

Monday August 16<sup>th</sup>

Our party - consisting of J. H. Lane and  
Mr L. Stevens Jr of Gloucester - Geo. F. Tilden  
Sam Adams & myself and Mr. Petcher Pilot  
left the Tilden Wharf at about 11 o'clock  
in the good Sloop Superior - bound on  
an excursion among the Islands of Outer  
Bay - the wind was healthy and the weather  
fine - and we had a charming run down  
the Ship Channel towards "Isle au Haut"  
Anchored off the au Haut about 5 o'clock and  
fished till about Sun down - when we put  
away for Kimbas Harbour - but the wind  
blew away and the tide headed us - so we  
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  
Superintendance 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 berth coming  
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 buy 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 - breeze of wind  
put for "Saddle Back" some 10 miles  
off - but did not make much  
progress - and finding a chance to run  
into "Back Harbour" we took advantage of  
it and ran in - a day pretty long

little place - dropped anchor and landed  
and having 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 Back - which we reached  
between 1 & 2 o'clock - anchored and  
leaving Mr Lane and Gitcher on  
board landed and we met by  
old Mr Bungay Keeper of the light -  
who welcomed us and showed us the  
Lions of the Rock - he 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 hurt us on such a rough  
looking Spot - so we embarked again and  
sailing round the ledge - with a fine  
pleasant breeze - from the leeward a smooth  
sea and one of the pleasant afternoons  
we recall we put for "Lunts Long Island"

peeping out side of Isle An Hart and  
all the Islands - we staked 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 Lunt  
Island Harbor - and anchored -  
and landed on Mainsail for the first  
time since leaving home - after getting  
our Supper etc was dark ~~and~~  
we played Backgammon - I enjoyed  
a Smoke - by myself - on deck before going  
to bed - the tinkling of cow Bells on shore  
gave 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 I 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 harbor — and Joe & George  
steamed off in that direction — while Mr  
Petchell & I prowled round in pursuit  
of a well — to fill our water —  
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 hutting house which  
was set down in a wild spot without  
a road or signs of a path leading  
to it — the specimens of nature seen  
by Joe & George had a very ancient  
and Irish like appearance — their  
first enquiry was if they were traders  
~~but~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ altogether the aspect of this

place is dismal a little trading Scho  
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 the steamer from the Shore  
we started with a fresh breeze for  
"Mount Desert Rock" 18 miles distant  
~~had~~ ~~seen~~ it — was rougher than we have  
yet had it — being considerably swell  
but we got on finely — except the exception  
of George's 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 throw up — he was expecting  
his wife off in a craft similar to ours  
and was disappointed to find his mistake  
but notwithstanding treated us well —

hospitably — we spent a couple of hours  
most pleasantly rambling about the  
Rock — Examining a ~~Crack~~ Crack 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 in large quantities  
the light House is a fine structure  
and was in most perfect order —  
Mr King has two sons a two daughters  
with him and seemed to have a  
plenty of employment in fishing  
and the work which he had  
brought — He told us he had not  
been ashore for two years —  
we all consider their visit to the Rock  
as something not soon to be forgotten  
we felt that we could have enjoyed  
two days there — but as we had

promised to reach Barnes Sound  
that night — we had to tear ourselves  
away — Mr Lane took two sketches  
while there — we had a fine fine  
wind for the Summit — 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  
for the "Summit" an hour before us  
with a party from Penobscot Bay  
and River — there to be the first  
Steamboat that ever went up Barnes  
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 our Boat to Barnes — where  
we found the Party by the Lawrence and  
among them many of our acquaintances

Thursday Aug 19<sup>th</sup> our regular fine weather  
Went to Sarnes this morning again and  
got a good breakfast — and sent  
letters home to our respective wives  
by our friend Mrs. Mary Louie Kimball  
who came in the Laurier and  
returns this morning — when we got  
back to our camp we found Lane  
and Petcher doing a brisk business  
catching Mackinac — 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  
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 go 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 canoe — found some Lillies  
in a Pond near the summit —  
the atmosphere was smoky so that  
~~we could not~~ 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 Saperin just as the  
rain began to fall and it soon  
came down in torrents and after  
a hearty Supper and a good Smoke  
being fully tired we turned in early  
Friday Aug 20 - A sea quite lull  
again for weather - ~~Started~~  
Anchored - and chuffed down with  
the tide - George and I went  
ashore and got some milk and  
we took our breakfast on deck drifting  
down the Sound - ~~Reminded~~ by the noble  
Seemingly - ~~in~~ this beautiful morning  
with a really good cup of Coffee  
and a good substantial edible 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 Banga Sloop called a Crack Sailer  
but she didnt beat us much if any  
ran in to North East Harbour

looked about and run out again  
and put for Bear Island -  
when we landed and visited  
the light-house - 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 Southants  
Cove - to afford our ancient  
Bill an opportunity to visit  
his sister - we all landed and  
leaving Mr Getchell with his friends  
Cruised up on the hills after  
Blue berries - saw some girls there  
and approached them to buy their  
Berries - but they took fright  
and ran into the bushes - ~~was~~  
George I - being the largest lumber  
and flutters of us gave chase

while we got out a Buck to with  
its usual - both present and  
presently disappeared from our  
view - but presently we caught  
sight of the Calice flying through  
the trees - and next George at some  
distance astern sprang in to view  
and snuffed the air - but seeing  
the Chace had gained upon him  
so much he gave it up in dismay  
the "Coup de voile" was very striking  
at the moment - George engaged to view  
with the fluttering of Gowns and  
cape Bonnets in the distance  
On returning to Mrs Bruceys - the  
first object that met our sight  
was - our "Ancient - Mariner"  
stretched at full length upon the  
deck - ~~prostrate~~ pallid and faint  
and groaning - he had been  
taken suddenly in a few minutes  
after we left and fainted away

and had recanted sufficiently to  
crawl out - 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 for  
take in Mr Law at Suttons  
Island - and then ran down  
to South West Harbour and  
Anchored - and went ashore  
and saw Mr Dugain & Mr  
Heath - Lamb, Carpenter - Stanley  
&c &c - George & Joe pitched  
the tent ashore to night - and  
slept there - but the rest of us  
preferred the old Stoop  
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  
- S+ - S+ -

Mr Lane took 2 sketches here  
it was calm till about 9 o'clock  
when it freshened and we beat  
up to Southward Cove — and there  
found our "Ancient" returned from  
his illimp — So we took him on  
and about 12 o'clock started  
with a fair wind homeward found  
our Bay Harbor Bar and  
through the Lower 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  
about and no wind — on the  
turns of the tide we weighed  
Anchor and drifted along the  
rest of the night — and anchored  
again on the Sedgwick Shore  
towards morning