

Champlain Society  
Records  
Camp Asticou Log  
1882

Contributed to Maine Memory Network by Mount Desert Island Historical Society  
MMN # 100479

Date: 1882

Description: Champlain Society Camp Asticou Log

C.S.

CHAMPLAIN. SOCIETY.

RECORDS.

CAMP                      LOG.  
1882.

CAMP. ASTICOU.  
NORTH EAST HARBOR.  
ME.

ALSO THE  
YACHT.                      LOG.  
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Camp                      Log  
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Camp Asticou  
NorthEast Harbor  
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Sunday, July 2<sup>nd</sup> E.L. Rand arrived in the "City of Richmond", and joined Charles Eliot at N.E. 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<sup>rd</sup> The Botanical Department begins work.

Saturday, July 8<sup>th</sup> C.W. Townsend arrived at N.E. 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 4<sup>th</sup>), 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)

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The afternoon and evening were spent on the yacht. After supper the P.O. at N.E. 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 P.O. Townsend rowed Rand around Bear Island.

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Monday, July 10<sup>th</sup>

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. I 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

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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.

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.

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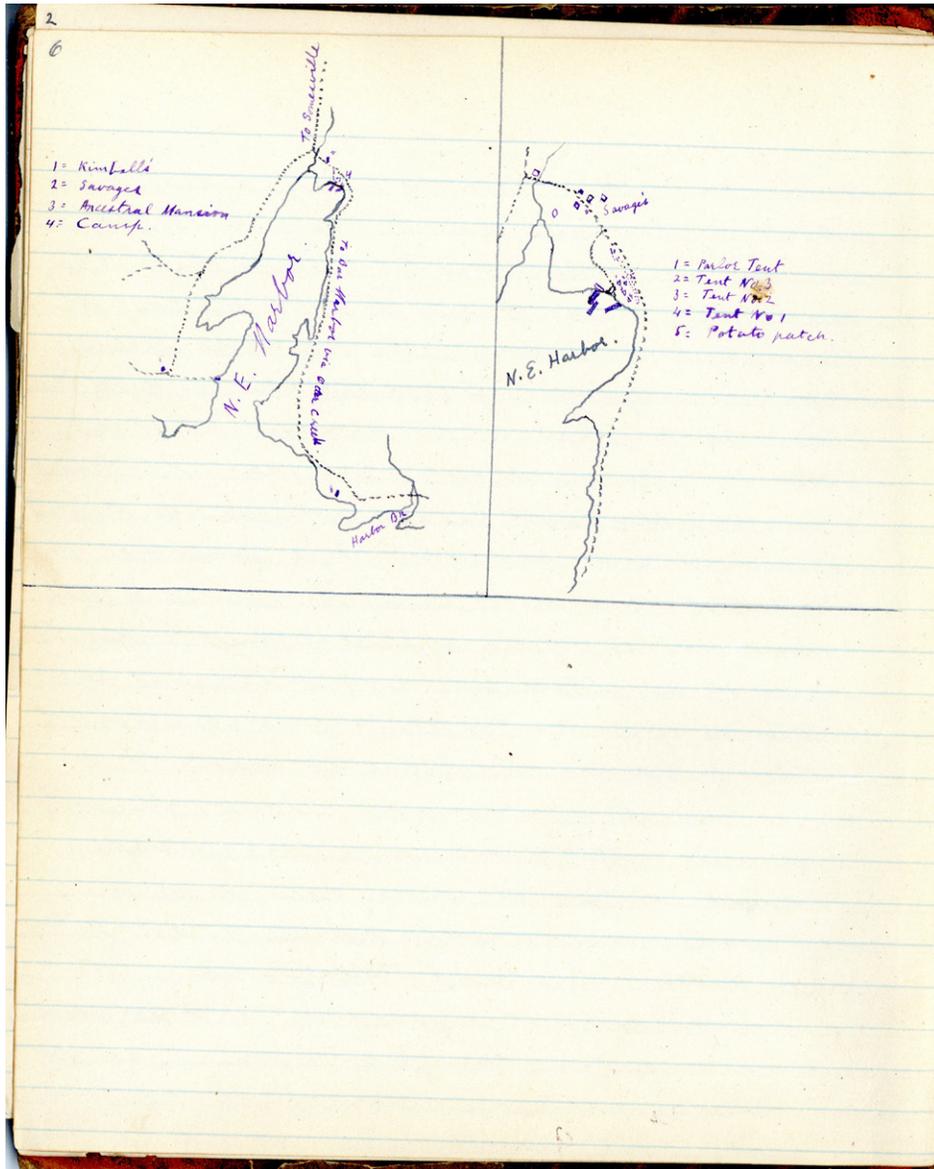
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The camp is situated on the top of a high bank just above Savage's wharf. The ground is rather uneven, especially under the parlor tent. On the west the hill slopes gently towards the cove at the head of the harbor, on the south the descent towards 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 N.E. Harbor; from the parlor tent you can see its whole length. Brown's Mt. on the North is the only mountain in sight, tho' 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.

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[detail map of Northeast Harbor]

[sideways] To Somerville

1. Kimballs
2. Savages
3. Ancestral Mansion
4. Camp

NE Harbor

[sideways] To Bar Harbor via [?] Creel Harbor br

[Map of Northeast Harbor]

Savage's

NE Harbor

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

Tuesday July 11<sup>th</sup> 1882.

Cloudy early in the morning, but the sun soon came out clear & hot, but it was cooler in the afternoon when a strong S. W. wind sprung up. After breakfast Mr Rand & Townsend descended to the shore & brought up the boards which they had received from the president. The whole morning was spent in hard labor by these gentlemen & also by Capt. Eliot who appeared later in making tables washstands etc for their tents. Mr Rand's table needs special mention, it being a tripple decker. Mr Townsend's table was large & spacious, as there he intends to dissect his future victims of the woods & shore. Although Mr Townsend took great pains with his table, we regret to say that the 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 in a truly grand & luxuriant.

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manner, it having already reached the length of nearly  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch.

Mr Eliot constructed two shelves in the parlor tent.

After dinner Mr Rand & ~~Eliot~~ Townsend endeavored to clear up some of the chaos in their respective tents, and at 4 P.M. started to row in the black boat, tender of the Yacht "Sunshine", to South West Harbor to do some errands & bring back Clark '83, who was expected on the steamer from Bangor. There was but a slight breeze in the harbor but outside, they felt the full force of the South West 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 & then skipping a slight wave, sufficient however to wet both Mr Rand & Townsend to the skin — in places. As there was only one pair of oars, they had to work by

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turns. At South West 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, & bought dippers & matches, & kerosene oil & ink & other similar things. A boat was hired the same one that was used by the society last year, & 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.

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Wednesday, July 12<sup>th</sup>

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

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 ~~the~~ 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 his tent and his matchless beard from

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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 P.O. amid a crowd of admiring mosquitoes. At the P.O. Clark and Rand partook of tonic beer, - a fact that the former remembered well nearly all night. (N.B. milk, lobster, and tonic beer ~~beer~~ do not agree with some people.) 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 no. 3, so that all the tents are now occupied.

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Thursday, July 13, 1882.

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 evening 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 South-west 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 Prex. was

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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 dredger, and for the rest of the afternoon he busied himself rowing about the harbor in hopes of fishing up some specimens. From a bushel of mud which he carefully brought ashore he extracted enough diminutive something 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, Lane and Clark, with the help of Rand who had been driven from the tent by mosquitoes, sang ~~sweetly~~ under the starlit heavens so sweetly that Townsend even was visibly affected. At about ten o'clock the camp re-

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The day began early for Townsend who at about 4 A.M. 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 & clear, and Clark and Lane set off for South-West 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 <sup>pole</sup> boat and hitched there for half an hour or so, but finally got under way in a moderate manner leaving the industrious Townsend washing his clothes at the mouth of the brook.

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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 South-West about 12.30 they took their dinner on the boat and then examined the shore from near to 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 S.W. 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 P.M. & made himself at home in the parlor tent, while Townsend was work-

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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 & blankets, rubber and otherwise, that he could muster.

Saturday, July 15, 1882.

Soon after breakfast Rand and Clark started off for South-West in Savage's sail-boat 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 & getting back about half an hour late to

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The flag-pole came down without any damage to itself but causing considerable disturbance to the fine field of hay 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 & 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.

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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.

Sunday, July 16, 1882.

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 South-West as the boat was wanted by some friend of Capt. Savage's who sent a small boy in a ruffled shirt down to ask if we were going to use it. We had the satisfac-

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tion however of seeing the boat rowed in late in the afternoon over the calm waters of North-East Harbor. Foiled in his attempt to visit South-West Clark made way with a novel and <sup>a</sup> 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. & 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 even-

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ing 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  $\frac{1}{16}$  of an inch. We hope to report progress regularly.

Monday, July 17, 1882.

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 ~~the~~ ascent of Brown's Mtn. on to-day 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 de-

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clared that they could go no further and settled themselves comfortably on the floor of the parlor-tent. As Rand and Clark were just ~~way~~<sup>starting</sup> on the usual expedition to South-West, Clark this time in search of a doctor to mend his toe, Lane hurried off with them and with their wanderings & 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. 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 South-West Clark tried to

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find the doctor and Rand his many friends at the Castle but neither were successful. So Clark waited round at the Dr'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¢ 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 "Franklin Squares." 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

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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 South West 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 3 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 <sup>late</sup> Townsend who could not wait for the arrival of the party

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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 hal-yards 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.

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Tuesday, July 18, 1882.

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 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 & 2-hand Euchre at both of which Lane was woefully beaten.

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 South-West. As they were in the fog most of the time and

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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 & 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 biscuits and milk which savory though slightly unhealthy combination was attacked with greater or less thoroughness according to the

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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.

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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~~<sup>afternoon</sup> 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 up his spirits the rest of the day but took away his appetite for supper. The camp also received a short visit from <sup>the</sup> Prex who was anxious to see that our tents were all right in the wet weather and our centre-poles in.

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Thursday, July 20, 1882.

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 harbor sound. Starting at 8.30, they reached South West 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 South-West in the "Junco" or rather tried to. They swept out half way to Greening's Island when being surrounded ~~in~~ by a thick fog, Rand went on in the row-boat to Southwest, arriving there just in time to see his friends disappear <sup>in a row-boat</sup> (on the steamer) & 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

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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 Savages in haste.

After dinner an attempt was made to go to the sea-wall near South-West but <sup>the</sup> wind gave out entirely at the ~~head~~<sup>mouth</sup> of the harbor. As the boat was lying there a figure was seen racing over ~~of~~ 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 ~~the~~<sup>his</sup> 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

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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 till after they had finished and so prolonged their call till a late hour. Nevertheless after returning, the popular and innocent game of vingt-et-un was started up by Clark, Townsend & 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.

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The fog again left the island early in the morning under a fresh north-west wind. Immediately after breakfast started 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 water-melon 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, as

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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 wh. had been observed before on the islands but never on Mt. Desert itself. Two water plants still remain to be determined. Soon after noon we sailed to South-West and after mooring the boat eat dinner from our big tin pail. In the afternoon Townsend & 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

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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 Kimbal'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 yacht rock. S.A. Eliot made a call on us and arranged with Clark & Lane to go on a cruise in the "Sunshine" tomorrow with him and Earle and Jenkins.

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Saturday, July 22<sup>nd</sup>

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 Capt. 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 mean time 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

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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 Kimballs 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". 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

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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.

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A lovely day. Wind N.W. to S.W. 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. 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

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reports a pleasant service, mixed congregation, and bad singing. After the 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. 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 Mt. Desert Herald of yesterday.

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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.

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Monday - July 24<sup>th</sup>

Pleasant & very warm, but with a good breeze all day.

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

Rand & Townsend had a hot &, during the last part of their ~~trip~~ <sup>trip</sup> 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 & were new to his list. Rand discovered a new flower on the walk & Townsend captured a snake & at the same time set at liberty the snake's breakfast - a small frog.

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Tuesday July 25<sup>th</sup> 1882.

Pleasant very warm & a strong southwest breeze blowing after ten o'clock. The wind usually blows from the northwest till about 10 A.M. & then shifts to the S.W. for the remainder of the day. After breakfast Stubbs & Townsend betook themselves to the woods with gun & collector, but each fearing to ~~see~~ 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, & darning with hown yarn. The effect was striking. Townsend in the mean while washed his soiled clothes in the brook & nearly succeeded in catching a large eel. Stubbs came after him in the boat & rowed him back to camp.

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Wakefield who is expected about this time. 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 S.W. 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 S.W. 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, S.W. Harbor.

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by Miss Crozier and her friends; should the invitation be accepted? 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 S.W. 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

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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 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.   
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Two hands have already been engaged in recounting the events of this day. It is a pity that a third should not add to the combination a short account of the doings of the yacht party. 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. The yacht sailed from her anchorage off the Ancestral Mansion about 10 A.M. 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. + Mrs. ~~Earle~~ Clark and two friends taken aboard for a short sail. Anchor was cast for the night in Salisbury'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 near

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by 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. 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 Mtn. by way of the gorge and returned by the road. The crew was good but a little dizzy. 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. 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

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Wednesday, July 26, 1882.

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

Spelman and Rand set off early in the "Junco" to get 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 <sup>about 3 P.M.</sup> with Wakefield on board at ~~ab~~ but, alas, without his trunk which is supposed to be at Rockland or some other equally convenient 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 catboat took much satisfaction in showing us that it might take her there still more

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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

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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, 1882.

A cool, partly cloudy day, with easterly wind. Shortly after breakfast Rand, Wakefield and Spelman set out on their usual trip to South-West, 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 day walk and came down the other

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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" or "sassafrilla" 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 S.W. Harbor trip at 11.45, 45 min being their time from S.W. Harbor to camp.

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Friday, July 28<sup>th</sup>

A cloudy day, brightening for a while at noon, then thick fog closing in, and light rain with 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 S. W. 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 till 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 tender in tow took two hours and a half on the return voyage, arriving at about one o'clock.

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Townsend and Spellman spent the morning in pursuit of their specialties, Townsend prowling about on the shore, and Spellman taking a delightful nap at the ice house.

In the afternoon Clark and Townsend went to Bear Island on a scientific tour. Spellman 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.

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Saturday, July 29<sup>th</sup>

A lovely day, cool, with a S.E. 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 Capt. 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 S.W. Harbor; Spelman also started in the "Eddie", overtook them, and took them on board. Wakefield then returned to camp in the row boat. Mrs. Rand,

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

Townsend, Mr. Dwight, Rand, and two strangers from Bar Harbor dined together. The immortal six had gone off on some excursion. 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 moonlight 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 head quarters.

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Sunday, July 30<sup>th</sup>

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

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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 P.O. with a very large mail. They rowed to the P.O. and then went on to S.W. 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 S.W. 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.

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Monday, July 31<sup>st</sup>

Cloudy, then fair; north-east <sup>veering</sup> to south-west.

As soon as possible after breakfast Clark and Earle started for the Junco with the laudable intention of getting it out of reach before Capt. 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.

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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 S. W. 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 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

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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 pursuits - was made glad by the arrival of the long absent ones about 11.30 P.M.

Tuesday, Aug. 1<sup>st</sup> 1882.

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 South West. 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

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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 & 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. 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 <sup>was</sup> out of South West Harbor, it was deemed prudent to set Kent ashore again lest the necessity of tacking back to South West should prevent the camp from getting their hot dinner. After the dinner, which was good, the same crowd, Earle, Rand, ~~Spelman~~, Wakefield & Clark started out again in the "Junco", this time just for a sail. For there was a fresh South West breeze; and they had a very good sail indeed, and enjoyed it the more because

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they had so often before sailed in a calm. The "Junco" took them in safety 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, tho a little late on account of that confounded point off Kimballs <sup>which</sup> 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 & 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 tho it was afterwards <sup>soon</sup> discovered that the buckboard was filled with small boys and not with young ladies, they had the good grace to keep on singing to them, for which the small boys seemed duly grateful. A little after nine Earle & Eliot retired to the yacht and the rest of the camp to their beds soon after. Spelman & Townsend

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Wednesday, August 2<sup>nd</sup> 1882.

A bright, pleasant day. Wind S.W.

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 then 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 the entrance to the Pool. He then devoted himself to the science of sailing for the

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rest of the morning. He went nearly to the Duck Islands, and reports fine sailing outside.

Spelman and Townsend wandered over the S. Eastern 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 S.E. and S. 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 S. 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 S.W. 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

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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. Several rowing parties were quashed by the extreme low tide which had left the boat high and dry.

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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 the 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.

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Thursday, August 3<sup>rd</sup>

Bright and pleasant. Very hot in the sun.  
Wind S.W.

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. 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

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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. 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, S.W. 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. The visitors then took their departure much to the delight of Spelman and Townsend who were 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.

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After supper Rand and Wakefield dressed up in their store clothes, and departed for S.W. 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 S.W. 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.

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Friday, August 4<sup>th</sup>.

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. The farewells on the float were very touching. Clark was landed safely at the wharf at S.W. 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 S.W. 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. Rand and Wakefield finding that some of their

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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 some one 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 Vyvan. 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 collector 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 <sup>busy</sup> 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 in considerable danger of drowning. The evening passed quietly. It was a night to be long remembered for the brilliant auroral display.

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Saturday, August 5<sup>th</sup>

A bright, pleasant day; warm. Wind light S.W.  
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 S.W. 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

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supper. He announced that he had been to the top of Sargent's Mt. — 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 S.W. 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.

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Sunday, August 6<sup>th</sup>

Bright and hot, the warmest day of the season.  
Wind light S.W. 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 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 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

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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 every body 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 Savages. The campers, therefore, are not alone in their glory as they would wish.

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Monday, Aug. 7, 1882

Earle had intended to go to S.W. 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 S.W. in the row boat, Townsend to interview the barber, and Rand to interview some one 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 S.W. 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.

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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. 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.

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Tuesday, August 8<sup>th</sup>

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

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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.

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Wednesday, August 9<sup>th</sup>

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

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Thursday, Aug. 10<sup>th</sup>.

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 south-east 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.

They ~~the~~ 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 ft., and Eagle Lake by no means so deep as Jordan's the maximum being 104 ft.

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

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

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

Usual evening occupations - no incidents.

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Friday, August 11<sup>th</sup>

Clear and pleasant. Calm during the morning; wind S.W. 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 S.W. 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 had waited so long at S.W. Harbor. Rand and Wakefield then turned their steps Castlewards, an 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

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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 S.W. 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 S.W. 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

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At camp all was peace until a late hour. At last a figure came slowly up the path and entered the camping ground. 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.

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Saturday, August 12<sup>th</sup>.

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 under way. There had been reports that a schooner had gone ashore on Baker's Island, so Capt. 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 S. W. Harbor. 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 S. W. Spelman and Wakefield went sailing in the Junco. They sailed round Sutton's, met some very lively squalls in S. W. Harbor, and got back in time to get becalmed as usual off Kimball's Point.

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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 all day, with wind S. W. and occasional puffs from S. E.

Sunday, August 13<sup>th</sup>

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

After breakfast S.A. Eliot and Spelman started for S.W. 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

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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 Mt., 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 S.W. 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 S.W. Harbor party retired!

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Monday, August 14<sup>th</sup> 1882.

Pleasant, clear. Wind S.W. Cloudy in the evening.  
 A sad day for Camp Asticou! After <sup>breakfast</sup> 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  
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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 S.W. 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 S.W. 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.

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Tuesday, Aug. 15<sup>th</sup>

Fair, partly cloudy. Wind S.W. veering to S.E.  
Fog coming in during the evening.

About half past eight Rand and Eliot started for S.W. 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. Spellman 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 S.W. to visit camp. Prentiss was introduced to his new abode, the tent formerly occupied by Clark and Lane, and soon after he and Spellman 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

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After dinner Townsend, gun, and Co. went into  
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Spelman and Prentiss sailed to S. W. in the  
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Rand, Eliot, and Wakefield stayed in camp  
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Wednesday, August 16<sup>th</sup>

Fog all day. Wind S.E. 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 awakened 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 S. W. Harbor. As there was no wind to speak of they contented themselves with making purchases at N. E. 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 N. E. Har-

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After dinner Rand departed to S.W. 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 S.W. Harbor friends. The rain and fog were certainly enough to appall any oarsman.

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Fair in very early morning, heavy fog all the forenoon, clearing towards noon; fair, with strong S.W. wind in afternoon, veering to steady N.W. wind in the evening.

Rand rowed back from Sou' West 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. Our visitors

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About half past three the Sunshine got under way, a strong S.W. 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 & Townsend were put off at the PO where obtained butter eggs & biscuits. When they got aboard again we beat down to the Western Way but when near the buoys as the wind was rapidly failing & there were prospects of a calm ahead, we turned tail & ran slowly back into S.W. Harbor where we anchored a little after 6 P.M. Wakefield & Spelman went ashore in the evening.

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Friday, Aug. 18.

Fair all day. Very strong N.W. Wind.

All hands turned out at about 6.30 & 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 sea scuppers were almost all the time under water & the spray flew in clouds over the yacht which made but slow progress beating with her reefed sails against wind & sea. Accordingly at about 9 am we ran into Goose Cove and anchored. Here the scanty early breakfast was supplemented. Townsend dredged a little & procured a load of driftwood while Spelman & Prentiss bought chickens & milk at Mrs. Lunts. After dinner as the wind seemed to have decreased in force we again got under way & beat rapidly up 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 & of the coast & islands. Wakefield was even induced to leave the work & the comfortable corner which he had occupied all

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day the 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 chickens procured at Goose Cove which had been skillfully (?) roasted by Mr. Spelman while Townsend, to the delight of the crew, concocted a marvellous cracker pudding. After this noble repast Messrs Townsend & 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 & Wakefield kept in turn each an hour's watch. At 11.30 Wakefield roused all ~~our~~ hands & we proceeded by means of the jib & 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 that not the (over) [Camp Log. Rand was unable to get to Bar Harbor, so returned to camp at 10 A.M. 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.]

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Saturday - Aug. 19<sup>th</sup>

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 raise some certain planks which impeded the rising. This difficulty was remedied & just as we were ready to haul through the drawman appeared in answer to the vigorous tooting of the [?] (P.J.). We hauled through easily & 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 & very cold bath during the operation. The wind failing we resorted once more to towing & 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 recited by Mr Wakefield. All hands slept late in the morning & some fancy cooking by Mr Spelman delayed us still more so that it was not until almost 10 am that we got under way & ran before a good north westerly wind around Sands Pt. & Hamors Rock to an anchorage at Bar

Saturday - Aug. 19<sup>th</sup>

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Harbor at 12 m. Wakefield was set ashore before dinner to make calls. Spelman roasted the second chicken & Townsend repeated the success of his pudding & after Wakefield had finished his calling & removed his shore tags we started again & ran merrily, some of the time with all sail set, as far as Long Pond. 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 Savages we reached our anchorage with the aid of the sweeps at about 10 P.M.

[Camp Log. After breakfast Rand joined the Captain and a party of N.E. Harbor landowners, and helped to "blaze" a path from Savage's pasture to Jordan's Pond. 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.]

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Sunday, Aug 20.

Fair weather wind northerly.  
 After breakfast Eliot & Spelman started in the "Junco"  
 for the S.W. Harbor with the purpose of getting the  
 long expected Dickinson who again disappointed  
 them. They were obliged to content themselves with  
 gazing upon & being gazed upon by a "vision" on  
 the on the wharf once familiar to the eyes of some  
 of the camp party. Rand & Wakefield arrayed  
 themselves in the height of the fashion & attended  
 the consecration services at St. Marys by the Sea.  
 Prentiss & Townsend adorned camp & received  
 a visit there from C. Eliot. As it was a cold  
 day the usual ice cream appeared at dinner.  
 After dinner everybody stayed in camp un-  
 til late in the afternoon. S.A. Eliot and Pren-  
 tiss 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  
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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.

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Monday, August 21<sup>st</sup> 1882.

Clear and pleasant. Wind S.E. to S.W. Cool; night cold.

Wakefield arose at a very early hour, and packed his trunk before breakfast. After breakfast he said good-bye to Annie behind the kitchen door, while the others discreetly withdrew. Soon afterwards the Captain visited camp, said good-bye 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 S.W. 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 Spelman and Wakefield visited the Indians. 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 Capt. Deering by Spelman and Rand whose deep grief was painful to witness.

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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. The only excitements of the evening were the passing of "Fair Harvard" singing buckboarders, a visit from Capt. 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." Rand burnt the midnight oil in meditation and writing.

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Tuesday, August 22<sup>nd</sup>

Clear and Pleasant, with a few fleecy clouds. Wind NW and W.

After breakfast Eliot and Prentiss started in the Junco to convoy Rand to S.W. 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 <sup>who</sup> 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 S.W. in time for the rapidly approaching steamer but Rand magnanimously <sup>in</sup> considering that the Junco's crew (Eliot, Prentiss) disliked exertion betook himself to

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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 <sup>put</sup> 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 ft) 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 & Prentiss alone closely applied themselves to diligent work on their collections.

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Wednesday, August 23<sup>rd</sup>

Weather fair. Wind light in the morning & strong S.W. in the afternoon.

After breakfast all hands went aboard the Sunshine & beat slowly down the harbor with a very light southerly air. During this operation Townsend took the boat & went dredging off the Bishops. 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 & Prentiss landed & obtained the above mentioned article from the boathouse. The wind freshened as we entered the Sound & we anchored off the wharf at the upper quarry at 12 M. 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 & then all but Prentiss took a delightful but rather "goopy" swim in the lake after which dinner, which exhibited the usual peculiarities of Mrs. Savage's

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Packing, was secured by Stud Prentiss. Owing to the lateness of the hour & the lack of a boat the Hydrographical Department decided on this day to make only a "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 & Spelman roamed the woods at the head of the pond in search of birds. Reuniting all hands returned to the yacht & getting underway beat rapidly down the Sound. During this sail Messrs Prentiss & Dickinson ascended to the cross-trees & therefore declared themselves AB's a declaration which the other members of the crew took exceptions at. The wind died down at the mouth of the Sound & the fog began to come in. Townsend & Dickinson paid a visit to the old Camp ground & Spelman & Prentiss visited the P.O. Townsend made some hot cake to stay the stomachs of the crew. The Sunshine finally reached her anchorage at 7.30 P.M. & all hands adjourned to a hot supper at Savages.

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Thursday, August 24<sup>th</sup>

Foggy in the morning clearing about 11 o'clock. Cloudy & 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 & Water" hat.

In the afternoon Townsend sailed for a short time in the "Vyvyan" & then betook himself to the woods with his gun. Spelman went into the woods on Wheelwright's point. Lane & Dickinson were so energetic as to go to the Ancestral & walk back

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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 Eliot, it being his birthday. The cake was surrounded by candles. Eliot being twenty years old there were of course twenty candles but the twentieth, supposed to represent his last 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 Rands was also produced, there was a torch race on the Athenian plan, in which Prentiss was signally victorious.

During the evening large rinds 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.

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Friday, August 25<sup>th</sup>

Cloudy nearly. Wind N.E. Cloudy and calm in the evening.

After breakfast Spelman went on a "wooding" expedition to the Hadlock 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 water melon. 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

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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. I, 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

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Rand & Spelman influenced by circumstances over which they had no control thought it best to remain quietly in camp.

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Townsend went off dredging.

In the evening Rand went by force of habit to his old haunt at S.W. 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 & Prentiss & Eliot rolled in the dust. As Spelman's health would not permit him to enter into active service he could only sit still & laugh.

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Sunday, August 27<sup>th</sup>

Pleasant, clear, and cool. Wind light S.E. to S.W. 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 Prex

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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 S.W. 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 Prex, and two small boys. Townsend went over the trail to Jordan's Pond, and then up Pemetie. 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.

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Monday, August 28<sup>th</sup>

Clear and pleasant. Wind light N.W.

After breakfast Townsend departed on his daily "wooding" expedition in the direction of Lower Hadlock's. 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. 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 N.E. Branch to Clematis Intervale, where lunch was eaten. A number of interesting botanical and geological discoveries were made in this neighborhood. In the afternoon the southern limit of the schist was found on the road running from Salisbury Cove through the Amory District. A number of interesting specimens were obtained here. Where the road crosses the N.E. Branch Rand obtained several new flowers.

After exploring the Town Hill road, the party returned to camp via the head of

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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.

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Tuesday, August 29<sup>th</sup>

Clear and pleasant. Calm nearly all day, the little breeze there was being S.W.

After breakfast Townsend went off to the woods with his gun; Rand went to S.W. Harbor to do some camp shopping, and to make a call at the Stanley House. In the middle of the morning the great Capt. 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.

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Wednesday, August 30<sup>th</sup>

A clear, calm day. A good deal of smoke in the air in the afternoon.

Rand had an early breakfast and went to S.W. 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 a.m. 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 S.W., 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.

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 & C. Eliot walked by the shore to Hunter's Brook and back

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"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 & Townsend walked to camp and supper. Rand returned in the evening to get a number of traps and took the opportunity to go to S.W. Harb.

The yacht with S. Eliot, Prentiss and Spelman arrived in N.E. 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 Mt. Desert Island. Dickinson was set aboard the Portland Str. at S.W. Harbor.

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Thursday Aug 31<sup>st</sup>.

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 m. the Vaughn family departed from Savage's to take the Str. at S.W. 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, & 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 p.m.

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Townsend & Prentiss spent the afternoon on Brown's Mt. Rand analyzed, wrote, and went to the P.O.

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 & 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.

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Friday, September 1<sup>st</sup>

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 S.W. to W.

Prentiss and Rand made a light breakfast on the yacht, and at seven o'clock started for S.W. 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 Sept. 1<sup>st</sup>. After dinner Rand, Spelman, and Townsend embarked on the "Junco" bound for S.W. Harbor. The sail over was a very hard one owing to the variable and squally wind and the heavy chop sea. Townsend

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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 departed from Mt. Desert on the "Mt. Desert." Spelman and Rand wept over him for a short time; they 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

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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.

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Saturday, September 2<sup>nd</sup>

Bright, clear, and pleasant. Wind N.W. to S.W.  
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 1<sup>st</sup>. 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. As soon as it 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

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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. After dinner Rand wrote the names of the '82 C.S. party in Captain Savage's Register. Soon afterwards Spelman and Rand sailed over to S.W. 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

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Thus fell Camp Asticou after an existence of nearly seven weeks, from July 10<sup>th</sup> to September 2<sup>nd</sup>. 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.

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Members of the Expedition of 1882.

F. Lewis Clark [Geology] Arrived July 11<sup>th</sup> departed Aug. 4<sup>th</sup>  
 J. W. Dickinson " Aug. 22<sup>nd</sup> " Aug. 27<sup>th</sup>  
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 S. A. Eliot [Hydrography  
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 William C. Lane [Botany] " July 13<sup>th</sup> " July 28<sup>th</sup>  
 John Prentiss [Botany] " Aug. 15<sup>th</sup> " Sept. 1<sup>st</sup>  
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Log.  
Yacht Sunshine

Sunday, September 3<sup>rd</sup>

The Captain and Spelman brought supplies from the Ancestral; Rand went to church. After dinner the C.S. party said good bye to the Savages, and embarked. William McKenzie also came on board as cook-seaman for the trip. After stopping at the Ancestral for wood and water the "Sunshine" sailed with a light breeze out the Western Way. As the breeze soon began to fail, the Captain and crew thought it best to return to S.W. Harbor, where they anchored for the night. In the evening a general discussion of Calais, and the state of Society.

Monday, September 4<sup>th</sup>

Rain in morning and thick fog all day. After breakfast all hands went ashore for supplies. At 10.30 A.M. the "Sunshine" started from S.W. Harbor in the midst of a heavy shower. As there was hardly any wind it was late in the afternoon before she reached Bass Harbor even with the aid of towing and sweeping. Before supper the Captain and Spelman went on shore. Rand was unhappy all day over a literary composition.

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Tuesday, September 5<sup>th</sup>

Foggy and overcast in morning clear in afternoon. An invasion of mosquitoes at an early hour made sleep impossible. After breakfast the Captain and Spelman worked on shore. Rand, who was a little under the weather, wrote. After dinner the "Sunshine" reached the outer harbor with a light breeze, and then came to anchor again. About an hour later a breeze came up, and a quick run was made to Goose Cove. After supper Rand and Spelman visited the Post Office, which they found after much tribulation.

Wednesday, September 6<sup>th</sup>

Clear and pleasant. Evening clear and cold. After breakfast all worked on shore until 11.30. Then the "Sunshine" went on to Sawyer's Cove. After dinner all hands did more work on shore, returning in time to run to High Head before the wind went down. A good day for work especially with the Botanical and Geological Departments. The evening was cold but very lovely; and the sunset was to be long remembered.

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Foggy and overcast in morning clear in afternoon. An invasion of mosquitoes at an early hour made sleep impossible. After breakfast the Captain and Spelman worked on shore. Rand, who was a little under the weather, wrote. After dinner the "Sunshine" reached the outer harbor with a light breeze, and then came to anchor again. About an hour later a breeze came up, and a quick run was made to Goose Cove. After supper Rand and Spelman visited the Post Office, which they found after much tribulation.

Wednesday, September 6<sup>th</sup>

Clear and pleasant. Evening clear and cold. After breakfast all worked on shore until 11.30. Then the "Sunshine" went on to Sawyer's Cove. After dinner all hands did more work on shore, returning in time to run to High Head before the wind went down. A good day for work especially with the Botanical and Geological Departments. The evening was cold but very lovely; and the sunset was to be long remembered.

Thursday, September 7<sup>th</sup>

Clear and pleasant. Fog to the Southward nearly all day. After breakfast Spelman and Rand went fishing for an hour. Then all hands went to their work on shore. Spelman haunted High Head, while the Captain and Rand explored Mill Cove. Before dinner Rand also examined High Head, and the marsh to the East of it. After dinner Rand worked on board; the Captain geologized to the N. of High Head; Spelman stayed on shore. The yacht was visited by Mr. Hopkins. At five o'clock the "Sunshine" sailed to the Bridge, through the Draw, and on to Salisbury Cove. Before retiring the Captain changed the anchorage as the water was too deep to suit him.

Friday, September 8<sup>th</sup>

Clear and pleasant. In evening threatening clouds. All worked on shore in the morning. After dinner a sail across the Bay to Calf Island was indulged in. At 5 P.M. the yacht came to anchor above the Bar at Bar Harbor. Spelman and Rand spent the evening on shore. This is the former's first visit to the "Newport of Maine" when he has been ashore.

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Saturday, September 9<sup>th</sup>

Overcast in A.M., then bright and pleasant.

All went ashore after breakfast. Later the Captain and Stubbs geologized towards Duck Brook.

At noon S.A. Eliot appeared from N.E. Harbor with Ledlie and Chapman. He proposed that the Captain should drive the horses back while he sailed, a suggestion that did not please the crew. As they threatened to mutiny if the Captain left, William was sent back to N.E. Harbor by land. Greenleaf and F. Day visited the yacht by Rand's invitation, and sailed in her round Bar Island. They were landed at the steamboat wharf. Spelman prepared a very good dinner for which he received the thanks of all. The sail to N.E. Harbor was the best one of the whole cruise.

The "Sunshine" came to anchor again in N.E. Harbor at 5 o'clock, and all but Spelman and Rand departed to the Ancestral. Spelman and Rand, the last of the C.S., made a "picked-up" supper on board, and passed the night there.

Before retiring they gave one mighty Yo-ho in honor of the end of the Expedition of

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The Yacht cruise was highly productive of scientific results, and therefore may be rightly classed together with the first one of the season as a part of the C. S. Expedition.

Note.

Spelman and Rand passed Sunday, Sept. 10<sup>th</sup> on the yacht. Rand attended church in the morning; in the afternoon they both walked to Upper Hadlock's Pond. They took their meals at Savage's. The Captain also passed much of the day on the yacht, and enjoyed the quiet it afforded. In the evening Spelman and the Captain rowed the long boat from the Ancestral; Rand made calls in the vicinity of Kimball's. The Captain spent the night on board.

All breakfasted early on Monday, September 11<sup>th</sup>, and departed for S. W. Harbor in the long boat. They arrived long before the "Richmond," and had much time to meditate. When the "Richmond" arrived Spelman and

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