

The Lure of Mount Desert and the Maine Coast

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AMERICAN GEOGRAPHY HAS ALWAYS SEIZED THE COLLECTIVE American imagination. From the time of discovery onward nature and nation have been mutually dependent in defining one another. The consciousness of a virgin wilderness of great and variable wonders helped create a national identity distinct from the old world of Europe, by definition newer and by conviction better. This was to be a landscape for democracy, where many of the country's great wilderness sites would be designated national parks for the people. Quite appropriately, as discovery and settlement moved westward, Americans could celebrate a multiplicity of natural wonders, some focal like the Natural Bridge in Virginia, others spatial like the great plains, some seemingly frozen in time like the Grand Canyon, others endlessly charged in motion like Niagara Falls. Rising in unique configuration from the sea, and containing America's only national park in the northeast, is Mount Desert Island on the Maine coast. Peculiar to its topography are the immemorial conjunctions of sheer cliffs and ocean plane, and of evergreen, pink granite, and northern light.

Fitz Hugh Lane made his first visit to the Maine coast in 1848 and returned on several trips thereafter during the summers of the 1850s. He sketched Mount Desert on at least three of these journeys, and painted views of the region over the entire fifteen-year period up to the end of his life. A number of these works now stand among his most sublime achievements.

By virtue of its location off the easterly running coastline, extending south some twenty miles into the open Gulf of Maine, Mount Desert possesses a certain image and actuality of isolation. Because its mountain summits slope off almost directly into the sea, a unique geological junction on the east coast of

the north American continent, there is an additional visual drama to the island's silhouette against the horizon. From almost all approaching vantage points the intersecting lines of land and water appear clean and sharp, a characteristic that would have continuing appeal for artists recording the island's features over more than a century.

Another factor contributing to the sense of the island's singular presence is its relative inaccessibility. Situated on a rugged part of the northeast coast, Mount Desert lies approximately two-thirds of the way along the Maine shore from the New Hampshire to Canadian borders. Nearly three hundred miles from Boston, it is reached even today by a long overland trip from New England's largest population centers. During the early centuries of discovery and settlement the most common approach was by water, and as Samuel de Champlain was among the first to learn in the seventeenth century, coastwise travel was constantly endangered by sudden fogs, strong seas and tides, and treacherous unmarked ledges. Coming upon a place of such bold beauty after long distance and often arduous effort only heightened the visitor's feeling of reaching a New World island of Cythera.

Certainly for nineteenth-century America the wilderness frontier held a special lure for the national consciousness. As westward expansion moved that frontier ever across the continent, adventurers and artists alike sought increasingly distant horizons to find solace and solitude away from the axe of civilization. First steamboat and later rail travel reached to the farther sections of the New England coast. Mount Desert was one of several natural sites at once seemingly pure as wild nature and yet accessible for commerce and enjoyment. It was inevita-

ble that the island should evolve as both a national park and a summer resort.

Given Mount Desert's visual prominence on the edge of the coast, it has always afforded superb views of two types, which might be called focal and panoramic. Like the other solitary summits to the island's west, the Camden Hills and Blue Hill, and that of Mount Katahdin in central northern Maine—or for that matter like other singular peaks in New England such as Chocorua, Washington, and Mansfield—the totality of Mount Desert looms up as a single commanding form from a good distance off. Indeed, from the open sea its combined summits are readily visible at twenty miles or more away, making it one of the most distinctive landfalls in North America.

As trails made their way up its hills, and later in the nineteenth century when a carriage road and then a tram railway were built to the top of Green (now Cadillac) Mountain, the island's highest point, viewers were rewarded unsurpassed vistas in all directions. To the north lie the Gouldsboro hills and Tunk mountains; to the east the islands of Frenchman's Bay and Schoodic Point; to the south open ocean, then more small islands marking the entrances to Northeast and Southwest harbors; finally to the west larger islands again at the lower end of Blue Hill Bay and Blue Hill itself. On days of clearest light and air one can also make out the Camden Hills beyond, and turning back to sea, a sharp eye can find the lonely rockpile of Mount Desert Rock lighthouse twenty miles offshore due south. When American artists turned their attention to landscape for their primary subjects at the beginning of the nineteenth century, these natural vantage points of and from Mount Desert provided types of views that would remain continually vivid in defining both its physical and spiritual dimensions.

Perhaps one recurring sense about the island's character is that of fundamental contrasts or opposites, the first and most obvious one being the balance of water and rock. In artistic terms we shall see that this terrain has also naturally served the opposing conventions of the picturesque and the sublime. On the one hand, the island's inner harbors, meadows, and valleys well suited the romantic sensibilities of the picturesque formulas, which stressed modulation and balance, meditative calm in both subdued sound and motion, and overall feelings of gentle accommodation and well-being. By contrast, the precipitous outer shores perfectly embodied the features of the sublime:

they were rugged and threatening, and nature's forces were visible, its noises palpable. The human presence here was more precarious and the juxtaposition of forms intimidating. Altogether, the scenery inspired awe, wonder, and exhilaration. Lane would undertake almost the full range of this imagery in his drawings and paintings of the Mount Desert region.

Arguably, the most indelible contrast is that linking past and present, in which almost every experience of the moment is enhanced by some inevitable consciousness of the area's geological and historical past. There are few places in continental America, especially in the east, where the surface of earth so directly reveals the face of time. The bare mountain tops of Mount Desert not only evoked the precise observations of early explorers and later artists; they have also endured as the tangible record of their own creation and evolution. That story of course extends back into scarcely countable periods of time. Just rudimentary knowledge of geology indicates that these strikingly sloped hills were the result of prehistory's elemental polarities, namely fire and ice, volcano and glacier. Coming to this factual knowledge helps explain why so many feel they have also come to a timeless place. Certainly it helps explain the distilled poetry of Lane's Maine paintings and our conviction that his art caught the enduring power and serenity of this place.

First there was water, and geologists tell us that most of present New England was covered by sea around 450 million years ago.¹ Ever since, the forces of water and stone have engaged one another in shaping this landscape. In the long settling of the earth's crust there followed alternating periods of unstable lifting and sinking of the land mass. Underneath the sea, ash and sediment stratified; then as pressures arose from within the earth, land formations protruded above sea level and in turn were subjected to different patterns of erosion. One sequence of volcanic eruptions produced the Cranberry Islands off the southern coast of Mount Desert, only to be covered again by the sea during a settlement of crust. Today one can readily see the two basic rock types around the island: the rounded popplestones formed by constant erosion from the movements of the sea and the cubic blocks of rock walls created by ages of layered deposits.

Toward the end of this process (about sixty million years ago) the combination of volcanic eruption and resistance to erosion

by the strongest granite produced a nearly continuous mountain range along this part of the coast. Its crestline was almost even, and the ridge extended in an approximately straight east-west direction.² During another period of uplift in the earth's crust, what is now Mount Desert, as well as the offshore islands, were all joined to the mainland. Further upheaval resulted in the promontories and island formations we recognize today. The so-called Mount Desert mountain range was now subjected to a final great phase of geological action, that of the ice age beginning a million years ago.

Scientists believe at least four major continental glaciers spread southward from the polar icecap. The one that most recently covered New England began about one hundred thousand years ago and reached its maximum extent some eighteen thousand years ago. As it met the hard granite of the Mount Desert range, which extended across its path at right angles, the ice pack gradually ascended its ridges, thus accounting for the slow-curving rises of the island's north slopes today. Once reaching the summits, the glacier, at its fullest thickness more than two thousand feet, pressed down on the resisting rock beneath. The moving ice gouged deep valleys running north-south through the range.³ When the glacier finally retreated, it left behind some dozen separate peaks of varying heights. Several of the valleys between them became deep freshwater lakes within the island, while the central one, scoured deeper and longer than the rest, was flooded by the sea. This cut of *Somes Sound* now reaches up the middle of Mount Desert as a unique coastal fjord. On the island's southern slopes the terminating glacier abruptly broke off granite blocks and deposited random piles of stony debris, prominently visible today in the sharp cliffs and massive seawalls of the present ocean coastline. No less than the average visitor, American artists from the early nineteenth century on have responded to these powerful primal formations.

The modern land formation that resulted after the cooling of the fire and the melting of the ice comprised about one hundred and eight square miles; the island is an irregular circle twelve miles across and fourteen miles long. Perhaps the most appropriate description of its outline comes from its earliest inhabitants, "the Indians, who called Mt. Desert 'Great Crab Island' in allusion to its shape."⁴ Reference to the island's first natives moves us from natural to human history.

From evidence of arrowheads, shell heaps, and other surviving relics, historians estimate that there were three phases of Indian life on the island. The first culture dates to around 4000 B.C. and a second to around 1000 A.D. Closer to 1500 A.D., the more identifiable Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes of Abnaki Indians migrated to Mount Desert annually. These native Americans canoed down the northern rivers of Maine each summer to live off the local shellfish and wild berries, returning inland to spend their winters.⁵

The recorded history of the white man's presence does not begin until the early sixteenth century. The first documented sighting of the island occurred during the first ambitious explorations of the New World by the Spanish and Portuguese, who were followed by the French and English. The Portuguese reached this part of North America in 1525 and made the first map of the area in 1529, one that served explorers for almost a century following.⁶ The most prominent European visitor and observer of this coast was to be Samuel de Champlain, whose extensive and distinguished career in North America began with his first voyage to Canada in 1603. Under the command of his countryman, Pierre du Gua, Sieur de Monts, Champlain not only pursued expeditions along the coasts of Nova Scotia and New England, but more important, kept written accounts and drew admirably accurate charts of the harbors and islands he passed.

De Monts gave Champlain independent authority to undertake explorations along the Bay of Fundy and New Brunswick coastline to consider sites for possible future settlements. He set forth in June 1604 and made his way to the south and west. Toward summer's end he left *Sainte-Croix* and sailed by the high cliffs of *Grand Manan Island*, now a Canadian possession at the southern end of the Bay of Fundy. The next point of land he made for was *Schoodic Peninsula*, where he evidently put in for the night, having sighted even more alluring eminences of land rising from the horizon beyond.

The following day, 6 September 1604, Champlain rounded the point of *Schoodic* and sailed across *Frenchman's Bay* for *Mount Desert Island*. Passing *Great Head* and *Sand Beach* on the southeast corner of the island, he came close to *Otter Cliffs* and there struck the offshore ledge usually submerged at high tide. Able to make his way around the headland, he put into the long mudflat inlet nearby of *Otter Creek*, where his men could

repair their vessel and take on fresh water. Next Champlain sailed along the rest of the island's southern coast, continuing his explorations through Penobscot Bay.⁷ The changing panorama of the Mount Desert summits led to his bestowal upon this barren terrain of the name by which it has been known since:

The land is very high, intersected by passes, appearing from the sea like seven or eight mountains ranged near each other. The summits of the greater part of these are bare of trees, because they are nothing but rocks . . . I named it l'isle des Monts-deserts.⁸

Champlain's observations were noteworthy in other respects as well. He was the first European to record the fact, presumably learned from local Indians, that the island was clearly separated from the mainland. Besides leaving an evocative written account of his travels, he drew what have been called "remarkably accurate maps and harbor charts, the best ever of northern America in that century."⁹ His passage here was only a part of his larger continuing explorations: he navigated much of Penobscot Bay again and farther south in the summer of 1605, and by the end of his life had crossed the Atlantic twenty-nine times.¹⁰ But perhaps the most resonant chord he struck for all who have followed him was that "on arriving in summer everything is very pleasant owing to the woods, the fair landscape and the good fishing. . . ."¹¹

Over the next century and a half the French and English struggled intermittently for the possession and settlement of eastern Maine and Canada. The French called this territory Acadia, memorialized today in the parklands on the island. Conflicts over its domain reached a climax with General Wolfe's triumph over the French in Quebec in 1758 and the conclusion of the French-Indian wars. Thereafter English interests were in the ascendancy, passing to their own former colonists after the American Revolution two decades later.

Representative of this moment in the eighteenth century is the visit by the English governor of Massachusetts, Francis Bernard, who arrived by boat in 1762 on a surveying expedition. On October first, he recalled,

at daybreak entered Penobscot Bay . . . Between Fox Islands saw Mt Desert [sic] hills at near 30 miles distant . . . with a pilot boat proceeded for Mount desert [sic] . . . At first we came into a spacious bay formed by land of the great island on the left and of the Cranberry islands on the right. Toward the end of this bay, which we call the Great Harbour, we turned into a smaller bay called

the southwest harbour. This last is about a mile long and three fourths of a mile wide. On the north side of it is a narrow opening to a river or sound which runs into this island eight miles and is visible in a straight line with uneven shores for nearly the whole length.¹²

After taking an observation of a sunrise a week later, Bernard sailed up *Somes Sound*, which he described as

a fine channel having several openings and bays of different breadths from a mile to a quarter of a mile in breadth. We passed through several hills covered with wood of different sorts. In some places the rocks were almost perpendicular to a great height.¹³

Bernard's interest was the beginning of increased visits and settlements by the English. After the Revolution the territory of Maine remained part of Massachusetts through the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when it gained separate admission to the Union. Thereafter a new phase of development and visitation began.

With the lingering disputes between the young republic and Great Britain finally settled by the War of 1812, commerce and well-being prospered along the entire Atlantic coast of the Union. In New England the architects Charles Bulfinch and Samuel McIntire built fashionable houses for the new merchant class of sea captains and ship owners. Immigrants from Europe swelled the population of east coast cities, and trade to distant oceans expanded the nation's horizons and pride at once. Now America's wilderness landscape not only called for exploration and settlement; by the second quarter of the nineteenth century it was also perceived to provide the substance of nothing less than national self-definition.

At this very juncture America's first great native writers and artists began their adventurous travels into the wilder tracts of the northeast. In 1836 Thomas Doughty, a founding figure of American landscape painting, completed the first major canvas of the Mount Desert area, and a decade later, Henry Thoreau, one of our primary writers and philosophers on American nature, made his first journey into the wild interior of Maine nearby. Thoreau made three excursions into the northern woods, in 1846, 1853, and 1857, traveling by steamer from Boston to Bangor via Monhegan Island. While he never visited Mount Desert directly, he would have had distant glimpses of her mountains as he sailed up Penobscot Bay and river to Bangor (cat. 49). "Next I remember that the Camden Hills attracted my eyes, and afterward the hills about Frankfort."¹⁴

Reaching Bangor, Thoreau expressed sentiments presumably common for travelers in this time and place. He felt he was on the threshold of the wilderness, and this northern city was “like a star on the edge of night.” Beyond, “the country is virtually unmapped and unexplored, and there still waves the virgin forest of the New World.”¹⁵ Others of his generation shared his acute awareness of balancing on the fulcrum between civilization and nature: “though the railroad and the telegraph have been established on the shores of Maine, the Indian still looks out from her interior mountains over all these to the sea.”¹⁶

But Thoreau’s journeys also prompted him to higher thoughts. He pondered the American paradox of having both an established identity and a destiny yet to be discovered: “While the republic has already acquired a history world-wide, America is still unsettled and unexplored . . . Have we even so much discovered and settled the shores?”¹⁷ These sentiments, an extension of the original experience of exploration in the New World by voyagers three centuries before, animated American aspirations through much of the early nineteenth century. Thoreau was the first important writer to articulate the belief that an excursion to the Maine wilderness was more than a physical passage. It led, he exclaimed, to a glimpse of basic matter and of God’s first nature.

To the Transcendentalist this was no less than “the fresh and natural surface of the planet Earth, as it was made for ever and ever . . . It was Matter, vast, terrific. . . .”¹⁸ Thoreau was particularly impressed with the continuousness of the Maine forest. The farther he traveled inland, the more aware he became of uninterrupted woods—still, even timeless. By contrast, when he reached the mountains, he felt they were “among the unfinished parts of the globe . . . their tops are sacred and mysterious.”¹⁹ On climbing Katahdin, he expressed a reaction equally applicable to the hills of Mount Desert:

Here not even the surface had been scarred by man, but it was a specimen of what God saw fit to make this world. What is it to be admitted to a museum, to see a myriad of particular things, compared with being shown some star’s surface, some hard matter in its home!²⁰

Travel along the coast was also arduous and memorable as one proceeded to the east. The first steamer service from Boston to Maine began about 1850. Runs were made to Portland and Rockland; from there the *Ulysses* ran to Southwest Harbor and Bar Harbor on Mount Desert. Subsequently, there was

service from Boston to Bucksport and Bangor, in turn the points “of departure for a journey of from thirty to forty miles by stage.”²¹ One of the first recorded accounts at this time was a trip by Charles Tracy of New York, father of Mrs. J. Pierrepont Morgan, Sr., who came for a month in the summer of 1855. He arrived by steamer in Southwest Harbor, accompanied by the family of Reverend Stone of Brookline, the writer Theodore Winthrop, and the painter Frederic Edwin Church, back for his fourth visit to sketch, this time with his sister along.²²

Getting to this part of the coast on one’s own, by chartered or privately owned vessel, would have been even more adventurous and demanding. In the same years as Church’s visits, Fitz Hugh Lane reached Mount Desert, sailing with friends from Castine. Robert Carter, the Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, kept an account of another independently undertaken voyage made in the summer of 1858. “Summer Cruise on the Coast of New England” described his trip by fishing smack from Boston to Bar Harbor. His reactions were not unique: “the approach to Mount Desert by sea is magnificent. It is difficult to conceive of any finer combination of land and water.”²³

For those who sailed the coast in modest sloops or schooners there was always the glory as well as the unpredictability of Maine summer weather. Besides the daily rush of tidal currents, torpid calm can alternate with forceful storms, dense fog with sparkling sunlight, favoring breezes with unmarked hazards. During the first half of the nineteenth century there were relatively few navigational aids along the Maine coast, though a number of the major offshore ledges and islands did have lighthouses. The oldest lighthouse in Maine is that at Portland Head, built in 1791 at the direction of George Washington. At least one other, that on Seguin Island marking the mouth of the Kennebec River, was constructed in the eighteenth century. More than two dozen others were built on sites between Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Isle au Haut before the Civil War.²⁴

East of the Mount Desert area at least half a dozen lights were put up between 1807 and 1856 on points from Narraguagus Bay to West Quoddy Head at the Canadian border. Around Mount Desert itself and the nearby approaches, seven lighthouses are known to have been constructed during the early nineteenth century: those of Bass Harbor Head, 1858; Mount

Desert Rock, 1830; Baker Island, 1828, and rebuilt in 1855; Bear Island, 1839; Winter Harbor, 1856; Prospect Harbor, 1850; and Petit Manan, 1817, also rebuilt in 1855. In addition, the government erected a stone beacon daymarker on East Bunkers Ledge off Seal Harbor in 1839–1840.²⁵ These obviously facilitated travel along the many treacherous passages leading down east, and made it possible for artists and others in increasing numbers to sail at their own leisure to Mount Desert by mid-century.

But these starkly simple stone towers served as more than fixed points of reference. For the early generation of adventurous travelers they also carried implicit symbolic and emotional connotations. They were emblems of safety and security, guidance and direction, and metaphors for spiritual salvation.²⁶ No wonder artists painting in a period of increasing national strife and anxiety should turn for solace to the imagery of lighthouses. For example, between the 1830s and the 1860s Doughty, Church, Lane, and Alvan Fisher all painted lighthouse views around Mount Desert. These towers were not mere factual features punctuating the physical landscape. They also were beacons of stability, founded on the literal rocks of ages of bold Maine granite.

Coastwise traffic of all sorts increased during the middle decades of the century. Mount Desert and the larger islands of Penobscot Bay were centers for a growing economy based on forest and sea. Shipping and shipbuilding flourished in the older fishing villages. The timber was cut from the lower slopes of Mount Desert more than once and loaded aboard sturdy schooners for transportation back to Portland and Boston. This rocky landscape also yielded up another element of its “basic matter”: Maine’s quarries provided much of the granite cut in great blocks for the new Greek revival buildings rising in Boston and elsewhere, and many of the smooth popplestones from its shores were removed for the streets of New England’s cities.²⁷ Broad-bottomed schooners carried these loads of stone back to harbors to the west and south. Finally, the island’s waters offered a bounty of fish, foremost herring, crab, and lobster, in a continuity from Indian to modern times.

Visitors to Mount Desert who came to see its splendors or stay for a few summer weeks found simple accommodations in private lodgings or taverns around the island. The painter Church, for example, stayed on his 1855 trip at the tavern in Somesville, while on another occasion he boarded at the Hig-

gins homestead in Bar Harbor.²⁸ One of the most popular places artists chose to stay was on Schooner Head, an especially dramatic site on the eastern side of the island overlooking Frenchman’s Bay. This was

The Lynam Homestead, to which Cole, Gifford, Hart, Parsons, Warren, Bierstadt, and others renowned in American art have from time to time resorted to enrich their studies from the abounding wealth of the neighborhood.²⁹

Among other painters making early excursions to the island who stayed at Somes Tavern, besides Church and William Hart, were Thomas Birch and Charles Dix.³⁰ After the Civil War accelerating prosperity and better transportation led to replacement of the taverns by larger hotels built in Bar Harbor, Southwest Harbor, and later Northeast Harbor. Correspondingly, during the 1870s and the 1880s new growth occurred in summer cruising and yachting, followed by the first wave in building large summer cottages, still familiar today.

Travel on the island itself was fairly primitive well into the middle of the nineteenth century. When the first artists arrived, most roads were rough tracks and the sea was “still the high road for the dwellers on the island.”³¹ However, by 1875 surveyors had laid out a carriage road to the summit of Green Mountain, and beginning in the 1880s for a few years a narrow-gauge railway also ascended nearby. Sightseers crossed Eagle Lake, in the center of the island, by steamer, landing on the west slope of Green Mountain where they could board the tram car for the ride up and back.³²

Now Mount Desert attracted a host of prominent visitors, including vacationing clerics and academics, like Bishop Doane of Albany and Charles William Eliot, president of Harvard. The one distinguished writer of the nineteenth century who made the trip and recorded his observations was John Greenleaf Whittier. In contrast to the scientific and philosophical cast of Thoreau’s journals, Whittier’s lines bear the romantic sensibility of the later nineteenth century:

Beneath the westward turning eye
A thousand wooded islands lie,—
Gems of the waters! with each hue
Of brightness set in the ocean’s blue . . .
There, gloomily against the sky
The Dark Isles rear their summits high;
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
Lifts its gray turrets in the air.³³

The painters who visited the island over the last century and a half worked in an array of artistic styles and aims. Some, like John James Audubon and Thomas Eakins, intended to paint subjects quite different than the Maine landscape. Audubon came in search of local bird species he might include in his grand pictorial inventory, *The Birds of America*, completed in 1838. Eakins was a guest in Seal Harbor of Henry A. Rowland, a professor of physics at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore and a summer resident; he worked on Rowland's portrait for several weeks in 1897.³⁴

The Maine coast has also attracted other major American painters, in the nineteenth century Winslow Homer and in the twentieth Edward Hopper, both of whom worked in the southern part of the state, but were never lured farther east to the Mount Desert region. But those who did venture this far, whether for brief stays and single works, or for repeated visits and an extensive output, collectively give us an unusual and striking survey of American art. Indeed, part of the island's continuing allure is that a fixed point of geography can inspire such diverse visual responses and stylistic treatments as the romantic realism of the early Hudson River painters, the crystalline luminism of artists in the mid-nineteenth century, the variants of impressionism practiced at century's end, and the new modes of representation in the twentieth, approaching aspects of abstraction.

The figures most central to this chronology are first the pioneers, Thomas Doughty, Alvan Fisher, and Thomas Cole, who generalized and romanticized nature in their visits of the 1830s and 1840s. Next came Lane in the 1850s and Frederic Edwin Church in the 1850s and 1860s. Each drew and painted extensively at Mount Desert. In particular, they recorded the northern sunsets in forms that made Americans give serious thought to the significance of their country's geography and its destiny. After the Civil War William Stanley Haseltine produced a large group of refined drawings and watercolors around the southern shore of the island. Following him in the later decades of the century were numerous painters of varying stature who marked their stays for the most part with only one or two sketches. Some made drawings: William Trost Richards, John Henry Hill, Xanthus Smith, and Ralph A. Blakelock; others produced watercolors: Alfred Thompson Bricher; and still others painted singularly beautiful oils: Sanford Gifford and Childe Hassam. In the

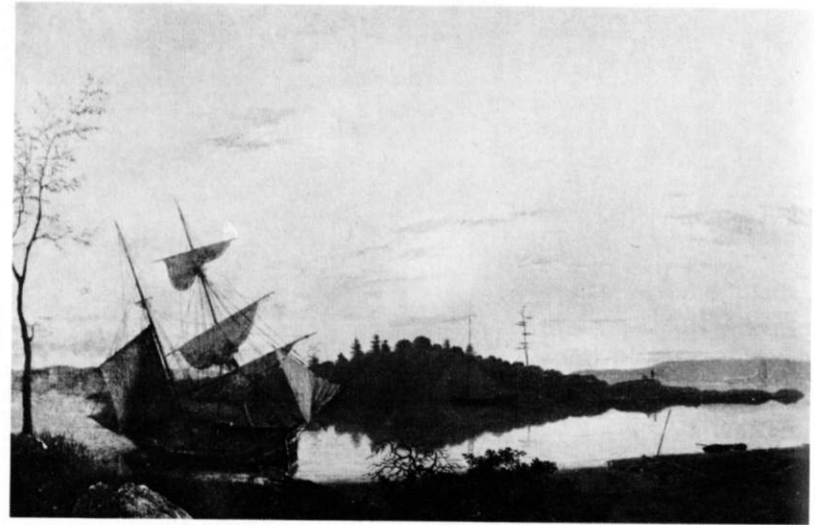
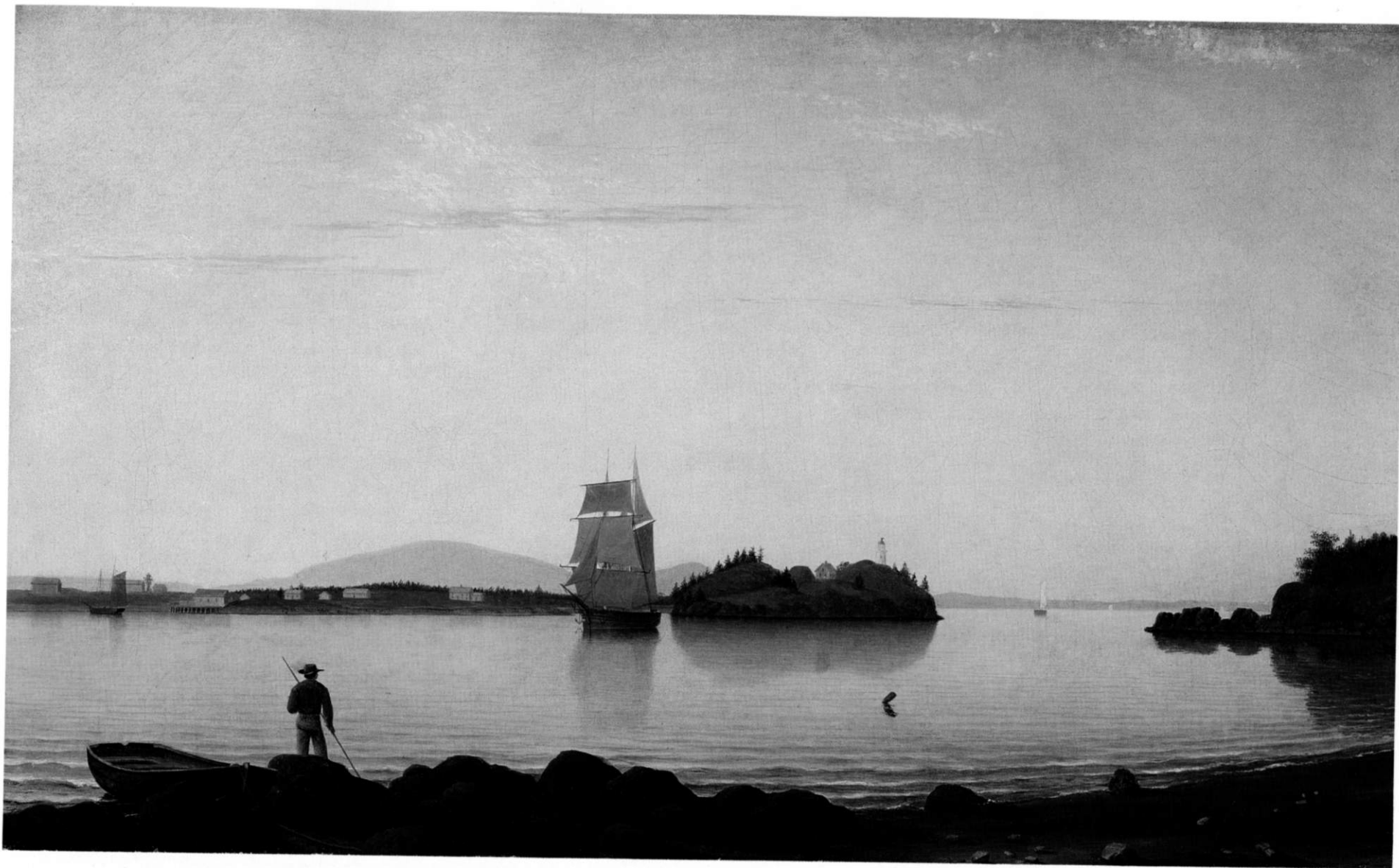


fig. 1. Frederic Edwin Church, *Twilight on the Kennebec*, 1849, oil on canvas, 18 x 30 in. [private collection]

first half of the twentieth century Mount Desert commanded the attention of artists working in a range from traditional to modernist visions, among them Carol Tyson, N. C. Wyeth, Oscar Bluemner, Marsden Hartley, and John Marin.³⁵

These artists in their time were favored with a glimpse of nature many felt to be God's first creation; with their own creativity they returned the favor by changing that nature into an American art for posterity.

Coming relatively early in this procession, Lane can be seen as playing a pivotal role in formulating this national imagery. In part, he took the dramatic elements of awe and majesty recorded by the first artists to visit, and gradually remolded the sublime landscape into a more purified and untroubled place conducive to resting and uplifting the spirit. He began by recording the quaint architecture and picturesque contours of Maine's coastal villages, in particular the town of Castine, where he regularly stayed with the family of his friend Joseph Stevens. Venturing by sailboat farther to the east, he became more observant of coastwise shipping, and recorded in careful detail the activities of the sturdy lumber schooners loading or transporting their weighty cargoes of Maine wood and granite. On later trips, crossing Penobscot and Blue Hill Bays, he explored more widely the approaches to Mount Desert. Increasingly, here, his paintings were studies of transcendent light and



cat. 52. *Owl's Head, Penobscot Bay, Maine*, 1862, oil on canvas, 16 x 26 in.
[Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, M. and M. Karolik Collection]

air almost more than records of temporal place.

No dated drawing or letter survives absolutely documenting Lane's first journey to Maine, though circumstantial evidence indicates he must have gone in the summer of 1848. As a result of what he saw, he completed, and exhibited in New York the following winter, two oil paintings, *Twilight on the Kennebec* (private collection, fig. 1) and *View on the Penobscot* (now lost).

The former carried the following description after its title in the American Art-Union catalogue of 1949: "The western sky is still glowing in the rays of the setting sun. In the foreground is a vessel lying in the shadow. The river stretches across the picture."³⁶ This would be the only time Lane ventured inland at all, though many of Maine's major rivers were navigable several miles upstream. Virtually all of his subsequent explorations were devoted to the myriad bays, inlets, and peninsulas along the coast well east of the Kennebec.

More than a hundred of Lane's drawings survive, most now in the collection of the Cape Ann Historical Association in Gloucester. These, with annotations both by Lane and Stevens, give us an unusually comprehensive summary of the dates and locations of their cruising trips. The first trip of any length was in August 1850, when the artist made a couple of drawings of Castine, which led to at least four subsequent oils and a half-dozen sketches at Mount Desert. These in turn served as the basis for pictures painted over the next year or two (cat. 50). In language reminiscent of Champlain, Bernard, and other predecessors, Stevens wrote an extensive account of this early trip with Lane:

This supposed barren and desolate place can boast of scenery so grand and beautiful as to be unsurpassed by any on the whole American coast. We had understood so much from hearsay of the remarkable and picturesque range of mountains on the islands, the fine harbors, and beautiful sound, that even abating liberally for enthusiastic exaggeration, we were certain of being amply repaid for a sail of fifty miles each way. . . .

It is a grand sight approaching Mount Desert from the westward, to behold the mountains gradually open upon the view. At first there seems to be only one upon the island. Then one after another they unfold themselves until at last some ten or twelve stand up there in grim outline. Sailing abreast the range, the beholder finds them assuming an infinite diversity of shapes, and it sometimes requires no great stretch of imagination to fancy them huge mammoth and mastodon wading out from the main. With such a beautiful prospect to wonder at and admire, now wafted along by light winds, then entirely becalmed for a time, we were slowly carried into Southwest Harbor. Here, from what seems to be a cave on the mountain side, is *Somes Sound*, reaching up through a great gorge seven miles into the heart of the island. It varies much in width, the extremes being perhaps a half mile and two miles, is of great depth, and contains no hindrance to free navigation. An intervening point concealed the entrance until we had nearly approached it, and the sails passing in before us disappeared as if by enchantment.

It was toward the close of as lovely an afternoon as summer can bestow that we entered this beautiful inlet. Much had been anticipated, the reality exceeded all expectations. There were none of those gusts which are said to dart suddenly down from the treacherous mountains to the dismay of unwary boatmen, but with breezes seldom strong enough to ripple the quiet water, the old boat went leisurely up the current, and so engrossed had we become in the grandness of the scenery on every hand, and so illusive the distances were that it seemed as if we could be but halfway up the inlet when we passed through the narrows into the basin forming the head of the Sound. Just as the sun was setting we encamped opposite the settlement, at the entrance of the miniature bay, on an island well wooded and covered with a profusion of berries. . . .

An attempt was made the next day to ascend the highest and boldest of the

mountains that skirt the Sound. But after a long and laborious scramble up among the rocks and fallen trees we reached a peak but half way to the summit and stopped to rest there, when a thunder-storm burst with savage fury. We seemed to be in the very midst of cloud and tempest. Advance we could not, neither could one recede in such darkness and blinding rain. Here then, in the bleak surface of the mountain, with no shelter but a jagged rock against which we could crouch when the wind blew strongly from the opposite quarter, we were forced to receive the drenching of a pitiless storm. Yet it was a scene of such sublimity up where the lightnings seemed playing in their favorite haunts and the thunders reverberated in prolonged and deafening peals, among the trembling hills, that we were not unwilling occupants of this novel situation. . . .

It is a misnomer to call such an island *Mount Desert*. Some of the grand old mountains which have been burned over showing nothing but the large ledges of sienite and charred pine trees, with here and there a little shrubbery struggling for life look dreary and desolate, but they stand among others covered with a luxuriant growth. Our pilot told us of a Frenchman who once got lost here for some weeks, when his country held this region, and so gave the title to it. But it seems the island has begun to get its dues—one of its three townships is now called *Eden*. The beauties of this place is [sic] well known and appreciated among artists. We heard *Bonfield* and *Williams* who had reluctantly left but a short time before. *Champney* and *Kensett* were then in another part of the island and we have reason to believe that *Church* and some others were in the immediate vicinity. Lane who was with us, made good additions to his portfolio. But how unsatisfying a few days to an artist, when many months sketching would scarcely suffice amid such exhaustless wealth of scenery.³⁷

Stevens' words not only reflect the descriptive phrases of earlier published narratives, but also carry their own mid-nineteenth-century flavor of sublime drama. The thunderstorm yields its awesome inspiration, while the contrast of dead and flourishing plant life attests to the powers of evolution and regeneration. The pattern and responses of this voyage were essentially repeated by the artist and his companion during the August weeks of the next two years. The 1851 cruise took them around the southern end of *Penobscot Bay*, where Lane made drawings of *Owl's Head* and *Camden* on its western side and of the *Castine* shore to the east. Paintings of all these areas followed later that year and the next. Stevens had earlier written Lane, extending his family's hospitality in *Castine*, and noted accurately: "You have not or did not exhaust all the beauties of *Mt. Desert* scenery, and perhaps there may be other spots in our Bay, that you may think worthy of the pencil."³⁸

Sometimes Lane managed sketches while arriving at or departing from *Rockland* on the steamer; for example, he noted

that two of Owl's Head "were taken from the steamer's deck in passing." More often he made drawings on his sketchpad while sailing leisurely, conditions permitting, or at anchor with a favorable prospect before him, as in the *North Westerly View of Mount Desert Rock*, "August 1852, Taken from deck of Sloop Superior at anchor." For some panoramas, like the mountainous shores of Somes Sound, he pasted together two or more sheets end to end in order to capture the full extent and rolling geologic contours of a view. His friends recalled that on certain occasions he had himself tied around the waist by his vessel's main halyard and hauled part way up the mast so he might gain an even more elevated and expansive vista for his pencil.

Lane's August 1852 trip took him and several companions to the higher outer island of Isle au Haut, marking the passage from lower Penobscot to Blue Hill Bay, and thence out to the isolated Mount Desert Rock twenty miles offshore. Back in sheltered waters, Lane drew (and later painted) Blue Hill as well as a number of scenes around Southwest Harbor and Somes Sound.³⁹ One more trip, in September 1855, is also well documented by surviving drawings. This trip comprised two cruises, first around the southern shores of Penobscot Bay and then directly to Southwest Harbor on Mount Desert. Lane was now at his full maturity as an artist; he drew prolifically and confidently. From this voyage alone there were no less than four drawings of Owl's Head, four of Camden, three of Castine, two of Somes Sound, and four of Bear Island off Northeast Harbor. Almost all led to major canvases.

Only one other excursion to Maine is documented, that of a visit in August 1863 to Portland, where Lane ruled off in a pencil grid a photograph of the *Steamer "Harvest Moon" Lying at Wharf*, fig. 2, for use in a subsequent painting of the harbor. But there are dated and exhibited pictures of Maine views throughout the later 1850s and 1860s, indicating his continued use of earlier drawings and possibly further repeat visits to familiar sites. Among the most important and beautiful are *Sunrise at Mount Desert*, 1856; *Camden*, 1859; *Owl's Head, Penobscot Bay, Maine* (cat. 52), 1862; *Lumber Schooners at Evening on Penobscot Bay* (cat. 61) and *Approaching Storm, Owl's Head* (cat. 51), both 1860; and *Christmas Cove* (cat. 53) and *Fishing Party* (cat. 48), both 1863. These later paintings especially tend to be more generalized in location and poignant in feeling, perhaps because they were more detached images made from memory.

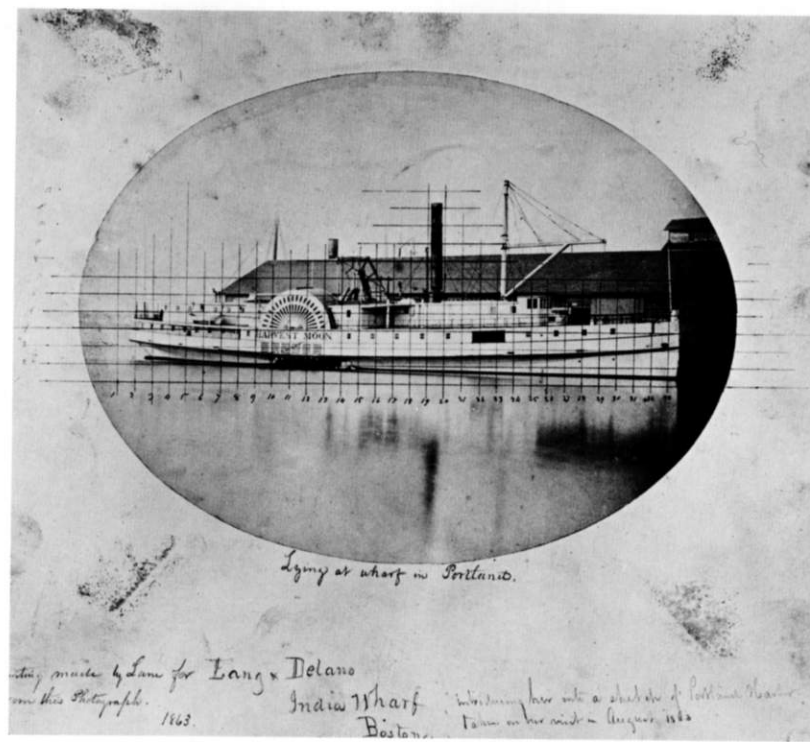


fig. 2. Lane, *Steamer "Harvest Moon" Lying at Wharf in Portland*, 1863, photograph and pencil on paper, 9³/₄ x 10¹/₂ in. [Cape Ann Historical Association]

But we need also to note that their elegiac twilight reds and stark tonal contrasts coincide with the literal storm clouds and civil fires of a nation at war with itself. However distant Lane may have been physically from his country's tribulations, his late work does express some hint of emotional and spiritual trauma. He, himself, was ill in his last years, and a lifetime of partial paralysis must have borne its own accumulated pain. On the whole, however, much of his life was passed, and much of his art realized, during an era of tranquil optimism. For him, as for others before and after, at least one special part of the Maine coast was worthy of the name Eden.

1. Useful summaries of the geological history of the Mount Desert Island area are to be found in Russell D. Butcher, *Field Guide to Acadia National Park, Maine* (New York, 1977), "Rocks and Landforms," 28-37; and Carleton A. Chapman, *The Geology of Acadia National Park* (Hulls Cove, Maine, 1962), "The Geologic Story of Mount Desert Island," 11-32.

2. See Butcher, *Field Guide*, 29; and Chapman, *Geology of Acadia National Park*, 28.
3. See Butcher, *Field Guide*, 34; and Chapman, *Geology of Acadia National Park*, 29.
4. *Northeast Harbor, Reminiscences, by an Old Summer Resident* (Hallowell, Maine, 1930), 12.
5. See Samuel Eliot Morison, *The Story of Mount Desert Island* (Boston, 1960), 3-4; and Butcher, *Field Guide*, 11. Today there is a similar flow and ebb of summer inhabitants, likewise attracted by the native delicacies of lobster, crab, and wild raspberries and blueberries.
6. Morison, *Mount Desert Island*, 7.
7. See Samuel Eliot Morison, *Samuel de Champlain, Father of New France* (Boston, 1972), 27-46. This biography is a full and sympathetic account of Champlain's life and achievements, and provides the basis for the précis of his encounter with Mount Desert related here.
8. Quoted in Samuel Adams Drake, *Nooks and Corners of The New England Coast* (New York, 1875), 29. A slightly different free translation appears in Morison, *Mount Desert Island*, 9. A facsimile of the relevant pages from Champlain's original published narrative is included in Charles Savage, *Mount Desert, The Early French Visits* (Northeast Harbor, Maine, 1973), 6-7.
9. Morison, *Champlain*, 46.
10. Morison, *Champlain*, 233.
11. Quoted in Morison, *Champlain*, 54-55.
12. Quoted in George E. Street, *Mount Desert, A History* (new ed., Boston, 1926), 108-109.
13. Quoted in Street, *Mount Desert*, 110.
14. Henry David Thoreau, *The Maine Woods* (Apollo ed., New York, 1961), 111.
15. Thoreau, *Maine Woods*, 108.
16. Thoreau, *Maine Woods*, 108.
17. Thoreau, *Maine Woods*, 107.
18. Thoreau, *Maine Woods*, 92.
19. Thoreau, *Maine Woods*, 84-85.
20. Thoreau, *Maine Woods*, 93.
21. Drake, *Nooks and Corners*, 30. See also Morison, *Mount Desert Island*, 61; and *Northeast Harbor, Reminiscences*, 45. The *Ulysses* sank in 1878, and all sidewheelers were replaced by the *Mount Desert*, until 1894 when the larger *J. T. Morse* covered the route to Mount Desert. During the later nineteenth century steamers operated by the Maine Central Railroad connected with train service to Hancock Point at the head of Frenchman's Bay. Local steamers operated between Bangor, Bar Harbor, and most of the villages around the coast of the island. See Morison, *Mount Desert Island*, 63. In the first quarter of the twentieth century ferry service operated from Trenton on the mainland, taking those who had arrived in Ellsworth by train, until a causeway was constructed across the narrows with the advent of the automobile.
22. See Street, *Mount Desert*, 295-296. Tracy's manuscript is now in the Morgan Library, New York City.
23. Quoted in Street, *Mount Desert*, 271.
24. See Wally Welch, *The Lighthouses of Maine* (Orlando, Florida, 1985), 8-45.
25. See Welch, *Lighthouses*, 49-59. Morison noted the construction of a light-

house on Mount Desert Rock as early as 1830, and the subsequent erection of the East Bunkers Ledge daymarker, but believed that there were no other aids to navigation in the area before the Civil War. See Morison, *Mount Desert Island*, 38, 47.

26. See Welch, *Lighthouses*, 64.
27. See Morison, *Mount Desert Island*, 33.
28. See Street, *Mount Desert*, 281, 296.
29. Drake, *Nooks and Corners*, 49.
30. See Morison, *Mount Desert Island*, 45.
31. Street, *Mount Desert*, 296.
32. See Drake, *Nooks and Corners*, 42; and Butcher, *Field Guide*, 13.
33. Quoted in Street, *Mount Desert*, 32.
34. See Drake, *Nooks and Corners*, 48; and Lloyd Goodrich, *Thomas Eakins* (2 vols., Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Washington, D.C., 1982), 2:137. John Singer Sargent also visited the area in 1921-1922, and painted a portrait of his artist friend, Dwight Blaney, sketching deep in the woods on Ironbound Island in upper Frenchman's Bay. He also did an oil, *On the Verandah*, showing the Blaney family on the porch of their summer home on Ironbound. But both of these are essentially portraits, with neither really concerned with any of the panoramic vista of Mount Desert nearby. See Gertrud A. Mellon and Elizabeth F. Wilder, eds., *Maine and Its Role in American Art 1740-1963* (New York, 1963), 108-109.
- In addition, a few prominent photographers have produced a body of images in the Mount Desert region, for example, Seneca Ray Stoddard and Henry L. Rand at the end of the nineteenth century, and George A. Tice in the early 1970s. See John Wilmerding, *American Light, The Luminist Movement, 1850-1875* (Washington, D.C., 1980), 138-145; and Martin Dibner, *Seacoast Maine, People and Places* (New York, 1973), 2, 8, 82, 122, 126, 128, 156, 178, 199, 202, and 206. Also in the late sixties Walker Evans visited the painter John Heliker, and photographed his kitchen, but no landscape, on Cranberry Island off the Mount Desert coast.
35. Moving toward greater abstraction in their responses to the island region since World War II have been such resident painters as William Thon, John Heliker, and William Kienbush. Today, one of the island's best-known painters, in residence much of the year, is Richard Estes, whose precise style of photorealism serves scenes not of wilderness but the street landscapes of New York City.
36. Mary B. Cowdrey and Theodore Sizer, *American Academy of Fine Arts and American Art-Union Exhibition Record 1816-1852* (New York, 1953), 221.
37. J. L. Stevens, Jr., in the *Gloucester Daily Telegraph*, 11 September 1850.
38. Letter from Stevens to Lane, 29 January 1851, in the Cape Ann Historical Association, Gloucester.
39. A charming and informative account of this voyage exists in a diary kept by a Castine companion of Lane's, William Howe Witherle, and is here reproduced as an appendix. The original is now in the Wilson Museum, Castine Historical Society.

Appendix

MONDAY AUGUST 16TH (1852) Our party consisting of F H Lane and Jos L Stevens Jr of Gloucester — Geo F Tilden, Saml Adams & myself and Mr Getchell - Pilot left Mr Tildens wharf at about 11 "clock in the good Sloop Superior — bound on an excursion among the Island of the Bay — the wind was northerly and the weather fine — And we had a charming run down the Ship Channel towards "Isle Au Haut" - anchored off Isle Au Haut about 5 "clock and Fished till about sun down — when we put away for Kimballs Harbour — but the wind died away and the tide headed us — so we were obliged to anchor in Shoal Water near the entrance of the Harbour — this has been a most Auspicious commencement to our Excursion — and we have enjoyed it highly — have done our own cooking and made out first rate under the Superintendence of Geo Tilden — whose talents in that line are the most prominent — Mr Lane however has a decided knack for frying fish and gave us a specimen of fried cod for supper - which was most excellent - in the night we hoisted anchor and shifted our birth owing to the proximity of certain shoals and rocks —

TUESDAY MORNING AUG 17 — up early — prospect of another fine day — Sam A & I rowed ashore about 2 miles for wood — which article we did not lay in a stock of — which gave us a somewhat ravenous appetite for our Breakfast which came off in due time — and which we took on deck — as it was calm and beautiful — After breakfast we weighed Anchor and with a light breath of wind put for "Saddle Rock" some 10 miles off — but did not make much progress — and finding a chance to run into "duck Harbour" we took advantage of it and run in — a very pretty snug little place — dropped Anchor and landed and leaving Mr Lane to take a Sketch we took a climb on to a Hill — from which we had a fine view of the Sea and Bay — returning on board we Started with a fine breeze for Saddle Rock — which we reached between 1 & 2 o'clock — anchored and leaving Mr Lane and Getchell on board landed and were met by old Mr Burgess Keeper of the light — who welcomed us and Showed us the lions of the Rock — we enjoyed the novelty of the Scene but did not stop long as our Sloop seemed to have a strong desire to come ashore after us — fearing probably to trust us on such a rough looking spot — so we embarked again and Sailing round the ledge — with a fine pleasant breeze — from the westward a smooth sea and one of the pleasant afternoons on record we put for "Lunts Long Island" passing out side of Isle Au Haut and all the Islands — we stretched ourselves out on deck spun yarns — and read a little and enjoyed our life on the Ocean Wave — under such pleasant circumstances — to our hearts content — about Sundown we reached Long Island Harbour — and anchored — and lowered our mainsail for the first time since leaving home — after getting our Supper it was dark — we played Backgammon — I enjoyed a "Smoke" — by myself — on deck before going to bed — the tinkling of cow Bells on shore give promise of plenty of milk to fill our jug in the morning —

WEDNESDAY AUG 18 — up by sunrise another fine morning — no signs of fog — which we have been dreading — went ashore with our water cask and milk jug — landed near Squire Lunts wharf and went to his house — but after knocking at the door and could not succeed in rousing any body but a dog — went to two houses near by — but found them unoccupied — the place seemed to be deserted — but after a while we spied out a woman milking a cow on the opposite side of the harbour — and Joe & George steered off — in that direction - while Mr Getchell & I prowled round in pursuit of a well — to fill our water (cask) — but after diligent search not a well could be found — we finally filled our keg at a running brook — which we happened to discover — looked in to the windows of a meeting house which was set down in a wild spot without a road or signs of a path leading to it — the specimens of native Seen by Joe & George had a very ancient and Fish like appearance — their first enquiry was if they were traders — Altogether the aspect of this place is dismal — a little trading Sch had come in in the night and was at anchor near us — and after we had finished our breakfast the trader came on board and made us a call — but was soon hailed to come back by customers from the Shore — we started with a fresh Breeze for "Mount Desert Rock" 18 miles distant — it was rougher than we have yet had it — being considerable swell but we get on finely — with the exception of George" being sea sick — which however we comfort him with the opinion that it will do him good — About noon we arrive at the Rock — the Keeper of the light Mr King — came off in his boat and gave us the end of a buoy Rope to Moor to - he was expecting his wife off in a craft similar to ours and was disappointed to find his mistake but notwithstanding treated us most hospitably - we spent a couple of hours most pleasantly rambling about the Rock Examing a wreck of a Sch was lately cast away there — watching the seas dash up onto the windward side — and a Fin Back Whale dash every now and then into Shoals of Herring which almost surrounded the rock — and which Mr King had taken a large quantities — the light House is a fine Structure and was in most perfect order — Mr King has two sons & two daughters with him and seemed to have plenty of employment in fishing and the wreck which he had bought — he told us he had not been ashore for two years — we all consider this visit to the Rock as something not to be forgotten — we felt that we should have enjoyed two days there — but as we had proposed to reach Somes Sound that night we had to tear ourselves away — Mr Lane took two sketches while there — We had a fine free wind for the sound — and the view of the Mt. Desert Hills as we approached them was splendid — Mr Lane improved it to take a Sketch of their outlines — The Steamer Lawrence went in to the "Sound" an hour before us with a party from Penobscot Bay and River — said to be the first Steamboat that ever went up Somes Sound — we had a fine sail up between the high hills which in one place are perpendicular — and came to our anchorage above "Bar Island" just after Sunset — after supper we went up in the Boat to Somes — where we found the Party by the Lawrence and among them many of our acquaintances —

THURSDAY AUG. 19 — "our regular fine weather" Went to Somes this morning again and got a good breakfast — and sent letters home to our respective wives by — our Friend Mrs. Mary Lowe Kimball *4 who came in the Lawrence and returns this morning — When we got back to our Sloop we found

Lane and Getchell doing a brisk business catching mackerel — So we all rushed for our lines and were in for our share in short order — and had fine sport for an hour or so — when we packed up a luncheon and filled a jug with water and got into the Boat and rowed across the Sound two or three miles — to a favorable point to ascend one of the highest Mountains — we found a pretty good path about $\frac{3}{4}$ the way up — we had to wait once in a while for Lane who with his crutches could not keep up with us — but got along better than we thought possible — the climb up after we left the path was somewhat severe — as it was very hot and not even at the top of the Mountain was there a breath of Air Stirring — Lane got up about an hour after the rest of us — felt about used when I first got up but Soon revived and I started off on a cruise — found some Lillies in a Pond near the Summit — the Atmosphere was Smoky so that our view was not very extensive — but it well repaid us for our labour — about the time we got ready to descend it began to thunder in the distance and clouds began to rise — and by the time we reached our boat it was evident that a shower was near at hand so we put in for a Smart row and our good Sloop Superior just as the rain began to fall — and it soon came down in torrents and after a hearty supper — and a good Smoke being pretty tired we turned in early —

FRIDAY AUG 20 — Our good luck again for weather — Hoisted Anchor — and dropped down with the tide — George and I went ashore and got some milk and we took our breakfast on deck drifting down the Sound — Surrounded by the noble Scenery — in this beautiful morning with a good cup of Coffee and good Substantial edibles to match — and famous appetites — this is the way to enjoy life said we! the wind breezed up and we put on all Sail and had a bit of a try with a Bangor Sloop called a crack Sailor but she didnt beat us much if any — ran in to North East Harbour looked about and ran out again and put for Bear Island — where we landed and visited the lighthouse - this is a high bluff little island - the Beach that we landed on appears from the top of Island of a perfect Crescent Shape — started again for Suttons Island — and landed Mr Lane to take a Sketch and then proceeded for Southards Cove — to afford our ancient Pilot an opportunity to visit his sister — We all landed and leaving Mr Getchell with his friends cruised up in the Hills after Blueberries — saw some girls there and approached them to buy their Berries — but they took fright and ran into the bushes — George T — being the longest limbed and fleetest of us gave chase while we get onto a Rock to watch the result — both pursued and pursuer disappeared from our view — but presently we caught Sight of the Calico flying through the trees — and next George at some distance astern Spring in to view and Snuffed the Air — but seeing the Chase had gained upon him so much he gave it up in dismay — the “Coup d’ oeil” was very striking at the moment George emerged to view — with the Fluttering of Gowns and cape Bonnets in the distance — On returning to Mrs Bracys — the first object that met our sight was — our “Ancient Mariner” — stretched at full length upon the Grass — pallid and faint and groaning — he had been taken Suddenly in a few minutes after we left and fainted away and had recovered sufficiently to crawl out thus — he had been complaining somewhat before — he was now so unwell that we concluded to leave him here to night and call for him in the morning — So we started to take in Mr Lane at Suttons Island and then run down to South

West Harbour and anchored — and went ashore and saw Mr Dugain & Mr Heath — Sarah & Crawford, Stanley & c & c - George & Joe pitched the tent ashore to night and Slept there but the rest of us preferd the old Sloop —

SATURDAY — AUG 21 — “*Pleasant of course*” — George, Joe & myself took breakfast this morning at the Island House — and a fine one it was — price 25 cts — Mr Lane took 2 sketches here — it was calm till about 9 o clock when it freshed and we beat up to Southards Cove — and there found our “Ancient” recovered from his illness — So we took him on and about 11 o clock Started with a fair wind homeward bound over Bass Harbour Bar and through the Reach — but the wind is light — and we do not get along very fast — Caught a couple of Haddock and had a chowder for dinner — got up off Deer Island about Sundown and anchored — as the tide was ahead and no wind — on the turn of the tide we weighed Anchor and drifted along the rest of the night and Anchored again on the Sedgwick Shore towards morning —

SUNDAY — 22 AUG — pleasant as has been every day since we started and all feel certain that we have had the best time possible — The wind was light till about noon when it breezed up and we had a fine run home where we arrived about $\frac{1}{2}$ past one o clock.

The 1852 account of Lane’s cruise with Joseph Stevens, Jr. is reproduced with the kind permission of the Castine Scientific Society from the *Wilson Museum Bulletin*, Winter 1974-1975, vol. 2, no. 2.