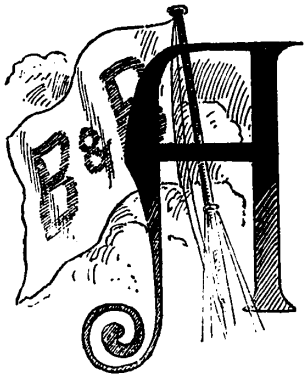
A Sea-Trip to the Eastward.

THE EASTERN COAST TO ROCKLAND, BANGOR, AND MOUNT DESERT.—BOSTON AND BANGOR STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

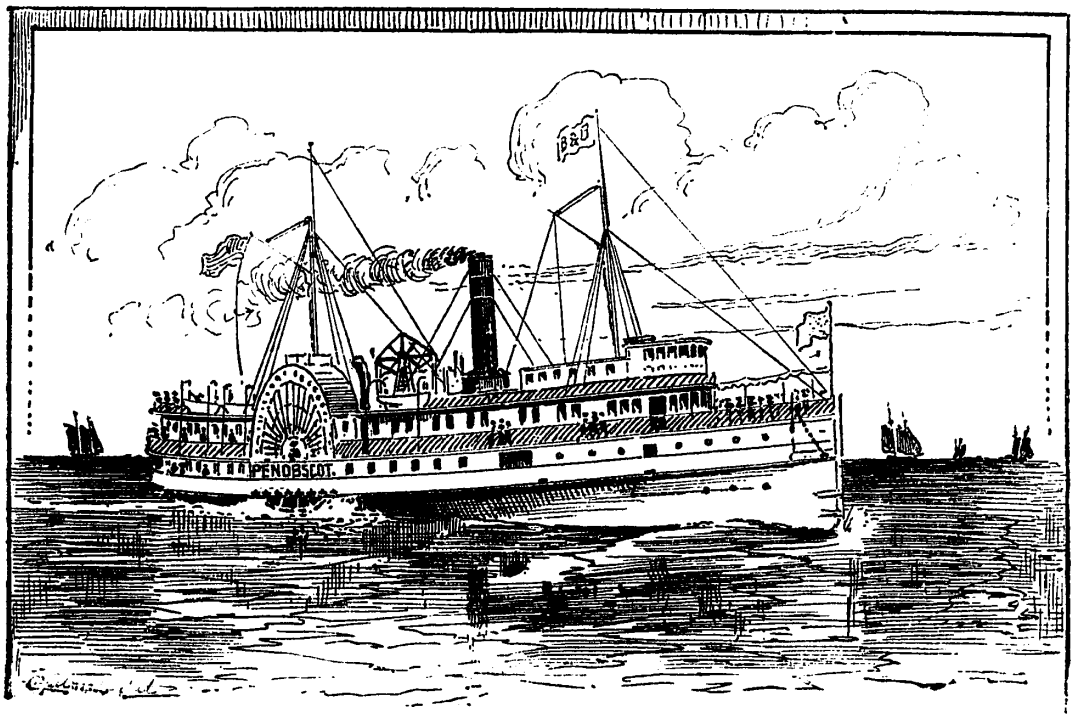


AS early as the year 1823 there was a regular line of steamers between Boston and Bath, and thence to Boothbay, Camden, Belfast, Sedgwick, and Eastport; and ten years later the Boston and Bangor Steamship Company began its operations, its first boat having been the *Bangor*, which was sent to the Mediterranean in 1842, to carry Mohammedan pilgrims, and afterwards became a Turkish frigate. Soon afterward Captain Memnemon Sanford established a new line between Bangor and Boston; which continued under his name until 1882, with no serious interruption except during the Secession War, when most of its boats were chartered for military purposes. In 1882 the corporate name of the "Sanford Steamship Company" was changed to the "Boston and Bangor Steamship Company," of which Mr. William H. Hill is President; Mr. William H. Hill, jun., Treasurer; and Capt. James Littlefield, Superintendent.

The *Penobscot*, launched at East Boston in 1882, is the handsomest and stanchest steamship east of Boston, and has luxurious accommodations for 560 first-class passengers, and ample protection against perils of fire or storm. There are spacious saloons, covered with Wilton carpet, and furnished in black-walnut; six score of airy state-rooms, besides several bridal suites; breezy promenade-decks, stairways of polished oak, lines of brilliant chandeliers, and a great variety of ingenious and powerful machinery, for different purposes and emergencies. The wheels are provided with Holland Patent Paddles, which obviate the noise and tremor usually noticed on side-wheel steamers. Boston Harbor is justly proud of this noblest of its children. The *Katahdin* is a fine steamship of 1,234 tons, built at New York in 1863, at a cost of $250,000, and with engines of 400 horse-power. It has 70 state-rooms and 210 cabin-berths. The *Cambridge* is a 1500-ton vessel, built at New York in 1867, with accommodations for 450 passengers, commodious saloons and state-rooms, and an abundance of life-boats.

This is also a favorite route to Moosehead Lake and other points in the Maine wilderness which are reached by the afternoon trains from Bangor, and to the mining districts east of Penobscot Bay. A steamship of this

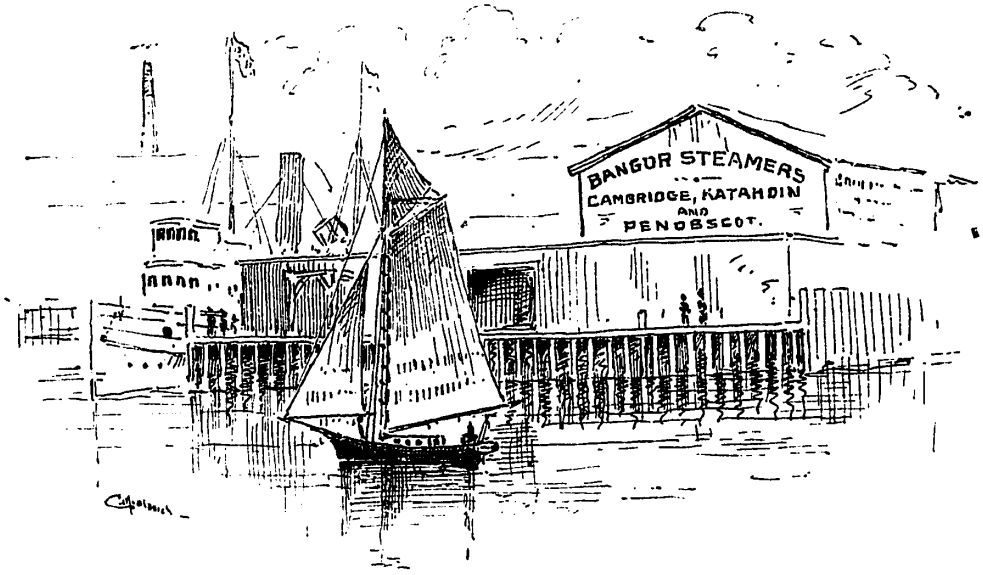
line leaves Boston every week-day, returning from Bangor the following day at 11 A.M. The captains, pilots, and other officers of the fleet are all old and experienced mariners, familiar with every mile of the coast, and vigilant to a fault. The fares are very low: the rate from Boston to Rockland and return being but $4.00; to Bangor and return, $6.00; to Moosehead Lake (Mount Kineo House) and return, $12.00; to Bar Harbor and return, $8.50. The wharf is reached by the East-Boston horse-cars.



The New Steamship "Penobscot," Boston and Bangor S. S. Co.

The steamships of this line leave Lincoln's Wharf (after Oct. 1, Foster's Wharf), Boston, at 5 P.M., and move down the harbor with stateliness and speed, looking down on the many vessels, steamers, coasters, and yachts which flit in and out among the islands on every side. The course is the same which is described on pp. 21–27, down to Deer Island, where it turns to the north-east, and runs out through Broad Sound, into Massachusetts Bay, with the ragged and rocky Brewster islands and ledges on the right, and the beaches of Winthrop and Lynn on the left. The hills and islands, villages and summer-hotels, of the North Shore are in sight,—Nahant and Swampscott, Manchester and Magnolia; and the tall stone light-houses on Thacher's Island, off the end of Cape Ann, are passed, close at hand, before the summer sunset comes. The course is laid thence across the Gulf of Maine to Monhegan, whose light cheers the darkness of early morning. At dawn the vessel passes White Head, and enters Penobscot Bay, with craggy islands on the right, including the famous Dix Island,

with whose granite many Government buildings have been constructed. Soon after rounding the picturesque promontory of Owl's Head, the vessel reaches Rockland, where it connects with the Mount-Desert boat. Thence it goes northward up the bay, toward the noble blue mountains, and touches at Camden, a sort of maritime North Conway, under the lofty peaks of Megunticook. The next landing (in summer) is at Northport, a famous camp-meeting ground, whose newspaper bears the appropriate name of "The Sea Breeze." Beyond this place of tabernacles, the steamer emerges from the thronging islands of Penobscot Bay, and runs across a lake-like inner harbor, of large proportions, to the handsome little maritime city of Belfast, whose houses rise in imposing lines along the hill at the mouth of the Passagassawaukeag River. This locality was settled in 1770, by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians,

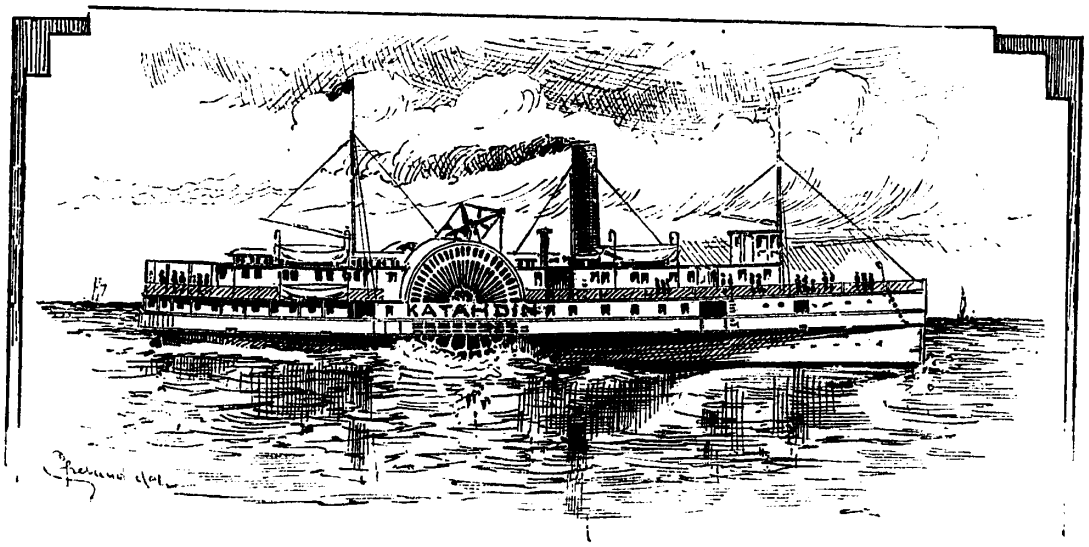


Lincoln's Wharf, Boston.

who were driven away by the British troops nine years later. It is eighteen miles from Camden. After leaving Belfast, occasional glimpses of historic old Castine are obtained on the right, across the bay, with its memories and traditions of the Plymouth Pilgrims, Cardinal Richelieu's gay French soldiers, the wars of D'Aulney and La Tour, the feudal rule of the Baron de St. Castin, the long occupation by garrisons of red-coated British infantry, and the annihilation of a great American fleet by a half-dozen plucky English frigates. At five miles above Belfast, the boat rounds in under the lee of Brigadier Island, and stops at the maritime village of Searsport, on the vast domain once owned by David Sears of Boston. Once more the steamer works out into the bay, with the long Castine peninsula on the eastward. The next stopping-place is Fort Point, with a great summer-hotel looking down across the distant islands and over the blue waters of the upper bay.

Here are the ruins of Fort Pownal, which was built in 1758 by Governor Pownal of Massachusetts, at the cost of the British Parliament, to defend the entrance to the Penobscot River. Seventeen years later, when Yankeedom became rebellious, the British frigate *Canseau* sailed up here; and her blue-jackets destroyed the works and levelled the parapets of the best fort in Maine.

After leaving Fort Point, the course lies up the famous Penobscot River, whose sources lie hundreds of miles away in the deer-haunted wilderness, among bright lakes where no navigation but that of canoes has yet been attempted. Swinging round through the rapid currents of the Bucksport Narrows, the great vessel advances to the wharf at Bucksport, a beautiful old village of farmers, fishermen, and shipbuilders, famous also among the followers of Wesley for its great East-Maine Conference Seminary. On



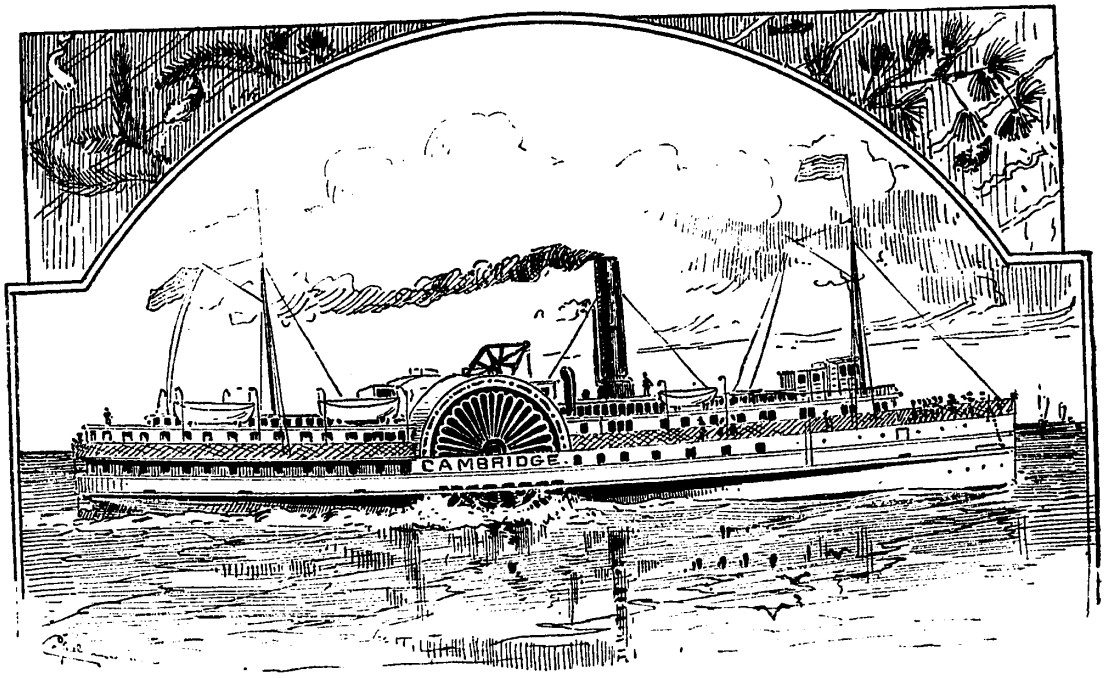
Steamship "Katahdin," Boston and Bangor S. S. Co.

the opposite shore rise the frowning walls and heavy batteries of Fort Knox, a modern work erected by the Government to seal up the Penobscot River against hostile ships, and protect the vast shipping and lumbering interests of Bangor.

About five miles above is the landing of Winterport, at the head of winter navigation. The river grows more narrow and sinuous, with picturesque highlands near its banks, and the scattered farmhouses of the hardy country-people of Maine. Many vessels are passed in the stream, bound in and out; and the indications of a prosperous commerce increase on every side. A short stop is made at Hampden, which the British fleet captured in 1814, after a most wearisome attempt to catch the flying militia regiments, drawn up here to give battle. The United-States corvette *John Adams* was destroyed during this farcical engagement. A few miles beyond,

the steamer reaches (at about noon) her terminal port, the great lumber metropolis of Bangor, twenty leagues from the sea, and crowning a line of graceful hills with the homes of upwards of twenty thousand people. Here the enterprising tourist may take train for the chief points in central and western Maine and the Maritime Provinces.

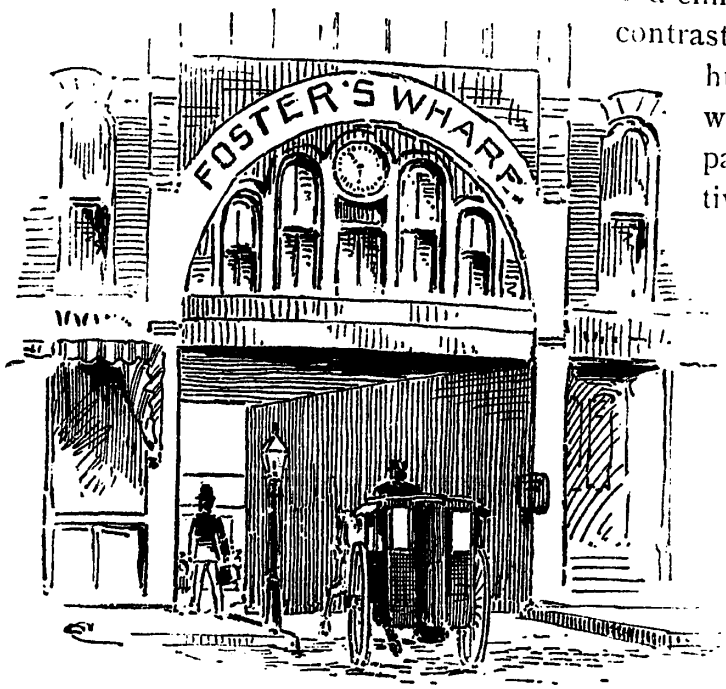
The swift and stanch steamer *Mount Desert* (belonging to the Boston and Bangor S. S. Co.) leaves Rockland early in the morning, after the arrival of the boat from Boston, and stretches across Penobscot Bay to the central group of islands, which it traverses through the charming scenery of Fox-Island Thoroughfare, touching at several quaint maritime villages, and giving



Steamship "Cambridge," Boston and Bangor S. S. Co

noble views of the Camden Mountains, the remote seaward cliffs of Isle au Haut, and the bold peaks of Mount Desert. After crossing Placentia Bay it visits Bass Harbor and South-West Harbor, rounds the bold eastern head-land of Mount Desert, and runs up Frenchman's Bay, by a long line of spray-whitened cliffs and many a costly villa, to Bar Harbor, the eastern Newport, which is reached in time for dinner (the distance being 65 miles). From thence the course extends to the head of the bay, to Sullivan. This trip across Penobscot Bay is one of the most interesting in America, rich in every variety of marine and coast scenery, light-houses and beacons, straits and bays, and grand mountains, with the electric sea-air sweeping over all. The *Mount Desert* is almost new, and has a wide renown for her speed and her seaworthy qualities. The greater part of her voyage leads

through a labyrinth of islands and rocks, along narrow passages swept by the salt tides, and across sheltered bays and fiords, giving the greatest imaginable variety of scenic effects, and a journey full of keen interest. The strange little maritime villages at which she stops — like Green's Landing and Swan's Island — have great attractions for all who delight in out-of-the-way localities, and civilization growing under difficulties of topography and climate; and form a wonderful contrast to the modern palaces and huge hotels of Bar Harbor, with their fashionable companies and ceaseless festivities.



Foster's Wharf, Boston.

The eastward voyage on these great steamships affords a very refreshing change from the summer temperature of Boston and the inland and southern cities, and removes one, in two or three hours, from the torrid zone to the cool air of the ocean, enriched by the intense vitality which comes pulsing in from the distant plains of the outer Atlantic. To leave behind the heated pavements and walls, the mephitic drainage, and the myriad noises, of the town, and pass out into these vast quiet spaces of the sea, with pure and bracing air on every side, fascinating views, and no care but that relating to the coming dinner-hour, affords a change of scene and of life, which, however brief, is rich in physical and mental benefit; and he must be a very unreasonable American who could return from such a voyage without feeling himself a better man.