November 2, 1880 was a Presidential Election Day and Republican James Garfield was running opposite Winfield Scott Hancock. The *Harvard Daily Echo* for that date reported a "Republican torchlight procession" attended by 9,000 people with decorations and fireworks.

⁷¹ Orrin slept aboard the yacht. Charles Eliot rented a rowboat for use by the camp when the yacht was away on excursions.

Tuesday, July 5

Another fine day with a steady breeze from the south. Writing letters etc. was in order, as the "mail" signal was set by Mr. E.L. Rand, signal officer pro. temp. in the absence of Mr. Lovering.

The interior of the parlor tent was decorated. Rand and Spelman while fishing and spearing, hooked but lost the first mackerel of the season. After dinner Eliot, Spelman, and E.L. Rand went to Southwest Harbor for the mail and errands.

H.L. Rand and Hubbard ascended Robinson's Mountain and descended near the west side. On the way home were shown the plans and entrances to "Captain Kidd's Cave" by the only man who has information direct from the "spirits" concerning the cave and the treasure contained in it. On the way to camp very good pollock fishing was found by trolling close to the west side of the sound. The sky became overcast before sunset and rain began at about 9 pm. William Breyant's tent pitched this evening.

Wednesday, July 6

Rainy and partially foggy morning with but little air stirring, what then was easterly. The Geological Department examined the structure of the rock on the shore of the sound nearly opposite and to the south of the camp. H.L. Rand and Spelman went off towards Hadlock's [Lower] Pond, Rand with his rod and Spelman with his gun. Spelman shot a "black and yellow warbler," a specimen was found for the Botanical Department, a parasite growing on a huckleberry bush, which, so far, has rather puzzled the botanists. The Botanical Department devoted the morning to analyses.

The Captain and Orrin after some trouble set a buoy on the sunken rock at the east of the channel out of the Sound. Rand found no trout in Hadlock's [Lower] Pond or the camp brook. Eliot and Hubbard continued the examination of the shore structure, and found that the flows of syenite run out beyond Gilpatrick's Cove.⁷² Mr. Eliot saw his mother at Kimball's. The Botanical Department according to best accounts rested after their arduous work of the morning on the great unknown specimen, which turns out is a "sell" on the Botanical Department, for it was not a parasite but a deformed huckleberry. In their enthusiasm notice of the discovery was mentioned in two epistles. Mr. Spelman indulged in a solitary troll for pollock, and Mr. Rand (H.L.) enjoyed an equally solitary fish barbecue [sic]. Mr. Dunbar coaxed the parlor stove into drawing so that more heat than smoke was given out. Swimmers before supper found the water very

⁷² Syenite is a coarse-grained igneous rock, similar to granite, but with less quartz.

icy. The three Harrys took a row and caught a mess of pollock for supper. A fire in the parlor tent in the evening was very acceptable.

The evening damp and chilly. A fog gathered over the water.

Thursday, July 7

The morning bright and clear in spite of contrary predictions of the night before. The sky was full of fine fleecy cirrus clouds, a light breeze up the Sound. The mail flag was set and letters were written and preparations made for a sail to Southwest, and a trip to Jordan's Pond by Harry Rand and Hubbard.

Messrs. Davis and Frank Wakefield met at Southwest Harbor coming on the *Lewiston* and *Mt. Desert* respectively, both additions to the Geological Department.⁷³ Messrs. Dunbar and Spelman were landed at Norwood's Cove which they explored to no purpose. Rand and Hubbard got a fairly early start and reached the cove by [Little] Long Pond at ten, on the way to Jordan's Pond they missed the road and climbed the rest of the way through a "bloody jungle" reaching Jordan's much exhausted and minus a tip to one of their borrowed rods.⁷⁴ Fishing from the boat hired of Jordan they secured 29 trout, worth keeping, before and after lunch. Camp was reached by nine. In the afternoon Messrs. Eliot and Davis went to Echo Lake and made as they thought a discovery. Mr. Hubbard could not determine whether Jordan's Pond was dammed in by a moraine in a basin of syenite, indications strong of the latter.⁷⁵

Messrs. Spelman and Dunbar went to Hadlock's [Lower] Pond exploring, and ended with a bath in the dingy looking water. Some more "deformed huckleberry blossoms" found. Messrs. Jones and Foster arrived at about 5:30 pm by buckboard from Bar Harbor via Northeast Harbor. Messrs. Eliot, Davis, and Spelman in the yacht for the night. Jones and Foster, both of the Botanical Department, occupy the Captain's tent. The President is steadily improving. Ring around moon and sky very hazy.

Friday, July 8⁷⁶

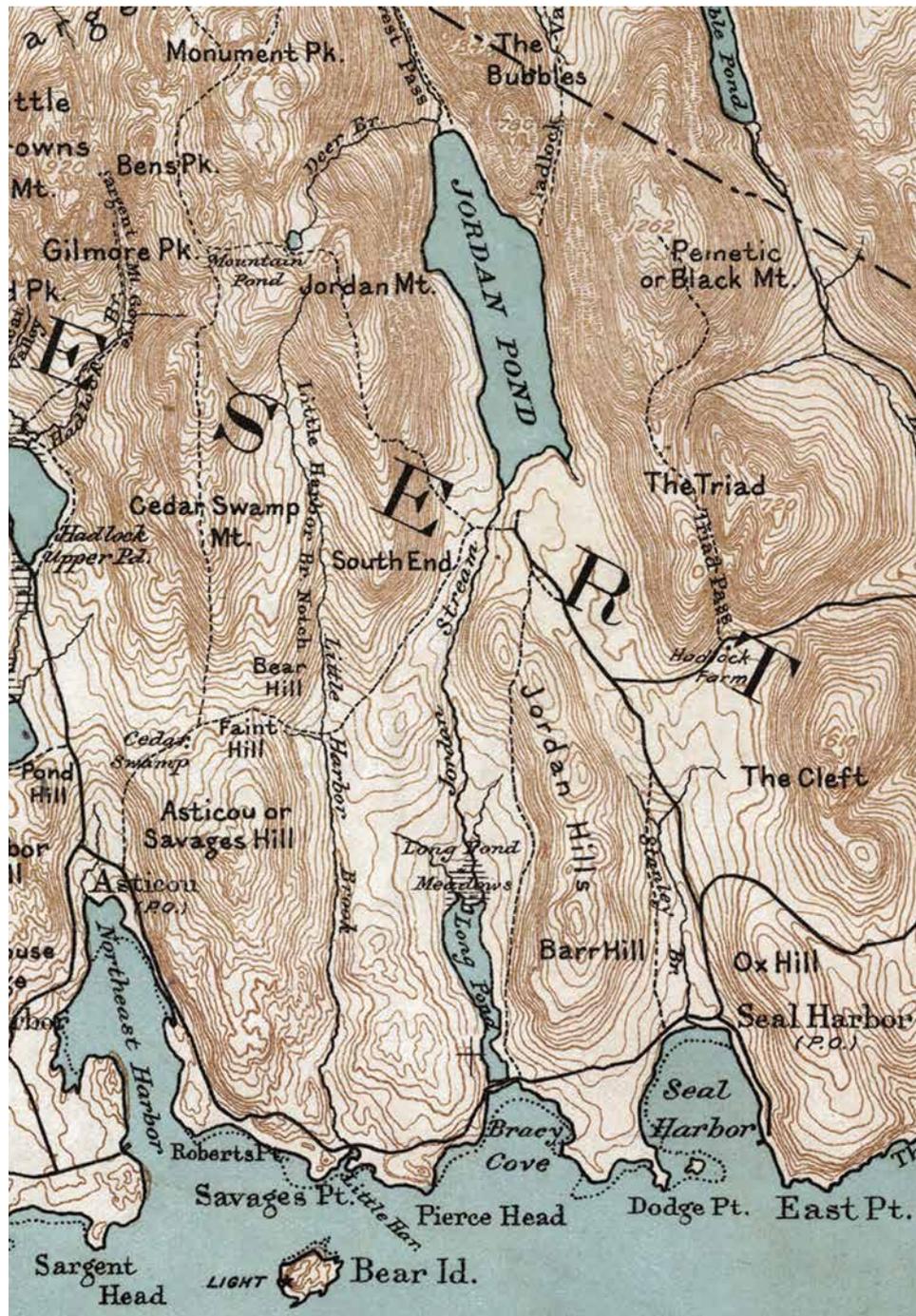
Morning bright and beautiful, the ominous haze of the night before notwithstanding. As Mr. Hubbard departed for a trip on the yacht he shifted the care of the log on to Mr. Foster's shoulders. After breakfast, the *Sunshine*, with Messrs. Eliot, Davis, Hubbard, and Spelman on board left for a cruise to the western part of the island, leaving the remainder of the party to their own devices, and pursuits which proved to be as follows:

73 The steamship ferry *Mount Desert* began operation in 1879. At 162 feet it was smaller than *Lewiston*, but faster, and traveled to Rockland, Deer Isle, Southwest Harbor, Bar Harbor, and Sullivan.

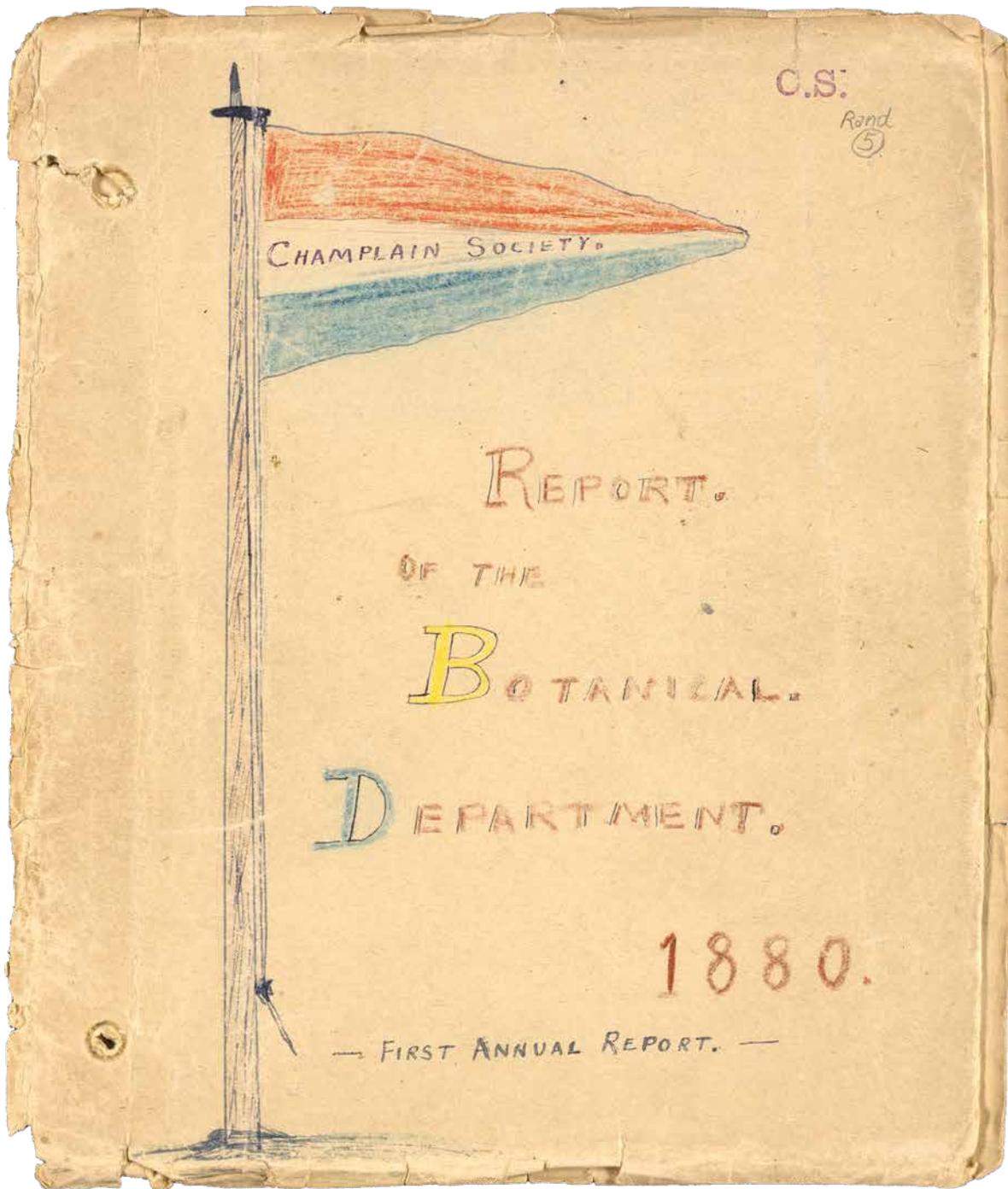
74 Rand and Hubbard likely walked along the road through Northeast Harbor to Bracy Cove (at Long Pond). "The road" they missed was approximately the Stanley Brook entrance to Acadia National Park, suggesting that the "bloody jungle" was the area of Barr Hill or Day Mountain and the Triad.

75 Picnics at Jordan Pond were popular in the 1880s, an excursion typically made by buckboard to Eagle Lake, then across the lake by steamboat and by foot along the "carry" trail to Jordan Pond, where rowboats were waiting. Supper was had on the grass near the farmhouse at the south end of the pond. George and John Jordan built the house in 1847. They planted a small apple orchard and ran a logging operation with a sawmill and dam at the pond's outlet. In 1864 Melvan Tibbetts of Exeter, Maine, bought the farm (the Jordans continued to operate the sawmill), and that summer advertised that "a full line of first class boats and canoes" was available, as well as "good stabling and feed for horses."

76 Foster writing.



Map excerpt showing Bracy Cove and Jordan Pond, 1893. *Library of Congress*



Cover of Botanical Department report. *Courtesy of the Archives of the Gray Herbarium, Harvard University*

E.L. Rand and Wakefield took a ramble through Northeast Harbor and the vicinity, managing on their return to get lost in the woods, returning an hour and a half later than expected. As Rand is Lieutenant in the absence of the Captain, this deferring of the dinner hour was solemnly felt by the remainder of the party.

Meanwhile, Messrs. Jones and Foster took a pull across to Dog Mountain, which they ascended with much toil reaching the summit with scarce enough strength even to engage in the manly occupation of rolling stones over the cliff. To certain picturesque spots they gave the euphonious names of Satan's Causeway, Agamemnon's Tomb, etc. They returned to dinner.

Mr. Dunbar, one [of] the remaining members of the party, had been devoting his energies during the morning to the perusal of a novel. Weary of so much labor, he sought recreation in the afternoon by taking a solitary row up the Sound, returning with his capacious tin box containing a few well known specimens, and a specimen of *Carex* the analysis of which the Botanical Department decided to defer.⁷⁷ The Department discovered that its various emissaries had added during the day eighteen specimens to the list.

About 4:15 pm the long looked for *Vapor* appeared and startled the echoes with a salute in response to which the camp horn and a mammoth fire cracker were rivals.⁷⁸ The *Vapor* concealed the persons of Messrs. S. Eliot and Slade, with Messrs. Wells and Jenkins.⁷⁹ Shortly afterwards President Eliot, with Mrs. Eliot and Miss Hopkinson, called on the camp.⁸⁰ After supper, a tug of war took place, in which the crew of the *Vapor* twice pulled over the line a picker team from the camp.

A regatta followed, in which the crews were as follows: (1.) Messrs. Eliot and Dunbar—Wakefield, cox. (2.) Messrs. Slade and Wells—Jenkins, cox.

No. 1 won in 3 minutes, 20 seconds. The winning crew was decided to be the representatives of Harvard, and the crimson floated triumphantly above the blue and white, which were decided by Mr. E.L. Rand, signal officer, to be the colors of the vanquished. Weather clear; moonlight; evening cool.

Saturday, July 9

Another beautiful but warm morning. Shortly after breakfast, the *Vapor* sailed. Taking all her crew except Mr. Slade, who is to remain at camp. Soon after, Mr. H.L. Rand, who had astonished the camp by rising at half-past five o'clock, bade his colleagues goodbye and was conveyed by Mr.

77 *Carex* is a genus of sedge.

78 The yacht *Vapor* belonged to the Reverend Francis G. Peabody, Unitarian minister and Harvard Divinity School professor, and uncle to Charles and Sam Eliot.

79 Most likely Benjamin W. Wells (1856–1923), Harvard Class of 1877. Jenkins possibly John B. Jenkins, Harvard Law 1883.

80 Miss Hopkinson, one of Mrs. Eliot's nieces (a daughter of John Hopkinson).

Dunbar with the assistance of Mr. Wakefield to Southwest Harbor, there to take the steamer *Mt. Desert* for Bar Harbor. May all prosperity be his.

Not long after Mr. Rand's departure, Messrs. Jones and Foster decided to penetrate the trackless wilds to the summit of Sargent's Mountain. Taking their dinner with them they started at 9:30, and at 1:15, after a laborious tramp, were on the summit of the nearest peak which surrounds Sargent's, and which has been denominated Jones' Mountain. Here their courage almost left them, as the heat and severe climbing had made them extremely thirsty, and they could find no water fit to drink when they almost decided to beat a retreat to the nearest house in sight, they accidentally found a pool of cool rain water in a crevice in the rock. Refreshed by this, they continued their journey, down a steep cliff and up the opposite ridge. On the summit of this they found a beautiful dike, a specimen of which they brought home for the benefit of the Geological Department. Their ascent was continued to the summit of Sargent's, where they enjoyed the view, put a stone on the pyramid, and started on the descent over the long ridge to the southward, reaching home shortly before eight.

The rest of the party had spent the morning about camp, and the afternoon in trips to Southwest Harbor on excursions to the butcher's and other marts of trade. Nine specimens were added to the Botanical Department's list, among them the rare *Lycopodium selago*, found by Mr. Jones on the top of Sargent's Mountain.⁸¹

Evening—weather a little hazy and cool.

Another important event was over looked by the scribe, namely: through the energy of Mr. Rand of the Botanical Department and Signal Service, a pole was obtained upon which were hoisted the colors of the Botanical Department.

Sunday, July 10

Morning bright and warm. The Sunday or Church flag was raised to remind the occupants of the camp that it was not a day for tramping or searching for the treasures of earth. Accordingly, after the late breakfast, the party proceeded to devote themselves to idleness and harmless occupations more or less befitting the Sabbath. In the afternoon, Jones and Foster went to Southwest Harbor, returning in a somewhat disheartened condition, in season for supper. After supper, Rand and Slade went fishing, and their evil deed was rewarded by the capture of eight pollock.

⁸¹ Mountain fir moss, *Huperzia appressa*. It is still rare, and a species of special concern in Maine.

During the afternoon—in the absence of the scribe, so that he can not report as an eye witness—the camp was the recipient of a visit from four persons, two masculine, two feminine. The younger of the latter seems to have been the most welcome guest, at least it is of her that the writer has received the most information. Less welcome visitors came in the evening, namely, the mosquitoes, who essayed to join the party sitting in front of the parlor tent, but were induced to leave as the smoke arose from cigarettes kindly furnished the party by Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Rand, to whom the writer here takes the opportunity to extend his thanks for this thoughtful provision.

Three specimens, heretofore unnoticed, were found in the Sabbath walks abroad of the Botanical Department, making a total of forty-eight new specimens added to the list this year. Evening, weather fair and cool.

Monday, July 11

A strong wind blowing from the north accompanied with a little rain caused the party to seek the inside of the tents and make the front doors fast. It being necessary to send a boat to Southwest Harbor for Mr. S. Eliot, there was much discussion as to who should go in it. It was finally decided that Rand and Dunbar were the fit persons to undertake the expedition, they started about ten o'clock, reaching Fernald's in an exhausted state. Thence they walked by the butcher's to Southwest Harbor. They report having experienced much difficulty in conveying their rubber boots, and do not recommend them for athletic contests. They, however, reached their destination in safety, obtained the mail and Mr. Eliot and were rowed home by him, reaching camp in time for a late dinner. After dinner Jones and Foster went to Southwest Harbor to visit the latter's father, who, however, during their absence, visited the camp in company with two other persons. Jones and Foster arrived too late to view the great regatta, on account of which is hereafter inserted, by request, in true *Herald* style as the limited resources of Camp Pemetic can afford.⁸² The *Sunshine*, with the Geological Department on board, arrived during the afternoon. Vague rumors are afloat of great discoveries made during this expedition, but the camp is yet in ignorance of the nature of them. The Botanical Department have added seven new specimens.

Weather cleared at noon and at night is beautiful.

82 Possibly referring to style of reporting in the *Boston Herald*, newspaper founded in 1846.

Propellors of the Paddle!
Pematic's Pluck!
Single Sculling on Some's Sound!
Wondrous wiggling on the winey waters!
Yelling by the Yachtsmen.
Chivalrous cheering by the Champlains!
Slade wins!
Time 4.6½!
Victor and Vanquished.

Never did an evening settle more peacefully on the waters of Somes Sound than the memorable one of July 11, 1881. One might read in the swirling hues that rose like a billowy curtain back of Robinson's Mountain, the glowing promise of an event long to be remembered by the fortunate denizens of Camp Pematic. That event was the Grand Regatta.

Limited space permits only the briefest account of a race to which the most ornate eloquence would fail to do justice. The first to take his seat in the boat was Mr. Hubbard. Manly and impressive he appeared, his genial face beaming with good will to all, showing that even if defeated he had still a warm place in his heart for his opponents. Bending his rugged back to the oar, he began a vigorous pull which brought him back to the finish in 4.18, amid the cheers of the crowd.

Dunbar succeeded him. The decided curl to his lip showed that he was resolved that he who should beat him should labor for his victory. His pluck told, noble stroke after stroke brought him back to the finish line at 4.12. Cheer rose into cheer as the hero made room for his next competitor, Mr. Eliot. One who has ever seen this gentleman in a struggle for the mastery, needs not to be told of the calm pluck and energy with which he set himself to the task of reducing the time of his opponents. His effort was successful. The timekeeper's watch had ticked away but four minutes, ten and a half seconds, when the boat, with its triumphant occupant, dashed across the finish. Breathless anxiety now awaited the arrival of the last competitor, Mr. Slade, whose tall figure, erect and commanding, now approached. Calmly he took his place in the boat and set himself to the task. The unerring precision with which his vigorous stroke bore his boat along a straight course, told wonderfully in his favor.

He was declared the winner in 4.6½. The scene which follows can better be imagined than described, and to the imagination the scribe here leaves it.

P.S. The chronicler has been informed of an important event—the arrival as visitors to the camp of three young ladies, fair and fascinating. Truly it has been a red letter day for Camp Pemetic.

Tuesday, July 12⁸³

A late breakfast to which all the yacht's crew were late. The camp is much annoyed at present by the selfish spirit manifested at meals in regard to chairs. There are unfortunately but three chairs with backs and these are always monopolized by the first comers. The evil is increased by the fact that the hardship falls almost exclusively on one member, the present writer (W.H.D.).

Immediately after breakfast Messrs. Rand, Wakefield, and Spelman went to Southwest Harbor to meet the *Richmond* in order to have a short interview with Mr. Lovering, and also to do some errands. Mr. Davis assisted by Mr. Hubbard spent a portion of the morning in making a geological chart illustrating work done on their recent trip. Mr. Slade surprised the camp by a sudden development of energy sufficient to induce him to take a solitary row of two miles and take a photographic view. It was none too soon, as certain sceptics in the camp were coming to the opinion that the vast array of bottles brought by this gentleman were for amusement instead of for use. Mr. Foster, as usual, occupied himself with a novel. The only useful work performed by this gentleman so far is currently supposed to be the keeping of this record, it is to him we owe the highly amusing but sadly inaccurate record of the doings in camp during the past four days.

After the return of the Southwest Harbor party Messrs. Hubbard, Spelman, S.A. Eliot, Wakefield, Slade, and Dunbar repaired to Hadlock's [Lower] Pond for purpose of health and amusement, viz: a bath. During their absence some lemonade was manufactured of which a portion was saved for the bathers, but unfortunately on account of a recurrence of the selfish spirit herein before condemned, all of the bathers did not receive their share which was swallowed by their more eager brethren.

The next event of the day was dinner and after that important business had been satisfactorily completed, the *Sunshine* was prepared for another trip and at 3:15 pm set sail for Somesville with Mr. S.A. Eliot in command of Messrs. Foster, Jones, and Wakefield. Dunbar and Rand accompanied her as far as Brown's Mountain and were set ashore at about the middle of that hill while Mr. Slade who had also accompanied the yacht left her in the camp boat, to return to the camp photographing on the way. The two members of the Botanical Department who had been put ashore

had a very hard climb up Brown's Mountain and a difficult descent to Hadlock's [Lower] Pond whence weary and foot-sore they returned home, having been rewarded by securing a number of new species. Meantime the indefatigable Mr. Davis with his able assistant Mr. Hubbard did valuable work hammering rocks at the narrows. All hands, except the yacht party, met at the supper table [at] seven o' clock and after supper Spelman and Hubbard tried for pollock unsuccessfully. As darkness shut in, the parlor tent was occupied by a busy company at work on geology, botany, etc.

The Botanical Department, i.e. the camp division of it, increased their list by the addition of seven new species while the "Petrarium" was also increased.⁸⁴ Day clear and bright until late in the afternoon. Evening cloudy.

84 "Petrarium" is a rock collection.

Wednesday, July 13

An early breakfast to enable Messrs. Davis and Hubbard to get an early start on a long walk to Bass Harbor. This they did in spite of the threatening weather; but, unfortunately they forgot to take with them the thermometer to be left at the lighthouse by the Meteorological Department. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that the Captain forgot to give it to them as the matter was in his hands.

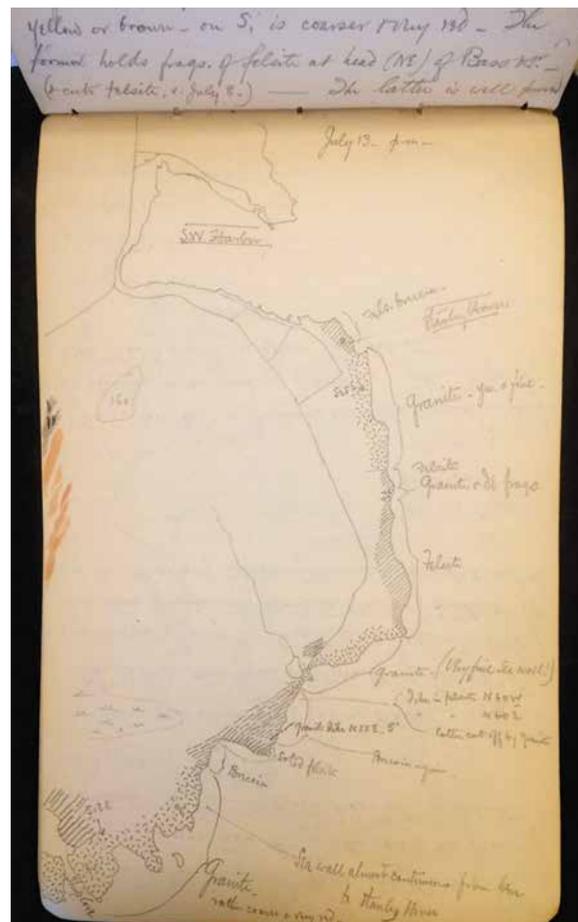
Mr. Slade signalized the morning first by an athletic exhibition in which he nearly succeeded in hanging himself, first by his foot and then by his necktie, in the tree in front of Camp. After this feat he settled to more substantial work and photographed the Camp from back of the spring. The rain began to fall very shortly after this and all hands repaired to the parlor tent for literary amusement with the exception of Mr. Spelman who continued to play the part of the "lone fisherman." This gentleman is attached to the Ornithological Department and not to the Ichthyological as a casual observer might suppose. He has been temporarily deprived of the use of his gun as it has been accidentally carried off on the yacht.

The dinner in camp was simple, but substantial and much relished as everyone seemed to have a craving for food.

After dinner the Captain and E.L. Rand visited the former's family at Northeast Harbor, while Mr. Spelman resumed his fishing until stopped by the boat's being required by Dunbar to row to Southwest Harbor after Mr. Davis and Hubbard. Mr. Davis was picked up at the Stanley House and Mr. Hubbard at the Freeman.⁸⁵ The fog was very thick coming back and Mr. Dunbar steered in such a manner that the party was suddenly startled

85 Sans Stanley's hotel in Southwest Harbor (Manset), built in 1876, was a particular favorite with Boston area academics and their families. The Freeman House was later known as the Ashmont and now Inn at Southwest Harbor.

Page from William Morris Davis sketchbook, July 13, 1881. *MS Am 1345 (6)*, Houghton Library, Harvard University



by finding Manchester's Point on the port side instead of on the starboard.

The two geologists reported a very interesting and instructive walk, having dined at the head of Seal Harbor and had a long walk back. Their energy is highly to be praised and should be copied by all.

The evening was occupied by Mr. Davis in working over the specimens obtained during the day while the remainder of the party were devoted to literature.

A day chiefly remarkable for the amount of loafing done in camp, even the Captain condescending to read.

Foggy all day with occasional intervals of light rain.

Thursday, July 14

The Captain and Slade were up early working at the brook, building a dam in the hope of perfecting a system of jetties. After breakfast there was a general loaf. It was blowing so hard that the Captain did not venture to send the boat across although Mr. Lovering was due on the *Lewiston*. Just before dinner President and Mrs. Eliot and Professor Storer of the Bussey Institute visited the camp to the consternation of some of its inhabitants who were [not] dressed to receive visitors (notably Mr. Davis who had on an old pair of trousers and Mr. Dunbar who was without a neck-tie, as usual).

After dinner which was earlier than ordinarily, the Captain and Rand rowed to Southwest Harbor, to get Lovering, visit the butcher, etc. Mr. Davis went on a tramp along the shore. Messrs. Hubbard and Spelman got each a flag pole for his department and Messrs. Rand and Dunbar analyzed one flower, or rather fruit picked up by the former.

About four o'clock, the boat returned and Mr. Lovering was welcomed to Camp Pematic. After supper a baseball brought by the newcomer was put into use and in the evening literature was resorted to by nearly all as a means of whiling away the time. At last the evening closed with a scene of wild confusion, all the lights being suddenly and violently extinguished, whereupon the parlor tent poured its excited throng out into the cold moonlight. Fortunately no damage was done.

During the day a violent dispute arose as to the right of the Captain to carry out his jetty scheme. It seems that to do so he was obliged to build a dam which diverted a portion of the brook from its former channel, thereby interfering with the sanitary arrangements of Messrs. Spelman and Rand. The latter denied the Captain's right to do this, Mr. Rand sustaining his position by various legal citation. At last a compromise was effected which amicably settled what had bid fair to be a serious discussion.

A sunny but somewhat hazy day with a very strong north to west wind.

Friday, July 15⁸⁶

As near as the writer, upon whom the task of recording the deeds of both the camp and yacht parties has been ruthlessly cast, is able to ascertain, the principal occupation of the inhabitants of Camp Pematic was, as usual, loafing. Mr. Dunbar, however, is said by himself to have done some work. Mr. Rand, likewise says he made an excursion for the benefit of science, to the foot of Dog Mountain. Messrs. Davis, Eliot, and Hubbard walked around the shore to Northeast Harbor making valuable discoveries. Slade

86 Foster writing.

87 Scrub baseball, a way of playing baseball with any number of players and no teams.

and Lovering succeeded in cutting a spar for the buoy, after having first removed, or nearly removed, Mr. L's patella in the operation. Mr. Slade photographed the lower part of Dog Mountain. At 3:15 the *Sunshine* appeared, but in response to a signal from camp did not furl sail, and about 4:30 she was boarded by Captain Eliot, and Messrs. Slade and Lovering, who with Messrs. Rand and Dunbar, constitute the party to make a "bumming" tour to Bar Harbor and thence around the island. After supper a game of baseball was instituted back of the camp and all the energetic members of the party engaged in scrub till darkness fell, Messrs. Rand and Jones being respectively umpire and spectator.⁸⁷ After this, the more intellectual amusement, "school," was played to the glory of Mr. Davis as pedagogue. Messrs. Rand and Dunbar here took their leave of the party to join the *Sunshine* at Northeast Harbor. The parting from these gentlemen was truly affecting. Mr. Rand was much overcome, and tears of sorrow actually found their way down Mr. Dunbar's velvet cheek, though the darkness rendered them invisible to the bereaved survivors. Novels and other occupations, domestic and scientific, occupied the evening till 10:30. A valiant battle against mosquitoes was carried on during the evening, in which the noticeable features were the courageous onslaught of Mr. Eliot, the self-sacrificing endeavors of Wakefield and Foster to stupefy the foe, and the array of 15 corpses, trophies of Mr. Jones's prowess.

Weather clear and cool.

Saturday, July 16

Weather clear in the morning. Messrs. Davis, Hubbard, and Spelman, after partaking of an early breakfast, left camp to join the *Sunshine* party at Northeast Harbor at 7:30. They were taken by the yacht to Otter Creek whence they returned by way of the shore to Harbor Brook examining the structure. They arrived in camp at 4 pm. Mr. Spelman contributed a specimen to the Botanical Department—a species of *Orchis* which he found on the way.

The party left in camp occupied themselves with letter writing and novel reading the first of the morning. At about 11:30 Eliot and Foster started for the meat and mail. They had a hard row to Norwood's Cove and considerable trouble in finding the butcher, so that they did not reach camp till 3 pm.

About one o'clock the fog appeared quite thick on the neighboring hill tops, but did not settle down on the camp. Later it began to rain, so that the last part of the afternoon was spent by the party around the fire in

the parlor tent. While the occupants of the camp were at supper the wind increased and made the canvas flap, so that the apprehensions of the party were excited lest they should be deprived of a shelter. Suddenly a crash was heard above, and the supper dishes seemed to be in imminent danger of destruction by the fall of the broken pole. Every one leaped to his feet and instantly took his place to assist in holding up the tent. In a few moments a support was put in, the broken pole lashed, and order restored. The party then resumed supper which had not suffered by the calamity save in temperature. The thunder storm continued through the evening, preventing outdoor occupations. The lightning was very bright and the rain heavy. Lights out at 10:30.

Sunday, July 17

After breakfast the camp received a visit from President Eliot and Professor Storer. Soon after their departure the parlor tent was taken down to the ridgepole, mended by four nails and a rope, and the tent replaced, the weak spot in the ridgepole being strengthened by an extra support. This support, by the way, comes just at the end of the dining table and affords serious inconvenience to the present occupant of the seat at the foot, Mr. Eliot, by impeding the use of his right arm. He has, however, now so arranged it that it is on the other side, and affords a support for his back whenever the selfish spirit of the party is manifested in depriving the worthy gentleman of his much needed arm chair. There is little to be recorded of Sabbath doings. Messrs. Davis, Jones, Hubbard, Wakefield, and Foster rowed across to Flying Mountain in the afternoon and spent some time on the summit, eating blueberries and enjoying the view. In the evening, after different members of the party had taken walks to various points, letter writing and the usual reading was in order till 10:30.

Weather: Fog lifted about 7 am. Clear all day and evening.

Monday, July 18

Morning clear and pleasant. Mr. Davis left us after breakfast. He was rowed to Southwest Harbor by Messrs. Wakefield, Hubbard, and Spelman. At 10 am Jones and Foster started to make the ascent of Pemetic. The weather was delightful for walking, the sky becoming overcast soon after 10:30. The pedestrians reached the foot of the mountain (Jordan's Pond) at 12, and the summit at about 1:30 staying there about an hour. The return was

made in about 3 1/2 hours. Mr. Eliot during the absence of the remainder resolved himself into a cabinet maker and constructed a "bureau" of the meteorological kind, which excited the curiosity of the uninitiated. The structure is highly successful though Mr. Eliot was unfortunate to cut his thumb in the operation. Spelman, Wakefield, and Hubbard went on an excursion in the afternoon to Robinson's, and had an interview with that gentleman. After supper, a game of scrub was played by the whole party. When the darkness prevented this, all mounted the fence and raised the echoes of the night with all the songs that they could think of, till the lieutenant, Mr. Jones, became disgusted and retreated to the parlor tent and his book from which he was aroused by the melodious notes of "skeeter on the wall." The evening was closed by nine cheers and a Yo Ho! by the crowd. Evening partly cloudy. Thermometer 54.

Tuesday, July 19

Morning pleasant but increasing cloudiness during the day. It being mail and butcher day, Messrs. Hubbard and Spelman were detailed by the Lieutenant to attend to the usual errands of that day. Mr. Wakefield volunteered to accompany them. The remainder of the party stayed idly in camp. The Southwest Harbor party returned in season for dinner. Hubbard and Spelman took the boat and went to spear flounders, but were unsuccessful, as the wind was too high. They left the boat some distance from the shore, and were obliged to go for it after supper, after it (the boat) had been through several gymnastic feats, ending with standing on its head against the rocks. After dinner the rain began to fall, and the crowd returned to the various tents with their novels and other time-beguilers.

The rain ceasing towards the latter part of the afternoon, the party played a game of scrub which was frequently interrupted by showers, causing the players to retreat to the parlor tent, and play whist etc. as a substitute. The game was resumed in the evening. Supper was an especially hilarious occasion. Every member of the party manifest a remarkable curiosity in regard to the habits of the mosquito, and are loud in their inquiries as to whether this bird had ever been seen on the wall. The question is one which should be investigated by the Ornithological Department. With the regard of today, the present scribe (J. McG.F.) bids farewell to the log and the party who have been his companions during his sojourn in camp, hoping to meet them again at the winter sessions of the Champlain Society.



Lovering and Rand in the yacht's boat at Squid Cove.

M.P. Slade photo

Wednesday, July 20⁸⁸

An early breakfast for Messrs. Jones and Foster began the day, and all were up to see them off, even the Meteorological Department. Both of those leaving will be missed, Mr. Jones especially by the Botanical Department, Mr. Foster, who, while in camp, has kept the log, and whose place it will be hard to fill. Wakefield took them to meet the Bangor boat *Queen City* and did the usual Southwest Harbor errands. S.A. Eliot, Spelman, and Hubbard left at about 10 to ascend Sargent's.

They took the usual way beyond Upper Hadlock, ascended the ravine of the first brook, crossed the bubbles of Jones Mountain and ascended the Ravine to Sargent's lofty summit, reaching this at about 1 pm. Spelman remained in the gorge to shoot.⁸⁹ The view, which is well known to the C.S. as a whole, needs not to have its praise sounded here. Three other climbers were met on the summit. After lunch the party of three met again at Upper Hadlock and refreshed themselves with a swim. At about five when near the ledge on Brown's on the path home the salute of the *Sunshine* was heard.

88 Hubbard writing.

89 Approximately the route of current Maple Spring and Grandgent trails, but crossing summit of Gilmore ("Jones") Peak.

The cruise around the island appears to have been eminently successful, socially at least.

Twelve new specimens were found by the Botanical Department, several photographs were taken by Mr. Slade.⁹⁰ Captain Eliot made several geological expeditions ashore.

Wakefield reported visitors in the morning and afternoon. The thanks of the society are due to Professor F.H. Storer for some interesting bones and stone implements found near the surface of some fresh shell-heaps on Gilpatrick's Cove. The evening is one not soon to be forgotten and was devoted to athletics. The feature of the meeting of the C.S.A.A.⁹¹ was a "yelling match" between Messrs. Slade and Dunbar, Mr. Dunbar winning easily in three trials scoring 14 to Mr. Slade's 9½. Dashes, hop paces, and baseball followed until dark, not to speak of music which however continued as such for but a short time. Night was made hideous by Messrs. E.L. Rand, Dunbar, and Spelman, they called it Class Day procession, better the last hours of a lively Commencement Day. We strongly suspect Harvard Punch to be at the bottom of it.⁹² Cheering and tooting on a horn (by a prominent member of the Botanical Department) seemed to predominate among the noises.

Thursday, July 21⁹³

Slade, Lovering, and C. Eliot who sleep aboard the yacht came ashore promptly and breakfast was disappearing at 8 am. Dunbar and S.A. Eliot are the "late men," but their tardiness is said to be due to different causes. Slade having brought his camera ashore, a group shot was taken. The fellows sat on the banks of the brook close to its mouth, and the scene included much falling water, much wet rock, and very much leg.⁹⁴

At about 10 o'clock F.M. Wakefield departed, going in the black boat with Hubbard and Spelman to take the *Lewiston* at Southwest Harbor. The boat didn't return until after 2 pm, the fellows having waited for the mail.

As the weather was bad, nothing to speak of was done in the morning, but the following events of thrilling and vital importance took place during the day. A 30 foot spar buoy was anchored outside the three foot rock by Lovering and Slade.

The cannon brought by the yacht from Bar Harbor was planted near the flagpole and fired twice. The second charge, which was fired late in the evening, smashed the carriage all to smithereens, and the smiles and tears on the faces of the beholders were affecting to look upon. The gun is

90 There is a parenthetical here, describing a "tableau" or scene. An "inquisitive pleasure seeker" notes that Slade produces "no tintypes however," to which Slade responds, "I'm not in the business."

"You do it for pleasure then?"

"Yes."

"It must be very pleasant."

91 Champlain Society Athletic Association.

92 The C.S. make numerous later references to Harvard Punch, an alcoholic beverage made from bourbon, brandy, champagne, and orange liqueur (see <http://fdrfoundation.org/tag/harvard-punch/>). The term could be used as their code for any form of alcohol consumption, or sarcastically.

93 Charles Eliot writing.

94 From yacht's log: "Slade has the use of the stateroom for his photograph work and many of the productions there 'developed' are very pretty, while others are decidedly 'measly,' witness Rand's face in the 'Brook Group.'"

pronounced by the gunner, Mr. Lovering, to be unfit for further service. (Thank _____!, says C.E.)

Lovering and Rand rowed to Fernald's and walked to Echo Lake, returning in time for supper. On their return they found the fog in the sound very thick. C. Eliot walked to Kimball's in the pm and geologized a little on the west side of Northeast Harbor.

Dunbar—well, he greatly increased his mental power by reading a French novel. Spelman and Hubbard speared flounders in sufficient number for supper; and after supper all hands save C. Eliot took part in "scrub."

Whist occupied four fellows in the early evening, while Slade was engaged in mending the glass in his camera by means of court-plaster and pins supplied by the man who broke the glass, i.e. the parlor-stove-fireman, H.M. Spelman.

In the latter part of the evening there was much rioting—torches flashed, shouts re-echoed, tin horns blew, the cannon busted itself, the goat waked up and pranced.⁹⁵

Finally, escorted by flaming torches, the yacht crowd, Slade, Lovering, and C. Eliot, betook themselves to the shore, whence the valiant Orrin rowed them out into the darkness and stillness of the Sound and so aboard the yacht.

As the yacht party was about to get into bed, a sound of revelry came from the shore and upon gaining the deck, behold a never to be forgotten sight was seen upon the land where Camp Pemetic should certainly have been.

Instead of the lone white light of the lamp of the parlor tent, a fearful and blood-red glow illumined the pitchy darkness of the night, and figures of fantastic and horrible shape were to be seen rushing and wheeling about in the midst of the ghostly fire. The yacht party, including Orrin, gazed with fixedness of horror at the fiendish shapes of black that the brilliant illumination "set off" against itself. "Are they cannibals or devils?" such was the question that each man put to himself—But now the light begins to fade away; the figures, still keeping up their hellish movements, are slowly blotted out of sight, and the quiet of the "silent night" returns. The yacht party finally gets the better of its astonishment and is about to come to the conclusion that the sight just witnessed had never really taken place—that it was all a dream—when a voice as of a fiend was heard from out the dark crying "Captain you are drunk!"

The yacht-crowd retired, or rather, fled in haste to the cabin, where having agreed that such a cry as this was, and conveying such an inhuman statement as this did, could have come from no being but a

⁹⁵ "The Goat" is the nickname for William Dunbar.



At Hadlock Brook. Left to right: Rand, Hubbard, F. Wakefield, C. Eliot, Lovering, W. Dunbar, Spelman, S. Eliot. *M.P. Slade photo*

devil or a demoniacal animal (say a Goat), they got into their beds in fear and trembling. This time they were permitted to get to sleep without interruption, but it took a good deal of "stimulant" all round to make them able to keep in their beds a sufficiently long time to get to sleep: such was the effect of the experience of the evening.

96 William Dunbar writing.

Friday, July 22⁹⁶

Another day of loafing. The weather was unpropitious, threatening and with occasional showers. In the morning Rand did a little analyzing of specimens obtained the previous day. Dunbar mended the camp baseball, while the Captain was deeply buried in accounts. Slade and Hubbard sailed in the little boat (yacht's tender) trolling for mackerel of which they caught about a dozen.

In the afternoon C. Eliot, Slade, and S.A. Eliot went across the sound to Flying and Slade took two views one of which, however, with his distinctive faculty, he smashed. Mr. Slade is deserving of much censure on account of the reckless manner in which he has treated his apparatus. It seems to the other members of the camp as if he [has] broken fully half of his bottles and several negatives.

After supper in spite of the wet there was a little baseball, but darkness soon drew all hands into the parlor tent.

The Captain and Slade retired early to their beds on board the yacht. No sooner were they gone than the remainder of the company began to scheme and have a "time."

It was finally decided that all hands should row quietly out to the yacht carrying torches and horns with a spitting devil, and when close up to the yacht startle the night with a rousing Yo Ho! Torches were then to be lighted and a few choice songs indulged in together with blasts on the horns, then torches extinguished and spitting devil set off. The remaining events were left to be decided by circumstances. It was hoped that this varied programme would produce some visible effect on the sleepers on the yacht.

The scheme was carried out to perfection. Silently the boat was propelled from the shore, silently it drew up alongside the yacht and then such a shout was raised as has seldom been heard in the purlieus even of Camp Pemetic. The torches blazed brightly, the horns were blown manfully, the voices of the plotters were raised loudly in song; the spitting devil expectorated in manner showing it was worthy of the name; but no stir of life was heard or seen on board the devoted *Sunshine*. It was not until next morning that it was disclosed how Mr. Slade had felt called upon to arm himself with his boots in case of an inroad into the cabin.

Returning to the shore a procession was formed, each member of the camp party was cheered, and finally nine times nine was given for the grand trap constructed by Mr. Spelman in the morning. Next torches were planted in the ground and a dance performed around them to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." An auto-da-fe followed in which Mr. Dunbar's famous straw hat figured as the victim and was finally raised as a flag in a half burned condition.⁹⁷

Repairing to the parlor tent a little music was indulged in, each member responding to a call for a solo with the exception of Mr. Spelman. Mr. Rand ended with an original ballad in which every member of the society now in camp was unmercifully gagged. It is hoped that this gentleman may be induced to insert his ballad here.

This closed the entertainment and it being then nearly midnight the revellers all repaired to their beds. Truly it was a wild night in camp and long will the recollection of this time be preserved in the memories of those who participated in the grandest rout ever witnessed on the shores of Somes Sound.

The weather was threatening and showery.

⁹⁷ Auto-da-fe was the public ceremony in which the Spanish Inquisition pronounced judgment and passed sentence on those tried as heretics.

Saturday, July 23

The morning was very much the same as regards weather as Friday. Soon after breakfast every one except Rand and S.A. Eliot went aboard the yacht for the following purposes: Mr. Hubbard to be conveyed to Southwest Harbor in order to go east to Bar Harbor. Messrs. Lovering and Dunbar bound for Southwest Harbor to bring back the meat. The remainder of the party to spend the day in a sail round Bear Island, etc.

Lovering and Dunbar finally got started on their return trip about 11:15 and at the same time the yacht left for its cruise, leaving Mr. Hubbard to await the arrival of the *Lewiston*. (The *Lewiston* did not get in until nearly 4 pm.)

On reaching camp the four gentlemen remaining loafed until dinnertime. After dinner Mr. Dunbar slept a couple of hours on the floor of the parlor tent and later his example was followed by Mr. Eliot who chose his bed as a couch. The other two finally went fishing but had poor success. Just before supper the yacht arrived from her cruise among the islands. Two photographs were secured but no birds.

In the evening Messrs. Slade and Lovering defeated Messrs. S.A. Eliot and Dunbar in a closely contested game of whist. Then "double jump" and singing (?) of a nondescript character and finally the departure of the Captain and Slade was the signal for a free fight. This being at last stopped by mutual consent, peace reigned until all hands turned in.

The third day of threatening weather and occasional rain. It rained hard all the evening.

Sunday, July 24⁹⁸

Fog in the morning. Several showers in the afternoon. Rand and Lovering went to meet the eastward-bound *Richmond* in hopes of getting Wakefield, but he didn't come. Bathing in the brook and in the cove was the principal feature of the morning in camp. In the afternoon Slade and C. Eliot boldly put out in the tender to get photographs from Norwood's Cove and from Greenings Island, but several showers came up and prevented the success of their "expedition." After supper the sky was pretty clear and Rand and Spelman visited Valley Cove. The two Eliots went to Kimball's to tea. All hands turned in early, except Dunbar, who disgraced himself by sitting up until midnight.



Looking out from Valley Cove. *M.P. Slade photo*

Monday, July 25

At dawn the sky was clear but at 5:30 the fog was thick. Breakfast at 6:45 to enable Dunbar to catch the west-bound steamer. Rand rowed to Southwest Harbor with Dunbar, and then tramped through Bass Harbor village, Goose and Seal Cove settlements, and back by the hill-road to the Southwest Harbor wharf. He got several botanical specimens.

After dinner the yacht went out a little way with Slade, S.A. Eliot, Lovering and Spelman, and then picked up Rand near Greening's Island. In an interval when the sun shone, Slade got a view from Greening's Island that proved to be very fair.

During the day there was a good deal of fooling with the cannon, and it was finally got into condition to fire.

The weather is now very "hard on us." All hands are getting a little tired of "bad weather loafing."

99 Pierce Head is in Northeast Harbor, just west of Bracy Cove.

Tuesday, July 26

Thick fog, and rain at intervals. Wind southeast, thunder and lightning in the evening. At 9:25 C. Eliot and Orrin started for the Harbor to get Wakefield, and the mail and provisions. Lovering did some chopping near the brook. Spelman and S.A. Eliot visited the shell-heap. Rand analyzed flowers. In the afternoon there was much reading around the "sitting room fire." Lovering, Slade, Wakefield, and C. Eliot visited Pierce's Head and failed to find much surf.⁹⁹ Spelman sailed about in the tender. Very rainy pm. A reading evening, concluded by a thunder shower.

Wednesday, July 27

Still another wet and foggy day. Rand and Wakefield went to Southwest Harbor on a mail and mashing tour, in which they were reasonably successful. Before starting Slade took a photo of the interior of the parlor tent with the fellows sitting about in it. Upon developing it, Slade found Wakefield's foot staring him in the face and one of the door-strings hanging down before his nose, so to speak. The rest of the picture was decidedly non-remarkable, except for its tremendously vapid perspective.

Spelman spent most of the day in the black boat with his gun; but in the pm he turned to and made molasses candy with S.A. Eliot. Lovering decorated the parlor tent with some extra flags in the afternoon, while C. Eliot visited the Smallidges. The evening was passed pleasantly in reading and singing inside the tent. Slade and Eliot finally went aboard in a rain, as usual!

Thursday, July 28

The day of Slade's departure. He goes without having accomplished all that was hoped for in the photograph line, but the weather only is to be blamed for this. Much packing in the morning, followed by the departure of all hands in the boats for Southwest Harbor. The Sound was filled with a fog bank that lifted up once in a while only to shut down again. The water was smooth, and the boats rowed down the Sound at a good rate. Having reached the landing some purchases were made at the store. Orrin went to the post office and mail; and then followed the waiting for the *Lewiston*. Wakefield and Spelman had a bowling match in the alley near the wharf. Each man won a game. About one o'clock, Donnell having returned, the crowd lunched off pilot bread and gingersnaps, and then Donnell and



In the parlor tent at Camp Pemetic. Left to right: John Wakefield, Spelman, S. Eliot, Rand, C. Eliot, Lovering. *M.P. Slade photo*

C. Eliot left for Camp. *Lewiston* finally came along at about 2:30 pm, and Slade, dinnerless but calm, put himself into the charge of Captain Deering; and his precious baggage into the ruthless truckman's care.

The crowd then returned in the white boat to camp where they dined at about 3:45 pm. Lovering went off towards Hadlock's Ponds, Rand and Wakefield analyzed flowers. Spelman went off in the tender with his gun and brought back a hawk and a young what-is-it.¹⁰⁰ Had a light tea about seven and about eight all hands tramped down to Kimball's through mud and wet-grass, and made a species of call. Singing was in order; and the Camp Pemetic Concert Co. was assisted by very eminent vocal talent. Returned to Camp about 10:15. Torches lighted the way and marching tunes made the woods ring as they never rang before.

Our weather record is beginning to look bad. No good weather since Mr. Davis left camp!

100 "What-is-it" was one of P.T. Barnum's exhibits, a thing part human and part animal: an orangutan played by William Henry "Zip" Johnson, a Black man. The cat was captured by Spelman while birding and brought to camp; see July 28.

Friday, July 29

Cloudy and partly foggy all day. The morning being very still and the tide being flood, a proposed "island excursion" was given up and the yacht was got underway for Somesville. All hands went, leaving Breyant in camp. At half past eleven we were eating a lunch on board the yacht in Somesville harbor, and divided into three parties. Spelman remained with the tender and ornized after birds: going up the salt creek at the harbor's head and behind the islands in the harbor. Rand, Wakefield, and S. Eliot walked out to Long Pond, thence to Oak Hill and so back to Somesville. Lovering and C. Eliot walked over Town Hill by Clark's Cove to Oak Hill and back to Somesville. The first party were at Oak Hill some 45 minutes before the second. The botanists found 3 or 4 new plants, Lovering found a hazelnut, C. Eliot got some geological specimens and made notes.

At four o'clock all hands were back in Somesville, and soon after the yacht was underway and beating down the narrow passage with a fair tide and a gentle head wind. There was a party of gaily dressed people on Mr. Pryor's piazza, and the yacht, tacking close alongside the island's shore, received "marked attention."¹⁰¹ Near Mr. Brown's we picked up Mr. Manchester and towed his boat down river as far as our moorings, where we arrived about 5:40 pm.¹⁰² He told us the yarn about Squealing Brown.

A big supper awaited us at camp, and after some proper loafing, all hands went for the big rock that has been lying close to the road near camp, and by dint of prying, and "poling," and shouting and giving advice, we managed by nine o'clock to get the thing to the edge of the bluff and to heave it down. Smallidge, Donnell and Breyant, 2 Eliots, Wakefield, Lovering, Rand and Spelman are to [be] honored by posterity for accomplishing this mighty and philanthropic feat. The torches were used to light the scene of work, and when the job was done they guided the workers to the great rock's last resting place on the shore of the cove below.

After some singing before the parlor tent, C. Eliot and Donnell went aboard in a thick fog and the others turned in soon after.

Saturday, July 30

Today actually saw the sun come out from the clouds, and the campers were prompt to dry out their tents and their "truck."

While things were drying C. Eliot took a walk up the brook and brought back a number of flowers. While he was away Mr. Ordway of the yacht *Mercury* visited camp.¹⁰³ He reports that several yachts have been

101 James Pryor and his sister Caroline had a summer home on Bar Island at the northern end of Somes Sound.

102 John Manchester, whose house now stands on Manchester Road; John Brown lived at the base of Brown (Norumbega) Mountain. The "yarn" is unclear but possibly refers to a Brown family tale.

103 Schooner yacht *Mercury* listed in *Merchant Vessels of the United States 1884* with Boston as homeport; other vessels with the same name are listed. Identity of Mr. Ordway is unknown.

waiting long in Bar Harbor for a chance to get west. Spelman rambled behind camp and got a couple of little birds and a pretty *Lobelia*.¹⁰⁴ Donnell went to Southwest Harbor, and was late in returning so that dinner was not ready until something like 2:30 pm.

After a good meal all hands took a sail "down river" in *Sunshine*.

We accomplished no good purpose excepting the enjoyment that all felt in having a prospect of good weather and in looking on the mountains, whose forms and colors were displayed in the loveliest way by the low afternoon light.

A very gentle south wind took us home from below the Stanley House, and the whole scene around us was as lovely as it could very well be. Water, land, hill and sky, were all at their best; and, after reaching camp, the sun, setting behind Dog Mountain, lit up the delicate clouds above the hill with all manner of gold, crimson and purple, so that the afternoon and early evening were most delightful. After supper we sat without lights before the parlor tent, and talked of all sorts of things, until the stars, that had shone brighter and brighter as the twilight withdrew down the "Gold-digger's Gap," were hidden for the night by a thick and dark fog-cloud.

104 A low-growing plant with blue flowers.

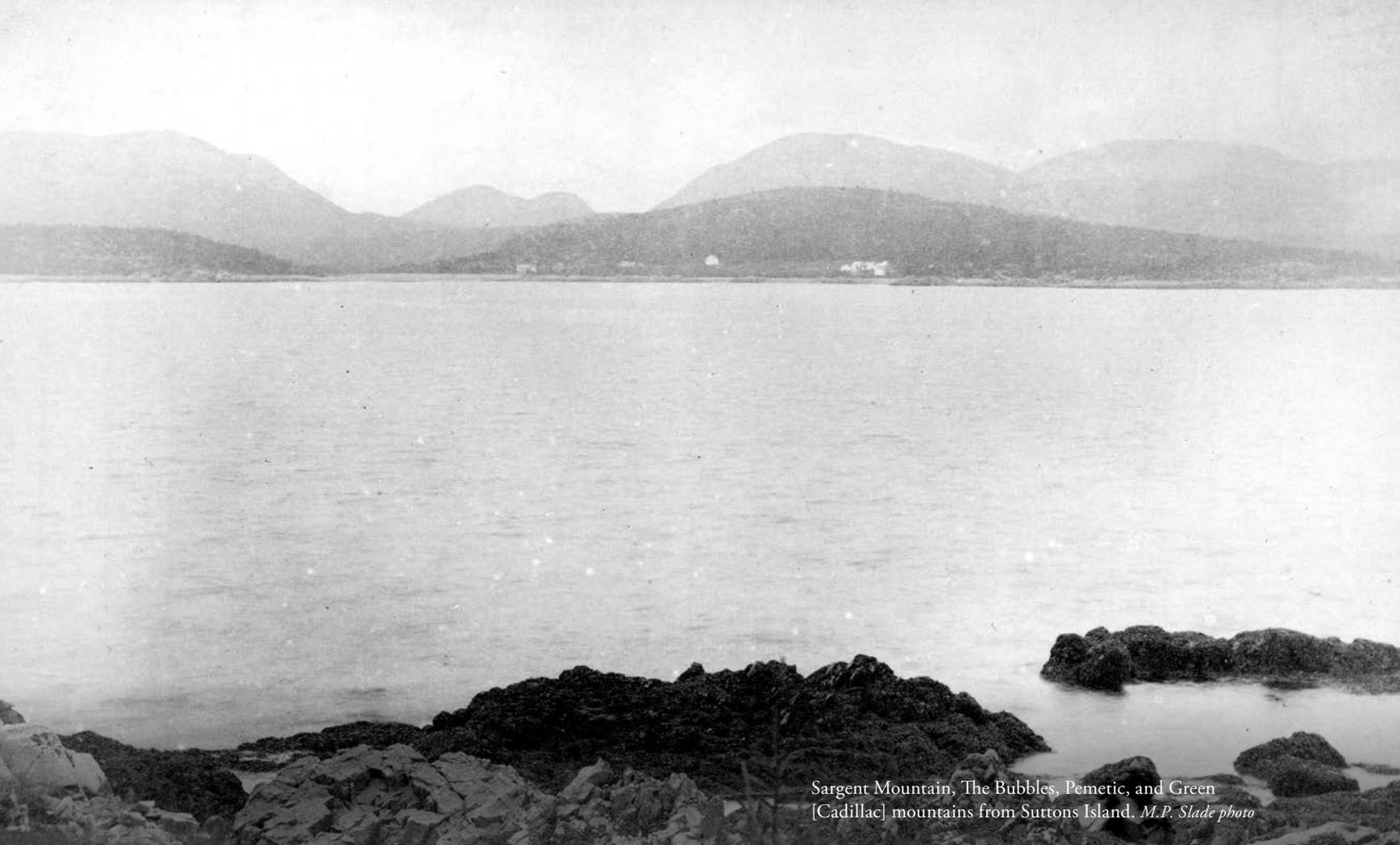
Sunday, July 31

After a somewhat late breakfast the usual Sunday loafing was indulged in. Several men shaved. C. Eliot labeled geological specimens, and put down all the C.S. walks on one of the smaller maps. E. Lovering went back into the woods for an hour or two. Rand and Lovering also wrote many letters. Spelman went off somewhere in the *Vvyan*.

The afternoon was much like the morning except that some analyzing was done. In the evening Lovering, Rand, and Wakefield rowed down to the Harbor where they made a call and went to the post office. They returned in dense fog at 11 o'clock. E. Lovering reports that the return voyage was the "best fun"—it turns out that he steered all the way, and distinguished himself by insisting that the camp torch was a light in Southwest Harbor settlement. The stay-at-homes had a reading evening. A partly foggy day.

Monday, August 1

Fog cleared from camp about 8:30 am and all hands felt chipper. Some said they felt "fat."



Sargent Mountain, The Bubbles, Pemetic, and Green [Cadillac] mountains from Suttons Island. *M.P. Slade photo*

105 "Old Hadlock" was likely William Edwin Hadlock (1834–1911). The Hadlock family of Cranberry Isles were fishermen, shipbuilders, and merchants. William was educated in Boston, served in the Maine Legislature, and fought in the Civil War. Also on the island at the time was William's brother Gilbert Theodore Hadlock (1837–1917), who helped build the Islesford Lifesaving Station and was first lightkeeper.

Spelman went to Fernald's Point in the white boat and returned with a tern. He now has about 10 birds.

Wakefield did a little analyzing. Several fellows bathed in the brook, and these did a good deal of reading. After dinner the yacht took all hands to Little Cranberry. Fog was lying about in considerable quantity, and the Bakers Island trip was given up on account of it. Outside the Cranberries the fog was dense and permanent. Inside, there were many thick but small and flitting banks. Rand, Spelman, and C. Eliot landed and tramped. Wakefield and Lovering had a talk with old Hadlock, and did some fishing off the yacht.¹⁰⁵

Spelman shot snipe, yellow-legs, and a few peep in the little marsh at the southwest corner of the island. C. Eliot visited the extreme southwest point where there is rock in place, and then walked along the beach

eastward. After meeting Rand he continued alongshore with Rand until they were east of the pink roofed house when they followed a road to the crest of the island, and so down to the wharf and aboard. Four or five new plants were the results of Mr. Rand's walk. Eliot got some geological notes and specimens. Returning to camp the fog was rather thick at times. Anchored the yacht at Manchester's as there wasn't enough wind to get thro' the Narrows.

No exciting amusements after supper. Wakefield and Rand analyzed a lot of flowers. The others read and wrote. The fog came in very thick after sunset.

Tuesday, August 2

Fog in the morning and evening. Thick outside all day. Very hot in the middle of the day.

Shortly after breakfast C. Eliot and Donnell went to Norwood's Cove and to the post office and butcher. Donnell went straight back to camp. C. Eliot drove in the butcher's wagon up the Somesville road and after leaving it visited the head of Denning's Pond.¹⁰⁶ Thence he returned to camp via Fernald's.

106 Echo Lake.

Lovering, Rand, and Wakefield rowed to Southwest Harbor wharf, went down the Bass Harbor road, struck eastward from the east arm of the harbor creek, came out near the sea-wall, and returned to the wharf by way of the road. They reached home to a two o'clock dinner. The great heat had used them all pretty well up.

Loafing occupied the afternoon. Singing and a small but courageous torchlight procession enlivened the evening.

Wednesday, August 3

Fog left the Sound about nine o'clock but remained outside all day. By three in the afternoon the hills were fog-capped again and at 4:30 there was much fog in the Sound. The evening was clear, but cloudy.

After breakfast all hands went on board *Sunshine* at Manchester's. As the fog was thick below, we planned an "up Sound excursion."

Anchored in Richardson's Cove at about 11:30 and the "sturds" brought out the luncheon.¹⁰⁷ Ham, hard-boiled eggs, bread and butter, blueberries, and blueberry pie formed the fare.

107 Slang for "stewards." The steward is the captain's servant, who has charge of the pantry.

At about 12:30 all hands except Rand landed and started off by the Bar Harbor road. S. Eliot and Wakefield went as far as McFarland's whence

they climbed over Young's and McFarland's hills and then returned to the yacht.

Lovering, Spelman, and C. Eliot turned off at the school-house west of the hills and tramped to Town Hill. This walk was thro' an almost uninhabited country, and proved interesting in many ways.

From Town Hill the walk towards Somesville was very delightful. There was a cool breeze, the road was down hill, and the views were very lovely.

Just as this party arrived on the west side of Richardson's Cove, the other party arrived on the other side, and all were soon on board and the yacht underway for home. Fog was beginning to be thick in the Sound, while the mountains were thickly covered. The wind was ahead and somewhat puffy and we didn't reach the mooring until about six o'clock.

At camp a big supper awaited us, and the way it disappeared was a caution. Three chickens were demolished with great promptness and another would have been welcomed.

In the evening, Wakefield, Rand, and co. did much writing. Lovering and S. Eliot read and retired early. Geological notes, and few new names on the Botany List, are the results of the day's tramping.

Thursday, August 4

The sun came out of the fog at an unusually early hour this morning, and breakfast was a little earlier to suit. After breakfast all hands went aboard and were soon off for Southwest Harbor where Lane and Worcester were expected to arrive, and whence Lovering was to depart. The south wind was very gentle and we went down very slowly. Having heard the steamer's whistle in the direction of Bass Harbor, Donnell set off with Lovering in the white boat and pulled straight to the wharf, whence E. Lovering ran to the post office and came back in time to board the *Richmond*. Lane and Worcester arrived and with their baggage were put on board the yacht.

After Donnell had returned from the butcher's, and C. Eliot had made some purchases, we got underway for camp where we arrived about noon and had the dinner set a-cooking. Dined at two o'clock.

Analyzing and reading occupied an hour or so after dinner and then Rand and Wakefield departed to make a call at Southwest Harbor. Worcester, Lane, and C. Eliot walked to the Savages, and down the Ledge to the "Ancestral Mansion" i.e. the Prex's new house, and returned by the road.¹⁰⁸ Supped at 6:45; Rand and Wakefield having stayed at Southwest Harbor, where they had been in hopes of getting a "free feed."

108 "Prex" is the Champlain Society's shorthand for President Charles William Eliot. The "Ancestral" was built in 1881 and designed by Charles and Sam Eliot's uncle Robert Swain Peabody on land selected by Charles Eliot and purchased from Augustus Chase Savage in Northeast Harbor.

There actually was no fog in the evening and all the camp "suppers" went in the yacht's tender to Valley Cove, where the moonlight and the shadowy cliffs were very beautiful.

Rand and Wakefield didn't return until something after 11 o'clock, by which time the others were all sleeping soundly.

Friday, August 5

No sun until somewhere about 10 o'clock this morning. Worcester, Lane, and Rand worked at botany, Spelman and Wakefield went off in the yacht's boat. They visited Norwood's Cove and took steps towards procuring a lobster pot.

Dined at 12:30 and at about 1:30 all hands were on board *Sunshine*. The lightness of the head wind and the strength of the head tide made our exit through the Narrows very slow and uncertain; but when we were at length fairly clear of the Sound we sailed at a good rate along the north side of Sutton's Island, round its east end, and on to the eastern cove of Little Cranberry Isle, where Lane, Worcester, and C. Eliot landed. During the hour that the above named were ashore the yacht sailed back and forth. Rand was busy writing. Wakefield was devouring a book. Spelman and S. Eliot sailed the boat.

We returned to camp very slowly, the wind being exceedingly light. Supper was ready for us on our arrival at 6:15, and after doing full justice to the viands, reading, writing etc. occupied all hands. Towards the end of the evening there was a good deal of singing by the "Monohippics," and it is darkly rumored that one of the chorus burnt midnight oil in the parlor tent for many hours after all the others had sought their Townsend beds.¹⁰⁹

¹⁰⁹ Perhaps inferring a horse-like singing voice.

Saturday, August 6

This morning the fog made up its mind to stay, and stay it did, only lifting for short periods during the day.

After breakfast Rand, Worcester, C. Eliot, and Donnell went off in the white boat, bound for Southwest Harbor whence Donnell is to go home for Sunday. Having landed D. on the wharf, Rand rowed the others to the head of the harbor. C. Eliot and Worcester then tramped to Goose Cove via Bass Harbor (time 1h. 30 m.) and left some fresh blanks at the C.S. meteorological station. Worcester collected botanical specimens on the way and C. Eliot kept about half an eye on the rocks. They returned by way of the back or upper road to the Southwest Harbor

110 Clark Mine, a copper and silver mine that operated briefly in the late 1870s.

wharf, stopping at the post office on the way. Rand meanwhile had visited a couple of mining shafts on the shore of the harbor and had collected some botanical specimens.¹¹⁰ At 1:20 pm the party were on their return to camp where they arrived and dined about 2 o'clock.

At camp Wakefield and Lane had been analysing flowers, Spelman had been sailing in the black boat, and S. Eliot had been engaged in his "ball-practice."

In the afternoon there was more analyzing, more reading and writing, and more loafing. The fog was low and pretty thick, as S. Eliot found to his cost just after supper. He made such a noise yo-hoing in the Sound that the black boat with Spelman and C. Eliot went out to see what was the row. It turned out that he had mistaken the south pole of his compass for the north pole and the sound of Man O'War Brook for that of Hadlock's Brook, and so had been rowing in just the wrong direction. Tonight all hands are engaged in the usual evening occupations; and our hopes for fair weather in the morning are very earnest, particularly as it is Spelman's last day in camp.

Sunday, August 7

Before daylight several of the soundest sleepers among us were awakened by some very remarkable noises that were found to come from the pantry. Spelman made an investigation with the help of a torch, and discovered the long-looked-for "What-is-it" caught by the leg in the steel trap, and, as Breyant expressed it, playing the tamborine on the tin boiler. The What-is-it would be called by most persons a cat. His life was ended by a shot (or was it several shots?) from Spelman's collector.

After breakfast there was enacted the Homeric scene in which Hector is dragged about the walls of Troy; but in this representation the body of the hero was decently buried in the mighty deep, a stone from the beach and a cord supplied by the valiant Spelman being the means of sinking it.

The tragedy having been brought to a close by this last rite, the actors, Spelman, Worcester, and C. Eliot returned once more to private life.

The weather being exceedingly wet and dismal, there was nothing to be done, except to read, write, and analyze. Rand and Wakefield had a private writing bout in the yacht's cabin. The others stayed in camp. The afternoon was much like the morning. Spelman packed, Worcester was added, or added himself, to the yacht party. In the evening we had a little hymn singing, and much reading.

Monday, August 8

An early breakfast got everybody out of bed by 6:30 o'clock. Spelman showed his accustomed promptness, and being ready with his baggage, the boat that took him to Southwest Harbor left camp on time. C. Eliot and Rand went with him and saw him aboard the *Richmond*. The steamer having "swallowed up his form," he was seen no more by his longing friends. He must have hidden himself away to repent his blood-guiltiness in the matter of the Hectoric What-is-it.

Soon after the departure of the steamer, Rand allowed himself to be kidnapped by a couple of people—a young man and a young woman—who had had their eyes on him for some time, and C. Eliot saw him being driven off on a buckboard—the poor fellow sitting dejectedly at the feet of his captors.

After this sad episode C. Eliot betook himself to the social candy store, where he regaled himself until the arrival of the *Mt. Desert*. Donnell returned by this boat, and he and C. Eliot now awaited the return of Rand, whom C. Eliot expected to show his usual tact.¹¹¹

After a time Rand did appear and Orrin D. pulled the party back to camp—that is, Rand and C. Eliot landed at Sandy Point on account of the hard rowing against the wind and sea in the Narrows, while Donnell pulled the boat onto the yacht.

As soon as C. Eliot reached camp he discovered that the yacht had dragged her moorings, and was close to the shoal point. S.A. Eliot and Wakefield were already on board. They had got pretty well splashed in getting off. Wakefield came ashore and took C. Eliot on board and Donnell arrived alongside. The tide was falling fast and this crew of four set to work to kedge the yacht up to windward and into deeper water. After about an hour's work with both anchors, this "little affair" was over and the yacht was in water enough to float her at low tide.

On account of our early breakfast the dinner proved very acceptable, particularly to those who had done the anchor-hoisting on the yacht.

Soon after dinner, Lane, Worcester, and C. Eliot started off for an excursion with Beech Cliff as an objective point. The sky was lowering and there were showers to be seen in various directions, but the three excursionists preferred the chance of a wetting to another long loaf in camp.

On the way to the cliff the party got pretty wet, as there was a very heavy mist falling, but a real wetting was in store for them when rain began to fall as they were descending towards the north end of Echo Lake. This rain was very heavy indeed and it continued to pour until the three had got

¹¹¹ Here the notes continue: "that tact which has often got him into and (luckily) out of many such 'involvements.'"

This line is crossed out, and in the margin written in C. Eliot's hand, "C.E. finds R's tact in-describable!!"

in sight of Fernald's. They were a very much soaked party when they arrived at the yacht at about 6:15 pm, but they found themselves in much better spirit than those who had stayed in camp and they felt repaid for their wetting.

In the evening Wakefield and S.A. Eliot gave a very good concert. Old English songs proved very acceptable and the listeners thoroughly appreciated the good singing. After the moon rose all hands abandoned the tent and watched the sky. The dark, deep, cold, spaces between the broken patches of drifting clouds, the white and radiant clouds themselves, and the brilliant bursts of light with which the moon surprised us now and then, made a very beautiful sight. While this beautiful scene continued the fellows stood about, and once in a while a song of the gentle kind was raised; but after about half an hour the clouds became very thick again, and reading and writing in the tent were again resorted to.

Tuesday, August 9

A dull, cloudy, day. The woods were found too wet for comfortable walking, and the lack of wind prevented sailing. Rand and Wakefield went to Southwest Harbor in the white boat, bought some stores, and brought back the day's mail. Donnell went to the butcher's. In camp there was much analyzing, some reading, and some practicing in elementary arithmetic; the latter claimed C. Eliot for its own.

Dinner, the greatest event of the day, came at two o'clock.

Of the afternoon it may be said that it was like the morning with all the principle features left out. There was no rowing, no arithmetic, and no receiving of visitors as there had been in the morning; yet somehow the time went by, and supertime came, and supper (lots of it) was eaten.

The evening was cool enough to have a little fire in the parlor, but not too cool for rowing. Rand and Wakefield indulged in a pretty long dose of the latter, returning home at about bed-time.

Wednesday, August 10

Signs of clearing skies were visible at breakfast time, and by half past nine, when Lane, Worcester, and C. Eliot started for Sargent's Mountain, the sky was clear but the air exceedingly hazy. When the summit of the mountain was reached at about noon the weather looked as if it had really settled down to be pleasant, and when, a little later,

a northwest breeze began to blow, and the haze began to clear away before it, the hearts of the Pemetics began to be exceedingly joyous.

The mountain party reached the lower end of Hadlock's Upper [Pond] at about four o'clock, and here Lane and Worcester bathed. After collecting a few botanical specimens in the meadow below the bridge, the road for home was taken and camp reached at about 5:30 pm.

Meanwhile the three who had remained behind had been exceedingly busy. At about 10 o'clock Rand left for Southwest Harbor on an errand to the Ocean House, and, soon after, Wakefield, S. Eliot, and Donnell sailed the yacht to Northeast Harbor, whither Rand repaired after accomplishing his Southwest Harbor business. The three then proceeded to invite numerous friends to take a sail in the yacht in the afternoon.

Leaving the yacht in Kimball's Cove they returned to Camp and dined. At about 2:30 pm they were again aboard the yacht, and with seven of the Hopkinson family as their guests they went out for a sail. The northwest wind was strong and rather puffy, and the yacht went at a good speed, around Sutton's Island and up the Sound to the Camp cove where they picked up the moorings at about 4:30 pm.

The guests took a look at camp, and they were just departing when the mountain party returned at 5:30 pm.

After supper Rand and Wakefield betook themselves to Southwest Harbor—a trip for the frequency of which the above named gentlemen are rapidly becoming famous—while Lane, Worcester, and the two Eliots set to work at whist. At 10 o'clock the whist players gave up and turned in, but it was not until something after midnight that the Southwest Harbor "hoppers" arrived and followed suit.

The moon shining from a cloudless sky was very beautiful this evening.

Thursday, August 11¹¹²

A glorious day. Balmy breezes from the northwest, west, and southwest counteracted the heat of sun. After breakfast Rand and Donnell rowed to Norwood's Cove. The former visited the post office and the wharf, got a free ride to within about a mile of Somesville, and walked back to Fernald's. From there he was taken back to camp by Donnell who had returned from the butcher's an hour before. Botanical results of this excursion: one new species, and many "well known specimens." In the meanwhile another fit of energy took entire possession of the noble Captain. He ascended Brown's Mountain in company with Messrs. Lane and Worcester. Two or three new

112 Rand writing.

species were added to the Botanical List on this walk. Mr. S.A. Eliot did nothing as usual; Mr. Wakefield loafed and took up a walk up the Brook.

Before dinner the usual swim was indulged in by those of the party that are ice-water proof. After dinner there was much mild loafing. At 3:30, however, "Lazy Sam" persuaded the veteran trampers, Lane and Worcester, to ascend Robinson's Mountain with him.

The Captain and Wakefield devoted their afternoon to various aesthetic amusements. The former wearied his mighty brain over the C.S. accounts much of the time. The mountain party were accompanied as far as the foot of the mountain by Rand, who brought the boat back to Camp after leaving the climbers. They were rowed back by Donnell about six o'clock. At 5:30 Rand departed to Southwest Harbor where he had been invited to take supper, and was heard of no more during the evening.

The Camp party played whist, and indulged in literary amusements after supper. The Captain and S.A. Eliot retired rather early as is their custom, but Messrs. Lane, Worcester, and Wakefield held literary orgies until a late hour. The last named gentleman was kind enough to sit up for the wanderer Rand who returned about twelve o'clock in a semi-dazed condition. What he had been doing is a mystery. The evening was a lovely one. High in the dark blue heaven reigned the silver moon surrounded by her court of glittering stars. A light breeze, now warm, now cool rippled the little waves in mazy dance, and gently touched the milk white tents like the first kiss of a young girl (after C. Eliot).

113 Lane writing.

Friday, August 12¹¹³

Fair, hot, hazy day. Wind southwest veering to southeast and light showers in the evening.

In answer to the usual matutinal inquiry, the Captain announced that [he] was feeling only "semi-fat," and later developments proved his assertion well founded; about noon he was forced to go on the sick list, and soon after retired for most of the remainder of the day. After breakfast several interesting plans for walks were projected, but the energy requisite to carry them out seemed lacking, so the camp settled down to quiet home occupations. Lane and Worcester added three new species to the Botanical List. Rand and Wakefield rowed over to the Southwest Harbor to recover a pair of oars borrowed from our boat by some unprincipled individual the previous evening. They found the oars, visited the post office, and returned about 11:30.

An attempt was made to enjoy a salt water bath; but as the water was several degrees colder than usual, and enjoyment under such circumstances impossible, most of the party adjourned to the less salubrious but warmer waters of the brook.

About four o'clock S. Eliot, Lane, Worcester, and Wakefield started by boat for Northeast Harbor and the "Ancestral Mansion." On the way they met a boat with three ladies rowed by a small boy, en route to visit camp. Wakefield was forthwith landed at Manchester's, and returned to assist Rand in entertaining them. The visitors inspected camp, and appeared rather envious of the delights of the C.S., but on the whole, much pleased with their call.

The rest of the party in the boat reached Savage's safely, negotiated for a jigger, visited the mansion, and arrived back at camp about 6:30.

Mr. S. Eliot reports that under his careful coaching Messrs. Lane and Worcester are developing into a really remarkable pair oar crew. This is undoubtedly true. It is to be hoped that on their approaching visit to Bar Harbor, a match may be arranged for them with some of the skilled oarsmen of that place, in order to furnish the tourist with a text for an editorial on the "Muscle Producing Effects of Mt. Desert Air."

The absence of the Captain with his accustomed wise sayings and merry conceits cast a gloom over the occupants of the parlor tent in the evening, and none of the usual hilarity was indulged in.

Saturday, August 13¹⁴

114 Sam Eliot writing.

Saturday had been set as the day for striking camp; but Friday night was rainy, and at breakfast time Saturday, fog was still floating about; so that Camp Pemetic passed a morning of suspense, prepared to pull stakes at a moment's notice, or to settle down for another week of rain.

During these minutes of uncertainty the Botanical Department added several sedges to its list.

The sun at length shone enough to dry the tents, and before dinner, preparations for departure began in earnest. Innumerable and varied articles of personal property were compressed within the narrow limits of trunks and valises, and before the last meal in camp was served, three or four tents were already in their bags.

The afternoon was one of excitement and hard work.

Immediately after dinner S.A. Eliot was dispatched for Savage's jigger on which the camp truck was to be carried to the Ancestral Mansion.

115 Text is unclear. Could be "beaver" and perhaps a reference to David Franklin Powell (1847–1906), alias "White Beaver," a member of Buffalo Bill Cody's entourage and author of many dime novels about the frontier in the 1870s.

Donnell was busy putting baggages and provisions on board the *Sunshine*, and the rest of the party folded the last of the tents, and cleared up the camp field. A final gun was fired, and the flags were lowered for the last time.

The jigger now came upon the scene drawn by a combination team, and driven by William (of the white bea[?]).¹¹⁵ The goods, including stoves, chairs, tables, tents, poles, matting, beds, mattresses, funnel, boxes, umbrella, crockery, lamps, cannon, etc., etc., were heaped upon the jigger and secured as well as might be, and the party was ready to depart.

All were sorry to leave the field now become so homelike, and the view grown more beautiful through the long acquaintance. The *Sunshine* bearing Rand, Wakefield, and William Breyant, was entrusted to Donnell with instructions to anchor her as soon as possible off Kimball's wharf in Northeast Harbor. Shortly after, the jigger started on its way accompanied by C. Eliot, Lane, and Worcester. The smoothness of the *Sunshine's* journey was surpassed only by the roughness of the jigger's.

The yacht found a gentle breeze down the Sound and round to the point, and from there she was towed into the Harbor by Donnell and came to anchor.

Meantime the jigger rattled over the stony road, with its heterogeneous load falling loosely about its wheels—the excitement being increased by the application of extemporised brakes on the steep descents, and encounters with buckboards in narrow places.

Shortly after leaving camp, C. Eliot was obliged to return, and rejoined the emigrants near the end of their journey, having crossed the Harbor in a boat from Kimball's wharf. S.A. Eliot had joined the party a few moments before having passed the afternoon in preparing a storing place for the stuff, and in anxiously awaiting its arrival.

The journey accomplished, the goods were hoisted into the Ancestral stables. The party was joined by Donnell and in two boats departed for the yacht.

C. Eliot and Worcester, who ventured their lives in the Kimball boat, arrived late and in a somewhat wet condition.

It was late when all hands met around the supper table in the cabin, and each one felt that his share at least of the evening meal was well earned.

After supper the party received a call from President Eliot. After his departure the shores echoed with songs till ten o'clock. As the rest of the party retired to their bunks, Rand and Wakefield, inspired by the beautiful moon-lit water, and apparently not exhausted by the labors of the day, embarked in the white boat and rowed round Sutton's Island, returning

at a late hour. The evening closed with a clear sky in the northwest and prospects of fine weather for the *Sunshine's* voyage.

Sunday, August 14¹¹⁶

Camp Pemetie is no more! The flag-pole stands without its accustomed tricolor; but the Champlain Society's Mt. Desert Expedition bids fair to continue for several more days, for the *Sunshine*, with a little tricolored flag at her topmast head, lies in Northeast Harbor, and the following crew are intending to be with her until next Thursday: Lane, Worcester, Wakefield, Rand, C. Eliot, and S.A. Eliot. An account of this trip—Yacht Excursion No. 4—is to be found with the other accounts of the yacht's doings, in the yellow-covered record-book.¹¹⁷

Yo-Ho!

After the usual Sunday morning breakfast of baked beans, the remaining Champlain Society members bade a sorrowful good-bye to Orrin Donnell, stopped to visit President Eliot at the Ancestral, and sailed east. From the yacht's log: "On arriving in Bar Harbor some arrayed themselves once more in the conventional but uncomfortable starched collar and shirt and tight waistcoat of respectable society, while others were content with the neat but not gaudy white flannel; and all after an early supper went ashore to visit their friends." In the following few days Rand departed for Southwest Harbor, and the rest of the crew hiked Green Mountain and Newport Mountain, sailed Frenchman's Bay, walked the shoreline to Northeast Harbor, and ended their final Champlain Society trip at Southwest Harbor.

116 C. Eliot writing.

117 The current "1881 Yacht Log" in the Mount Desert Island Historical Society collection is a marble notebook. The reference to a yellow cover suggests that the yacht log was recopied into a new notebook, or else had a yellow covering that was lost.

July		108.59
5	Corned fish .15 Snaps .30	.45
7	Basins .40 Boards, soft. .50 Lamp .60 2 pails .34	1.84
	Beans .70 Teapot .35	1.05
	Sugar, 24 lbs	2.64
9	Lard	1.40
12	Sugar, 26 lbs	2.86
	1 1/2 lbs strawberries .25 1 bush. potatoes .80	1.05
	Sommell's Acc. on West Side trip [No 1]	2.25
16	" " " Somerville - Baker's Is. trip [No 2]	1.87
16	Milk .20 Molasses .63 Ind. meal .08 Sugar .48	1.39
	Cond. milk .20 Lard .80 Powder .42	1.42
	Bread .50 Snaps .22 Buckboard 1.00	1.73
18	Coal .30 Beef to roast, 2.43	2.73
"	Frying pan .30 Potatoes .18 Beets .16 Salt .11 oil .15	.90
	Butter .80 Strawberries .70 Sommell's Acc. trip [No 3]	2.33
19	Canned goods bought at Sakisbun's Cove	1.25
"	Butcher's bill	12.97
"	Potatoes .80 20 lbs lard 2.80	3.60
"	Yeast .08 1 gal. vinegar .20 Salt .18	.46
"	Mackerel .12 2 gals oil .40	.52
"	Sugar 2.86 1 yd cloth .09	2.95
"	Sommell towards wages	5.00
		161.21

Excerpt from Charles Eliot's expenditures account in 1881 camp log.

Camp Pemetic *by John McGaw Foster*

Old Pemetic, dear Pemetic, the image of thy walls
How many an hour of harmless mirth to memory recalls.
When o'er the western hill tops the sun was sinking low,
And Spelman gun in hand, was trying hard to hit a crow!

Old Pemetic, dear Pemetic, the eastern heavens bright
Bathed with the morning's splendor, sent many a beam of light
To touch thy trembling canopy with early blush of dawn,
And warm the camp 'twas time to hear Will Dunbar's matchless yawn!

Old Pemetic, dear Pemetic, the waters all around
Bright sparkling in their beauty, o'er all thy peerless Sound
Have heard among the moaning of many a Southern gale,
The groaning of those luckless ones dispatched to get the mail!

Old Pemetic, dear Pemetic, beneath the moonday's glare
When weary workers seek the shade, and peace reigns everywhere,
What joy to shun the summer's heat and lounge within thy camp
And read our novel while the rest - poor things - are on a tramp!

Old Pemetic, dear Pemetic across the grassy glades
That strew thy Desert Island, beneath thy silent shades
We've lingered off to gather Nature's blossoms, pure and chaste,
And floundered deep in filthy pools, with water to the waist!

Old Pemetic, dear Pemetic, within thy calm retreat
When storms are gathering about and crashing tempests beat,
Thy loving sons delight to meet and hear the fagots roar,
And put mosquitoes to the flight, and kill them by the score!

Thus Pemetic, dear Pemetic, we hail thee once anew,
For thee, our cheers shall ever rise, to thee our hearts be true;
We raise our prayers thou mayst not die, but spring in newer birth.
For without thee research must flag, and Science sink to earth.

For Pemetie, dear Pemetie unto thy Isle has flown
Full many a man to knowledge given, whom Science calls her own,
And while they breathe, dear Pemetie, on earth shall never die
Geology or Botany or Ornithology!

And Pemetie, our Pemetie far though my sons may stray
Thy cherished image from our hearts shall never pass away,
And were this faltering breath the last, its loving accent still
Would sound the cheer for Pemetie, for bonnie Desert hill!

The Champlain Society met regularly during the winter of 1881–1882. Charles Eliot called attention to the unstable condition of the organization and its uncertain future. Members were leaving Cambridge every year, and many of them would never be able to make an expedition with the Society again.

In response, the members voted to make the organization permanent, and elected officers: Charles Eliot as President (and always he would be "Captain"), Henry Jones as Vice President, and Edward Rand as Secretary. Eliot formally offered the family's tents, cots, stools, table, stove, etc. to the Society "on condition that the party making use of them shall do some work in the Natural History of Mt. Desert Island."

At their regular meetings, members heard reports on Botany, Geology, and Ornithology. At the annual supper on May 4, 1882, after a meal "reminiscent of camp fare," including lobster, cold chicken, fried potatoes, pilot-bread, "flap-jacks à la Breyant" with maple syrup, blueberry pie and gingersnaps, John Foster read a poem, "Camp Pemetie."

Fewer men would camp in 1882, and to reduce the cost associated with hiring a cook (William Breyant), they decided "to arrange for meals at some convenient farm house"—a plan that was finally agreed to. The President and Secretary were early on the ground, and endeavored to

make suitable arrangements before any other members arrived. As it was found impossible to procure board in the vicinity of the site of Camp Pemetic, the old camping ground had to be abandoned, much to the grief of all. A new site was selected at the head of Northeast Harbor, and board obtained at Captain Savage's nearby inn, as described in the early log entries. The camp, consisting of three large sleeping tents and the parlor tent, was pitched on July 10.

As Secretary Rand reported: "During much of the summer the *Sunshine* lay in Northeast Harbor, and was used as a sleeping place by some of the members. The old flag pole was towed round from Camp Pemetic, and the C.S. colors floated over the camp all the summer... The board at Savage's was very satisfactory, and the price, \$5 per week, very reasonable considering the appetites of the members. From the well at the house we obtained water both for washing and drinking purposes; it would have been more convenient, doubtless, if we had been able to obtain it nearer the camp, but the distance was not a very great objection."¹¹⁸

118 Champlain Society
Secretary's Report, 1882–83.

Charles and Samuel Eliot stayed at the "Ancestral Mansion," but participated in camp activities. Samuel Eliot offered to pilot the *Sunshine* and make it available to camp. Returning members included William Lane, Edward Rand, Henry Spelman, Charles Townsend, and John Wakefield. New members were Frank Lewis Clark, John Dickinson, Morris Earle, and John Prentiss.

CHAMPLAIN. SOCIETY.

RECORDS.

CAMP

LOG.

1882.

CAMP. ASTICOU.

NORTH EAST HARBOR.

ME.

ALSO THE

YACHT.

LOG.

1882.

Sunday, July 2¹¹⁹

119 Rand writing.

E.L. Rand arrived in the *City of Richmond*, and joined Charles Eliot at Northeast Harbor. The next six days were spent by the above-named gentlemen in looking for a site for the camp. Camp Pemetic was necessarily abandoned, as the C.S. has decided not to employ a cook, but to obtain board at some house.

Monday, July 3

The Botanical Department begins work.

Saturday, July 8

C.W. Townsend arrived at Northeast Harbor. E.L. Rand joined him, and both gentlemen took possession of the yacht *Sunshine* (which had arrived under the command of S.A. Eliot on July 4th, for their quarters. The bluff over Savage's wharf is chosen as the site of the camp; Savage's as the C.S. boarding place (price of board \$5 per week).¹²⁰

120 Camp was pitched approximately 300 feet southeast from the Savage house (present-day Cranberry Lodge). Augustus C. Savage began taking in boarders and providing meals in the 1870s.

Sunday, July 9

In the morning Townsend and Rand walked in the woods around the Hadlock Ponds. Weather very warm.

The afternoon and evening were spent on the yacht. After supper the post office at Northeast Harbor was visited, and several letters mailed. Mosquitoes thick, although the yacht was not visited by them in any great number. After returning from the post office Townsend rowed Rand around Bear Island.

Monday, July 10

A clear and pleasant, but very hot day. The evening sultry with much lightning.

Both Townsend and Rand overslept themselves this morning, and took breakfast at 8 instead of 7:30 o'clock. After breakfast they waited in the hot sun until the first load of tents etc. appeared at 10:15. S.A. Eliot came with this load. While the "jigger" went back for the second load, Messrs. S.A. Eliot and Townsend amused themselves by doing a little fancy mowing, Mr. Rand by raking up the grass which the first-named gentlemen tore up

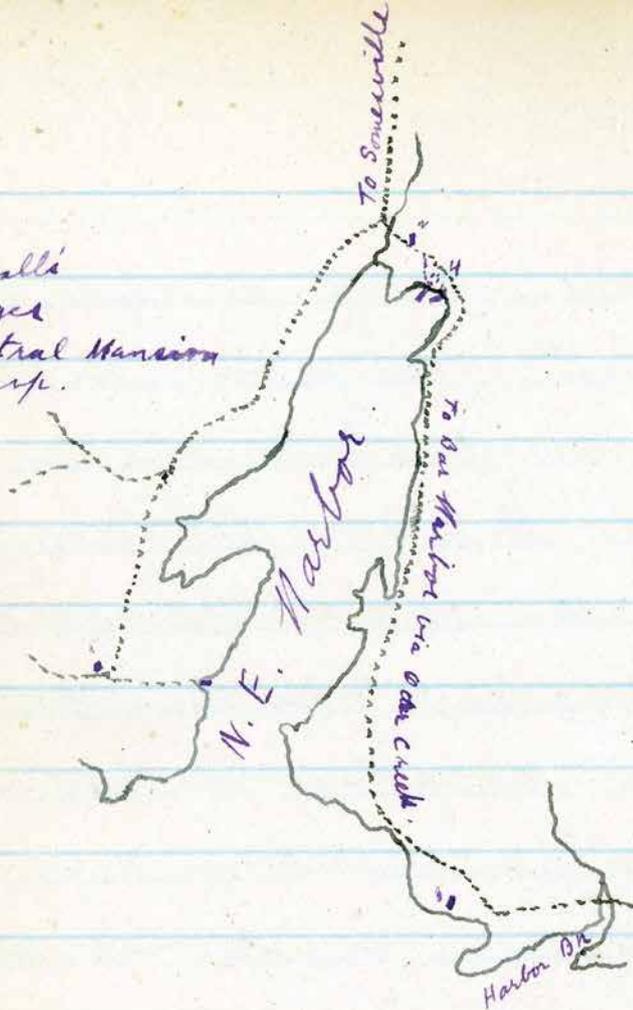


by the roots. It was voted that the C.S. is a model haymaking organization. With the second load came the great C. Eliot Captain Emeritus—a few minutes later the parlor tent was raised! Tent No. 2 followed suit a short time afterwards. The whole party then took dinner at Savage's. After a short period of repose Tent No. 1 was raised amid a "patch" of rocks. Here, however, all work ceased for a time, for it was found very difficult to find a satisfactory position for tent No. 3. Mr. S.A. Eliot was strongly in favor of a site facing the harbor, Messrs. C. Eliot and Townsend of a site facing the icehouse; Mr. Rand was neutral. At last the last named gentleman suggested a site that both faced the harbor and yet cut off the parlor tent from the road in part; and his suggestion was adopted. Thus the camp was pitched!

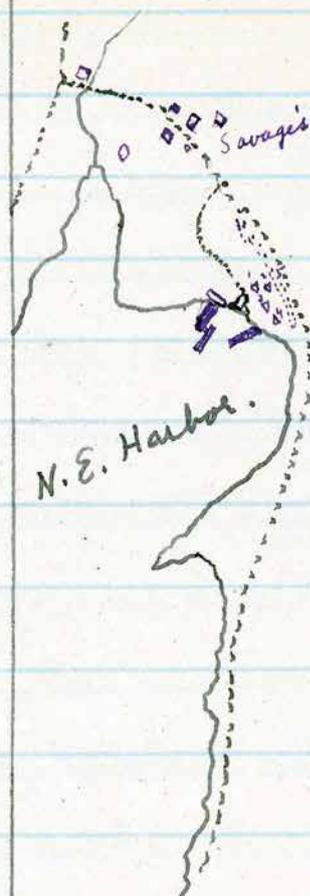
C. Eliot and S.A. Eliot returned to the Ancestral Mansion late in the afternoon to repose after their labors.

After supper Townsend and Rand rowed over to the Ancestral to get some of the latter's baggage and a cargo of boards. On their way Townsend did some fishing and examined a defunct cat. They returned with a large quantity of small boards which President Eliot had kindly bestowed on them. On the return trip they visited the *Sunshine* and got their blankets. No lights were lighted in camp on account of mosquitoes, so that the weary campers sought their Townsend mattresses in darkness only guided by the fitful flashes of the lightning and lightning bugs.

- 1 = Kimball's
- 2 = Savages
- 3 = Ancestral Mansion
- 4 = Camp.



Sketch map of Camp Asticou from 1882 camp log.



- 1 = Parlor Tent
- 2 = Tent No 3
- 3 = Tent No 2
- 4 = Tent No 1
- 5 = Potato patch.

After dinner there was a discussion about naming the camp, but no decision was reached, although Camp Sculpin seemed a good name to a few frivolous minds.

The camp is situated on the top of a high bank just above Savage's wharf. The ground is rather uneven, especially under the parlor tent. On the west the hill slopes greatly towards the cove at the head of the harbor, on the south the descent towards Savage's wharf is steep; on the north there is a gentle slope; on the northeast and east the site is bounded by a potato etc. patch, beyond this the public road passes. The road is the great drawback to the place, but it is hoped that it will not be a nuisance. Mr. Townsend has almost made up his mind to face the curious gaze of Bar Harbor syrens, but laments the privacy of Camp Pemetie—now, alas, lost to the C.S. for this summer at least.

The tents all have a view down Northeast Harbor; from the parlor tent you can see its whole length. Brown's Mountain on the north is the only mountain in sight, though there are hills on the east and west. Savage's house is very prominent high on the hillside above the camp. From Savage's the camp can be plainly seen as we sit at the table during our meals.

121 Townsend writing.

Tuesday, July 11¹²¹

Cloudy early in the morning, but the sun soon came out clear and hot, but it was cooler in the afternoon when a strong southwest wind sprung up.

After breakfast Mr. Rand and Townsend descended to the shore and brought up the boards which they had received from the President. The whole morning was spent in hard labor by these gentlemen and also by Captain Eliot who appeared later in making tables, washstands, etc. for their tents. Mr. Rand's table needs special mention, it being a triple decker. Mr. Townsend's table was large and spacious, as there he intends to dissect his future victims of the woods and shore. Although Mr. Townsend took great pains with his table we regret to say that seat (or rather stand) of his future toilet operations, i.e. his washstand, was but a rickety concern. We might add, by way of parentheses, that Mr. Townsend's beard is growing on a truly grand and luxuriant manner, it having already reached the length of nearly 1/8 of an inch.

Mr. Eliot constructed two shelves in the parlor tent.

After dinner Mr. Rand and Townsend endeavored to clear up some of the chaos in their respective tents, and at 4 pm started to row in the black boat, tender of the Yacht *Sunshine*, to Southwest Harbor to do some errands and bring back Clark '83, who was expected on the steamer from Bangor. There was a slight breeze in the harbor but outside they felt the full force of the southwest wind against which they had to row. Alas they went on the outside course—outside of Greening's Island—foolish ones, for had they gone inside much of the toil and hardship would have been escaped. As it was the boat plowed slowly through the heavy chop sea, now and then skipping a slight wave, sufficient however to wet both Mr. Rand and Townsend to the skin—in places. As there was only one pair of oars, they had to work by turns. At Southwest Harbor, which they at last reached, they found Mr. Clark who had arrived some half hour before. Mr. Clark was so pleased to see these gentlemen that he treated them at a neighboring store with ginger ale, which cheered them up considerably after the perils they had gone through. Thence they went to another store, a universal store, and bought dippers and matches and kerosene oil and ink and other

similar things. A boat was hired, the same one that was used by the society last year, and in this Mr. Clark rowed Mr. Rand back, while Mr. Townsend rowed by himself in the black tender. The wind was now a favoring one but they did not reach the camp till nearly seven.

Supper was eaten with a good appetite and the evening was spent enjoying the view and the mosquitoes in front of the camp.

Wednesday, July 12¹²²

A warm day. Clear and pleasant. Very hot in the sun. Wind southwest.

After breakfast the spirit of energy captured Townsend body and soul. He departed with his gun in the direction of the woods, and was seen no more until just before dinner when he appeared with a small bird and a green snake—both very valuable specimens. Clark worked like a day laborer on a table for his tent, and then rested the remainder of the morning. Rand devoted the morning to re-packing his trunk for camp life and to arranging his tent. After this was done he devoted the rest of the morning to clearing vistas in front of the camp, while Clark was "resting" in Savage's sailboat. After dinner Townsend and Clark took their turn at chopping, and succeeded very well in their work. They devoted a great part of the afternoon, however, to taking a bath, watching a mink, and admiring a Bar Harbor buckboard, and its passengers. Townsend also built a rootless hedge to protect the front of the tent and his matchless beard from the gaze of curious passers on the road. Rand wrote, did a little sewing, and read a novel.

After supper Clark, Townsend, and Rand rowed over to the Kimball's landing. From there the two latter walked to the post office amid a crowd of admiring mosquitoes. At the post office Clark and Rand partook of tonic beer—a fact that the former remembered well nearly all night.¹²³ (N.B. milk, lobster, and tonic beer do not agree with some people.)¹²⁴ The party then returned to camp. The lamp in the parlor tent was lighted for the first time, and all hands did a little writing. Mosquitoes were not very troublesome. It has been observed that punkies and mosquitoes are not very numerous after nine o'clock in the evening, although from sunset to that time they are like a plague of Egypt.

Clark seeks repose on the rock-like Townsend mattress in tent number 3, so that all the tents are now occupied.

122 Rand writing.

123 In the 1880s, when tensions were high between the alcohol industry and the temperance movement, promoting beer as a healthful "tonic" was one campaign to sway public opinion.

124 "N.B." is an abbreviation of *nota bene*, Latin for "take note."

125 Clark writing.

Thursday, July 13¹²⁵

To the camp in general the day began in a cloudy and disagreeable manner, but one poor unfortunate Mr. Clark, who arose at the early hour of three o'clock, saw the morning star and the waning moon brightly shining in the clear dawn.

After breakfast Mr. Townsend shouldered his gun and started for the woods, while Mr. Rand and Mr. Clark, without rubber coats, rowed to Southwest Harbor after Mr. Lane, a package of pins and six pounds of oat-meal for Mrs. Savage. For the preservation of the last named article of food Lane (the writer has just been told that Mr. is not in good taste) deprived himself of his rubber coat and consequently he got as thoroughly drenched by the rain and fog as did his two companions. Townsend found nothing in the woods, and he got very wet. All the members of the camp were very glad to dry themselves before the great wood fire which the Savages had been kind enough to build for them. Soon after dinner the Captain and S. Eliot visited the camp, while the President was going after the mail.

While S. Eliot was in camp Townsend took the opportunity to borrow the *Sunshine's* cable, which he fastened to a diminutive dredge, and for the rest of the afternoon he busied himself rowing about the harbor in hopes of fishing up some specimens.¹²⁶ From a bushel of mud which he carefully brought ashore he extracted enough diminutive somethings to keep him busy all the evening. Rand and Lane during the afternoon loafed, analyzed flowers and read novels, but part of the time Rand wrote at the log. During the last part of the afternoon, however, the weather cleared up and Lane made a very substantial wash stand which is too high for short men. The camp seemed considerably exercised also over the persistence with which Clark devoted himself to drawing maps and making other preparations for geological observations. On their return from a stroll to Hadlock's Upper [Pond], Lane and Clark, with the help of Rand who had been driven from the tent by mosquitoes, sang under the starlit heavens so sweetly that Townsend even was visibly affected. At about ten o'clock the camp retired and were soon locked in the arms of sweet sleep.

126 Townsend was dredging for marine invertebrate animals: cucumbers, worms, clams, etc. A dredge was a simple metal rake or scoop dragged across the sea floor and hauled up so eager naturalists could "pick out the treasures."

127 Lane writing.

Friday, July 14¹²⁷

The day began early for Townsend who at about 4 am shot a small gray bird which had waked him by its unusual note. The other members of the camp, however, except Clark were not aroused even by the report of the gun.

The day began for the rest of the party shortly before breakfast, cool and clear, and Clark and Lane set off for Southwest on a geological expedition, taking a lunch provided in a tin pail by Mrs. Savage. On reaching the boat they discovered what they had not observed before, that there was no wind. So they sculled to the next pole and hitched there for half an hour or so, but finally got underway in a moderate manner leaving the industrious Townsend washing his clothes at the mouth of the brook.

After spending nearly an hour in a vain attempt to get out of the harbor, they put back and succeeded in reaching the moorings with some difficulty. At the top of the bank they were met by the kind encouragement of Rand and the assurance that they would find a fine breeze now. Like good little boys they set off again and were well rewarded for doing so. Reaching Southwest about 2:30 they took their dinner on the boat and then examined the shore from near the landing to the further side of Norwood's Cove.

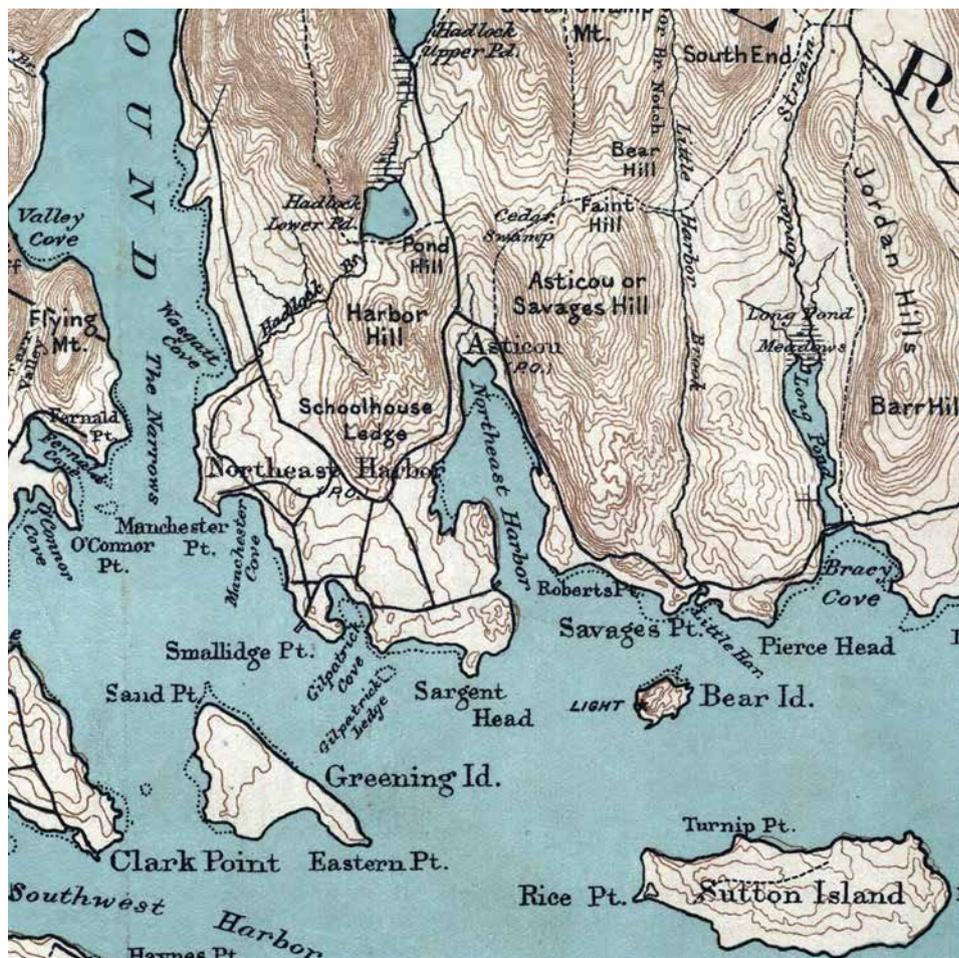
At first the diorite occurred only in well-marked dikes in the syenite, but further on also as fragments in the syenite, with some dikes also of a secondary flow running through both diorite and syenite. After a good bath at the entrance of the cove they returned by the road to Southwest and reached home late to supper.

In the afternoon Townsend went dredging as usual, and Rand visited the Ancestral ridge. S.A. Eliot visited the camp in the pm and made himself at home in the parlor tent, while Townsend was working in his own tent, neither being aware of the other's presence.

After supper Townsend and Clark rowed over to the post office. In the evening Rand was busily writing, Townsend still at work on his "marine invertebrates," Lane reading and Clark trying to keep warm in all the coats and blankets, rubber and otherwise, that he could muster.

Saturday, July 15

Soon after breakfast Rand and Clark started off for Southwest in Savage's sailboat with the row-boat in tow—Rand, ornamented with his best blue veil and looking forward to meeting a number of friends on the steamer—rumor said there were to be 10, but the number has now been reduced to 5 (N.B. Ginger-beer has also gone down from 10 c to 5 c a glass). Clark's less romantic errand was to get his hair cut which he succeeded in having done and getting back about half an hour late to dinner; while Rand followed soon after in the row-boat.



Map excerpt showing Northeast Harbor and Asticou Hill, 1893.
Library of Congress

128 Savage's or Asticou Hill, now Eliot Mountain, and Little Harbor Brook.

129 Now known as *Ectocarpus siliculosus*, a filamentous brown alga (seaweed).

Townsend and Lane started off for a short ramble with gun and botany-box over the Ancestral ridge and down by the brook to the north of it.¹²⁸ One new bird but no new species of plants were the result. After returning Lane started on "Marine Algae" and the camp is glad to greet as the first representative of this group *Ectocarpus confervoides*, more beautiful in its name than its appearance.¹²⁹

Soon after dinner Townsend went dredging; and Rand, Clark, and Lane started in the sailboat for the old camping-ground to bring off the flag-staff which had been obtained with so much pains when the camp was first set up there, but which still remained on its old site. The tide was nearly dead low when they reached the place, so that Lane's rubber-boots were very useful and were voted a decided success by the other members as they were carried ashore on the back of their wearer.

The flag-pole came down without any damage to itself but causing considerable disturbance to the fine field of grass which has grown up on the site of Camp Pemetic. The pole was taken down the bank and towed out to the boat with less difficulty than was expected, the rubber-boots again proving themselves a fortunate addition. The party embarked in the same manner as they had landed and returned with their booty safely to the camp. They found Townsend so deeply engrossed in Emerson's Essays that he was surprised to learn that it was an hour after supper-time.¹³⁰

After supper Rand and Clark rowed over to the post office and from there walked over to the old camp-ground where Clark had left his coat in the excitement of launching the flag-pole. They returned about 9:30 bringing glowing accounts of the phosphorescence, so that Townsend and Lane were incited to row out to see the wonders. It was indeed a remarkable display. Every movement of the boat or the oar caused a splendid flash of light, while the brilliance was increased by the multitudes of fish which filled the harbor and darted away from the boat in all directions leaving waving tracks of light behind them. Some of the water Townsend brought back in a basin to examine the next day.

130 Ralph Waldo Emerson's first series of essays, published in 1841, included well-known works on "History," "Self-Reliance," "Love," and "Friendship." The second series, published in 1844, included "Nature."

Sunday, July 16

This was a bright, clear, rather warm, quiet day. All hands remained in camp reading and writing, except the indefatigable Townsend who took two or three walks. Clark was unfortunately prevented from making his usual visit to Southwest as the boat was wanted by some friend of Captain Savage's who sent a small boy in a ruffled shirt down to ask if we were going to use it. We had the satisfaction however of seeing the boat rowed in late in the afternoon over the calm waters of Northeast Harbor. Foiled in his attempt to visit Southwest, Clark made way with a novel and a half. Lane too was sorry to miss his hitherto daily sail and did his share of reading. Just before dinner Townsend and Lane took a very short salt water bath and a much longer sun-bath until Lane's arms could stand it no longer. Lane's arms, ever since his first sail when he (perhaps unwisely) kept his sleeves rolled up all day have been a source of very solid comfort to him though of not a little smarting.

In the afternoon a visit was received from S.A. and C. Eliot, Earle and Jenkins. The two latter are visiting at the Ancestral and arrived only this morning. The three younger members of the party went on to Hadlock's for a swim, while the venerable Captain Emeritus remained at Camp until

his carriage called to take him home. The evening was spent quietly in the parlor-tent. It seemed the coolest we have had.

Townsend's beard grows finely though its progress does not show for as much as during its first 1/16 of an inch. We hope to report progress regularly.

Monday, July 17

This was a most extraordinary day in camp and marked by events such as have not, it is believed, been known in the previous history of the Society. But to proceed in order—

In his visit of Sunday S.A. Eliot had proposed the ascent of Brown's Mountain on today and had invited the members of the camp to join his party. The unwary Lane who has been trying to get up Brown's ever since he came was entrapped and promised to await them until 9:30. At 10 o'clock they appeared, but overcome by the fatigue of their tramp from the Ancestral they declared that they could go no further and settled themselves comfortably on the floor of the parlor tent.

As Rand and Clark were just starting on the usual expedition to Southwest, Clark this time in search of a doctor to mend his toe, Lane hurried off with them and with their wanderings and waitings comes the unusual portion of the days doings. The first excitement was a race in an almost dead calm with Kimball's cat-boat which was finally gloriously won by the *Junco*, both crews sculling and sweeping at their best. In sailing too the rival boat was beaten till finally she was obliged to turn off and pretend she was going somewhere else. In explanation I may say that we have decided to call the cat-boat *Junco* after the wife of that noble chieftain Asticou who has kindly allowed us to give his name to our camp.¹³¹ The breeze was very fresh outside and the boat would have doubtless lost mast and rigging but for the skillful management of Skipper Clark.

At Southwest Clark tried to find the doctor and Rand his many friends at the Castle but neither were successful.¹³² So Clark waited round at the Doctor's and Rand and Lane tried to find other acquaintances, walked to the post office etc. and finally joined Clark at the Island House for dinner. To such a pass has the Champlain Society come that they have to forsake the modest and quiet pleasures of their own camp for the bustle and distraction of an hotel. But what else could they do, and dinner they must have; and a very good dinner they had at 75 cents a plate.

Even after dinner the doctor had not returned so another long wait was made during which Lane and Rand retired to the boat to read their

131 Absent from the logbook is the lengthy discussion that led to naming the camp Asticou, "after an old Indian friend of the worthy Captain" that appears in the 1882–83 Secretary's Report. Asticou was the *sakom* (sagamore or chieftain) of the native Wabanaki community from the greater Mount Desert Island area. His domain was part of an inter-tribal political alliance of neighboring groups. Chief Asticou's invitation led to the 1613 founding of the short-lived French settlement and Jesuit mission post at Fernald Point, opposite his seasonal village at Manchester Point near the entrance of Somes Sound (and Camp Pemetic). The newcomers brought war and diseases that killed up to ninety percent of the Wabanaki population. It is not known if Chief Asticou survived the onslaught. In 1882, Wabanaki families were dispersed but they continued to live and work throughout the Mount Desert Island region.

132 "The Castle" was an annex of the Island House.

"Franklin Squares."¹³³ At last Clark appeared, his pockets stuffed with absorbent cotton and washes and his head with comfort and directions. So the great object of this expedition was at last attained and it is hoped that his foot will speedily recover. He has made himself now with Townsend's help a wooden sandal with classic strings over instep and ankle in which he may hobble up to Savage's. Rand and Lane tried to carry him once between them but it was too much for them. The return voyage from Southwest was made in pretty good time, the only event being Clark's losing his straw hat overboard and having to put about after it. We all wait to see what will happen to Clark next.

After reaching camp the men with sound limbs made a hole for the flag-pole and raised it while the crippled member of the party prepared lemonade for their refreshment (and his own). After supper the pole was firmly braced and the old camp flag raised to the sound of three Yo Ho!'s for camp "Custigoo" as some gentlemen persist in calling it. The night signal now floats there for the first time this season to inform the neighbors that the sun has set and that it is time to go to bed. But still a few words must be devoted to the untiring Townsend who could not wait for the late arrival of the party from the House but started off with his gun promising to meet the rest on the top of Brown's. He kept to his part of the plan, faithful soul, but no "rest" appeared to join him. He is now trying to find some "Noctilucae" in a pan of sea-water, but is seriously disturbed as is the writer also by the way which Clark has of giving the table a regular series of shoves as he gets interested in his novel.

Rand with his usual interest in the flags and all such pretty things wishes mention made of the fact that after being forced to steal (I mean borrow) some halyards a small Champlain pennant was hoisted to the peak of the *Junco* on her trip today. What matter if France has taken the same symbol for herself. As there are no French men-of-war round here at present, they will run no risk of being taken for members of the Champlain Society so we need not complain.

Tuesday, July 18

A light fog hung over the harbor and out at sea all day, at times closing in round the camp, but no rain fell until night. All hands stayed in the tents through the forenoon except Townsend who boldly started off to fish, but returned after a couple of hours of unsuccessful effort. Rand wrote "for dear life" as he expresses it all the morning and afternoon, but that is only his affectionate way of speaking of his friends. Jenkins spent part of the

133 Named for and created by Benjamin Franklin, "magic squares" are a series of mathematical grids where the sum of the horizontal, vertical, and diagonal rows all equal the same amount.

morning in camp to finish a story begun the day before. Clark and Lane read a good deal of the time and were at last reduced to California Jack and two-hand Euchre at both of which Lane was woefully beaten.¹³⁴

After dinner Townsend and Clark set off in the sail-boat although there was almost no wind and absolutely no hope of Clark's getting to Southwest. As they were in the fog most of the time and did not get back till supper-time the writer does not feel sure that they know where they went. According to their own account they reached Greening's Island by compass and made a thorough geological investigation thereof, Clark, as Townsend reports, despite his sore toe and wooden sandal, "scooting" over the rocks like mad and accomplishing a great deal of work. Townsend also brought home some dear nudibranch mollusks and other slimy things and a large brown jelly-fish which looked good enough for a dessert when its inconveniently situated ovaries and mouth were cleared away. Lane devoted the greater part of the afternoon to algae but with little success, and finally relieved his feelings by a short walk.

Mrs. Savage's bounteous board was spread for supper with lobster served on lettuce (a thing unknown before in these regions), goose-berries, griddle-cakes, hot biscuit and milk which savory though slightly unhealthy combination was attacked with greater or less thoroughness according to the boldness (or should I say rashness?) of those who enjoyed it. It is hoped that a social cigarette on the rock has prevented all evil consequences even for Lane the rashest hero of all in the dangers of the supper-table. Clark's toe is progressing well, but is still a matter of interest and anxious consideration to all members of the camp. He sits with it wrapped up in a rubber blanket, and it is interesting but not always safe (as the writer has found) to watch the effect on him if any one else's foot happens to rest near his or if a stool is disturbed in his vicinity. This evening he sits protected from the chill July air by waist-, inner-, outer-, over-, under- and rubber-coat and only lacks a petti-coat to make his outfit complete.

Wednesday, July 19

The fog continued thick all day with occasional showers, making foreign excursions impracticable. During the morning Rand wrote and played euchre with Clark, Clark read and played euchre with Rand, Lane wrote and read, Townsend read and wrote. In the evening afternoon do. do. do. vice versa, except that Lane and Townsend rowed over to the post office with the accumulated mail of the day, which consisted of twelve letters and several newspapers. They brought back a little consolation for Clark in the

shape of some dates which kept his spirits the rest of the day but took away his appetite for supper.

The camp also received a short visit from the Prex who was anxious to see that our tents were all right in the wet weather and our center-poles in.¹³⁵

In the evening songs, stories, and poetry occupied an hour or two, and though there is not at present much musical talent in camp (I ought perhaps to say many rather than much) still the exercise was not unsatisfactory to ourselves. Later, all other excitements having palled, Townsend, Clark, and Lane played vingt-et-une [sic] and although with the usual luck of a green hand Lane at first succeeded in cleaning out Clark and Townsend successively yet in the end Clark swept in the entire pool, Lane and Townsend having put up their entire fortunes on the last play.¹³⁶ It should be stated that even Rand had retired to the privacy of his own tent long before the others had finished their game.

135 Harvard President
Charles William Eliot.

136 A French card game thought to
be the predecessor of blackjack.

Thursday, July 20

The fog withdrew at an early hour and left a perfectly clear and not very warm day. Townsend and Lane started immediately after breakfast to walk to Somesville and down on the other side of the Sound. Starting at 8:30, they reached Southwest Harbor soon after 12. The walk was a hot one in parts but a good breeze swept up the Sound. They discussed on the way the deepest questions of the metaphysics and scientifics of all creation.

In the mean time Clark and Rand sailed over to Southwest in the *Junco* or rather tried to. They swept out half way to Greening's Island when being surrounded by a thick fog, Rand went on in the row-boat to Southwest, arriving there just in time to see his friends disappear (on the steamer) and to rescue Spelman from the clutches of a boatman who had just started out with him for the camp. The *Junco* also finally reached the landing and started back about noon. Lane and Townsend arrived a few minutes later and started off in the row-boat which had been left for them by agreement. They overtook the rest of the party becalmed as usual off the mouth of the harbor, but note should be made that a good breeze took them up the harbor, for usually the wind fails there altogether, but the *Junco* does bravely in a calm. Spelman was received with rejoicing and all hands made for the Savage's in haste.

After dinner an attempt was made to go to the sea-wall near Southwest but the wind gave out entirely at the mouth of the harbor. As the boat was lying there a figure was seen racing over the rocks and throwing up its arms. As it neared the water Clark recognized his father and rowed off to get him

and brought him aboard. Mr. Clark only stayed a few minutes and was then rowed back to camp where the rest of his party were awaiting him. It is to be regretted that the camp had not been left in visiting order. After losing the Skipper the rest of the party had not the courage to persevere in their journey and made the best of their slow way back to camp. With the usual perversity of inanimate things, a fresh breeze sprang up as soon as they had reached the moorings. Soon after, the fog closed in again.

In the evening Clark, Townsend, and Spelman rowed over to the post office and lost their heads on the way back, and tried to make a landing at the float wharf near the ice-house. Rand and Lane while they were away called at the Ancestral Mansion and found the family just going in to supper. They stayed until they had finished and so prolonged their call until a late hour. Nevertheless after returning, the popular and innocent game of vingt-et-un was started up by Clark, Townsend, and Lane.

Spelman comes to camp in good spirits, after a short sojourn in Cambridge with an abscess on his hand, the result of the voyage down here on the *Sunshine* earlier in the season. His hand is still tender and forms a convenient excuse for what in others might be called laziness.

Friday, July 21

The fog again left the island early in the morning under a fresh northwest wind. Immediately after breakfast all members of the camp, Rand, Townsend, Clark, Lane, and Spelman started on the faithful *Junco* with a ten-quart pail full of doughnuts and other things for dinner besides half a watermelon, no mention of which unfortunately was made in yesterday's log. It was found on the table in the parlor tent after Mr. Clark's visit. It was fully appreciated at supper last night and at breakfast and dinner today. The *Junco* sailed out of the harbor and over to the sea-wall actually without a single dead calm and most of the way with a first-class breeze. Anchor was cast opposite the ice-house a little this side of the point which stretches out opposite the Great Cranberry. About two hours were spent on shore, Townsend and Spelman with their guns and Clark with his hammer confining their attention mostly to the rocks, while Rand and Lane wandered more wildly thro' the jungles and bogs and extended their walk somewhat beyond the sea-wall almost to the Nubble and returned to the landing by the road. Their efforts were not altogether unrewarded by new species but new species are not so very easy to get now, for as in mathematics a curve ever approaches its asymptote but never reaches it, so in Botany, a list of flora ever approaches completion, but progress is

continually slower and in all probability our list will never be complete. One important discovery was the location of skunk cabbage which had been observed before on the islands but never on Mount Desert Island itself. Two water plants still remain to be determined. Soon after noon we sailed to Southwest and after mooring the boat ate dinner from our big tin pail. In the afternoon Townsend and Spelman shouldered their guns (Spelman's is only a pistol with what seems to be an old umbrella stick attached to the end of it, but no matter) and explored Fernald's cove and the surrounding country and brought back one or two specimens (not of Fernald but of birds). Rand wandered over the town in search of friends and flowers; and Clark and Lane rowed round the shore of Southwest Harbor as far as the Stanley House to observe the rocks. Clark thinks he has stratified rocks at the upper end of the harbor in one place; the rest is the familiar diorite and syenite.

About 4:30 the start was made for home with a good breeze until off the Harbor when the *Junco* did herself credit as usual in a calm. Spelman and Lane rowed over to Kimball's landing to go to the post office and overtook the others by the time they had reached the moorings.

In the evening all hands roosted for a while on the rock. S.A. Eliot made a call on us and arranged with Clark and Lane to go on a cruise in the *Sunshine* tomorrow with him and Earle and Jenkins.

Saturday, July 22¹³⁷

137 Rand writing.

The whole camp was aroused at an unseemly hour by the noisy packing of Clark and Lane, consequently we breakfasted on time. After breakfast Lane procured supplies from Mrs. Savage with which it is to be hoped he will be credited by Captain Sam. Clark was faithful to the very end to his beloved *Junco*, for Spelman and Lane started with him for the Ancestral Mansion in that staunch craft. Unfortunately, however, all the breeze soon died away, so that they had to anchor, and proceed to their destination in the row boat. Rand in the meantime walked over by the road, arriving long before them. Townsend stayed in camp, and we may be sure was not idle. About ten o'clock the *Sunshine* sailed for the vicinity of Bar Harbor with S.A. Eliot, Lane, Clark, Earle, and Jenkins on board. C. Eliot and Rand waved a sorrowful farewell from the shore. The latter then busied himself catching minnows in Loch Eliot with great success. He then took a walk up the valley of Harbor Brook with C. Eliot, but with no botanical results. He returned to camp in time for dinner. Meanwhile Spelman had returned to camp, and had made an ornithological trip to the vicinity of Kimball's

no botanical results. We returned to camp in time for dinner. Meanwhile Spelman had returned to camp, and had made an ornithological trip to the vicinity of Kimball's with Townsend. After dinner a little work was done in camp. The minnows were described and bottled. After this operation Rand and Spelman stocked the harbor brook with the remainder of the fish. After their return Spelman and Townsend went off to the neighborhood of Madlock's Lower Pond where they shot a few birds, and had a bath either in the Pond or in the roadside-tub. Rand did a little useless analyzing, and becoming disgusted at his results, read the rest of the afternoon. After supper there was the usual loafing on the rock. Then Townsend and Rand started on a moonlight row. Spelman declined to accompany them as he was so much interested in the "Initials". The row was a very great success. It was around Sutton's Island. The boat left camp at 8 o'clock and returned at 9.30. Spelman was still reading his novel when the boaters

with Townsend. After dinner a little work was done in camp. The minnows were described and bottled. After this operation Rand and Spelman stocked the harbor brook with the remainder of the fish. After their return Spelman and Townsend went off to the neighborhood of Hadlock's Lower Pond where they shot a few birds, and had a bath either in the pond or in the roadside-tub. Rand did a little useless analyzing, and becoming disgusted at his results, read the rest of the afternoon. After supper there was the usual loafing on the rock. Then Townsend and Rand started on a moonlight row. Spelman declined to accompany them as he was so much interested in the "Initials."¹³⁸ The row was a very great success. It was around Sutton's Island. The boat left camp at 8 o'clock and returned at 9:30. Spelman was still reading his novel when the boating party returned to camp. He refused to go to bed until he had finished it, so the others turned in, leaving him to finish it at his leisure.

It is needless to say that Clark and Lane are much missed by the small band left at camp. All the campers are now warm, however, and there is no more gambling. A few words need to be said concerning the plague of beetles that inflicts the camp. Great numbers of small hard-backed beetles appear every night in the tents, crawl up the walls and then drop on the heedless sleepers. Luckily they do no harm, but it is not pleasant to find your bed full of them every morning. Rand makes his tent a slaughter-house every evening before retiring, while the others let the creatures live and propagate. The yellow stains on these two pages are caused by the crushing of a number of these pests by the present writer—the beetles having been previously placed there by the sportive Stubbs and C.T.¹³⁹

Sunday, July 23

A lovely day. Wind northwest to southwest. A clear moonlight evening.

After breakfast Townsend and Spelman skinned a few birds in the recesses of their tent. The former then betook himself to reading and writing, the latter to the *Junco*. Stubbs reports a very fresh breeze outside, and "immense" sailing. He returned just in time for dinner. Rand was busy in his tent all the morning engaged in domestic occupations. He did a great deal of fancy sewing, making some very bad mistakes in his work. After dinner Townsend did much anatomical reading; Spelman and Rand wrote.

138 Likely a reference to the book *The Initials* (1854) by Jemima von Tautphoeus.

139 "Stubbs" is a nickname for Henry Spelman.

Letter-writing, however, could not keep the nautical Stubbs off the water very long, for he soon went off again in the *Junco*. Rand in the meantime had dressed himself in purple and fine linen, and was prepared to attend church at the chapel of St. Mary's-by-the-Sea when the bell should sound. Spelman attempted to convey him to Kimball's in the *Junco*, but the wind failed, and Rand had to row most of the way in the white boat. He reports a pleasant service, mixed congregation, and bad singing. After service he called on J.P. Hopkinson, and then returned to camp.

Townsend spent the time between four and six o'clock in the woods where he saw another winter wren, and captured some wood salamanders. At supper Townsend caused a great commotion by breaking a goblet. It is supposed that he did it to attract Miss Annie's attention.¹⁴⁰ He was successful! After supper the great student Stubbs tried to read German, but did not keep it up for very long. Rand went off to Bear Island for a moonlight row. Townsend read. After Rand had returned he wrote the remainder of the evening. Spelman and Townsend retired at 10:15, and left him alone in his glory.

This evening mosquitoes began to howl round as in the days before the fog, much to the disgust of all.

The C.S. notice sent by the Society to the Bar Harbor papers was read by the campers while at breakfast in the *Mount Desert Herald* of yesterday.¹⁴¹

A little incident deserves mention in this log. While Spelman was alone in camp this afternoon a buckboard passed by on the road. Said a lady to the driver, "Why, what is this camp here?" "It is the Harvard camp; the camp where the Harvard boys are staying," replied the driver.

"Harvard boys! Rather Harvard barbarians!" said the lady. It has come to this at last—if we do not live at Bar Harbor, or at least in a hotel we are called barbarians! Probably the lady was thinking of the derivation of the word, and applied it to Townsend, for his beard is becoming more like a forest, and less like stunted scrub growth every day.

140 Annie Savage, daughter of Augustus and Emily Savage, was fourteen years old in the summer of 1882. She was a talented singer and piano player, and clearly made an impression on the summer tourists who boarded at her family home.

141 *Mount Desert Herald*, July 21, 1882, p. 3. They received replies from Frank M. Day and Richard H. Day, both from Philadelphia. Frank Day began his years of contribution to the Botanical Department.



Birds collected by
Henry Spelman and
Charles Townsend
on Mount Desert
Island. *Jennifer Steen
Boober photo*

Monday, July 24¹⁴²

Pleasant and very warm but with a good breeze all day.

After breakfast Rand and Townsend started for Bar Harbor along the road by Brown's Mountain and Eagle Lake, leaving Spelman as the sole occupant of the camp. Spelman spent the morning and afternoon alternately in the *Junco* and in the woods. In the woods he secured a gold-crested kinglet. The breeze was so full of flaws that he found it difficult work sailing.

Rand and Townsend had a hot and, during the last part of the time especially, a very dusty walk. Stopping at Eagle Lake they partook of champagne cider, although the man said that it was against the law to sell it. Mr. Townsend examined a few stuffed birds there that were shot on the island and were new to his list. Rand discovered a new flower on the walk and Townsend captured a snake and at the same time set at liberty the snake's breakfast—a small frog.

At Bar Harbor Rand went to see his mother and intends to take the steamer to Southwest Harbor on the next day. Townsend called on his sister and returned to camp after dinner walking by way of Seal Harbor, thus completing the 22 mile circuit. He arrived in camp at quarter past six. The evening was spent by Spelman and Townsend in reading. Townsend breathes freely again after escaping from the region of swelly dressed youths and maidens.

Tuesday, July 25

Pleasant very warm and a strong southwest breeze blowing after ten o'clock. The wind usually blows from the northwest till about 10 am and then shifts to the southwest for the remainder of the day.

After breakfast Stubbs and Townsend betook themselves to the woods with gun and collector, but each fearing to tire the other by tramping on such a hot day, they reclined under the shade of trees on the shore of Lower Hadlock's Pond. No unusual birds were seen. After a short tramp they took a swim in the pond, first floating out on an old ice-boat. Returning to camp Stubbs labored away the rest of the morning in patching up his drawers with a piece of stocking, and darning with brown yarn. The effect was striking. Townsend in the meanwhile washed his soiled clothes in the brook and nearly succeeded in catching a large eel. Stubbs came after him in the boat and rowed him back to camp.

After dinner Stubbs started in the *Junco* for Southwest Harbor to get Rand and possibly J. Wakefield who is expected about this time.¹⁴³ He found Rand sitting on the wharf eating candy—nothing had been heard of Wakefield. On his way over Spelman reports very exciting sailing, but the sail back to camp was simply thrilling. While the *Junco* was sailing merrily along before the wind amid the squalls of Southwest Harbor, suddenly the boom rose into the air as if to embrace the gaff! Then the sail went over with a tremendous bang. If Spelman had not let go the sheet, there would undoubtedly have been an accident. The remainder of the sail was uneventful. As the *Junco* cast anchor opposite Kimball's landing, the *Sunshine* appeared, and anchored a little further down the harbor. While Spelman and Rand were going for a tremendous mail, Lane packed up and joined the *Junco*. Clark is to spend the night on the *Sunshine* at Southwest Harbor, and will come back to camp tomorrow. Townsend was in the woods, as usual, when the *Junco* returned to camp.

After supper there was a council of war on the camp rock. The "camp" had been invited to a musicale at the Castle, Southwest Harbor by Miss Crozier and her friends; should the invitation be accepted?¹⁴⁴ At last it was decided that the "camp" should go in a body. Then there was running to and fro, and the sound of shaving was heard in the land. At 7:30 the party started in the white boat, which on this occasion rejoiced in a flag. Townsend and Rand did the rowing with their usual skill and dexterity. On their way up Southwest Harbor to the Island House float the *Sunshine* was hailed to ask if Clark wanted to join the expedition. Clark answered that he would like to go ever so much, but he really had no clothes to wear—an announcement which caused great delight to some ladies rowing nearby. At the Island House a sad event happened, Spelman deserted, and returned to the *Sunshine*! After shaving, dressing, and coming three miles his courage failed him, and he retired amid the jeers of Townsend, Lane, and Rand. When the Camp party arrived at the "Castle" the musicale was nearly half over. They went in, however, and took front seats for the remainder of the performance. The programme was a very good one, and was very well rendered. The camp party enjoyed the music exceedingly. After the concert a few songs not on the programme were sung by a Californian young lady, who captivated Townsend by her manner of singing. Rand then introduced Lane and Townsend to Miss Crozier, and soon they were trying hard to remember the names of about a dozen young ladies, and talking for dear life. After a short talk, the party said good night, and returned to the wharf. They then routed Spelman out of the *Sunshine*, and started for home via the outside passage. On the way back Townsend and Rand made the night

143 Rand writing.

144 This is the first mention of Miss Crozier, presumed to be Annie Matilda Crozier (1856–1921), daughter of Thomas and Mary Crozier of Boston. She and Edward Rand married in 1893.

melodious (!) with their singing. When the camp was reached all assembled on the rock and ate cookies and candy to occasional vocal music. Spelman burst into song in the most unexpected manner, and it was with great difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to retire with the rest at 12:30.

145 Lane writing.

Two hands have already been engaged in recounting the events of this day.¹⁴⁵ It is a pity that a third should not add to the combination a short account of the doings of the yacht party.

146 Orrin Donnell did work for the Eliot family in the summer of 1882, but was not staffing the yacht full-time for the Champlain Society; see August 2 entry for mention of Orrin "painting the yacht."

The party consisted of S.A. Eliot (captain), Earle, and Jenkins who are visiting at the Ancestral, and Clark and Lane from the camp. As the *Sunshine* does not support a man this year, the party were doomed to do all their own work, both sailing, cooking and washing of dishes, but a good supply of canned goods made the task easier.¹⁴⁶ The yacht sailed from her anchorage off the Ancestral Mansion about 10 am on Saturday, made fairly good time to Bar Harbor where however she did not stop but went on up Frenchman's Bay. As Clark's father and mother were staying at Hancock a call was made there and Mr. and Mrs. Clark and two friends taken aboard for a short sail. Anchor was cast for the night in Salsbury's Cove. The next morning (Sunday) Clark and Earle were set on shore to examine the geology of the coast while the rest cruised about nearby until they were ready to be taken on board. After this Bar Harbor was again passed and a turn taken round Ironbound under a very fresh breeze. The night was spent at anchor off Calf Island, where a visit was made directly after supper to watch the sun set and enjoy the many beautiful views from the island.

147 Charles Allerton Coolidge (1858–1936), Harvard class of 1881.

Monday forenoon the party sailed over to Bar Harbor and anchored behind the bar. After dinner Clark went off in the tender to complete his section from Hull's Cove to Bar Harbor, while the rest walked up Green Mountain by way of the gorge and returned by the road. The view was good but a little hazy. They met C.A. Coolidge on top who had just arrived on the *Nirvana* and reported 18 sail of the Eastern Yacht Club on the way.¹⁴⁷

In the evening all except Lane put on the best they had and went ashore. Apparently they had a high time as they returned after eleven in a very excited state of mind. Lane meantime had spent a quiet dozy evening among the cushions of the yacht. He was rather alarmed soon after the others left at seeing a boat approaching rowed by Rand and containing one of his (Rand's) many lady friends. He had just time to rush below, fling everything in the cabin pell-mell into the berths, scramble into a coat and leisurely ascend the companion-way to receive his fair guests.

Tuesday Clark and Earle were set ashore for a while in the morning to geologize and later a good run was made to Northeast Harbor under a stiff

southwest breeze. The geological results of the expedition is the examination of the coast from Salisbury Cove to about two miles beyond Bar Harbor.

Wednesday, July 26

The warmest day of the summer in camp. Little wind in the forenoon, but a good southwest breeze in the afternoon.

Spelman and Rand set off early in the *Junco* to get J. Wakefield who was expected on the *Lewiston*. The others did not succeed in accomplishing much, though Townsend dredged a little early and bottled his diminutive captives. C. Eliot spent part of the morning in camp and just before dinner S.A. Eliot, Clark, Townsend, and Lane went in swimming off the rocks and rowboat.

The *Junco* arrived about 3 pm with Wakefield on board but, alas, without his trunk which is supposed to be at Rockland or some other equally inconvenient place. Immediately on her arrival, the *Junco* was started off on her second trip bearing Clark and Lane, and bound for Valley Cove. A fresh breeze took them over there quickly though Kimball's cat-boat took much satisfaction in showing us that it might take her there still more quickly and tried to rub it in by passing us a second time, but Skipper Clark skillfully avoided a second contest. At the mouth of the Sound and under Dog Mountain, it was uncommonly gusty even for those gusty places, and the *Junco* required careful management to keep her on her good behavior. They landed easily without a row-boat under the cliff of Dog Mountain and returned home just in time for supper picking up Wakefield on the way who had been rowing with C. Eliot.

After supper Clark, Spelman, and Lane rowed over to the post office and succeeded in making friends with the large black dog there which had been a source of terror to Clark who always approaches him with stones in his hand. At this post office they have so much style that if you buy a postal card they do it up in brown paper for you and tie a string round it. Later all hands piled into the *Junco* and sang for an hour or so in the moonlight until a very black cloud and some lightning warned them to return. During the next hour, the camp police, Rand and Spelman, paraded the camp-ground in rubber boots, rubber coat, and rubber hat, alternately tightening and loosening the tent-ropes. The tents stood firm however under some rather heavy gusts of wind and it rained for about two minutes during which the patrol retreated to the shelter of their tents.

Thursday, July 27

A cool, partly cloudy day, with easterly wind.

Shortly after breakfast Rand, Wakefield, and Spelman set out on the usual trip to Southwest, in search of Wakefield's trunk, but no tidings have yet been received of it. Their experiences as far as can be discovered were not exciting but were too many to be detailed by one not an eye-witness. Townsend, Clark, and Lane set off a little before ten for Sargent's. They had a very successful walk and came down the other side to Jordan's Pond where C. Eliot met them with his pair and drove them home. In going up they followed up the brook between Sargent's and Jones' (so-called) some distance before branching off and found it extremely beautiful. In Jordan's Pond they enjoyed a very good and refreshing swim. "One minute's drive" from the end of Jordan's road they came upon a store where various kinds of beers are sold and could not pass without trying their ginger-ale though they might have taken "pine-apple" [sic] or "sassafrilla" [sic] as the sign-board announced it.

After supper Rand and Wakefield went rowing. Lane tried to pack up as he leaves in the early boat tomorrow, and then gave his last roll to this log which he now consigns to other hands and hopes it will keep on rolling for many, many days, gathering not the moss of dullness, but like a snow-ball increasing ever in size and interest. The simile might be further amplified, but we will leave it to the imagination. Rand and Wakefield returned from their Southwest Harbor trip at 11:45, 45 minutes being their time from Southwest Harbor to camp.

148 Townsend writing.

Friday, July 28¹⁴⁸

A cloudy day brightening for a while at noon, then thick fog closing in and light rain with a much distant thunder in the evening. (A genuine thunderstorm is now booming, 10:30.)

As Lane was to leave camp today by the *Richmond*, the whole crowd turned out for breakfast at the unusual hour of 6:30. At half past seven Clark started for Southwest Harbor in the *Eddie*, and Rand and Wakefield followed with Lane and his luggage in the white boat. As the wind was somewhat capricious the *Eddie* did not reach the wharf until after the *Richmond* had departed. The rowers, by making the trip in forty minutes, brought Lane over just in time for his boat. Wakefield's long mourned trunk arrived by the *Mt. Desert*, much to his comfort and to the delight of the fellows who had been making daily excursions after it. The *Eddie* with



Jordan's Pond and the Bubbles. *R. Thaxter photo*

tender in tow took two hours and a half on the return voyage, arriving at about one o'clock. Townsend and Spelman spent the morning in pursuit of their specialties, Townsend prowling about on the shore, and Spelman taking a delightful nap at the ice house.

In the afternoon Clark and Townsend went to Bear Island on a scientific tour. Spelman went to walk and afterwards "laid for" buckboarders. Rand wrote letters, and Wakefield unpacked. Just before tea the two last named gentlemen walked up to the Ancestral to inquire about Mrs. Eliot, of whose severe illness we had just learned.

The evening was spent in close devotion to the omnipresent novels. During the afternoon a very pretty sloop yacht which turned out to be the *Nirvana* anchored in the harbor for the night. The only other incident of the day was the arrival of half a dozen boarders at Savage's whose presence it is darkly surmised may have a dampening effect on the accustomed hilarity of meal times, though it seems rather to have had the opposite effect thus far.

149 Rand writing.

Saturday, July 29¹⁴⁹

A lovely day, cool, with a southeast breeze.

After breakfast all stayed in camp for some time. Clark and Wakefield at last had energy enough to go down to the wharf, and go on board of the *Junco* for a quiet sail. Unfortunately Captain Savage also had a great deal of energy, and appropriated the *Junco* for the use of the six boarders by hailing Clark before he left the moorings. The sailing party then brought the *Junco* to the wharf, and then departed to get the *Eddie*, in which it sailed all the rest of the morning. Townsend went off on an ornithological expedition to the west side of the harbor. Rand and Spelman stayed in camp, and amused themselves by reading and writing. Just before dinner Rand went up to the Ancestral Mansion to inquire for Mrs. Eliot. Just before dinner Wakefield and Clark started to row Dr. Wyman from the Ancestral to Southwest Harbor; Spelman also started in the *Eddie*, overtook them, and took them on board.¹⁵⁰ Wakefield then returned to camp in the rowboat. Mrs. Rand, Townsend, Mr. Dwight, Rand, and two strangers from Bar Harbor dined together. The immortal six had gone off on some excursion.

150 Morrill Wyman (1812–1903),
Harvard overseer, physician, and
brother of Harvard professor
Jeffries Wyman (1814–1874).

After dinner Mrs. Rand and Mr. Dwight visited camp where they stayed for some time. Wakefield arrived a little late to dinner, and later joined the party at the camp. About three o'clock the visitors returned to Bar Harbor, leaving those in camp to loaf away the remainder of the afternoon. The great cannon arrived during the afternoon—this

was the only excitement. Just before supper the *Eddie* arrived bringing the deep-voiced Earle '83 to join the camp. He was greeted with much affection. Spelman placed the cannon in position just before supper. Townsend made a short wood expedition during the afternoon. After supper the usual loaf round the camp rocks occupied all hands. Later in the evening Earle and Clark took a moon-light sail, the rest of the party rowed over to Sutton's Island and back again. Earle then retired to the *Sunshine* which he intends to make his headquarters.

A great lemonade was made in the evening which deserves mention in this log.

Sunday, July 30

A clear, pleasant day. Wind light and variable.

After breakfast Spelman made fuses for the cannon (which had been fired for the first time this season with great difficulty the night before), and was nearly blown up while igniting a spitting devil. Clark wrapped himself up in a few overcoats and settled down for a solid read. The rest made great preparations for church. Church attire is a respectable suit of clothes and a flannel shirt of some light hue, shoes, and hat according to individual taste. The churchgoers, Wakefield, Townsend, Earle, and Rand, report a very pleasant service in a crowded church. The Bishop preached a very good sermon. After dinner there was a great deal of reading and writing. Wakefield did wonders in writing up his journal. During the afternoon Townsend and Spelman rambled a little. Earle retired to the *Sunshine* where he wrote and received visitors all the afternoon. The camp received a short visit from that very worthy gentleman, Mr. Samuel Eliot. This afternoon the conduct of many of the buckboarders was most unseemly. The campers were fairly driven into the parlor tent by the frantic demonstrations of one buckboard, and soothed by the sweet singing of another party that stopped in front of the camp while singing, and then informed us that the music was not intended for our benefit. Such conduct in strangers shocks the camp very much.

After supper in spite of some very heavy clouds Rand and Wakefield started for the post office with a very large mail. They rowed to the post office and then went on to Southwest Harbor where Wakefield distinguished himself in a sacred concert. They returned to camp at a rather late hour, making the time of 37 minutes from Southwest Harbor to camp. The rest of the campers passed the evening in reading and in other

intellectual amusements. Clark was cold as usual to judge from the wraps left behind him in the parlor tent.

151 Townsend writing.

Monday, July 31¹⁵¹

Cloudy, then fair; northeast wind veering to southwest.

As soon as possible after breakfast Clark and Earle started for the *Junco* with the laudable intention of getting it out of reach before Captain Savage could have a chance to claim the boat for his own use, as they more than suspected he would do. Their kind thoughtfulness had its reward—a head wind, which kept them beating about until half-past three, when they reached Otter Creek, where they were intending to make extensive geological investigations. They spent half an hour in scientific research, soothed the inner man with some bread and milk, and returned in time for a late supper—head wind all the way back.

Spelman was rowed to the point at the entrance of the harbor and spent the forenoon tramping after birds. In the afternoon he did some more tramping and got the mail. No birds, but considerable fatigue. Townsend divided the day between birds and marine invertebrates, with laboratory work in his tent.

Rand and Wakefield spent the hour succeeding breakfast in assuming a proper degree of "toughness" for a trip to Bar Harbor which they were meditating. In fact they spent so much time in this interesting occupation, that they barely escaped missing the steamer at Southwest Harbor. This steamer was the *Florence* of heaven knows where—Captain, an unshaven reprobate who ran his boat by faith and inspiration instead of by chart or pilot. The party aboard consisted of about fifty people besides the representatives of the camp and their friends from the "Castle."

On arriving at Bar Harbor at about half-past eleven, the aforesaid representatives devoted themselves to studying the beauties of the place, perusing the hotel registers, grumbling at a Rockaway dinner, paying calls, supping at the Grand Central, and kindred amusements until the time of starting on the home trip at 8 o'clock. Mr. Rand won the gratitude of two thirds of the party by soothing the mind of the hirsute captain of the *Florence*, who becoming excited by a sense of his own shortcomings and tales of a fog bank on its way from Grand Manan, was on the point of starting [an] hour and a half earlier than the advertised time of departure.

The return trip by moonlight was probably more enjoyable to those actively concerned than remarks on it would be to readers of the camp log.

Camp—in the person of Mr. Clark, who sat up later than usual owing to his interest in literary pursuit—was made glad by the arrival of the long absent ones about 11:30 pm.

Tuesday, August 1¹⁵²

To aid Spelman in carrying out his resolution to become industrious on the first of August was sufficient excuse for the whole camp to take themselves to the *Junco* to carry the above named gentleman and Townsend to Southwest. They shunned the town itself and struck boldly across the country to Bass Harbor with their guns and with cartridges enough to do a great deal of shooting. There were too many hay makers about, however, for sport, and, add the fact that the marshes were covered by the high tide, they felt themselves lucky in bagging one beach duck (N.B. It took both of them to kill it).

After leaving Townsend and Spelman, the *Junco* proceeded to the steamboat wharf that the party on board might gaze at the passengers of the *City of Richmond* which had just come in. No friends were seen on board the boat, but Rand met Mrs. Lovering on the wharf,* and Clark met Kent '83.^{153, 154} As soon as the *Richmond* left, the *Junco* started for a sail with Kent on board, but as the camp party were desirous of having a hot dinner that day, and as the wind was out of Southwest Harbor, it was deemed prudent to set Kent ashore again lest the necessity of tacking back to Southwest should prevent the camp from getting their hot dinner. After the dinner, which was good, the same crowd, Earle, Rand, Wakefield, and Clark started out again in the *Junco*, this time just for a sail, for there was a fresh southwest breeze; and they had a very good sail indeed, and enjoyed it the more because they had so often before sailed in a calm. The *Junco* took them safely between the Cranberries nearly out to Duck Island, and she proved herself a very stiff boat. The musical splashing of the waves enthused Earle and Wakefield much to the delight of Clark and Rand. The party got back to camp in time for supper, though a little late on account of that confounded point off Kimball's which always produces the most provoking calms. This evening Samuel Eliot came to camp. He seemed to be in good spirits, and spent most of the evening squabbling with Earle and Spelman. Later in the evening however, the musical members of the camp sang to the buckboards as they passed. To one in particular they paid particular attention, and though it was soon discovered that the buckboard was filled with small boys and not with young ladies, they had the good grace to keep singing to them, for which the small boys seemed duly grateful. A little

152 Wakefield or Spelman writing.

153 A correction in the logbook reads
"*Not so; she was on the *Richmond*."

154 Edward Kent (1862–1916)
of Lynn, Massachusetts.



Bear Island from the West. *R. Thaxter photo*

after nine Earle and Eliot retired to the yacht and the rest of the camp to their beds soon after. Spelman and Townsend got back to camp from their tramp a little before the *Junco* party.

Wednesday, August 2¹⁵⁵

155 Rand writing.

A bright, pleasant day. Wind southwest.

This morning everyone decided to go to Duck Island in the *Sunshine*, but as Sam happened to think that Orrin intended to paint the yacht today, the plan was given up. It was decided that Clark, Townsend, Spelman, Wakefield, and Rand should sail to Great Cranberry Isle in the *Junco* and spend the day there engaged in scientific pursuits. S.A. Eliot decided to remain in camp to take care of Earle who is very sick with that mysterious disease, laziness. Mr. Eliot put his patient through a vigorous course of scraping the yacht during the morning but without any very good results.

The *Junco* party had a very pleasant sail to Great Cranberry. Clark managed to land all the party except himself on the point at the south of entrance to the Pool. He then devoted himself to the science of sailing for the rest of the morning. He went nearly to the Duck Islands, and reports fine sailing outside. Spelman and Townsend wandered over the southeastern part of the island in search of birds, but were not very successful. They obtained only a couple of specimens. Rand and Wakefield wandered along the southeast and south shore and through the woods in search of flowers. They were fairly successful, but nearly all their specimens were "well known." They also investigated the geology of the south shore, and the surf. They found a fine junction of syenite and diorite, and very fine surf at Bunker's Head.

At one o'clock all hands returned to the *Junco*, and partook of a dry lunch. They then started for home with a fresh breeze from the southwest. We had a glorious sail, and only took in a little water. When the *Junco* arrived at 2:45, S.A. Eliot and Earle found energy enough to sail over to the post office in her and get the mail. Wakefield and Spelman took a salt water bath with different effects. The former walked over the hill to Camp Pemetic before supper; the latter had a violent attack of laziness. Townsend worked in his tent as usual. Clark loafed and tried to read Emerson's essay on books. (N.B. Clark has announced his intention of reading no more novels, —this is the beginning of his good resolution). Rand wrote, and analyzed the specimens obtained during the morning. After supper there was a great deal of tearing round and fighting, an amusement which has become popular with some gentlemen since S.A. Eliot came to

camp. Spelman, however, carried it so far that he was solemnly cursed by everyone. Later in the evening Wakefield, S.A. Eliot, and Earle practised singing for a short time inflicting untold agony on the lovers of music who were writing and working in the parlor tent. Finally S.A. Eliot and Earle departed via Smith's to the *Sunshine*, Townsend went to bed followed soon afterwards by Clark and Spelman. Rand and Wakefield as usual put out the lights and tied up the parlor tent. The only visit received during the day was from the Captain in the afternoon.¹⁵⁶ Several rowing parties were quashed by the extreme low tide which had left the boat high and dry.

156 Charles Eliot.

Late in the afternoon, just before supper we were asked by a gentleman driving along the road to keep a lookout on our boat as there had been a highway robbery at Bar Harbor, and every effort was being made to prevent robbers from leaving the Island. Two masked men had stopped a buckboard on the Green Mountain road at one o'clock in the afternoon, and captured several hundred dollars worth of watches, etc. Tremendous excitement reported at Bar Harbor.¹⁵⁷

157 John and Isaac How, longtime Bar Harbor summer residents, and female companions were robbed on the Green Mountain Road, as reported in the *Mount Desert Herald* August 4, 1882.

Thursday, August 3

Bright and pleasant. Very hot in the sun. Wind southwest.

After breakfast it was voted that it was too hot to do anything of an active nature, so that everyone settled down to a morning of quiet loafing. Townsend, however, could not rest in peace, so he spent a great part of the morning roaming round the shores of the harbor in search of marine invertebrates. Rand also was attacked by energy later in the morning and washed out the white boat, finding Clark's lost stylograph in the course of his labors.¹⁵⁸ In the meantime Clark, S.A. Eliot, and Earle had gone to Lower Hadlock's Pond to take a swim; Spelman took a trip to the woods along the road. Just as Rand had finished his labors, and before he was in a very presentable condition a boat appeared manned by Mr. Comins of Worcester and a small boy with Miss Annie Pierce and Miss Wellington as passengers. It is needless to say that Wakefield was down at the wharf almost as soon as the ladies had landed. Mr. Comins declined the invitation to visit camp, an example that was not followed by the young ladies. After they had inspected the camp, they invited all the campers to attend a hop at the Castle, Southwest Harbor, the same evening. Rand and Wakefield promised to come, and to do their best to bring the rest of the campers. Everyone then adjourned to the woods under the lead of Wakefield, and collected 'steen things for decorative purposes.¹⁵⁹ The visitors then took their departure much to the delight of Spelman and Townsend who were

158 A fountain pen, the first mass-produced ink pen.

159 Short for "pristine."

hardly in a condition to receive company. After dinner a grand lemonade was made of which all partook. Clark, Earle, and S.A. Eliot passed most of the afternoon on the *Sunshine*, and in going for the mail. Spelman went into the woods and lay in ambush for buckboarders. Townsend went into the woods with his gun, but without any ornithological success. Rand and Wakefield wrote and worked in camp. Just before supper Miss Isa Coolidge and her brother visited the camp with a Mr. Allen. They were part of a buckboard party, so that they only stayed a few minutes.

After supper Rand and Wakefield dressed up in their store clothes, and departed for Southwest Harbor to attend the Castle hop. For various reasons all the other members were unable to go. Earle and S.A. Eliot went on board of the *Sunshine* very early. The rest of the band were addressed by the Captain who spent the evening in camp. After his departure all went to bed. The frivolous delegation arrived at Southwest Harbor in safety, and represented the camp as well as it was able during the long evening. The decorations were very elaborate, and for once the Castle hall was transformed into a bower of ferns and bulrushes. The C.S. colors were conspicuously displayed on one side of the room. In return for this delicate compliment Wakefield led the German with very great success.

The hop was over at about twelve o'clock, so that Wakefield and Rand did not reach camp until a very late hour. Through them the camp expresses its thanks to the ladies of the Castle for all the kindness and attention shown to it.

Friday, August 4¹⁶⁰

Rand's fog-horn this morning gave out a wailing note caused partly by the fact that Clark's cheerful voice was soon to be heard no more in camp, and partly by the general sorrow at having to get up an hour earlier than usual. The crowd on shore breakfasted at half-past six; and about seven Rand and Wakefield started with Clark and his bags of rocks and blankets to meet the *Cimbria*.¹⁶¹ The farewells on the float were very touching. Clark was landed safely at the wharf at Southwest Harbor about five minutes before the steamer arrived. How he spent those five minutes is not a matter of history, but he completely broke up the pathos which had attended his preparations for departure so far, by suddenly announcing with beaming face that he had concluded to spend the next two days at Southwest. He proceeded forthwith to engage a room at the Island House, and judging from appearances at a later hour of the day, he had no cause to repent this somewhat surprising change of plans.

160 Writer unidentified.

161 Steam-powered ferry to Bangor.

Rand and Wakefield finding that some of their friends were to leave by the two o'clock boat, concluded to make a day of it. They dined at the Island House and saw their friends off in the *Mt. Desert*. On their way back they stopped for the mail, only to find that someone else had been ahead of them.

In camp Sam and Earle devoted the day chiefly to literary pursuits. Townsend went to Wheelwright's Point for invertebrates and took a sail in the *Vyvyan*. In the morning Spelman took a stroll for birds, and in the afternoon he rode to the post office with C. Eliot, proving this a "hard, cold world" by losing his collection case in the woods on his way home.

At noon a delightful bath from the float relieved the monotony, and this was followed by the excitement of the day. While all were busy preparing for dinner, a sudden cry for help caused a rush for the shore. Sam, who reached it first, found Fred Savage in the water in an exhausted condition, and helped him out on to the float; cramp and inexperience in swimming had put [him] in considerable danger of drowning.¹⁶² The evening passed quietly. It was a night to be long remembered for the brilliant display.

162 Fred Savage (1861–1924) son of Augustus and Emily and brother to Miss Annie. He worked as a carpenter on the Eliot cottage (the Ancestral), designed by Peabody & Stearns, and went on to apprentice at the firm and design many private and public buildings on Mount Desert Island.

163 Rand writing.

Saturday, August 5¹⁶³

A bright, pleasant day; warm. Wind light southwest. Fog over the islands in the evening.

After breakfast Townsend went dredging with great success. Spelman was driven by the Captain to the other side of the harbor; from there he walked in the woods, returning to camp in a hot condition. S.A. Eliot loafed in camp as long as he could stand it, and then paid a visit to the Ancestral Mansion. Earle loafed. Wakefield read and wrote. Rand wrote and loafed. At noon all but Rand took a cold bath.

After dinner S.A. Eliot loafed in camp, Townsend worked in his tent, Spelman, Rand, and Wakefield drifted round in the *Junco* for some time. As the latter party could only get as far as the mouth of the harbor, Rand departed for Southwest Harbor in the white boat to do some shopping and on private business. Earle astonished the camp by departing on a botanical expedition, from which he did not return until long after supper. He announces that he had been to the top of Sargent's Mountain—an assertion that is doubted by certain members of the camp. It was fortunate he returned when he did, as certain of his friends were thinking of organizing an expedition to search for him. Rand found his Southwest Harbor business of such an engrossing nature that he did not return to supper. After supper S.A. Eliot and Earle went on board the *Sunshine* rather early as usual.

Wakefield, Townsend, and Spelman had a serious discussion which finally drove Townsend to his tent. Wakefield and Spelman sat up until midnight reading and writing. At that hour the wanderer Rand returned with a Clark-like smile on his face, showing that his business had been successfully accomplished. Soon after his return the night owls all turned in, and silence reigned in camp. The only remarkable incident of the day was the great energy of Earle.

Sunday, August 6

Bright and hot, the warmest day of the season. Wind light southwest. Warm in evening.

After breakfast the usual Sunday occupations of reading and writing began in camp. The heat was so great that very few of the campers felt able to go to church. Wakefield, Earle, and Rand finally went, and listened to a very good sermon by the Bishop. Before dinner all but Rand took a cold bath. After dinner nothing very energetic was done until Wakefield and Townsend took a walk to the top of the Ancestral ridge. They report a dried-up state of things on the summit. Late in the afternoon the noble Captain came down to camp, and announced that [he] was going to stay to supper in his brother's place, an announcement that was greeted with great applause. He then criticized each of the campers with his usual freedom and showed them how to become better men in [the] future. It seemed very natural to see him at the supper table again, but everyone regretted that his appetite was not greater. S.A. Eliot feasted at the Ancestral Mansion.

After supper a number of the campers attempted to have a sacred concert, but did not succeed very well. The Captain was rowed to the Ancestral by Earle and Townsend. S.A. Eliot arrived at camp just before their return. He had left the Ancestral before they arrived thereby losing a row home, a loss that caused Lazy Sam much grief. Rand and Wakefield then rowed over to the post office with the mail. Afterwards they rowed round Greening's Island for their own amusement, and enjoyed the phosphorescence and some distant singing. They returned to find that everybody had turned in, an example that they at once followed.

In the log of yesterday, through a mistake, no mention was made of the arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Vaughan and two small sons (of Cambridge) at Savage's.¹⁶⁴ The campers, therefore, are not alone in their glory as they would wish.

164 Physician Dr. Charles E. Vaughan and Elizabeth Vaughn of Cambridge, Mass., and their two youngest sons John and Frank.

Monday, August 7¹⁶⁵

Earle had intended to go to Southwest to see some relatives who were going up by the *Richmond*, and as several others were to accompany him, breakfast had been ordered for half past six; but early in the morning the fog came in, and Earle who was sleeping on the yacht, forgot to wake up in time, so the expedition was postponed, also early breakfast. As soon as the morning meal was over, Rand and Townsend started for Southwest in the rowboat, Townsend to interview the barber, and Rand to interview someone else.

Sam and Earle adjourned to the Yacht for a while, and later Sam departed to the Ancestral and Earle "monkeyed round" in the *Vyvyan* for the rest of the morning.

About ten the fog lifted somewhat, the breeze freshened, and Spelman and Wakefield started for Southwest in the *Junco* to visit the cobbler's and bring home the others. They were rather late in getting to their destination, so after spending a short time hunting up Rand, they turned back without going to the cobbler's. Townsend and Rand preferring exercise to comfort rowed home. The *Junco* with a free wind brought her crew back in time for dinner.

In the afternoon a remarkable fit of energy seized most of the fellows. Rand and Spelman walked up to the ridge of Sargent's, and had a "fiendish" time coming back around the end of Upper Hadlock's [Pond]. The results of their walk were more apparent in increased appetites than in additions to the scientific lists.

Wakefield was somewhat under the weather so loafed in camp. Earle kept him company for a time and spent the rest of the afternoon going for the mail with S.A. Eliot.

Townsend and his gun made an expedition into the woods with no particular results. After supper a pleasant half hour was spent in singing to the melodious accompaniment of Savage's organ manipulated by Mr. Earle. In the evening Mr. Rand analyzed the flowers he had collected. Spelman did some work on trees, and the others occupied themselves as usual.

Tuesday, August 8¹⁶⁶

Fog all day. At noon the sun came out for a few minutes, but was soon shut out again. At night a heavy thunder shower.

During the morning nobody did much of anything except Townsend who went dredging. Wakefield read, Earle tried to read, Rand wrote, S.A. Eliot and Spelman read for a short time, and then becoming tired,

devoted themselves to disturbing the others, especially Earle, as much as possible. During the morning the Rev. Mr. Gardiner and his daughter arrived at Savage's. In the afternoon three more boarders came. After dinner a little more energy was displayed in camp. S.A. Eliot went to the Ancestral; Townsend, Wakefield, Spelman, and Earle walked over to the post office; Rand rowed off into the fog, and was seen no more until nearly seven o'clock. Earle also devoted a great part of the afternoon to analyzing ferns. S.A. Eliot and Earle went on board soon after supper on account of the thick fog. The rest of the campers then had a discussion of several serious subjects until the force of habit was too much for them, and they as usual turned themselves to reading and writing. Wakefield and Rand held out longer than the rest, but sleep soon became too much for them, and they retired.

It is said that at supper tonight Miss Annie remarked, "Is Mr. Rand too bashful to come to his tea? If he is, I will send his supper down to him." A remark that surprised and delighted his fellow campers very much, though it was hardly called for.

During the afternoon Spelman distinguished himself by sewing up the tear round the stove pipe hole in the parlor tent which he and Wakefield had made a few days before when engaged in a Graeco-Roman wrestling match.

Wednesday, August 9

Foggy in morning, clearing at noon, foggy again at night. Wind variable.

After breakfast the newly formed Hydrographical Department, consisting of S.A. Eliot, Earle, and Spelman, chartered Savage's buckboard and went to Jordan's Pond. They spent most of the day there, and came home with many well sounding results. The greatest depth found was 148 feet between the cliffs of Sargent's and Pemetic. Townsend spent the morning sailing in the *Vyvyan*. Wakefield analyzed ferns, and did a little novel reading. Rand, inspired by some good spirit, cleaned the lamps, and put the parlor tent in order. He then joined Wakefield in his fern analysis. In spite of the fog, ice cream was given to the campers for their dessert—that is to such as stayed at home. After dinner Townsend went over to Manchester's and spent the afternoon poking over a shell heap. He brought back a small bag full of broken pottery and bones. Wakefield and Rand wrote and read. Their attention, however, was much distracted by the great number of buckboards that passed the camp.

passed the camp. After supper S.A. Eliot and Earle stayed in camp until eight o'clock, and then went on board of the "Sunshine." Soon after they departed the Captain made a call on us. He announced that the gentlemen owning land near and at N.E. Harbor were trying to form a society to protect the natural beauties of this part of the Island. A discussion of the plan followed. After the Captain departed we all read until one after the other Townsend, Spelman, and Rand were overcome by sleepiness, and were forced to seek their tents. Wakefield read alone until a late hour. A fact worthy of mention in Today's Log is that Rand did not go to South West Harbor.

Camp log for August 9, 1882, describing the beginning of conservation efforts on Mount Desert Island.

After supper S.A. Eliot and Earle stayed in camp until eight o'clock and then went on board of the *Sunshine*. Soon after they departed the Captain made a call on us. He announced that the gentlemen owning land near and at Northeast Harbor were trying to form a society to protect the natural beauties of this part of the Island. A discussion of the plan followed.¹⁶⁷ After the Captain departed we all read until one after the other Townsend, Spelman, and Rand were overcome by sleepiness, and were forced to seek their tents. Wakefield read alone until a late hour. A fact worthy of mention in today's log is that Rand did not go to Southwest Harbor.

Thursday, August 10¹⁶⁸

Cloudy in the early forenoon, then brightening and clear in the afternoon. The fog hovered just outside the harbor all day, occasionally advancing towards camp, but never reaching it until late in the afternoon when it swooped down to spend the night in good company. Strong east and southeast winds all day.

The Hydrographical Department—fulfilling the proverb about the new broom—had another attack of energy, and proceeded to continue the good work begun yesterday.¹⁶⁹ They secured the Ancestral double team with Mr. C. Eliot as driver, and started for Eagle Lake. Arriving about 11 o'clock they sounded there a while, then walked over to Bubble Pond where they sounded and lunched.

Returning to Eagle Lake they took more soundings, some twenty in all, and left in season to reach camp about 4 o'clock. They found Bubble Pond shallow, greatest depth 50 feet, and Eagle Lake by no means so deep as Jordan's, the maximum being 104 feet.

The fact worthy of mention in yesterday's log cannot be repeated today. In other words Mr. Rand did go to Southwest Harbor. He went with the laudable intention of meeting Worcester about whom nothing has been heard since he signed to come on the 10th. Worcester did not arrive. Rand turned up in camp about 2 o'clock, somewhat used up by pulling in the chop.

Townsend spent most of the morning in the *Vyvyan* enjoying the fresh breeze.

In the afternoon Townsend went over to the old camp "birding." Rand and Wakefield tramped up the Sargent's Mountain Gorge, and came back through the woods on the east shore of Upper Hadlock's. As usual scientific results were insignificant.

167 This is an important entry for its mention of the beginnings of land conservation on Mount Desert Island. The C.S. had previously discussed the need for protecting some parts of the island and ensuring public use in previous meeting records and Botanical Department reports (Spring 1881), but here the discussion includes mention of island property owners, including the Eliot family.

168 Writer unidentified.

169 "A new broom sweeps clean, but an old broom knows all the corners."

The Hydrographical Department rowed over for the mail, and tried unsuccessfully to sound the Harbor with the plump body of one of its members.

Usual evening occupations—no incidents.

170 Rand writing.

Friday, August 11¹⁷⁰

Clear and pleasant. Calm during the morning; wind southwest in afternoon. Fog early in the morning.

Earle, Townsend, Wakefield, and Rand breakfasted early. At seven o'clock Wakefield and Rand took the massive body of Earle on board the white boat, and started for Southwest Harbor. They arrived at 8 o'clock having plenty of time to spare. At 8:15 Earle's winsome face was turned Bangorwards, and he was lost to the sight, but not to the memory of his fellow campers. He went up with Mrs. Clark, for whom her dutiful son waited so long at Southwest Harbor. Rand and Wakefield then turned their steps Castlewards, a habit for which they are noted, and stayed at the Castle until the arrival of the *Mt. Desert*. As soon as they found that Worcester was not on board they returned leisurely to camp, where they spent the rest of the morning in analyzing and reading. While they had been absent S.A. Eliot and Spelman had been trying to sound the Lower Hadlock Pond. After a few trials from a raft that they constructed they came to the conclusion that there was more mud than water, and gave up sounding in disgust. Townsend, as usual, did some work. He spent the morning in the *Vyvyan* dredging off Greening's Island, and had very great success. After dinner Rand departed on a botanical excursion to Jordan's Pond. At the pond he met a party of friends, who kindly took him over to Southwest Harbor, gave him supper, and sent him home in their boat late in the evening.

As soon as they had recovered from the effects of a mighty dinner, S.A. Eliot, Wakefield, Spelman, and Townsend went on board of the *Sunshine*, and set sail to Southwest Harbor. Here Captain Sam astonished the fishing fleet by his wonderful seamanship. From there they sailed to Hadlock's Cove, Little Cranberry Isle, where they anchored, and spent the night. On their way over they were much delighted by seeing Rand on the *Fearless* bound for Southwest Harbor and supper. Townsend and Spelman went on shore and conciliated the King of the Island.¹⁷¹ They received permission to shoot on the shore the following morning. After a frugal *Sunshine* supper the Captain and crew looked at the stars for some time. They turned in at

171 Likely "Old" William Edwin Hadlock (1834–1911).

an early hour. Luckily for the comfort of the sleepers the owlish Wakefield for once laid aside his nocturnal habits and did not read or write later than 9:30.

At camp all was peace until a late hour. At last a figure came slowly up the path and entered the camping ground.¹⁷² He smiled as he saw the C.S. flag waving on the pole; he made a few remarks when he saw that the parlor tent was not tied up, and tied it up; he wearily entered tent No. 2. For a few moments the tent was illuminated, then the light vanished. A few yawns were heard, a few tossings on a rock-like Townsend mattress, and then unbroken silence fell on Camp Asticou which lasted till the next morning broke.

172 This is Rand.

Saturday, August 12¹⁷³

Townsend and Spelman rose at 4:30, made a light repast of "Molly" and rowed ashore. They found no birds on Little Cranberry so went over to Great Cranberry. About 7:30 they returned to the yacht bringing one bird new to their list and a lot of peep and ringnecks.

After breakfast Townsend dredged a while. The usual morning breeze soon sprung up, and the *Sunshine* got underway. There had been reports that a schooner had gone ashore on Baker's Island, so Captain S.A. Eliot took his crew out to inspect it. They sailed round Baker's but found no signs of the wreck. However they had a beautiful view of the fishing fleet outward bound from Southwest Harbor.¹⁷⁴ Coming back by the Western Way they anchored off camp a little before two o'clock.

In the afternoon S.A. Eliot went for the mail, and Townsend skinned his new specimen, and then went to call at Kimball's. As the wind was still booming from the southwest Spelman and Wakefield went sailing in the *Junco*. They sailed round Sutton's, met some very lively squalls in Southwest Harbor, and got back in time to get becalmed as usual off Kimball's Point.

Mr. Rand left camp in the morning at 8:50 in the boat he had borrowed the night before, and reached the Island House float at 9:30. He embarked in the *Mt. Desert* for Bar Harbor, where he spent the day. Leaving there at half past five, he walked back by the Otter Creek road, taking supper by the way, and reached camp about a quarter of nine. Eliot soon after went aboard the Yacht, and the others knocked off writing and novel reading each man at his own hour.

Fair day with wind southwest and occasional puffs from southeast.

173 Writer unidentified.

174 In the 1880s, fishing vessels from Mount Desert, Tremont, and Cranberry Islands fished near shore for cod, mackerel, and other species within the Gulf of Maine.

Sunday, August 13¹⁷⁵

Pleasant, clear, and cool. Strong northwest wind all day, very squally. Cool and clear in the evening.

After breakfast S.A. Eliot and Spelman started for Southwest Harbor in the *Junco* with the purpose of getting Dickinson who was expected to arrive in the *Richmond*. They were not able to find him, and returned with a double reef in their sail. Townsend wrote and read all the morning.

The Captain visited camp about 10 o'clock, and spent most of the morning there. At eleven o'clock Wakefield and Rand went to church as usual. The dinner today was worthy of the greatest praise. Shore-birds, roast chicken, and ice cream were among the attractions of that meal. After dinner everybody rested. S.A. Eliot and Rand read, Wakefield wrote, and Spelman slept until just before supper when he took a short walk. The energetic Townsend spent the afternoon on Brown's Mountain, and feasted on blueberries. At supper Spelman and Rand succeeded in eating nearly everything on the table. After supper S.A. Eliot went on board of the yacht to indulge in a grand shave. Wakefield and Rand went over to Southwest Harbor on the usual botanical business that has made them famous, and did not return until a late hour. Townsend and Spelman devoted themselves to literary pursuits, the former retiring as usual about nine o'clock, the latter at ten o'clock. It is needless to say when the Southwest Harbor party retired!

Monday, August 14

Pleasant, clear. Wind southwest. Cloudy in the evening.

A sad day for Camp Asticou! After breakfast three of the five campers felt that the unusual coolness of the night before had laid its deathlike hand upon them—in other words they did not feel at all well. Wakefield, the greatest sufferer, curled himself up on the floor of the parlor tent, and refused all comfort except a novel and certain drinks prepared by Spelman. M.D. Spelman was more or less cheerful under his affliction, but at times an unusual quiet stole over him that was really painful to anyone who knew him well. Rand was cheerful, but silent. All the afflicted ones spent the morning reading and writing.

S.A. Eliot, rejoicing in his health, visited the Ancestral Mansion, while Townsend went "wooding."

Dinner was not a joyful occasion as the genial face of Wakefield was not seen at the festive board. After dinner Townsend went dredging in the



A bit of the mountain road in the woods of the pass. *R. Thaxter photo*

Vyvyan. S.A. Eliot took a party from Kimball's and vicinity to sail in the *Sunshine*. On his return he ran the yacht up on the flats in order to have some repairs made in the morning. The rest of the campers stayed in camp, and amused themselves in quiet ways. Rand, however, drove over to the post office with the Captain, and walked most of the way back without botanical results.

Just before supper a Southwest Harbor boat containing Miss Hamlin, Miss Braman, Miss Merrill, and Mr. Comins came up to the float, and invited the campers to a hop at the "Castle" that same evening. They refused an invitation to visit camp as it was too near supper time. After supper Wakefield and Rand decided that they felt well enough to go to Southwest Harbor, so they departed slowly down the harbor, Rand only being able to row. They returned, it is needless to say, at a late hour. The rest of the campers passed the evening as usual in literary pursuits.

During the morning the camp received a short visit from Mrs. Homer, Mr. and Mrs. Swan, and Miss Swan, all from Southwest Harbor. Wakefield and Rand received the visitors in spite of their sickness.

176 Townsend writing.

Tuesday, August 15¹⁷⁶

Fair, partly cloudy. Wind southwest veering to southeast. Fog coming in during the evening.

About half past eight Rand and Eliot started for Southwest Harbor in the white boat to meet Prentiss who was expected today. Townsend sailed out to the mouth of the Harbor in the *Vyvyan* and went dredging. Spelman and Wakefield stayed in camp and recuperated.

At ten thirty Eliot and Rand appeared bringing Prentiss, who had arrived by the *Richmond*, and also the information that a party was on its way from Southwest to visit camp. Prentiss was introduced to his new abode, the tent formerly occupied by Clark and Lane, and soon after he and Spelman retired to the bushes with an opera glass.

Eliot, decorated for the occasion, Rand, and Wakefield stayed to receive the visitors, who landed from the *Smuggler* about 11. The party consisting of seven ladies from the "Castle," remained about an hour admiring the beauties of the scenery and the curiosities of the parlor tent. After inspecting the gorgeousness of No. 2., the bottled invertebrates in No. 1., and the place sacred to shades of Clark, they left camp to call on the Curtises under escort of the devoted three.¹⁷⁷ No one was visible at the cottage so our visitors took their departure forthwith from Smith's.

¹⁷⁷ Joseph Henry Curtis. A Civil War veteran and landscape gardener, Curtis worked with Frederic Law Olmsted briefly but was largely self-taught. In 1880 he bought twenty acres from the Savage family, becoming one of the first summer residents of Northeast Harbor.

After dinner Townsend, gun, and co. went into the woods and spent the afternoon there.

Spelman and Prentiss sailed to Southwest in the *Eddie*. They visited the cobbler's, doctor's, etc. and on the return trip Prentiss was initiated in the use of the sweeps.

Rand, Eliot, and Wakefield stayed in camp to receive visitors who were expected from Bar Harbor; but the visitors did not come.

In the evening the superfluous energy worked itself off in a social howl which was wound up by singing to and with a buckboard party from Kimball's.

All turned in early.

Wednesday, August 16¹⁷⁸

178 Rand writing.

Fog all day. Wind southeast with variable puffs from other quarters. Heavy rain in the evening.

This morning Rand found it impossible to awaken Prentiss even though he was aided by all the power of Wakefield's voice. Spelman, however, came to the rescue, and awaken[ed] the sleeper by one of his mighty shouts. After breakfast Townsend departed to dredge in the fog off Sutton's Island. The rest stayed in camp for some time making up accounts and reading. At ten o'clock S.A. Eliot and Spelman started in the *Junco* for Southwest Harbor. As there was no wind to speak of, they contented themselves with making purchases at Northeast Harbor, and then returned to camp.

Prentiss took the *Eddie* to the head of the harbor, and then returned to camp in time to receive a visit from the Captain with Wakefield and Rand. At noon Rand rowed Wakefield, Prentiss, and the Captain down the harbor. The Captain was landed at Smith's, while the rest went over to Kimball's landing to make calls at Northeast Harbor. Prentiss called at Kimball's and at John Hopkinson's; Wakefield and Rand made a pleasant call on the Bishop. The party then returned to camp.

After dinner Rand departed to Southwest Harbor in the white boat utterly regardless of rain and fog. S.A. Eliot and Prentiss stayed in camp. Wakefield and Spelman drove over to the post office with the Captain, and then visited the Ancestral Mansion and its vicinity. Townsend worked up the results of his morning dredging. After supper S.A. Eliot, Prentiss, and Spelman went over to the post office, on which trip the first-named gentleman got very wet. The evening was made exciting by a very heavy rain. Wakefield as usual was the last to retire. As nothing was heard or

seen of Rand it was naturally supposed that he had been cared for by his Southwest Harbor friends. The rain and fog were certainly enough to appall any oarsman.

179 Writer unidentified.

Thursday, August 17¹⁷⁹

Fair in very early morning, heavy fog all the forenoon. Clearing towards noon; fair, with strong southwest wind in afternoon, veering to steady northwest wind in the evening.

Rand rowed back from Southwest before the fog set in, appearing in camp at a very early hour. The fog made it impossible to start on a Yacht Excursion which had been proposed, and the day bid fair to be as dull as yesterday.

After breakfast Townsend, as usual, went dredging. Eliot went to the Ancestral to repair damages after his last night's wetting. Spelman was rather under the weather, but was well enough to puddle round in the fog. The others loafed in camp, wrote, and read novels. A little after eleven the fog disappeared, the sun came out, and the storm seemed to be finally over. As all hands were assembled by this time, a council of war was held, and it was determined to start forthwith on a trip round the island in the *Sunshine*. While the discussion was in progress, the camp was rejoiced by a call from Ernest Lovering and W.B. Clark, who appeared on the scene in a buggy drawn by a fiery, knock-kneed steed which they had driven from Bar Harbor.¹⁸⁰ Our visitors took dinner with us and departed about three o'clock.

180 Clark, Harvard Class of 1880.

As soon as dinner was over Eliot and Spelman walked over to the Ancestral and drove back loaded with provisions. Townsend, Prentiss, and Wakefield secured what eatables Mrs. Savage had on hand, carried all the baggage aboard the yacht, and put things to rights on board.

About half past three the *Sunshine* got underway, a strong southwest wind blowing. Just off the mouth of the harbor we had to drop our peak to the corner of a thunder squall which blew hard for a few minutes. Wakefield and Townsend were put off at the post office where obtained butter, eggs, and biscuits; when they got aboard again we beat down to the Western Way but when near the buoys as the wind was rapidly failing and there were prospects of a calm ahead, we turned tail and ran slowly back into Southwest Harbor where we anchored a little after 6 pm. Wakefield and Spelman went ashore in the evening.

Rand intended to go to Bar Harbor, so just before dinner he started for Southwest Harbor in the white boat.

In the evening he was discovered prowling about the Castle, and announced that he had missed the *Cimbria*, and intended to spend the night at Southwest. The others didn't say much, but they did a good deal of thinking.

Friday, August 18

Fair all day. Very strong northwest wind.

All hands turned out at about 6:30 and after putting a single reef in the mainsail we ran swiftly before the tremendous wind out of the Western Way. Just after hauling to round Long Ledge a standing breakfast was served. The wind continued to blow very hard so that the lee scuppers were almost all the time under water and the spray flew in clouds over the yacht which made but slow progress beating with her reefed sails against wind and sea. Accordingly at about 9 am we ran into Goose Cove and anchored. Here the scanty early breakfast was supplemented. Townsend dredged a little and procured a load of driftwood while Spelman and Prentiss bought chickens and milk at Mr. Lunt's.

After dinner, as the wind seemed to have decreased in force, we again got underway and beat rapidly up to the shore of the island. The head tide in Bartlett's Island narrows obliged us to shake out our reef during which operation a small tear was made in the sail. All hands were much pleased with the beauty of the sail and of the coast and islands. Wakefield was even induced to leave the work and the comfortable corner which he had occupied all day in order to look at the landscape. About 5:30 we anchored in Western Bay as near to the drawbridge as the tide permitted us to go. At supper appeared one of the chickens procured at Goose Cove which had been skillfully (?) roasted by Mr. Spelman while Townsend, to the delight of the crew, concocted a marvelous cracker pudding. After this noble repast Messrs. Townsend and Wakefield attempted to row up to the drawbridge but were prevented from doing so by the rapidly falling tide which almost caught them on the flats. As the draw was to be passed at midnight, those whom fate found turned in early, while Townsend, Spelman, and Wakefield kept in turn each an hour's watch.

At 11:30 Wakefield roused all hands and we proceeded by means of the jib and the sweeps to the draw. On approaching we heard the sound of the draw going up but on hauling in to the pier we found that not the drawman but two very green young gents from Bar Harbor were trying to raise the draw in order to get their little sloop through. Their task was a difficult one as they had neglected to remove certain planks which impeded the rising.

181 Word is unclear.

This difficulty was remedied and just as we were ready to haul through the drawman appeared in answer to the vigorous tooting of the [?] (P.J).¹⁸¹ We hauled through easily, and hoisting our jib again, ran slowly for the point of Thomas Island. Our Bar Harbor friends were not so fortunate in their passage as one of them took an involuntary and very cold bath during the operation. The wind failing, we resorted once more to towing and the sweeps which brought us to an anchorage about 2:15 am. The passage was enlivened by the first production of the popular ballad "Micky Brannigan's Pup" as executed by Mr. Wakefield. All hands slept late in the morning and some fancy cooking by Mr. Spelman delayed us still more, so that it was not until almost 10 am that we got underway and ran before a good north westerly wind around Sands Point and Hamor's Rock to an anchorage at Bar Harbor at 12 pm. Wakefield was set ashore before dinner to make calls. Spelman roasted the second chicken and Townsend repeated the success of his pudding and after Wakefield had finished his calling and removed his shore togs, we started again and ran merrily, some of the time with all sail set, as far as Long Pond.¹⁸² Here the breeze became very light but after stopping a couple of hours at the mouth of the harbor while the crew went up to their supper at Savage's, we reached our anchorage with the aid of the sweeps at about 10 pm.

182 Slang for "clothes."

183 Rand writing. The camp log entries are spread across the bottom of the pages with the yacht log, but are presented here in their entirety with the yacht log first.

Rand was unable to get to Bar Harbor, so returned to camp at 10 am.¹⁸³ He spent the morning at the Ancestral and dined there. In the afternoon he returned to camp with the Captain who took supper with him at Savage's. In the evening he attended church to pray for the souls of the yachting party.

184 Possibly referring to current Asticou-Jordan Pond Path.

After breakfast Rand joined the Captain and a party of Northeast Harbor landowners, and helped to "blaze" a path from Savage's pasture to Jordan's Pond.¹⁸⁴ At the pond he injured his foot, so that he passed the afternoon in meditation and in literary pursuits. After supper the yacht party arrived, but only stayed there long enough to deposit a few of the blankets, etc. After they had had their supper they went on board again, and toiled until a late hour. Rand in the meantime had devoted much time to literary pursuits, but he was overcome by sleep long before the yachtsmen returned to camp.

Sunday, August 20¹⁸⁵

185 Writer unidentified.

Fair weather, wind northerly.

After breakfast Eliot and Spelman started in the *Junco* for Southwest Harbor with the purpose of getting the long expected Dickinson who again disappointed them. They were obliged to content themselves with gazing upon and being gazed upon by a "vision" on the wharf once familiar to the eyes of some of the camp party. Rand and Wakefield arrayed themselves in the height of the fashion and attended the consecration services at St. Mary's-by-the-Sea. Prentiss and Townsend adorned camp and received a visit there from C. Eliot. As it was a cold day the usual ice cream appeared at dinner.¹⁸⁶ After dinner everybody stayed in camp until late in the afternoon. S.A. Eliot and Prentiss then departed to take supper at the Ancestral. The rest of the party wrote and read all the afternoon only stopping to receive visitors, the Messrs. Pennypacker and Mr. Hewins, a friend of Mr. Curtis. After supper Rand and Wakefield rowed over to Kimball's to make calls. Spelman also went over in the black boat, and visited the post office. The former party found Prentiss wandering along the road, and brought him back to camp at 9:30. Townsend had already retired, but Spelman was still reading. After a little discussion on the comparative merits of certain novels, everyone settled down for a long "read." Prentiss, Spelman, and Rand read until they became stiff with cold, and they were forced to retire to the warmth of bed. Wakefield held out for some time longer, but was finally routed by the cold, and retreated to bed. Night very cold indeed.

186 Rand writing.

Monday, August 21

Clear and pleasant. Wind southeast to southwest. Cool; night cold.

Wakefield arose at a very early hour, and packed his trunk before breakfast. After breakfast he said goodbye to Annie behind the kitchen door, while the others discreetly withdrew. Soon afterwards the Captain visited camp, said goodbye to Wakefield, and then departed to cut out another trail. S.A. Eliot departed to the Ancestral; Townsend went to the woods; Prentiss walked to the store, and made a "preliminary survey" of the shore. Meantime Wakefield, Spelman, and Rand sailed to Southwest Harbor in the *Junco*. After they had succeeded in hoisting the trunk up to the slip on the wharf, Rand visited the "Castle" to recover some of his property that he had left behind in his flight to camp on last Friday morning. It is worthy of remark that he did not stay there long. Meanwhile

187 By the 1880s, the native Wabanaki people of Mount Desert Island had been restricted to several "encampments," some of which were open to visitors and offered baskets and other crafted souvenirs, guided canoe trips, and other tourism services. One such spot was at Clark Point, Southwest Harbor, in the 1880s. The village consisted of tents and wood shelters set among trees near the schooner landing.

188 Unclear, since the handwriting for this entry is Rand's.

189 Eighteenth-century British folksong about a chimney sweep-turned-criminal, also known as "Sam Hall."

190 Charles Eliot writing.

Spelman and Wakefield visited the Indians.¹⁸⁷ After these errands had been done the noble three sat down and waited for the *Lewiston* which did not arrive until 12:30. Wakefield was then entrusted to the care of Captain Deering by Spelman and Rand, whose deep grief was painful to witness.

After the departure of the steamboat the two weeping ones returned to camp in the *Junco* in time for a late dinner. After there was the usual amount of loafing. At four o'clock Spelman and Townsend departed to the woods. S.A. Eliot and Prentiss loafed for some time longer, and then inspired by the spirit of energy, ascended the Ancestral Hill. Rand spent the afternoon with the Captain blazing out the path on the east side of Hadlock's Upper Pond. After supper the usual reading, writing, free fighting, and howling were indulged in. S.A. Eliot retired early for the purpose of writing up the camp log.¹⁸⁸ The only excitements of the evening were the passing of "Fair Harvard" singing buckboarders, a visit from Captain Savage, readings from the old camp logs by Spelman, and melodious (!) singing by Rand. Prentiss and Spelman devoted the latter part of the evening to toasting crackers over the lamps and learning "Jack Hall."¹⁸⁹ Rand burnt the midnight oil in meditation and writing.

Tuesday, August 22¹⁹⁰

Clear and pleasant, with a few fleecy clouds. Wind northwest and west.

After breakfast Eliot and Prentiss started in the *Junco* to convoy Rand to Southwest Harbor, and to meet the long-expected Dickinson. The wind was all that could be desired down the harbor but outside a dead calm was encountered against which even Mr. Eliot's redoubtable sailing was of no avail. At this moment a loud "boat ahoy" was heard in the direction of the Ancestral together with the whistle of the approaching steamers at Bass Harbor. Rand, in fear of losing the steamer, and thus the pleasures of Bar Harbor, was in great trepidation, and at this moment the confusion was increased by the Captain's arrival, who had put off from the shore in the row-boat in the expectation that the crew of the *Junco* would be transferred to it, and by this means Rand enabled to reach Southwest in time for the rapidly approaching steamer, but Rand magnanimously considering that the *Junco's* crew (Eliot, Prentiss) disliked exertion betook himself to the small row-boat in tow thus heroically cutting the Georgian knot. But already both steamers had appeared off the "Nubble" and Rand was obliged to put forth all his pent up energies. The remembrance of the expectant fair ones nerved his arm and Rand arrived at the wharf before the steamer, faint with exertion, but transcendent with glory, in which interesting state he was met

by Dickinson as he boarded his late adversary, the steamer. Some few hours later the *Junco* arrived and was soon on its way back to camp replete with her crew, Dickinson, boxes, and a supply of alcohol for use on "marine algae."

Mr. Townsend began to dredge in deep water (12 feet) and obtained a new star fish; Spelman went "wooding."

In the afternoon most of the camp assisted Spelman at his usual occupation of loafing, while Townsend and Prentiss alone closely applied themselves to diligent work on their collections.

The night was cool but very clear.

Wednesday, August 23¹⁹¹

191 Writer unidentified.

Weather fair. Wind light in the morning and strong southwest in the afternoon.

After breakfast all hands went aboard the *Sunshine* and beat slowly down the harbor with a very light southerly air. During this operation Townsend took the boat and went dredging off the Bishop's. Just before the yacht overtook him it was discovered that the apparatus of the Hydrographical Department was missing; accordingly the yacht was headed for the Ancestral where Spelman and Prentiss landed and obtained the above mentioned article from the boathouse. The wind freshened as we entered the Sound and we anchored off the wharf at the upper quarry at 12 pm. All hands went ashore carrying various scientific implements. A good road was found leading from the quarry to the main road just at the head of Echo Lake. Here the party struggled along the shore a little way and then all but Prentiss took a delightful but rather "gooey" swim in the lake after which dinner, which exhibited the usual peculiarities of Mrs. Savage's packing, was served by [steward] Prentiss.

Owing to the lateness of the hour and the lack of a boat, the Hydrographical Department decided on this day to make only "preliminary investigation;" accordingly, they walked through the wood road at the head of the pond to Beech Hill, where they made inquiries about boats on the neighboring ponds. An encounter with a brown adder, which finally escaped them, was an exciting and interesting episode in their walk. Townsend and Spelman roamed the woods at the head of the pond in search of birds. Reuniting, all hands returned to the yacht and getting underway beat rapidly down the Sound. During this sail Messrs. Prentiss and Dickinson ascended to the crosstrees and therefore declared themselves AB's, a declaration which the other members of the crew took exceptions

192 "Able Bodied Seamen."

at.¹⁹² The wind died down at the mouth of the Sound and the fog began to come in. Townsend and Dickinson paid a visit to the old campground and Spelman and Prentiss visited the post office. Townsend made some hoecake to stay the stomachs of the crew. The *Sunshine* finally reached her anchorage at 7:30 pm and all hands adjourned to a hot supper at Savage's.

193 Townsend writing.

Thursday, August 24¹⁹³

Foggy in the morning clearing about 11 o'clock. Cloudy and foggy in the evening with a few spatters of rain.

In the morning Spelman went off into the woods where he succeeded in obtaining a new bird for the list, namely a Blackburnian warbler. Prentiss helped Townsend dredge. In return for his kindness Townsend gave him a lesson in rowing. They landed on a ledge of rock off Sutton's Island, where Prentiss in his zeal to obtain a marine alga slipped into a pool of water, sadly wetting his green trousers. We also regret to state that his hands were made horridly red by the sun, in spite of his efforts to shade them under the "Land and Water" hat.

In the afternoon Townsend sailed for a short time in the *Vyvyan* and then betook himself to the woods with his gun. Spelman went into the woods on Wheelwright's Point. Lane and Dickinson were so energetic as to go to the Ancestral and walk back over the Ancestral ridge. Late in the afternoon to the delight of all, Rand appeared, having driven over from Bar Harbor with Charles Eliot.

At supper there was a grand surprise in the shape of a large cake for [S.A.] Eliot, it being his birthday. The cake was surrounded by candles. Eliot being twenty years old there was of course twenty candles but the twentieth, supposed to represent his [?]year, made a very pitiable attempt to go and finally made a miserable end on the mantle. Supper was quickly finished, the heat from the candles being almost intolerable. After a division of the cakes*, for Rand's was also produced, there was a torch race on the Athenian plain, in which Prentiss was signally victorious.

During the evening large inroads were made into the cake, and under Spelman's management it disappeared during the next day, this may account for the large amount of Jamaica Ginger which the camp has since used.

*Rand also had a cake, his birthday being on the 22nd, the writers apparently did think it worthy of mention, though it was the more beautiful.¹⁹⁴

194 The asterisked text was added at the bottom of the page by Rand, with Townsend commenting, "As usual a provocation."

Friday, August 25¹⁹⁵

195 Rand writing.

Cloudy nearly. Wind northeast. Cloudy and calm in the evening.

After breakfast Spelman went on a "wooding" expedition to the Hadlock's Ponds, and returned with a number of water lilies. Prentiss and Townsend went on a marine scientific expedition to the waters near Sutton's Island. S.A. Eliot and Dickinson loafed round camp for a long time, and then departed to the Ancestral Mansion. Rand worked on sundry puzzling botanical problems. The Captain visited camp during the morning, made many well-merited criticisms. Before dinner Prentiss and Dickinson sailed the *Junco* to Kimball's landing, and returned to camp with a delicious watermelon. Their sailing was certainly novel from a nautical point of view, but effective. After dinner half the melon was disposed of—a gorge in which all but Spelman participated. Spelman seems to be under the influence of Eliot's birthday cake, and is unusually quiet. Prentiss and Townsend then departed to dig in a shell heap at Manchester's; Eliot made a visit to the yacht; Dickinson rambled; Spelman and Rand put the parlor tent in order. Later Dickinson and Spelman went sailing in the *Junco*; they had an "ashen breeze" home. S.A. Eliot returned to camp, and read. Rand wrote.

At six o'clock when all had returned to camp, and were preparing for supper, two buckboards came along the road and stopped opposite the camp. All the campers rushed forth and gazed in wonder. Rand then discovered friends on board, and went forth to receive them. Then a mighty panic seized the others. Notwithstanding they were in full view of the visitors, Prentiss and Dickinson rushed down the bank, tumbled into a boat, and rowed across the harbor. The others tried to hide behind the beds and trunks in tent No. 1, but finally closed the tent entirely. S.A. Eliot, however, came forth like a man, and helped Rand receive the visitors. Spelman and Townsend remained imprisoned until the departure of the buckboards. The latter was so much alarmed at one time that he threatened to prepare for bed to prevent himself from being seen by the young ladies. The party consisted of Mrs. Braman, the Misses Braman, Mrs. Rozet, the Misses Rozet, Miss Frick, William Thayer, and a few other young men whose names are not worthy of mention. The visitors, except the two utterly swell young men, appeared very much pleased with all they saw. One of the young ladies covered the "handsome barbarian," S.A. Eliot, with great confusion by asking him, if he were the flirtatious young man of the camp. She wound up her visit by feeding Eliot and Rand with candy. Another young lady pointed to tent No. 1, and with a sweet smile asked, "Do you

keep animals in that tent?"—a question that Rand was unable to answer with a straight face. After the departure of the visitors the camp was left in state of wild hilarity from which it did not recover all the evening. After supper there was a great deal of reading. Eliot and Dickinson went on board at 9 o'clock. Prentiss and Spelman had a few free fights and then subsided. Directly after supper Spelman and Rand visited the post office where the former purchased a bottle of Jamaica ginger.

196 Writer unidentified.

Saturday, August 26¹⁹⁶

Sky cloudy clearing in the evening. Wind northwest changing to southwest at noon.

Eliot proposed a cruise around the island in the *Sunshine*, upon which a mighty discussion arose. Rand, before giving answer whether he would go or not, visited the Ancestral to consult the Captain. Townsend amused himself by sailing the *Vyvan* about the harbor. At last Rand returned with the Captain and the President, the first named gentleman having decided not to go on the cruise. The last named gentleman went off for a short sail in the *Sunshine* taking Prentiss and Dickinson as crew. Townsend adjourned to the woods with his gun, where he spent the morning and came back late to dinner. Rand and Spelman influenced by circumstances over which they had no control thought it best to remain quietly in camp. In the afternoon the camp was the seat of terrible fights, in which Eliot especially delights. (poetry) Dickinson stole away for a short time to sketch; Townsend went off dredging.

In the evening Rand went by force of habit to his old haunt at Southwest Harbor. Townsend endeavored to study some anatomy in the midst of great confusion in the parlor tent. Eliot, tired no doubt by his scientific labors during the day, lay on the ground ingeniously inventing names which he hurled at Prentiss, who was endeavoring to read. At times human nature could stand it no longer and Prentiss and Eliot rolled in the dust. As Spelman's health would not permit him to enter into active service, he could only sit still and laugh. We hope this gentleman will not become an inebriate in the use of Jamaica ginger.

Sunday, August 27¹⁹⁷

197 Rand writing.

Pleasant, clear, and cool. Wind light southeast to southwest. Calm in the evening.

After breakfast Spelman and Dickinson spent the morning sailing in the *Junco*. It is sad to remark that the first named gentleman is still under the influence of Jamaica ginger. S.A. Eliot and Prentiss departed in the white boat to make preparations for the former's intended cruise in the yacht. Townsend sailed for about an hour in the *Vyvyan*, and then spent the rest of the morning preparing defunct marine invertebrates for their journey to Boston. Rand represented the camp at church, and saw a number of his friends afterwards.

At dinner the usual ice cream was provided, of which the careful Townsend and the prudent Spelman refused to partake. After dinner S.A. Eliot, Dickinson, and Prentiss embarked on the yacht. Spelman at the last moment gave up all his good resolutions to do some work, and went with them. John Hopkinson and two small boys joined them on the yacht thus completing the crew. According to the President the *Sunshine* ran aground off Smith's, and had to be kedged off. This is believed to be true. The yachting party spent the night in Southwest Harbor. In the meantime Rand escorted Townsend to the entrance of the Jordan's Pond trail, and then returned to camp where he wrote and entertained the usual Sunday visitors, this time the President, and two small boys. Townsend went over the trail to Jordan's Pond, and then up Pemetic. He made very good time, but returned late to supper. In the evening reading and writing absorbed the two campers. The camp received a serenade during the evening from a boat in the harbor. No late hours were kept tonight, but both Rand and Townsend retired early. Night very cold and damp.

Monday, August 28

Clear and pleasant. Wind light northwest.

After breakfast Townsend departed on his daily "wooding" expedition in the direction of Lower Hadlock's [Pond]. Rand mused in camp until 10 o'clock when the Captain appeared drawn by a fiery steed, and invited him to join an all day scientific expedition to the Amory District.¹⁹⁸

The offer was accepted as soon as made, and fifteen minutes later the expedition started. The Captain drove to Young's District, then by the Salisbury Cove road for over a mile, and by another road to the brook that forms the Northeast Branch to Clematis Intervale, where lunch was

¹⁹⁸ Amory or "Emery District" was the name for the inland area between Town Hill and Salisbury Cove. Their route took them north from Northeast Harbor to the current Eagle Lake Road, Norway Drive, and Crooked Road to Hull's Cove; Breakneck Brook was then known as Intervale Stream.

eaten. A number of interesting botanical and geological discoveries were made in the neighborhood. In the afternoon the southern limit of the schist was found on the road running from Salsbury Cove through the Amory District. A number of interesting specimens were obtained here. Where the road crosses the Northeast Branch, Rand obtained several new flowers. After exploring the Town Hill road, the party returned to camp via the head of the Sound. Rand found occupation until supper time in caring for his specimens; the Captain returned with his rocks to the Ancestral Mansion. Townsend in the meantime had dined alone, and spent the afternoon in dredging. After supper Townsend and Rand wrote for some time. At 8:45 the latter rowed over with the mail; the former retired. After Rand's return he spent some time reading and writing in the parlor tent. While so engaged he heard the note of a whip-poor-will, a bird new to the list of the Ornithological Department. After this great discovery he sought the quiet of Tent No. 2. Thus ended the greatest day of scientific work that Camp Asticou has known.

Tuesday, August 29

Clear and pleasant. Calm nearly all day, the little breeze there was being southwest.

After breakfast Townsend went off to the woods with his gun; Rand went to Southwest Harbor to do some camp shopping, and to make a call at the Stanley House. In the middle of the morning the great Captain Eliot came to camp, much to the joy of all. He spent the remainder of the morning coloring a geological map. After dinner the Captain drove a party from the Ancestral to Somesville, and did not return to camp until the evening. Townsend stayed in camp, and made excursions after marine creatures along the shore. Rand analyzed the specimens obtained on the day before. A party of young ladies was rescued from the flats by directions from the camp.

After supper reading and writing were the occupations of all. About 9:45 the camp was startled by loud calls for Rand from a buckboard on the road. His friends, however, did not visit the camp, nor were they recognized. A bright moonlight evening. Tides very high and low.



Map excerpt showing Salisbury Cove and Amory District, 1893. *Library of Congress*

Wednesday, August 30¹⁹⁹

A clear, calm day. A good deal of smoke in the air in the afternoon.

Rand had an early breakfast and went to Southwest Harbor to meet the *Richmond*. Townsend and C. Eliot breakfasted together after the former had been out for an hour or two in the woods. At 9 am they walked to the Ancestral and started out in the long-boat carrying "lunch for three" with them. Rand at last appeared and after he had visited camp again the party started eastward along the shore. There was a pleasant breeze from southwest, and the boat ran along merrily to the Cove of Stony Beach where the party tried to land but gave it up on account of the very rough character of the beach.²⁰⁰

200 Hunter's Beach; they landed at Little Hunter's Beach.

A landing was finally made in the first little cove beyond that of Stony Beach and here dinner (?) was consumed. After the very meagre meal, Townsend spent about an hour in the woods and on the rocks, and Rand and C. Eliot walked by the shore to Hunter's Brook and back "across country." At 3:30 the boat was afloat and headed as near as might be for home. The wind was ahead and as the sail set very poorly, beating was slow work. However Bear Island was reached a little before 6 o'clock and the boat was safely moored. The tide being very low indeed, Mr. Clements kindly served as a ferryman, and transferred the travelers to the Ancestral shore, whence Rand and Townsend walked to camp and supper. Rand returned in the evening to get a number of traps and took the opportunity to go to Southwest Harbor.

The yacht with S. Eliot, Prentiss, and Spelman arrived in Northeast Harbor in the middle of the afternoon and the two latter took up their old quarters in camp. They report a pleasant but calm cruise around Mount Desert Island. Dickinson was set aboard the Portland steamer at Southwest Harbor.

Thursday, August 31

A hot and partly cloudy day. Towards evening the clouds thickened and looked rainy, but after the moon rose they withdrew again.

Rand began the day with some work on flowers. Townsend went out in the *Vyvyan* for a while. Spelman read and was assisted in this occupation by S. Eliot who appeared from the Ancestral. Prentiss "hung around." C. Eliot came to camp and did a little coloring on a map.

About 12 noon the Vaughn family departed from Savage's to take the steamer at Southwest Harbor, and this migration prevented a bath that was proposed by certain of the campers.

At 2:30 C. Eliot and Spelman went off in a buggy, taking supper with them. They drove to Somesville and thence made the circuit indicated by the following points: the foot of Long Pond, Pretty Marsh neighborhood, High Head, Clark's Cove, Oak Hill, and Somesville again. Results: a number of geological facts, and a box-full of well-known botanical specimens. Supper was had at High Head and camp was reached shortly after 9 pm.

Townsend and Prentiss spent the afternoon on Brown's Mountain. Rand analyzed, wrote, and went to the post office. In the evening all hands read and wrote in the parlor tent, until 10 o'clock when Rand and Prentiss betook themselves to the yacht where they turned in and passed the night. This strange maneuver is accounted for by the fact that Prentiss is to depart early in the morning and the tide also will be gone from the landing at that time.

Friday, September 1²⁰¹

Overcast with light fog in early morning. At noon pleasant. Cloudy with rain in the evening. Wind very variable; in the afternoon squally puffs from southwest to west.

Prentiss and Rand made a light breakfast on the yacht, and at seven o'clock started for Southwest Harbor. After seeing Prentiss depart on the *Richmond*, Rand returned to camp in the white boat. At camp Spelman and Townsend were busy nearly all the morning packing up their things. The latter once more appeared in a pair of respectable pants and a white shirt. In the middle of the morning the Captain returned to camp and made an inspection after which he returned to the *Ancestral*. After Rand's return he spent the rest of the morning analyzing flowers. All hands had an early dinner to accommodate Townsend, they had partridges for dinner, it being September 1st.²⁰² After dinner Rand, Spelman, and Townsend embarked on the *Junco* bound for Southwest Harbor. The sail over was a very hard one owing to the variable and squally wind and the heavy chop sea. Townsend at one time despaired of reaching the haven with the white boat towing behind the *Junco*, so he attempted to row her while Spelman and Rand sailed on. He soon gave it up, however, and returned to the *Junco*. At last the *Junco* reached the wharf, a few minutes only ahead of the *Mt. Desert*. In a short ten minutes all was over, the great worker Charles Townsend had

201 Rand writing.

202 "Partridge Day," celebrated on September 1, traditional day when partridge hunting season opened in England.

departed from Mount Desert on the *Mt. Desert*. Spelman and Rand wept over him for a short time; then double-reefed the *Junco*, and sailed quickly back to camp. In a short time the Captain appeared. A council of war was immediately held, at which it was decided to strike camp tomorrow, and embark on the *Sunshine*. In consequence of this decision everyone at once began to pack and to collect his things from different parts of the camp. S.A. Eliot's things were found in nearly every tent by his energetic brother, and given to him to take to the Ancestral Mansion. Just before supper the Captain and Spelman struck tent No. 3, and packed it up. We were all late for supper, but were still able to make a bountiful meal. After supper the Captain and Spelman settled round for a "reading" evening. Rand walked over to Kimball's, and attended church. He had the pleasure of walking home in the rain. After his return to camp he wrote while the others read.

All turned in at an early hour. It is a fact worthy of mention that everyone in camp slept on two Townsend mattresses tonight, a luxury hitherto only enjoyed by the mighty Captain.

Saturday, September 2

Bright, clear, and pleasant. Wind northwest to southwest. Calm in the evening.

After breakfast preparations were made for the Fall of Asticou, or the End of the Camp. All hands completed their packing and then moved the furniture, etc. out of the tents. About ten o'clock the parlor tent fell, and the other tents, Nos. I and II soon followed. Tent No. II was spared till the last while Rand did his last camp writing on the table, it being the log for September 1st. He also composed a short account of the camp and of the C.S. which was signed by the members present and buried in a tin box on the site of Tent No II. All the tables, wash-stands, etc. were deposited either near the flagpole or in the bushes off the steep path. Then there was much waiting for the noble William and the jigger, but he came not.²⁰³ As soon as was found to be too late to make an expedition to the Ancestral, all the baggage was taken to the shore and stored in Savage's work shop. The Captain had the pleasure of entertaining Washburn '82 while the moving was going on. After his classmate had departed the Captain went to the Ancestral to get his dinner. Spelman and Rand waited round for some time; and the former indulged in a swim, at the conclusion of which he was nearly surprised by a party of Rockland damsels who were departing from Candage's.²⁰⁴ After dinner Rand wrote the names of the '82 C.S. party in Captain Savage's Register. Soon afterwards Spelman and Rand sailed over

203 Possibly referring to William McKenzie, who came on board the *Sunshine* as cook-seaman for the trip.

204 Family of Byron Candage, Northeast Harbor. Byron Candage & Sons built "Skylands" for Edsel Ford.

to Southwest Harbor in the *Eddie* to meet Vice President Jones and lay in yacht supplies. Much to their sorrow Jones did not arrive on the *Cimbria*, but sent a telegram saying that on account of sickness in the family he must give up the trip in the yacht. The supplies were then purchased, and the boat bill paid. The sail back was slow, and rowing was finally resorted to. In the meantime the Captain had superintended the moving of all the camp stuff to the Ancestral, and had taken all the baggage on board of the *Sunshine*. After supper the C.S. flag was lowered to three ringing Yo Ho's. All hands then went on board. The Captain suffered much this evening from a violent pain in his stomach which was finally relieved by a dose of Jamaica ginger, so that he was able to enjoy "Airy Fairy Lilian."²⁰⁵ Before retiring for the night Spelman and the Captain made a careful inspection of the yacht, and decided that "she would do."

205 *Lilian*, poem by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

Thus fell Camp Asticou after an existence of nearly seven weeks from July 10th to September 2nd. Socially it was a great success, whatever it may have been from a scientific point of view. The weather, as if to make amends for the fog and rain of the previous summer, was very nearly perfect, if anything was lacking it was rain and perhaps also cooler weather. It is believed that in the pages of this Log the faults and virtues of each member of the party are set forth with more or less distinctness, and thus an estimate may easily be made of individual social and scientific qualifications.

From Sunday, September 3, to Saturday, September 9, 1882, the *Sunshine* sailed around Mount Desert Island. The log is included at the end of the 1882 Camp Log, and describes stops in Southwest Harbor, Goose Cove, Sawyer's Cove, High Head, Mill Cove, Salsbury Cove, Calf Island, and Bar Harbor (which surprisingly was Spelman's first visit to the "Newport of Maine"). The yacht was visited by Robert Greenleaf and Frank Day, who would assist with collecting botanical specimens in future years. Rand and Eliot continued their work for the Botanical and Geological Departments, respectively. After returning to Northeast Harbor, Spelman and Rand left for home while Charles Eliot remained at the Ancestral Mansion for a few more weeks. The Champlain Society reconvened in November 1882 in Frank Clark's room at 18 Holworthy Hall.

Champlain Society Member Directory, 1880–1882

William Breyant (occasionally spelled Bryant), hired cook, sailed with the *Sunshine* in 1879, suggesting that, like Orrin Donnell, he was known to the Eliot family but his identity has not been confirmed. A "W.W. Breyant '83" is mentioned in the 1883 Champlain Society Meeting Records and a William Wendell Bryant was in the Harvard Class of 1883; it is unclear if this person is the same as Breyant.

Frank Lewis Clark (1861–1914) from Bangor, Maine, graduated Harvard in 1883. Illness forced him to give up an appointment as an assistant in Paleontology at the Smithsonian. He moved to Washington Territory and worked in milling, mining, real estate, banking, and lumber. He married Winifred Wyard in 1892; they had one son.

William Morris Davis (1850–1934) graduated from Harvard in 1869. He was a professor and assistant to geologist Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, who published reports on the geology and glacial history of Mount Desert Island. Davis authored several textbooks and more than 400 papers, influenced the fields of geography and geomorphology, and co-founded the Association of American Geographers.

Heyliger Adams De Windt (1858–1941) of Fishkill-on-Hudson, New York, graduated Harvard in 1881. He worked for boot and shoe wholesalers C.H. Fargo & Co. and Caledonia Mining Company in Chicago. He married Bertha Williams Mandell in 1889; they had two children.

John Worthington Dickinson (1861–1900) of Westfield, Massachusetts, graduated Harvard in 1884 with honors in natural history. He worked for the Lyman Cotton Mills in Holyoke, Massachusetts. He married Annie Potter in 1897 and died of pneumonia in 1900.

Orrin A. Donnell (1859–1947) was born on Mount Desert Island and his family lived on Waukeag Neck in Sullivan. He married Laura Almir Gilley, the couple moved to Mount Desert Island, and they had a son in 1887. Donnell cared for President Eliot's boats for more than 40 years.

George Bradford Dunbar (1860–1929) of Roxbury, Massachusetts, son of Harvard professor Charles Dunbar and older brother of William, graduated from Harvard in 1882 with honors in natural history. He moved to the Midwest, where he worked at various mining and railroad companies. He married Jeanette Hawks in 1895; they had no children.

William Harrison Dunbar (1862–1935) of Roxbury Massachusetts, son of Harvard professor Charles Dunbar and younger brother of George, graduated from Harvard in 1882. He went to Harvard Law and clerked for Supreme Court Justice Horace Gray, then worked as an attorney in Boston. He married Katherine Copeland in 1898; they had three children. He spent a few weeks each summer off Mount Desert Island on Bear Island, where his father bought land in the 1880s and built a house in the 1890s.

Morris Earle (1859–1924) of Worcester, Massachusetts graduated from Harvard in 1883 with honors in natural history. After a few months traveling and working at a West Virginia woolen mill, he joined W.H. Walmsley & Co. opticians of Philadelphia, purveyor of microscopes, cameras, binoculars, and other scientific equipment.

Charles Eliot (1859–1897), son of Harvard president Charles William Eliot and older brother of Sam, graduated from Harvard in 1882 and worked as an apprentice with landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted, opened his own landscape architecture business, and eventually returned to the Olmsted firm as partner. He married Mary Yale Pitkin in 1888. They had four daughters. As a co-founder of both The Trustees of Public Reservations and the Boston Metropolitan Parks Commission, Charles Eliot made globally significant contributions to land conservation, landscape architecture, and city and regional planning. He died of spinal meningitis in 1897 at the age of 37.

Samuel A. Eliot (1862–1950), younger brother brother of Charles, graduated from Harvard in 1884 and from Harvard Divinity School in 1889. He married Frances Hopkinson in 1889; they had seven children. He was a Unitarian minister and longtime president of the American Unitarian Association.

John McGaw Foster (1860–1928) of Bangor, Maine, graduated from Harvard in 1882. He was Class Poet. He traveled in Europe, then entered the Andover Theological Seminary. He married Grace Greenleaf Eames of Worcester in 1886; they had two children. He served as Episcopal minister in Bangor and then Boston.

Henry Mascarene Hubbard (1860–1917) of Chicago, Illinois, graduated from Harvard in 1882 and returned to Chicago. He worked for the American Stove Company and was involved in the YMCA summer camp. He married Louisa Shipman in 1902.

Henry Champion Jones (1856–1942) was born in Tisbury, Massachusetts, but his family soon moved to Bangor, Maine, where his father was a physician. After a few years at the U.S. Naval Academy, he transferred to Harvard, graduating with honors in natural history in 1881. He was an assistant in the Botany Department 1881–1883, and then taught at Boston Latin School. His younger brother Gilbert joined the Champlain Society at Asticou in 1883. Henry married Ethel Bowditch in 1901.

William Coolidge Lane (1859–1931) of Newtonville, Massachusetts graduated in 1881 and served as librarian at Harvard and the Boston Athanaeum. He was president of the American Library Association. He continued outdoor pursuits as a member of the Appalachian Mountain Club and as a longtime summer visitor to Mount Desert and Little Cranberry islands. He married Bertha Palmer.

Ernest Lovering (1859–1932) of Cambridge, Massachusetts, son of Harvard professor Joseph Lovering, graduated in 1881 and worked in the textile industry at Pepperell Manufacturing Co. in Biddeford, Maine, Lyman Mills in Holyoke, Massachusetts, then Dwight Manufacturing Co. in Boston. He married Mary Leighton Ranlet in 1897.

John Prentiss (1861–1898) of Keene, New Hampshire (and a relation of the Eliots' stepmother Grace Hopkinson) graduated from Harvard in 1884 and spent the summer and fall in Europe, where he met up with Sam Eliot and Henry Spelman. He graduated from Harvard Law School in 1887. He practiced law with George Fowler on Devonshire Street in Boston. He married Edith Allen in 1895, and died of influenza in 1898.

Edward Lothrop Rand (1859–1924) of Dedham, Massachusetts, older brother of Henry, had been vacationing on Mount Desert Island since his family bought a home in Bar Harbor in the 1860s. He graduated Harvard in 1881 and entered Harvard Law School. He practiced law in Boston while completing the *Flora of*

Mount Desert Island, Maine, and served as Secretary for the Champlain Society. He co-founded the New England Botanical Club, and continued to work on Mount Desert Island plants, map trails, and advocate for island conservation. He married Annie Matilda Crozier in 1893.

Henry Lathrop Rand (1862–1945), younger brother of Edward, worked as a treasurer and accountant on State Street in Boston. A summer resident of Southwest Harbor, he is best known for his hundreds of photographs of Mount Desert Island.

Marshall Perry Slade (1861–1950) of Philadelphia graduated Harvard in 1881 and worked for seven years at Lockwood Mills in Waterville, Maine. He then moved to New Jersey and co-founded the Algonquin Company woolen mill in Passaic. He was a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He lived with his parents on West Tenth Street in New York City.

Henry Munson Spelman (1861–1946) of Cambridge, Massachusetts, graduated Harvard in 1884 and Harvard Law in 1886. He worked for several law firms and practiced law on State Street in Boston. He married Amy Field in 1895; they had four children. He continued to collect and observe birds throughout his life. The Olive Path #1346 at Mount Auburn Cemetery is named for him.

Roland Thaxter (1858–1932) was the son of Levi Thaxter and poet Celia Thaxter. They lived in Massachusetts and Kittery, Maine. He graduated Harvard in 1882 and entered graduate school. He was a lifelong professor of botany at Harvard, member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and National Academies. He married Mabel Freeman of Springfield; they named their first child, born in 1888, after Roland's best friend, Charles Eliot.

Charles Wendell Townsend (1859–1934) of Boston graduated from Harvard in 1881 with honors in natural history and from Harvard Medical School in 1885. When not working as a physician he continued to study birds. He authored many books and articles, and was a fellow of the American Ornithologists Union and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He married Gertrude Flint; they had two children.

John Lathrop Wakefield (1859–1924), older brother of Frank, graduated Harvard in 1880 and Harvard Law School in 1887. He worked as a lawyer and at the time of his death was vice president of John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company. He cultivated an extensive garden in the Dedham home he shared with his younger brother, Julius (Julius joined the C.S. at Asticou in 1884–1886).

Frank Mortimer Wakefield (1862–1932) of Dedham, Massachusetts, brother of John and Julius, graduated Harvard in 1884 and worked in the shipping industry in Boston before moving to Chicago and working in real estate and coal. He married Elizabeth Adams in 1895; they had two sons.

Charles Pomeroy Worcester (1861–1898) graduated in 1883 and went to Harvard Medical School. He was head of the State Board of Health for examination of food and drugs. He died in 1898 of consumption.

Compiled from records of Harvard University Archives, including student biographical files and class secretary reports, as well as Ancestry.com, and Southwest Harbor Public Library's incredible Digital Archive, <http://swhplibrary.net/home/>.

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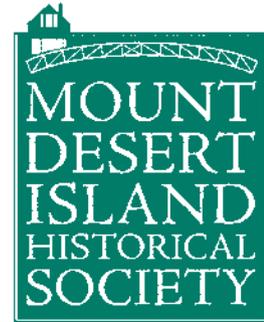
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Chebacco silhouette adapted from a photograph by Len Burgess for the Essex Shipbuilding Museum.

Our journal, *Chebacco*, is named for a type of boat built in the eighteenth century in Gloucester, Massachusetts and nearby towns. In 1762, Abraham Somes, his wife, and four young daughters sailed in a Chebacco boat to make their home in a place the Wabanaki called Pesamkuk and Euro-American settlers called Mount Desert Island.

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