



Champlain Society  
Records  
Camp Log 1884

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Date: 1884

Description: Champlain Society Camp Log, Northeast Harbor

CHAMPLAIN SOCIETY.

RECORDS.

VOL IX

CAMP LOG 1884.

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Camp Asticou and the Harbor from the roof of the  
new Harbor Cottage.



Bear Is. Lt. The Western Way.  
Camp Asticou. The Harbor.

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[photo]

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Camp Asticou

The Western Way  
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1884.

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in the morning. They were met by Fred Savage,  
and conveyed to N.E. Harbor in the "Anita".

They secured a room in the new Harbor  
Cottage (!) for the night, with the intention  
of pitching camp on the next day. Be-  
fore dinner they amused themselves by  
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and by inspecting the rest of the  
camp outfit. At Savage's they found  
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gentleman. After a good dinner, Rand  
went to church, while Wakefield took  
a walk. In the evening they listened  
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Monday, July 14<sup>th</sup>

Wind N.W. Heavy showers during the day and night. A little sunshine in early afternoon. Cloudy. Fog in early morning.

In spite of the dubious weather Wakefield and Rand went to the work-shop on the wharf, and took all the camping outfit down from the loft. Before they had finished this pleasing task the fog lifted and the rain came down in torrents. They spent the rest of the morning in the work-shop singing hymns, for although their rubber coats, etc. were in their trunks, and thus in the building, yet they had been unfortunate enough to leave their trunk keys in their room at Savage's. For this reason as well as many others they sang hymns! Just before dinner the rain ceased, and the sun at last came out. As soon as dinner was over the campers walked to the Ancestral Mansion, and brought their tents to the camp field in the Ancestral jigger kindly loaned for the occasion by Mr. Eliot. By tremendous efforts the two campers at last raised one tent. When this had been done they secured the aid of Mr. Hubbard, and

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the second tent was raised in a much shorter time. It was pegged out, however, in the midst of a brisk shower. The parlor tent and the little tent were laid aside to be raised on some future occasion. Before the campers had spread the matting and brought up the beds and bedding it was supper time, and the rest of the work consequently had to be done in partial darkness after supper. In the late evening, after it had become too dark to work, they wrote in their room at Savage's. At 9.30, however, they braved the elements and took up their quarters in camp, in spite of the fact that they had no furniture whatever except a couple of camp stools and the beds. Furniture making was postponed until the morning. The sleepy Wakefield sank to rest at once, but Rand for many hours tossed on his rocky and lumpy mattresses. Not even two "Townsend's" make a soft bed!

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Tuesday, July 15.

Pleasant and rather cool.

Immediately after breakfast Rand and Wakefield appropriated some boards from Capt. Savage's, and spent the entire morning making furniture for their tent. Much of the old furniture was found in the bushes where it had been deposited last fall. By noon a substantial "two story" table had been constructed and also a wash stand, considerable furniture brought up from the work-house, &c. Just before dinner the beaming countenance of Mr. John Foster appeared at our tent, he having just arrived by buckboard from Bar Harbor. The afternoon Rand & Wakefield spent in decorating the interior of their tent, unpacking trunks, and fixing up camp generally. Foster devoted himself during most of the afternoon to the fair ones at

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Savage's. After supper the three members of camp went over to Kimball's, Rand & Foster visiting the post office while Wakefield made a short call at the Hopkinson's. On their return all hands repaired to Savage's for the remainder of the evening.

Wednesday July 16.

Weather partly cloudy. Wind N.W. After breakfast the entire camp party went to S.W. Harbor for the purpose of bringing ~~over~~ Foster's trunk and getting a camp boat. While Rand and Foster were soliciting a boat, Wakefield rowed across to the Stanley House to call upon a friend. He returned about noon and rowed back to camp with Foster, leaving Rand to make a visit ~~up~~ at the "Castle"

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He returned in time for a late dinner. After dinner Rand and Wakefield occupied themselves with their usual employments of reading novels, writing and sleeping, while Foster took the opportunity to go to the Post Office with one of the young ladies. In the evening Wakefield went to the P.O. and Rand and Foster spent the evening at the hotel.

Thursday July 17.

Morning fine with a fresh N.W. wind. All hands breakfasted early and rowed to S.W. Harbor where they took the "Rockwood" for Bar Harbor to call upon their several friends there. They were all successful in finding these and returned under the escort of the band on the "Mt. Desert" reaching S.W.

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Harbor about 2 P.M. Here they partook of a lunch of ancient crackers and confectionery; and on the strength of this rowed back to camp. Rand and Wakefield again became literary and dormant, and Foster occupied himself by whittling a flag staff for the boat. The result of the labor and fasting of the day was a large supper at Savage's, after which Rand and Wakefield returned to camp and held a concert, which Foster regrets that he had not the pleasure of hearing but realizes that his choice of remaining at Savage's and engaging in the fascinating game of letters was his own. The others looked furtively in upon him at a late hour, soon after which he took hint

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from them and returned to camp.

Friday July 18.

Weather pleasant. As the wind was quite strong from the N.W. the campers decided not to attempt to row to S.W. Harbor to meet the new arrivals, especially as these were to be accompanied by three new mattresses. Accordingly, they sent the "Junco" for them; and themselves prepared for a tramp to the summit of Brown's Mountain. The ascent was made in an hour and a quarter by way of the woods opposite upper Hadlocks. The day was unusually clear and the view magnificent. Mt. Desert Rock being plainly visible. The party descended

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to the foot of Lower Hadlock's and reached Savage's at dinner time. They found that Messrs. Lane and Burrage had arrived; and after dinner they engaged in putting up the small tent in which Burrage established himself, Lane sharing the tent with Foster. Foster rowed to the P.O. with a fair companion and the others mended tents and occupied themselves in other ways including a call from Mr. G. W. Brown of Harvard '84. Wakefield made an unsuccessful trip with his gun. After supper, Rand made a solitary journey to the P.O. while the others engaged in hilarious festivities at Savage's till 10.30.

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Saturday, July 19<sup>th</sup>

Cloudy, pleasant; clearing. Heavy thunder shower in the evening. Wind S.E.

As it was impossible to pitch the parlor tent, owing to the dampness, the morning was spent by the campers in a variety of ways.

Burrage, Wakefield, and Rand stayed in camp most of the time, reading and writing being their occupations. Lane and Foster walked over to the Post Office in spite of the wet roads. The latter in addition to this managed to spend a short time at the house.

In the afternoon Lane finished a beautiful patch on the parlor tent. After it had been sufficiently admired the parlor tent was raised in its old position, and carefully pegged-out by Lane, Burrage, and Wakefield. Foster absented himself from these festivities, as he had an engagement to go rowing with his flag.

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Sunday, July 20<sup>th</sup>

Fog. Pleasant, clear, cold. Wind S.E. to S.W.

In the morning a thick fog greeted the disappointed campers, who had expected a clear day after the storm. Lane and Rand went to church, while the others took care of the camp. The pious members of the party found the service pleasant, but were disappointed that the Bishop did not preach.

Foster went to church with his friends from the house, being too proud to go with the campers. During the afternoon there was a great deal of letter writing, so that the camp sent out a very large mail in the evening. The usual Sunday exercises, or rather want of exercise, - ~~were~~ indulged in.

In the evening Foster and Burrage paralyzed the house to the satisfaction of all concerned. Lane tried it for a short time, but finally concluded that it was not his mission in life, and returned to camp. At the camp the evening was spent in talking and reading. All retired at a comparatively early hour.

Lane, Burrage, and Rand made a post mortem examination of a dogfish during the morning.

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Monday, July 21<sup>st</sup>

Pleasant, clear. Wind S.W. to N.W. Evening cold. A shower just after supper.

After breakfast Lane, Foster, and Burrage rowed over to S.W. Harbor to buy a lamp chimney and burner. After their return they landed Foster and their purchase and went over to the Post Office for the mail. Foster then arrayed himself in purple and fine linen preparatory to leaving camp. Wakefield spent the morning loading shells for his rifle. Rand went on a botanical expedition to Cedar Mt. Swamp, finding a great many specimens of black flies. After dinner Foster started for Bangor by the way of Bar Harbor, leaving behind him in his haste his best straw hat and a box of cigarettes. Burrage drove him to Bar Harbor, and returned in time for supper in spite of the fact that the horse only had three legs that were of any use. During the afternoon Wakefield read and napped; Lane read and made an excursion to the Ancestral Ridge; Rand wrote and read the Mass.

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Public Statutes. Just before supper Mrs. Sargeant, Mrs. Brooks, Miss Sargeant, Miss Howe, and Dr. Hayward visited camp. Rand had to receive them alone, for Lane and Wakefield were off on short excursions. After supper all hands stayed at the house for some time. Lane and Burrage visited the chalmers within, and the latter did some fine solo singing. Rand and Wakefield sat outside and listened to the music. After the shower was over the campers last named returned to camp whither the others soon followed them. Later in the evening Lane, Burrage, and Wakefield built a cheerful fire near the camp rock which they enjoyed in spite of the cold wind. Rand remained obstinately in the parlor tent engaged in reading and in writing the camp log.

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— Tuesday, July 22<sup>nd</sup>. —

Pleasant; S.W. wind, strong.  
 Rand having made up his mind to indulge in frivolity at S.W. made elaborate preparations therefor. Wakefield & Burrage decided to take Foster's trunk to S.W. and return in time for dinner; Rand was to spend the day over there. Lane thought he would stay in camp until Wakefield & Burrage came back. He stayed in camp not only all the morning, but also all the ~~morning~~ afternoon, to say nothing of the greater part of the evening, and no Wakefield & Burrage appeared. In the mean time he buried himself in constructing a remarkably fine table for the parlor tent, in clearing out his own tent and in doing many useful small things about the camp. He ended the day by spending the entire evening at the house and delighting the boarders with his conversations. — Where were Wakefield and Burrage all this time? They were

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on a little boat at S.W. with their esteemed secretary. After a difficult row against the wind the two boats, Rand in his own, & Wakefield & Burrage with the trunk in the camp boat, reached the desired goal. The two unsophisticated campers W. & B. wandered up to the Island House with Rand & were introduced to the girls there by him. A very pressing invitation to dinner and a trip up Dog Mt. proved too much for their scruples about leaving Lane and the camp alone. The dinner and excursion were delightful. The tramp was a combination "twoing" expedition we should judge from the meagre descriptions of that charming occupation. Burrage took his first lessons in the art of "twoing" he was afterwards told. There are reports around that he liked it. They have not been confirmed, however, up to the time of going to press. — The whole

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fastly arrived safely at the top of the mountain, - after some time. Miss Rand proved herself the champion climber, arriving at the summit first of all the ladies and seemingly not in the least the worse for the climb.

As the party did not get back to the Island House until 6 o'clock, the campers were prevailed upon to stay to tea, and, verily, they were glad they did, for they would have got nothing to eat had they gone back to camp then, to say nothing of missing a pleasant time in the evening. After tea there was much conversation on the piazza of the Castle and finally a triumphal procession around the house much to the amazement of the other guests of the house. When the campers left for the night the ladies gave them three times three and Messrs. Rand Burrage & Wakefield responded with a yah-hoo. After a delightful row before the wind the long lost wanderers were united to their brothers, who had been holding down the tents all day, and they all turned in.

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Wednesday, July 23, 1884.

The morning was remarkably clear and fresh with a northerly wind, but about noon the wind veered round to the South, cloud and fog gradually increased and by night it began to rain, showing every indication of a southerly storm.

Burrage and Lane, loth to lose so clear a day started for Brown's, went up the steep west side as last year and along the ridge. At the top of the cliffs they sent some fine boulders flying down over rocks and bushes. The view was very fine though beginning to cloud up even before they came down. They descended by the south-east striking the further side of Lower Hadlock's where they indulged in a brief swim and reached home just in time for dinner. Rand and Wakefield loafed in camp all the forenoon, if the expression can ever be used of such energetic persons, and all four members of the party indulged in pretty much the same occupation in the afternoon.

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In the evening Burrage and Lane remained at the house on duty until a late hour and finally were compelled to borrow an umbrella to reach camp in safety.

Thursday, July 24, 1884.

Despite the indications of the day before, the morning was clear, and a stiff north-west breeze was blowing. Machado was to arrive today on the Mt. Desert, so Burrage and Lane rowed over for him, and found it rather a hard road to travel. They arrived at South West just before the coming of the Richmond and watched her passengers on and off. The President, Prof. Gurney, <sup>C.C. Everett</sup> Dyerly, Sheldon, B.O. Peirce, MacVane and Baudelari, in short quite a faculty meeting, were on the wharf. Between the arrival of the two steamers a pleasant talk was enjoyed with the ladies from the Castle. Machado arrived as was expected & was received with delight and the three started for home. Meantime the wind had

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increased still more and it was found impracticable to run inside Greening's as was first attempted, so the boat was put about successfully shot through the weir before the wind and brought round under the lee of the island. The pull from here to the mouth of the harbor was no easy matter and all hand were pretty well soaked when they arrived in camp.

Rand and Wakefield stayed in camp through the morning and received a call from Mr. Curtis and his dog in the course of the forenoon.

In the afternoon Burrage remained at the tents, while Machado and Lane walked over to Jordan's through the woods. Rand and Wakefield accompanied them about halfway, but struck off to the left before reaching Harbor Brook and discovered a new hill in the centre of the amphitheatre which they named Centre Hill. The view of the hills around and out over the water at the South they report as very good. They returned by Harbor Brook as far as the trail and returned home by the path.

increased still more and it was found impracticable to run inside Greening's as was first attempted, so the boat was put about successfully shot through the weir before the wind and brought round under the lee of the island. The pull from here to the mouth of the harbor was no easy matter and all hand were pretty well soaked when they arrived in camp.

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In the afternoon Burrage remained at the tents, while Machado and Lane walked over to Jordan's through the woods. Rand and Wakefield accompanied them about halfway, but struck off to the left before reaching Harbor Brook and discovered a new hill in the centre of the amphitheatre which they named Centre Hill. The view of the hills around and out over the water at the South they report as very good. They returned by Harbor Brook as far as the trail and returned home by the path.

Machado and Lane stayed a little at Jordan's while the former sketched, and then returned by the road and got back just in time for supper. After tea (for a wonder) all returned immediately to camp and later in the evening built a fine fire under the rock and lay before it all the evening. The camp fire is a new ~~new~~ addition to camp life this year and is voted by most of us a great success and a solid comfort. A visit was expected from the ladies at the house, but they considered themselves too tired, and our expectations were disappointed. Rand and Wakefield rowed over to the post-office early in the evening.

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Friday, July 25.

Pleasant & rather warm. Wind N.W. & strong. Very calm in the evening.

After breakfast Burrage, Lane, and Machado started on an all-day's trip up Sargents. Burrage left the others near the waterfall in the gorge and returned in time for dinner. He got some very pretty water lilies in Upper Hadlock's, most of which however he left at the house. Machado & Lane continued their tramp up the gorge; they cut a path through several dense growths of alders which lay between two of the main peaks of Sargents. After taking dinner and exploring awhile, they descended by another gorge (between Jones & Bald?) and arrived at the house just as the supper bell rang. Rand & Wakefield remained in camp all the morning; towards noon they were visited by Miss Jean Rand and

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Mr. Brewster who had rowed over from South West to make sure the campers would come to their hop at the Castle tomorrow night. In the afternoon Burrage, Rand, and Wakefield remained in camp and were visited by a party from Bear Harbor - Mrs. Rand, Miss Ballard, Miss Ridgeway, Miss Daisy Rand and Masters Percy Rand and Edgar Crocker. The party only made a short stay as they were going to drive back to Bear Harbor. After their departure Wakefield sewed a patch on the parlor-tent fly and Rand read. The evening being a magnificent one, all hands except Burrage went rowing. Lane and Machado took the camp boat and went out to Bear Is. Then they went to Pres. Eliot's and made a call. Rand and Wakefield, in the former's boat, went around Bear Is. and then floated about off

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Burrage spent the evening at the house. Rand and Wakefield turned in early (comparatively, for the hours the camp keeps this year) and were sound asleep before the rest showed any signs of turning in.

The writer forgot to mention the fact that Dr. Otis made the camp a visit in the morning and approved highly of it and its surroundings from a medical point of view.

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Pleasant & very comfortable, with the wind from the South & East thro most of the day. Rand, Lane, & Wakefield kept camp thro the day, reading, sleeping, playing tennis, & loafing generally. Burrage & Machado were invited out

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to sail by Mrs. Hubbard of the House. Mrs. H. & her daughter, Miss Hopkinson, "Fred" & the two campers made up the party. We forgot to mention little Paul, who was there, & very much so, all day long. However, this was a trifle, & a very enjoyable day was spent on Baker's Island. The rocks are very beautiful, and can be heartily recommended to such as wish to be together & yet alone. The view of Mt. Desert, from the light-house, is very beautiful indeed, and only the necessity of preparing for the occasion of the day, could have torn us away from it. A quick run before the wind soon brought the staunch Junk-o to the camp. Here all was confusion of preparation for the event at the Castle, in the evening. The camp had been invited to a "hop" at S.W. & all were going, excepting Wakefield who remained at home on acct of a slight indisposition. Rand, Lane, Burrage, & Machado went - two dancing & two now-dancing men, but which was wh. it would be hard to tell. The Hall of the Castle was beautifully decorated with rare exotics, & a double row of matrons along one side. After being duly presented to the "Fair", the music was started & the fun began. We do not know what

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caused it, but the worthy Father Lane was carried away by the fire of his long-vanished youth, and began to skip like a mountain goat and prance like a young horse. The other campers looked on in speechless admiration, but were finally completely overcome when the respected William began to introduce a few extra pigeon wings and kickings. Then the mighty soul of Machado was filled with deep emotion, and he yearned to seek some secluded nook and tell it to the silent stars. He disappeared and the Hall saw him no more, but it was whispered abroad that he was upon the roof of the Castle outpouring his heart to one particular star, in other words, tworing in a most violent manner. This was afterwards proved to be the truth, for he was met while descending from his perch, and he looked happy! It is supposed that he found consolation. In the meantime Lane continued his wonderful prancing and dancing, Burrage played a good second, and Rand talked to the matrons and those of the young ladies who liked to walk on the piazza. During the whole evening Burrage paid constant

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and devoted attention to all the young ladies who came within his reach, thus proving himself a regular "sassiety" masher and fairly equalling the efforts of "Bruiser" Brewster. At length the music stopped, Machado came down from the roof, and a variety concert followed. Machado's fine voice was much admired, and his songs were enthusiastically encored. At last the matrons became so impatient that the campers took the hint and fled for their boats. Burrage and Rand in the "Anita" followed the uncertain course of Machado and Lane in the camp boat until they saw the weir loom up before them in the darkness. They hastily put about and were rowing on to overtake the others when from the darkness came a cry of joy, — "We're out of it!" It was the voice of Brother Lane! The camp boat had plunged into the depths of the weir, and had just escaped. After this little incident Burrage and Rand took the lead and kept it the rest of the way. Both boats arrived safely, and the campers soon joined the sleeping beauty, Wake-

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Wakefield had passed a quiet evening at camp, and, according to Miss Hubbard, had smoked at least one cigarette! He went to bed at an early hour.

The campers wish to express their sincere thanks to the young ladies of the Castle for their kindness and hospitality, and to Mr. Harry Rand for the use of his room. Lane is thankful to have danced off a little of his aged dignity; Rand thanks the young ladies who so kindly took pity on his loneliness; Burrage is grateful to those fair charmers who listened so patiently to his "sassy" talk; Machado is much impressed with the kindness and attention shown him by the syren of the roof. Thus all were pleased, what more can be wished.

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Sunday, July 27<sup>th</sup> 1884.

Fog. Pleasant, clearing. Clear. Wind  
S.E.; S.; S.W.

After the usual Sunday Breakfast of fish balls and baked beans, Rand departed to attend the early service at the Chapel. The others amused themselves at the house and in camp until the time of the morning service and then joined the congregation at the chapel. Lane and Burrage rowed Mrs. Hubbard, Miss Hubbard, and Paul down the harbor, the other campers following in the camp boat. After the service all returned to camp.

The ice cream at dinner had a soothing effect on all, so that most of the afternoon was spent in camp. Rand wrote and read as usual. The others indulged in similar quiet amusements until a visitor destroyed the peace of all. This was the now famous Captain of the "Barbel", a mighty man who can do more silent sitting-round than any man known. After he had made a silent call of about two hours (more or less)

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the campers' stock of questions ran low, and they all fled up the Ancestral ridge to escape the fascinations of their visitor. He then silently and sadly departed. Rand, however, had been hidden in the depths of his tent, and did not accompany the others in their flight.

After supper Rand and Wakefield spent most of the evening at camp sitting in the twilight. The others being excited by the dissipation of the evening before, remained at the house, talking to the young ladies, and listening to the singing. (Miss Harwood's cold was better so that she could sing this evening). After the lamps were lighted they returned to camp, and all hands engaged in an "intellectual" discussion. This tired them so much that they retired a little earlier than usual.

Sad to relate the pernicious influence of Burage and Machado is fast developing the frivolous side of Brother Lane's nature. In the spring he contended that Camp Asticou should be deserted on account of the possibility that there might be people at Savage's, now he delights in the society of these very people, particularly the girls!

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Monday July 28<sup>th</sup>, 1884.

Clearing and warm after the rain of Sunday night. Wind N.W. shifting to S.W. in the afternoon.

In the morning all the campers loafed around the house for an hour or two, except, of course, Rand, who began his customary letter writing as soon as possible. He kept at it, with slight intermissions, the whole morning ~~and~~ ensconced in the privacy of his own tent. About eleven o'clock Lane and Machado went to call on the Prex. They found the people at the Ancestral at home and had a very pleasant call. Mrs. Eliot sang to them and Machado also entertained <sup>the company</sup> with a song or two. — Burrage and Wakefield played tennis until dinner time on the court at the house.

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to walk. Rand and Wakefield went up the trail on Sargent's from Hadlock's. Rand got many fine flowers and Wakefield shot several birds. Lane and Machado climbed Brown's and came back by way of Lower Hadlock's and the ice chute. We forgot to mention that Rand brought home also two large, brown, polished fungi found growing on the trunk of a dead tree. They now adorn the parlor tent. — Burrage rowed Miss Hubbard over to Kimball's to make a call on Miss Hopkinson. They found her at home and had an enjoyable call. — In the evening Lane and Wakefield amused themselves by building a fire while Machado and Burrage went to the Post Office. On their return Mr. & B. met Rand in his boat just off Kimball's. After some conversation the boats parted. Machado and Burrage headed for camp and

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Rand for Sutton's Island. It has not transpired whether he got there or not all we know is that he did not appear at camp until half past eleven and that in the course of his wanderings on the briny deep he managed to call at S.W. Harbor. — Machado and Burrage rowed through a school of fish that were disparting themselves in the harbor. It occurred to M. & B. that it would be a good scheme to catch some so they went back to camp to get lines. Wakefield and Lane, who were toasting themselves at their fire, became excited over the idea and provided themselves with lines and all four sallied out, two in the camp boat & two in Savage's boat. Either the fish were pories or they were not fond of cotton cloth for none got a bite. Machado was sure his bait (cotton rag) was good. The campers came back disconsolate and after sitting round the fire for a while turned in.

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Addendum. Burrage and Machado made a late visit to the the house. Machado went to apologize for not coming & sing according to promise — fishing prevented. Burrage went with him by special request. They found Miss Honora Harwood and Miss Hubbard alone in the parlor. Machado entertained Miss Harwood, and Burrage tried to do the same by Miss Hubbard but he was struck with sleepiness and general silliness so that he surprised himself as well as the young ladies by his conduct. Machado took him home in safety and put him to bed.

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Tuesday July 29<sup>th</sup> 1884.

Cloudy all day with rain in the afternoon and evening. Wind southerly.

Rand and Wakefield rowed over to South-West Harbor immediately after breakfast to meet John Wakefield who was expected on the Mt. Desert. The other three stayed up at the house for an hour or more. Machado sang for a long time accompanied on the piano by Miss Hubbard; Burrage and Lane listened and talked with the other ladies.

When they returned to camp, all engaged in putting the camp in order in expectation of visitors from South-West. Lane took the parlor tent in hand, sorted the newspapers, beautified it with the flowers collected by Rand the day before, filled the lamps and did other necessary house-cleaning. About noon the triumvirate started <sup>for</sup> the post-office, greeting John Wakefield at the float as they left.

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the South-West Harbor party were given up and the campers settled down to quiet and domestic duties. Machado set to work on the "log", Lane got out his darning-needle and twine and proceeded to sew new tapes on the parlor tent, Wakefield arranged in his effects and Rand as usual engaged in letter-writing. It soon began to rain. Suddenly all were astonished by the shout that a rowboat was half-way down the harbor, and three more were soon seen rounding the point. Umbrellas, rubber-coats and rubber blankets were caught up and taken to the shore to be ready to receive the visitors. In quick succession the boats arrived and the parlor tent presently ~~received~~ contained a party of sixteen, six ladies and four gentlemen from South-West viz. Miss Deane, Miss Everett, the two Misses Rand, Miss Warren and Miss Braman, and Mr. Brewster, Mr. White and the two Mr's (3) Motts, and the six campers. Stools were brought from the various tents and as many as possible.

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were provided with seats. Those who could find no better place perched on the table or reclined on the matting. An hour or more was passed in pleasant conversation and in inspecting the camp-log and the other interesting documents and papers of the camp. Machado after a time brought out a bag of hard water crackers and Lane a half dozen of ginger-beer. There were only two small tumblers, but that was of small consequence as most of the young ladies preferred drinking ~~toward~~ from the bottle. The party was pressed to stay to supper but even the promise of moonlight for ~~there~~ their homeward row could not detain them from starting in the midst of a pouring rain on their return. So after a careful inspection of the sleeping tents and a variety of comment on their contents and arrangement, all descended to the shore. As it rained particularly hard just then a brief stay was made in the fish house below

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where Miss "B" Rand adorned the campers with choice button-hole bouquets which had been brought for that purpose but had narrowly escaped being forgotten.

When the party finally took to their boats the campers were ready to sacrifice all their rubber coats & blankets to keep them dry, but most of their offers were persistently refused by the energetic and hardy crew. Lane however was allowed the privilege of having his rubber coat & umbrella accepted and Machado's sacrifice was too touching to relate.

In the evening the campers all returned to camp quite soon after supper contrary to their usual custom. John Wakefield & Machado played whist against Julius Wakefield and Lane and beat them most horribly. A little later singing was heard at the house and all but Rand prowled round for a while on the piazza listening to Miss Harwood's sweet voice. Machado and Julius W. ventured inside to keep things go-

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ing and the rest listened patiently outside, several times coming very near detection. Finally Miss Hubbard took her seat at the piano at Julius W's request. Machado took advantage of the opportunity to slip out and all returned to camp leaving the fortunate Wakefield entranced at the instrument.

When the company were again reunited at camp, everyone seemed in high spirits and by no means inclined to retire. It had transpired during the afternoon that it was Lane's birthday, and it was thought fitting to celebrate the event of his having completed the first quarter century of his existence. The doings of the company for the next hour or more defy a detailed description. All were considerably excited and the memories of the time do not retain the necessary vividness. An inexperienced observer would have thought that they were working off the accumulated spirits of twenty-five years. After they had broken up for the

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Wednesday, July 30<sup>th</sup>.

Stormy in the morning with South-East wind, clearing about noon wind shifting to North-West and fair weather in afternoon and evening.

Although it had rained hard most of the previous afternoon and all night, the day opened with a steady drizzle which effectually dampened all ideas of tramps and excursions. Lane and Machado spent most of the morning in Fred Savage's work shop. As a result of their labors Machado produced an exquisitely formed wooden leg with which he proceeded to recuperate a defunct camp stool. Rand remained in his tent till dinner time engaged in literary labors. Burrage and the Wakefields, Sr. & Jr. read and wrote in the parlor tent.

After dinner all was quiet at camp until about four o'clock. Then Mr. Hopkins came down from Savage's and made us a short call, inspected the tents, and expressed his approbation of our situation.

Wednesday, July 30th

Stormy in the morning with South-East wind, clearing about noon, wind shifting to North-West and fair weather in afternoon and evening.

Although it had rained hard most of the previous afternoon and all night, the day opened with a steady drizzle which effectually dampened all ideas of tramps and excursions. Lane and Machado spent most of the morning in Fred Savage's workshop. As a result of their labors Machado produced an exquisitely formed wooden leg with which he proceeded to recuperate a defunct camp stool. Rand remained in his tent till dinner time engaged in literary labors. Burrage and the Wakefields, Sr. & Jr. read and wrote in the parlor tent.

After dinner all was quiet at camp until about four o'clock. Then Mr. Hopkins came down from Savage's and made us a short call, inspected the tents, and expressed his approbation of our situation.



and surroundings. Soon after his departure Miss J. Rand made the camp a party call accompanied by her mother and brother<sup>(?)</sup> and bearing an invitation to the campers to enjoy "Pipes-soapsuds-'gorgy'" in the Castle corridor from 8 to 10. This invitation was unhesitatingly accepted. When we had seen our visitors off, Lane, Burrage and Machado went out for a short row until supper time as an appetizer.

Supper over, a few shoes were blacked, and a few white flannels donned, and every one in camp started for South West. Lane, Burrage and Machado rowed to Kimball's where Lane was landed. He went to the P.O. left the mail, and was picked up at Gilpatrick's Cove. This crew took the course inside of Greening's, and landed at the Claremont float. Rand and the Wakefield Bros. took the outside course landing at ~~the Island~~ the Island House float. At the Castle the second story corridor, <sup>and balcony</sup> were found to be brilliant with Chinese lanterns and young ladies in gorgeous apparel. A pleasant hour was

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spent in blowing bubbles. The winners in the various contests of skill in that art were rewarded with prizes and out of nine of these, the camp captured five—thereby doing itself proud. Burrage was easily the champion of the evening. When the prizes and the blowers were exhausted, a feast was served of gorgies, cake, limes, some delicious chocolate, and other delicacies. About half past ten the party adjourned to the music room. Machado delighted the company with some English ballads, then all went to singing choruses with a will, and Machado again distinguished himself by his yodelling. Between the singing and the dancing which followed, it was half past eleven before our faces were turned campwards.

After reaching camp and comparing the times of departure and arrival of the two boats, it was unanimously agreed that the shortest way to South West was by the inside course and the Claremont landing, provided the Gilpatrick Ledges were looked out for carefully.

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Thursday, July 31<sup>st</sup>.

Very pleasant all day; cloudy late in the evening, and rainy during the night. Wind N. W.

In the morning as usual, "Wah-hoo" and "Fly-in-the-wind" were the first to arise and arouse the others. After breakfast all the campers sat on Savage's piazza with Miss Hubbard, until about half past ten; then one by one, Rand leading, they left for camp. Rand and John Wakefield rowed over to Kimball's, the former to make a call on the Bishop, the latter on the Hopkinsons; both calls were unsuccessful. Burrage in the mean time did some washing in the brook near Savage's barn, while Lane and Julius Wakefield played tennis. Machado remained faithful to Miss Hubbard

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the whole morning, and finally rowed her over to Kimball's for the mail, returning just in time for dinner. In the afternoon all hands but Rand stayed in the parlor at Savage's for a while, listening to Miss Hubbard's playing on the piano. About three o'clock they adjourned outside and spent the whole afternoon playing tennis and talking to Miss Hubbard. Rand remained alone at camp the whole afternoon, at his usual occupations—reading and writing. During the afternoon a fishing schooner arrived in the harbor; Machado's sharp eyes perceived that it was the "Parker" of Marblehead, and immediately after supper Lane, Burrage, Machado & John Wakefield rowed out to her and

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made a call on the Captain and crew. Two of the crew in the mean time visited camp. They were entertained by Julius W. and seemed to be pleased with the camp. Upon the return of the party who had gone out to the schooner, all hands except Rand went up to the house. Machado kindly sang a number of English Ballads accompanied by Miss Hubbard; then the crowd sang a number of college songs and choruses, accompanied by Miss Honora Harwood. A little dancing, much more talking, and then the festivities were over; the campers thus spent a very pleasant evening. Rand visited the Bishop in the early part of the evening, and remained in camp the rest of the time. As usual a great amount of talking had to be

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

Pleasant, clear. Warmer. Wind N.W. to W. Calm in evening.

The rain of the night refreshed the campers so much that an unusual attack of energy seized all hands. After J.L. Wakefield, Lane, Machado, and Burrage had indulged in their customary siesta at the house, all the campers assembled in council to decide what should be done. Lane, Burrage, and Julius Wakefield decided to walk to Somesville, take dinner there, and then walk down the western side of the Sound to S.W. Harbor, where a boat was to meet them. J.L. Wakefield and Rand thought that it would do them good to row over to S.W. Harbor and say farewell to some of their friends who were to depart on the "Mt. Desert." Machado felt a little under the weather and thought it best to spend a quiet day at the house. The Somesville party was the first to leave camp. It walked to Somesville in two hours, dined at the Central House, and then walked to S.W. Harbor, via Beech Hill. At the Claremont House float they found the camp

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boat, - which J.L. Wakefield had rowed over for them, - and rowed back to camp. In the evening Lane and Julius Wakefield rowed to Bear Island while Burrage sought materials for his book on "The Effect of Sassiety on Human Intercourse" by studying life at the house. How Machado spent his day is a mystery. In the evening, however, he was seen wandering in the gloaming with a fair friend, and it is safe to presume that he had a pleasant day. Rand and J.L. Wakefield started for S.W. Harbor about twelve o'clock; the former rowing the "Anita", the latter rowing the camp boat. They had a hard row over as the wind was blowing quite stiffly, but reached Southwest in time for dinner. On their arrival they discovered that their friends had departed unexpectedly the day before! Mrs. Rand, however, comforted them, and invited them to dinner. After dinner the campers went sailing with the Rand party in the "Yolande". The wind was fresh, and the sail was a glorious one. They returned to S.W. Harbor in time for supper, meeting the

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Somesville party on its way back to camp in the camp boat. [N.B. J.L. Wakefield had intended to return with them, but the charms of the syrens prevented him from making the connection.] After supper at Southwest Wakefield returned to camp, being taken there by Miss Jean Rand and Mr. White. Rand remained at Southwest until later in the evening as he had made an engagement to spend the evening there. Among other things he attended the service at Northeast Harbor, so it is obvious that his time was not spent in a frivolous manner. He returned to camp late in the evening, soon after the other campers had retired.

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— Saturday, August 2<sup>nd</sup> —

Pleasant, clear. Wind S.W. Calm in eve.  
Warm.

After breakfast Lane, Burrage, Machado, and J. L. Wakefield remained at the house for a long time seeking inspiration to give them strength to ascend Pemetic. They were unpleasantly roused from their dreams, however, by a telegram for Lane. This announced the sad news that he must depart on the "Mt. Desert" in the afternoon, as an aunt had unexpectedly arrived to spend the summer with them (i.e. the Lane family) in Cambridge. Sadly did Brer Lane pack up <sup>his</sup> worldly goods while the other campers either stood by, or remained in camp quietly reading or writing. At 12.30 the campers all had an early dinner together. Burrage and Machado sailed "Laughing Water" Lane to Southwest in the Hubbard's boat, where he took the steamboat for home. Thus quietly and suddenly did the Father of the camp depart leaving desolation in the tent of the Indian Braves and loneliness in the heart of "Wahoo." Burrage and Machado did

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not return until supper time, but spent their time sailing around Sutton's Island matronizing a "twoing" couple. The Wakefield brothers played tennis at the house, both alone and with some of the guests there. Rand remained in camp as usual, reading and writing. In the evening Burrage and Machado went out rowing with some of their fair friends, and enjoyed themselves in the moonlight. Rand and J.L. Wakefield rowed over to Southwest to attend a hop to which they had been invited. As they were passing Greening's Island, however, they were hailed by a party of friends on shore. On rowing in they discovered that the hop had been given up, and that the young ladies who had invited them had gone on what proved to be an all-night expedition to Otter Cliffs. The campers therefore remained on the Island by kind invitation, and afterwards rowed back to Southwest with some of the party. After spending a short time on the piazza of the Island House they returned to camp. The burning of the Green Mt. House was seen very plainly by all the rowing parties. It was a grand and imposing spectacle. Wakefield, J.R., went rowing alone in the evening, and enjoyed the moonlight

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for a long while; Burrage and Machado returned, at about 10.30 P.M. and they with Wakefield turned in very soon afterwards.

It has just leaked out that Burrage and Machado took Miss Hopkinson sailing with them this afternoon. This accounts for their late arrival at camp. The affair was conducted with much caution, as the campers were using a boat belonging to Miss Hubbard, and they concluded that she might possibly object to having her boat used for such a purpose. Here it may be said that Messrs. Burrage and Machado have been most successful during their whole stay in sitting on two, or even three stools at once, thus proving themselves worthy of the name of sassiety men.

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Sunday Aug 3.

Very pleasant and warm; the warmest day since camp was pitched. Wind S.W. Hazy in the evening. After breakfast the campers prepared for church and by half past ten all were off. Rand and J.R. Wakefield rowed over to Kimball's in the "Anita," John W. following in the Hubbard's boat. They enjoyed a pleasant service at the Bishop's. Burrage and Machado walked over to the school house and attended the Unitarian service there. After dinner all hands loafed about camp, reading and writing as usual on Sunday afternoon. At about half past five Rand and the two Wakefields departed for South West, having been invited to tea by Miss Rand. They spent a very pleasant evening at the "castle"—on the roof most of the time—and were

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unable to tear themselves away till nearly eleven o'clock. In the mean time Burrage and Machado enjoyed themselves at the house where quite a party had assembled. Pres. & Mrs. Eliot, Mr. & Miss Hopkinson spent the evening there, and Mrs. Eliot, Miss Harwood and Machado gave a sacred concert.

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— Monday, August 4th —

Pleasant in early morning with fresh southerly breeze, shifting to S.E. about eleven when the fog came in and held all day. Light rains intervening.

The wind of today was the departure of Burrage. As the wind seemed favorable it was proposed to make up a party with some of the young ladies at the house and sail over to S.W. in the Junco. About 10.30 the noble craft was cast off bearing Miss Hubbard and Burrage as passengers, Machado as skipper, and the two Wakefields for crew. The breeze held fairly well, and was at times quite stiff, so that South West was reached in about three quarters of an hour. After bidding Burrage a touching farewell, and leaving him in the hands of a detachment of fair ones from the Castle, the rest of the party started for camp with a supply of ginger-snaps and candy. The fog was very dense, and owing to an unnoticed shifting of the wind the boat got somewhat out of its course so that when the

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fog lifted a little it was somewhat of a surprise to find the Junco headed into the Sound with Manchester's wharf on the Starboard bow. About this time the wind died out and the crew and skipper were obliged to devote themselves to sweeping the boat until it was well into N.E. Harbor. The amusing incident of the sail was the mistake made by all hands for a moment, in taking the outer reef of Gilpatrick's Ledge for Sutton's, and recognizing it as such by the houses they thought they saw on it. The Junco reached port about four, and a late dinner was immediately served for the hungry party.

Rand stayed in camp <sup>nearly</sup> all day reading and writing. In the afternoon he rowed to Kimball's and went to the Post Office. After supper Machado and J.L. and J.R. Wakefield remained at the house for a couple of hours, and soon after their return, the camp retired for the night.

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— Tuesday, August 5<sup>th</sup> —

Thick fog with frequent showers during the day. In eve. light S.W. breeze with signs of clearing skies. Wind S.E. during the day.

After breakfast Machado and J.L. Wakefield took compassion on the young ladies at the house, and remained there. Rand and J.R. Wakefield returned to camp and spent the morning quietly in the parlor tent. After a little reading and writing they settled down to play the sinful game of euchre. Rand won the series of games after a desperate struggle. In the meantime Machado and J.L. Wakefield accompanied the ladies to the Ancestral where a select and enjoyable musicale was given. At dinner the campers met again but alas! only to separate afterwards. Machado and J.L. Wakefield sang duets at the house for some time. The latter then joined his brother and Rand at the camp, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in writing letters. Machado remained at the house. J.R. Wakefield packed his trunk. Rand read and wrote. Before

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six o'clock Machado and J.L. Wakefield departed to an in-doors tennis party, or in other words to supper, at the Hopkinson's. Miss Hubbard went with them, and was carefully watched over and escorted home by these gallant campers. After a lonely but tremendous supper J.R. Wakefield and Rand rowed to the Post Office, making a fruitless call on Mr. Curtis on the way home. They then spent a short time in domestic employments, and retired early. J.L. Wakefield and Machado returned from their tea party some time afterwards, and after escorting their fair charge to the house, came back to camp and went to bed noiselessly for once. Wahoo's usually overflowing spirits were much subdued by the fog and by the thought of parting from the ladies at the house so that his voice was still and the early birds of the camp slept peacefully.

In the afternoon Rand and J.R. Wakefield continued the euchre tournament. Wakefield won the afternoon series, but Rand defeated him in the rubber thus winning the championship for the day.

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-Wednesday, August 6<sup>th</sup> -

Foggy much of the day, clearing in the afternoon then shutting in again thickly in the evening.

The Camp breakfasted soon after six o'clock and immediately started for South West Harbor so that Julius Wakefield and Machado might take the Richmond for their home trip. Rand and Julius rowed in the "Anita" and Machado and J. L. Wakefield in the camp boat. The fog was thick and occasional drizzles made things damp and disagreeable, but both boats made quick time, and reached S. W. half an hour before the steamer arrived. A party from the Island House showed their kind interest in the Campers by appearing on the wharf to say Good Bye in spite of the earliness of the hour, and one half the personnel of the camp departed, followed by many salutes and good wishes. The other half rowed round to the Claremont float in a pouring rain, left their boats there, and proceeded to make themselves extremely comfortable in

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the Music Room of the Castle. The morning was passed there and on the wharf.

The Mount Desert was several hours late on account of the difficulty of making connections in the fog. It was learned that one sad result of the delays of the last two days was that Burrage who went up by the "Mount Desert" on Monday, did not reach Boston until the middle of Tuesday afternoon. About noon the sun came out brightly.

After dinner Rand rowed over to Gil-Patricks returning by way of Fernald's Cove in time for tea. Wakefield spent the afternoon in a hammock on one of the Castle balconies. In the evening the campers perambulated over most of South West in search of a marine monster which was said to be on exhibition. Afore said "m.m." proved to be a cheerful gooselish. After gazing upon it they soon took their leave of friends at the Castle, and set out for home in a fog from Fogville. Fortunately there was a moon somewhere in the realm of

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space

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— Thursday, August 7<sup>th</sup> —

Fog in morning, lifting later in the day. In the evening fairly clear in shore. Wind S.W. to S.

A rather monotonous day as far as the occupations of the campers are concerned. Rand as usual retired to camp soon after breakfast, and spent the morning putting camp in order and in writing. Wakefield spent the morning at the house, and took a stroll with one of his fair friends. After dinner Rand again retired to camp and read industriously. Wakefield stayed a short time at the house, then returned to camp for a brief period. Later he went out to row with some of the young ladies from the house. In the evening both Rand and Wakefield rowed over to the post office, and on their way back made a very pleasant call on their friends at Kimball's. As they did not reach camp until it was comparatively late they soon retired for the night.

Camp life becomes far from exciting, for two men cannot fill four tents. No news of the coming of the expected campers has yet reached us.

Thursday, August 7th

Fog in morning, lifting later in the day. In the evening fairly clear in shore. Wind S.W. to S.

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

Clear and pleasant. Wind (light) N.W. to S.W. Hot.  
In eve. a strong breeze from the N.W.

Soon after breakfast Rand rowed over to Southwest Harbor to take the "Mt. Desert" for Bar Harbor. Wakefield was kept at the house by the usual magnetic attraction most of the morning. Later in the morning he rowed one <sup>(at least)</sup> of the magnets to Bear Island to inspect the lighthouse. In the afternoon he made calls on the Hopkinsons and on the Bishop. In the evening he again rejoiced the hearts of the young ladies by remaining at the house. He returned to camp just as Rand returned from Southwest about 10:30 P.M.

In the meantime Rand had been at Southwest Harbor. He found it impossible to reach Bar Harbor for the "Mt. Desert" did not arrive until three o'clock. He therefore spent the morning helping in the decorating of boats for the parade in the afternoon. He dined with his friends at the Island House. Much to his surprise he was persuaded to take part in the parade in which the "Anita" was remarkable for the simplicity of her decorations. The parade lasted over two hours, and was

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a sight well worth seeing. Between fifty and sixty boats were in line. The "Anita," the sole representative from Northeast Harbor appeared in Division 5, Island House flotilla. After the parade Rand took supper with his friends and spent the early part of the evening with them. Shortly after nine o'clock he returned to the deserted camp bearing with him rich floral offerings. He met Wakefield wandering among the tents and assisted him in preparing them to withstand the strong breeze which had just arisen. After this work had been accomplished the lone campers had a little conversation in Rand's tent, and then retired for the night to prepare for an all day excursion to the Duck Islands which was to take place the next day.

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Saturday, August 9<sup>th</sup>.

Clear and fair all day. Wind N.W. in early morning going round to the S.S.W. light all day. Hot.

As the campers had been invited to join a party for Duck Islands, Rand and Wakefield started as soon after breakfast as they conveniently could for South West Harbor. They arrived about ten o'clock, and found the Island House portion of the party encamped on their float. With them R. & W. waited patiently for the detachment which was to come from the Dirigo. About eleven a final start was made in the "Yolande". The wind had nearly died out and it was after two before the party landed on Little Duck. The afternoon was spent in preparing and eating dinner, and exploring the island. Rand collected several botanical specimens in the course of his rambles, one of which appears to be new to the list. Wakefield also brought in a few which like W.H. Dunbar's early collections were "well known". About <sup>half past</sup> six the

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"Yolande" and her passengers started back, or rather endeavored to start, for the anchor was found to be wedged fast. After working over it for a quarter of an hour Capt. Robinson cut the hawser and buoyed it and the noble craft set sail. There seemed to be little use in setting sail, as there was no wind worth mentioning but after a time a short lived night breeze sprang up. By the aid of this, a rising tide, and an hour of Capt. Robinson's energetic towing, South West was reached about 11.30. The two long, slow trips were made very delightful by the aid of books, singing and pleasant company. After a slight refectation at the castle the campers rowed home in the brilliant moonlight, and ended their day's exertions about 1 A.M. by going up to Savage's for water.

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Sunday Aug. 10th

Clear and fair all day, clouding up in the evening. Wind Southerly and fresh.

The two campers both decided to improve the morning hours of this beautiful day by attending early service at the Chapel. They staid through the regular morning service, had a pleasant talk with Mrs. Rand, who came over for the morning from Bar Harbor, and returned to dinner. The ice cream at this meal was distinctly bad - no flavoring but salt being perceptible. In the afternoon Rand wrote letters and then rowed over to the Even. Song Service, returning to supper. Wakefield wrote letters and read all the afternoon. As soon as tea was over they took a quick walk to Upper Hadlock's and communed with Nature for a while sitting on the bridge. On their return to Savage's they found the Hopkinson's and presently Mr. and Mrs. Eliot appeared. Mrs. Eliot, accompanied by Miss Hubbard entertained the company for an hour by her charming singing, and Wakefield tuned up a little to fill in the pauses in the concert. The camp rested at a comparative-

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ly early hour.

— Monday August 11<sup>th</sup> —

Pleasant, cloudy; clearing. Wind N.W. (light.) Wakefield spent most of the morning at the house as usual, but devoted a short time to camp duties. Rand returned to camp as soon as breakfast was over, and spent most of the morning in his customary occupation of writing. During the morning he received calls from Mr. Curtis and his friend Mr. Ellis. After dinner Wakefield departed to fulfil an engagement at Southwest Harbor, and passed a quiet afternoon. He remained there to supper by invitation, and returned about 10 P.M., bringing with him, Mr. Harry S. Rand who is to try a few days' experience of camp life. He also brought a bag of apples sent to the campers by Mrs. Rand. The arrivals from Southwest found Rand musing in the parlor tent. He reported a quiet afternoon. He had been in camp reading and sleeping ever since Wakefield departed with the exception of a

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necessary walk to his lonely supper, and an evening expedition to the Post Office. The campers then concluded to retire, after establishing H.S. Rand in the tent of the Indian braves. This gentleman excited much wonder by proposing to sleep under one thickness of blanket, a wild project that he was finally persuaded to abandon, and add a rubber blanket to his meagre covering. He then slept the sleep of the just, according to his account, until early morning. Rand soon followed him to bed, while Wakefield as usual burnt the midnight oil somewhat longer.

A report reaches camp through Miss Hubbard that Foster might return on Wednesday.

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Tuesday, August 12<sup>th</sup>

Pleasant, clear. Cloudy during eve. Wind S.E. to S.

All hands breakfasted at an early hour. The two Rands departed at once for S.W. Harbor in the "Anita" leaving Wakefield to take care of the camp and the ladies at the house not otherwise cared for. They took the "Richmond" with a number of other people from Southwest and had a pleasant sail to Bar Harbor. There E.L. Rand went to see his mother and other members of his family while H.S. Rand made calls. At one o'clock they returned to Southwest on the "Mt. Desert," and had a late dinner at the Island House. They passed a quiet afternoon at the "Castle," reading and writing for the most part. After some consultation they decided to stay to supper also as H.S. Rand wished to make a call at the Dirigo. After supper E.L. Rand took a short walk and enjoyed a pleasant conversation on the Castle balcony until the other Rand appeared. They then rowed back to camp bearing with

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them a bag of apples as a present from Mrs. Rand. Soon after their arrival Wakefield reported at camp. He spent the early part of the morning at the house, but returned to camp for a short stay before noon. He then rowed one of the young ladies around the harbor for the rest of the morning, visiting the Post Office also in his wanderings. In the afternoon he went to the Hopkinsons' to play tennis. After supper he returned to camp to await the arrival of expected visitors, but as they came not, he returned to the house and amused himself there for the rest of the evening. All retired at a comparatively early hour. The noble Captain, Charles Eliot and Mr. Roland Thaxter arrived by the "Richmond" this morning. They stay at the Ancestral having naturally deserted the depraved camp of the C.S.

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Wednesday, Aug. 13<sup>th</sup>.

Rainy all day! Wind from E. to N.

Today was notable as being the stormiest day in the annals of the camp, according to the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It rained in torrents from five o'clock in the morning until eleven at night, only holding up for a few minutes twice during the day. Several cherished plans were washed out, and the spirits of the campers considerably diluted. Still there were some things to be thankful for, especially that the tents kept up their reputation for dryness, and only allowed slight drippings in one or two places. The record of the day is short. E. L. Rand spent the morning in putting things to rights about camp, reading and writing. H. S. Rand and Wakefield spent part of the morning at the house and the rest in writing and reading and trying to keep warm in camp. In the afternoon E. L. Rand devoted himself again to literature and composition, varying the occupation by occasional

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maps. H.S. Rand and Wakefield staid at the house reading, writing, singing, talking etc. till about five o'clock, when Mr. Pruyn [?] having kindly offered them the use of his team, they drove over to the Post Office, barely escaping drowning in the rain on the way. After supper the Rands staid at the house for a time, and Wakefield kept camp and read for an hour or two. E.L. Rand came down about eight o'clock and read and wrote again for the rest of the evening. Wakefield presently joined H.S. Rand at the house, played whist for a while, and after a time both followed E.L.R. to a damp repose.

A postal was received from Foster today announcing that he should come from Bar Harbor by the "Mt. Desert" and would arrive in camp in the afternoon. At the time the "Mt. D." reached S.W. it was raining so hard that no one wished to go after Mr. F. and any conscientious scruples were easily allayed by the supposition that he would prefer a dry room at Bar Harbor to a long trip in the rain. This surmise was afterwards proved to have been correct.

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Thursday Aug. 14<sup>th</sup>.  
Foggy in morning, clearing about 3 P.M.  
fog shutting in again by six o'clock. Wind S.E.  
to S.W. This bid fair to be almost as gloomy  
a day as yesterday, though not quite so  
moist. E.L. Rand retired to his tent im-  
mediately after breakfast and devoted him-  
self once more to literature. However he  
suspended his labors long enough to bail  
out the Anita and the Barbellina, and to  
go prospecting for smelts. These sweet  
creatures unfortunately were coy and refused  
to come at his call, or even show themselves  
in their accustomed haunts. H.S. Rand  
and Wakefield spent a quiet hour at the  
house, and then some more quiet hours  
at camp writing letters and reading the papers  
and analyzing. After dinner a council of war was held.  
Harry Rand concluded that ~~that~~ it would be  
best for him to camp no longer at this time,  
and as all seemed ready for some excitement  
and wished to arrange some plans for the  
rest of the week, the Camp departed in a  
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they made a call on Mrs. Rand and then scattered about town. One important fact has just been omitted - this is no less than the arrival of Mr. J. McG. Foster at Camp. While dinner was in progress he suddenly appeared in the doorway of the dining room and after an exchange of greetings announced that he had spent the previous night at Bar Harbor and had just driven over on a buck-board. As his trunk containing his camping outfit was on its way from Bangor to South West, and as there seemed to be no lack of attractions at Savage's, he proceeded to make himself at home there for the rest of the day. To return to the other party. When they left the Castle Harry Rand and Wakefield made a trip to the wharf and found Foster's trunk when it came in on the Cimbria, then visited most of the stores in the neighborhood and returned to supper. Rand took a walk to the Post Office and the Dirigs. It is not true that the campers board all the time at the Island House, nor that the camp has been moved to the

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One fact worthy of notice is the lively appearance of South West Harbor this afternoon from the presence of fifty or sixty schooners of the mackerel fleet.

Before tea the fog had blown in again thickly, and soon after that festive meal E.L. Rand and Wakefield departed for camp. The fog did not hang very low, and they had an easy passage home, bringing <sup>Foster's trunk with them</sup>.

In the course of the evening Foster appeared, attracted by the light in the parlor tent, welcomed his trunk, and prepared his downy. All retired by half past ten.

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— Friday, August 15<sup>th</sup>. —

Cloudy with drifting fog in the morning. Clear and pleasant in afternoon and evening. Wind light and extremely variable.

After breakfast Wakefield and Foster stayed at the house for some time, Rand retired to camp to write. Later Foster went with Miss Hubbard to call at the Eliots'. Rand and Wakefield intended to go there also, but received a short call from the Captain and R. Thaxter instead. After the call Wakefield returned to the house for sweet music's sake, but came to camp again later to read and write.

After a dinner that was far from frugal Foster ascended Sargent Mt. by the way of the cascade in the gorge with Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Torrey. Rand and Wakefield stayed in camp until 4.30, and then rowed over to S.W. Harbor stopping at the Post Office on their way. They took supper with their friends, — the most elaborate supper they ever beheld at the Island House. After supper Rand rowed his "cousin" to service at North

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ready sleeping the sleep of the just.  
They followed his example as soon as  
possible, and quiet reigned in camp.  
Foster reports a pleasant expedition  
to Sargent's, but confesses that he was  
too tired afterwards to keep his eyes  
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The afternoon was a most lovely  
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Rand wishes it recorded that he rowed and  
steered the "Anita" with one passenger from the  
Claremont float to the float in Gilpatrick's  
Cove in 12½ minutes!  
It is with much sadness that the writer  
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Saturday, August 16<sup>th</sup>

Foggy; pleasant with sunshine; fog in eve. Wind S.E. to S.W.

Soon after breakfast Foster started with Miss Hubbard for S.W. Harbor to meet her friend Miss Hall who was to arrive there this morning. Wakefield and Rand prepared to go on an expedition up the Sargent Mt. gorge with a party from S.W. Harbor. They waited all the morning in camp, but their friends did not appear.

Foster on his return reported that he had seen H. S. Rand on the wharf, and had learned from him that the party was fog-bound. At S.W. Harbor the fog covered everything, and was said to be the thickest of the season. Soon after dinner all the campers gathered in the parlor tent, and for a wonder passed the afternoon together engaged in reading and writing.

The evening Rand passed alone in camp as usual; the others amused themselves at the house. All retired at a comparatively early hour.

During the morning the camp was visited by Bancroft J. Davis of '85, who

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Saturday, August 16th

Foggy; pleasant with sunshine; fog in eve. Wind S.E. to S.W.

Soon after breakfast Foster started with Miss Hubbard for S.W. Harbor to meet her friend Miss Hall who was to arrive there this morning. Wakefield and Rand prepared to go on an expedition up the Sargent Mt. gorge with a party from S.W. Harbor. They waited all the morning in camp, but their friends did not appear.

Foster on his return reported that he had seen H.S. Rand on the wharf, and had learned from him that the party was fog-bound. At S.W. Harbor the fog covered everything, and was said to be the thickest of the season. Soon after dinner all the campers gathered in the parlor tent, and for a wonder passed the afternoon together engaged in reading and writing.

The evening Rand passed alone in Camp as usual; the others amused themselves at the house. All retired at a comparatively early hour.

During the morning the camp was visited by Bancroft G. Davis of '85, who

made a short call.

Wakefield's state of health is far from satisfactory, so that he deems it prudent to keep as quiet as possible. It is rumored that Rand made some strong ginger toddy in his tent tonight to counteract the clam fritters devoured at supper. Foster, however, remains as cheerful and handsome as ever, causing endless delight to his fair friend at the house.

81

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Sunday August 17.

Foggy; clearing toward noon;  
Afternoon pleasant; evening foggy.

After breakfast Rand and Wakefield rowed to early service. They were followed in time for the second service by Foster in company with Miss Hubbard and Miss Stale. He returned immediately after service with the same ladies; while the other two campers lingered in the vicinity of Kimball's, to make calls, speak farewell words - as this was Wakefield's last day in camp - and assist the Island House party into their boats. They returned, however, to dinner. Afterwards, they called at the Eliots. Returning, Wakefield performed the last sad rites of packing and Rand, to tear himself from the view of this melancholy pro-

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ceeding, indulged in his usual letter writing. During the afternoon, Charles Eliot, Captain Emeritus, and Roland Thaxter called at the camp, and took a photograph of the tents from the hotel.

After supper the entire camp party rowed to Kimball's landing. Rand directed his steps to the Post Office leaving the others to call at the cottage of Bishop Doane. All returned at about nine. Leaving Rand to keep camp, the others took express train for the house. A veil must here fall over the records of the evening. A veil must needs fall, for the recollection of the sad and tender partings could but cause a misty veil of tears to shroud the eyes of him whose fate it was to be most nearly concerned in them - and alas! he has drawn the veil of silence regarding the sweet details in his

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own account of the proceedings. The others, therefore, are left to the tantalizing uncertainties of their imaginations. Suffice it only to hint of the dissolving view, which lingers in the chronicler's memory, as he modestly retreated from a dark corner of the piazza into which the necessities of politeness had forced him to intrude.

An interruption in the writing of this account has caused the omission of one event which, though not of great importance, should not be overlooked - namely an excursion made by Foster in company with Miss Hall to the cascade in Sargent's Gorge. They started at 3 P.M. and returned about 7, reporting a successful trip.

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Monday August 18.

Pleasant; extremely warm.  
Wind S.W. to E.

The camp breakfast was taken early, that the beloved Wakefield might be escorted with all honor to S.W. Harbor. Sympathy for his invalid condition induced Foster to accompany the party thither, that he might be relieved from ~~the~~ rowing. The row was extremely hot, but Wakefield kept up the strength of the weary rowers with sweet continuous singing. At last S.W. Harbor was reached a few minutes before the "Richmond" arrived. The Captain and R. Thaxter appeared in the ancestral long boat soon after the campers, and all hands were refreshed by Clark's ginger ale at the expense of Wakefield. Many of Wakefield's fair relations then appeared to wave him off, and he spent the remainder of his time at S.W. Harbor in

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bidding them an affectionate farewell. The "Richmond" arrived on time, and soon, ah, too soon! bore the popular Wakefield, the dignified Captain, and the cynical Thaxter away from their weeping friends. Before the "Richmond" was out of sight the "Cimbria" reached the wharf. On board the gallant Foster discovered a fair friend with whom his heart yearned to speak. He therefore went on board of the steamboat, and was soon bending o'er her in an attitude of intense devotion. Alas, the time passed so quickly! Rand, on the wharf, had been watching Foster's infatuation with some uneasiness, for he feared that the sole stay and support of Miss Hubbard might be carried away to his native city. At last the ropes were thrown off, and the "Cimbria" began to move. Rand's fear found words. — "John, oh, John!" he called in tones of wild entreaty. John looked up, and in a moment grasped the horror of the situation. Like a hunted deer he rushed madly over the deck, down stairs, and reached the gangplank. It was gone, and a wide space of water lay between him and the wharf! He then fled madly to the stern, just in

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time to reach the wharf by a bold leap. Foster was saved! He was joyfully received by his friends who had almost given him up for lost. — Rand decided to spend the day at Southwest, as Foster, his sole companion, had privately informed him that he was going on an all day excursion, and under these circumstances camp life did not offer many attractions. Foster was then rowed to Gilpatrick's Cove by Rand and H. L. Rand and left to find his way home by land. Rand then joined a boating party up the Sound, the pleasure of which was only marred by the excessive heat. He dined at the Island House. In the afternoon he went on a very select excursion to Somersville in the steam launch "Herald." The host, the Rev. Mr. Reed, provided Bar Harbor ice cream and ginger ale for his guests, a new feature in a S.W. Harbor excursion. The party had a picnic supper on the S.W. point of Little Cranberry, and returned to S.W. Harbor about ten o'clock. Rand rowed back to camp against a strong east wind and a heavy sea.

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Before retiring he had the pleasure of preparing all the tents for a windy night. The pious Foster was already reposing on his many mattresses, and gave no sign of life.

Foster had spent the day with the Hubbard party as usual. In the morning he remained at the house, and took his dinner at their table. In the afternoon he went sailing in the "Junco" with them, and had the satisfaction of seeing Rand pass by in the "Herald." They all returned in time for supper, rowing down the harbor through the calm water. In the evening Foster went rowing with Miss Hubbard, and returned to camp about ten o'clock.

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— Tuesday, August 19<sup>th</sup> —

Pleasant, clear; cloudy with fog. Wind E. to S.E.

A quiet, uneventful day. Foster as usual spent all his time with Miss Hubbard and Miss Hall, while Rand pensively sat in the parlor tent. The only variation in this programme for the campers was that Foster went up Brown Mt. in the morning without his fair friends, while Rand rowed to the Post Office in the afternoon. In the afternoon Foster went to sail with his friends in the "Junco." Rand read and wrote all day. In the evening the fog was very dense. Rand stayed at the house a little while, and then returned to his reading at camp. Foster sat round the office fire for some time, and then played the entertaining game of letters until bed time. This was a great night for sleeping.

In the morning Foster and Rand received a visit from Maude '81 who is staying at the house. In the afternoon Rand received Davis '85 and Bemis '84 who came to visit the camp.

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In the morning Foster and Rand received a visit from Maude '81 who is staying at the house. In the afternoon Rand received Davis '85 and Bemis '84 who came to visit the camp.



— Wednesday, August 20<sup>th</sup> —

Fog; pleasant; fog. Wind S.E., S.W., S.E.

The campers overslept this morning, and were consequently late to breakfast. Foster rowed Miss Hubbard and Miss Hall to S.W. Harbor to buy candy, an expedition which occupied him all the morning. Rand continued his reading and writing in camp. In the afternoon Foster stayed in camp most of the time and wrote letters. Rand varied this by a row to the Post Office. Late in the afternoon the campers had a very pleasant call from the Bishop. — In the evening Foster remained at the house until a very late hour, probably occupying the dark corner lately vacated by Wakefield. Rand read desperately in camp, and finished his book. He then wrote a little, and retired at an early hour.

Night very warm in spite of the fog.

During the afternoon both the campers were in demand at the float, for Mrs. Hubbard and the infant Paul got into much difficulty with their boat, both getting off and coming in, on account of the extremely low tide.

Wednesday, August 20th

Fog; pleasant; fog. Wind S.E., S.W., S.E.

The campers overslept this morning, and were consequently late to breakfast. Foster rowed Miss Hubbard and Miss Hall to S.W. Harbor to buy candy, an expedition which occupied him all the morning. Rand continued his reading and writing in camp. In the afternoon Foster stayed in camp most of the time and wrote letters. Rand varied this by a row to the Post Office. Late in the afternoon the campers had a very pleasant call from the Bishop. — In the evening Foster remained at the house until a very late hour, probably occupying the dark corner lately vacated by Wakefield. Rand read desperately in camp, and finished his book. He then wrote a little, and retired at an early hour.

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Thursday, August 21.

Fog; pleasant; fog

In the morning the campers bade each other an affectionate farewell for the day, as Foster was to drive to Bar Harbor with Mrs. and Miss Hubbard, Miss Stale and Messrs. Maude & Crafts. The party drove out from the fog into clear sunshine which attended them till they were well on their homeward trip. The excursion was very pleasant and successful.

At Bar Harbor the excursionists fell in with the S. W. Harbor party who have sometimes figured in these annals. They returned about 6 o'clock.

Meanwhile Rand spent a calm and quiet day in expectation of a visit from his brother Harry. He came not, however, and Rand was obliged to vary

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the dreary monotony of the day by devoting the evening to a terrific combat with a giant spider. On Foster's return from the house at an hour comparatively early for him, he found the hero trembling with excitement yet flushed with victory, brandishing the corpse of his victim on a spear improvised from a match. Both campers then sought what rest could come to them after the strain of such an event.

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Friday August 22.  
Foggy. occasional rains; wind variable.

Rand waked at an early hour and roused Foster who was to repeat his expedition of the previous day in company with Miss Hubbard and Mrs. Stade to escort the latter lady to Bar Harbor to take the steamer for Campobello. The cause of Rand's early waking was doubtless the excitement which is common to all youth on their birthdays, for this was his natal morn-  
On Foster's return from Bar Harbor he found Mr. Harry Rand celebrating his brother's anniversary by a fraternal visit. He afterwards took him to sail to the mouth of the harbor and returned to dine with the campers. During the meal the mail brought to Rand many

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tokens of remembrance of the happy event which the day commemorated; and the recipient spent the afternoon acknowledging them. Foster meanwhile slept, and spent two quiet hours on the hotel piazza, returning to camp just in time to be under shelter from a tremendous thunder storm. The campers lay in Rand's tent, smoked cigarettes, and listened to the continuation [?] of the elements meanwhile settling the political future of the nation.

A deed of Christian charity remains to be recorded. After supper Rand rowed to service at the Chapel. Foster remained at the house. On his return to camp at an early hour he passed by unheeding the pail which he had brought from camp to fill, and went

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to bed. Rand, returning later, thirsted. Putting his head into the sleeper's tent, he gave vent to loud manifestations of disappointment at finding no water there, and then started for the pump, seized the pail, and returned with a supply of water — a deed for which his fellow camper blesses him; and, if he is always thus affected on his birthday, I wish fervently: Many happy returns of the day!

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Saturday August 23.

Foggy; Wind S. to S.W.

In the morning Rand sought the quiet of the tent, Foster that of the house till 9.30 when he went with Miss Hubbard and Mr. Maude to play tennis with Miss Hopkinson. The grass was very wet but nevertheless several very pleasant sets were enjoyed. The party returned in time for dinner.

In the afternoon Rand became disgusted with the weather, and started with a book for the north side of Brown's mountain, where he found sunshine and comfort. Foster sat on the piazza, and rowed with Miss Hubbard and Mr. Crafts to Gilpatrick's. In the evening he played whist at the house, while Rand

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

Pleasant, clear, and bright. Wind strong N.W. - very squally. Evening very cold.

The campers hailed clear skies with the greatest joy after the days of foggy weather, and Rand celebrated by arising at a very early hour. Soon after breakfast both Foster and Rand started for church, reaching the chapel in time to secure a front seat. The service was particularly interesting as it was the last Sunday that the Bishop was to preach this summer. After service Foster returned to the house, while Rand made a short call on the Bishop. After dinner Rand returned to camp and was soon deep in packing, while Foster revolved a while at the house. Later in the afternoon Foster started to row to Southwest Harbor to take supper with a fair friend. Outside of the harbor, however, he found the wind too much for him, and after a tremendous struggle with the waves, he came back to camp in disgust. It took him one hour to

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reach Gilpatrick's Ledge, so that the chances of his reaching Southwest Harbor before midnight were so slight that it was well that he returned. After supper Rand and Foster walked to the Post Office, and returned by the way of the schoolhouse cross road. They then remained at the house for some time, and returned to camp about ten o'clock. The night was very cold indeed, and blankets and overcoats were in great demand.

During the afternoon Rand had written a few letters and had packed up nearly all his belongings, and his tent is consequently a scene of desolation. The campers received a visit from Mr. Curtis, who came to ask Rand some botanical questions.

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

Pleasant, clear, cool. Wind strong N.W., shifting to S.W. later in the day.

At breakfast time the campers were seen wending their weary way houseward laden with overcoats, hand bags and other small articles. These were deposited at the house, - the first outward sign of the fall of Camp Asticou. After breakfast Rand waited at the house for some time to see Captain Savage, but was not able to find him. Soon after nine o'clock both campers were hard at work, and tent after tent fell before them. By twelve o'clock the field was the scene of wildest confusion; tents, furniture, trunks, mattresses, etc were scattered over the site of Camp Asticou in every direction. This confusion it then became the aim of the campers to mend. The worthy Mr. Crafts, Capt. Roberts one boarder, came to camp early in the morning, and helped the campers in many ways. He carried a number of things to the workshop.

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aired the bunting on the flagpole, and aroused a band of hornets by throwing boards on their nest. About noon he became weary and departed leaving the campers alone in their glory. At dinner time Foster and Rand were weary. They found packing the tents anything but a pleasure, and sincerely wished the whole camping outfit would take unto itself wings and fly away. They enjoyed their dinner, however, and gained renewed strength therefrom. After dinner Rand had an interview with Capt. Savage, and obtained permission from him to store the tents and mattresses in one of the attic chambers at the house. Work then began again, and continued for about an hour only interrupted by a short call from Mrs. Rand who was taking the 22 mile drive. About half past three the work of carrying trunks, tent bags, and mattresses to the house began. As Capt. Savage's horse was sick all the transportation had to

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be done on a crazy old wheelbarrow under the charge of John Savage. Foster began with a mighty spurt, and wheeled Rand's trunk to the house. As soon as he had done this glorious deed he felt tired all over, and departed to make a call at Southwest, sailing over in the "Junco" with Miss Hubbard and Fred Savage. Rand then exerted all his muscle and cleared the camp field of everything. About five o'clock he received a brief call from H.L. Rand, who had sailed over in his sailboat. Foster returned to a late supper. The wind went down very inconsiderately and the "Junco" had to be rowed much of the way home. It is reported by an observer that it was very touching to see Miss H. and Foster toiling at the same oar! After supper Foster and Miss Hubbard went to the Post Office. Rand also rowed over to the Post Office, and on the way home called on the Hopkinses. On his return he found Foster and Miss Hubbard sitting before the fire in the Office. He joined them for a short

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time, and then retired, for he was exceedingly weary. Foster soon followed him. The two campers then tried to find rest in room No. 7, and succeeded after a fashion. They were, however, much disturbed by tumult in Miss Hubbard's room next door, which lasted until a late hour.

Just before the fall of camp the campers received a short call from Dr. Harwood, who wished to inspect the sleeping arrangements.

Briefly stated the property of the C.S. is stored as follows:

The tents in three bags, the bunting, the nine mattresses, one pillow, and Rand's chair are in Capt. Savage's attic.

The tent poles, tent pegs, furniture, and small articles are in the loft of the workshop on the wharf.

The boards, and the remains of all primitive furniture are in the bushes east of the steep path.

The oil can is in charge of Capt. Savage at the house.

(For a full statement see page )

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The boards, and the remains of all primitive furniture are in the bushes east of the steep path.

The oil can is in charge of Capt. Savage at the house.

(For a full statement see page )



104.  
Tuesday, August 26<sup>th</sup>

Rain. Wind S.

Rand and Foster passed the morning in the workshop storing away a part of the C.S. camping outfit in the loft. The articles stored there are as follows:

Roll of Matting, 6 beds, 6 camp stools, five sets of tent poles, 2 arm chairs, Rocking chair, camp table, Bag of tent pins, a Barrel containing - 3 wooden pails.

1 Lamp, 2 burners etc.

Tacks.

Ball of yarn

Blacking and brush

Candles.

Hatchet

3 Candle sticks

1 China mug.

1 tin "

2 tin cups

4 tin basins

2 cakes soap

Clothes hooks

The afternoon was spent by each camper in his own peculiar way. In the evening both took part in a grand discussion.

Tuesday, August 26th

Rain. Wind S.

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The afternoon was spent by each camper in his own peculiar way. In the evening both took part in a grand discussion.

Foster departed on the "Sebenoa" Wednesday afternoon, August 27<sup>th</sup>, leaving many sorrowing hearts behind him.

Rand remained until Friday, August 29<sup>th</sup>, when he departed by the "Richmond."

The Harwoods, the Yale man and family departed on Thursday, August 28<sup>th</sup>.

Here follow some of Thaxter's  
photographs.

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photographs.





[photo]

Bear Island Light  
from the West



Hadlock's Brook.  
looking up stream from the old dam  
at the brook's mouth.

[photo]

Hadlock's Brook  
looking upstream from the old dam  
at the brook's mouth.





North East Harbor and the Cranberry Isles  
from the mountain road at the "lower pond" bars.

[photo]

North East Harbor and the Cranberry Isles  
from the mountain road at the "lower pond" bars.



Hadlock's Upper Pond - Eastern shore,  
from near the bridge at the outlet.

[photo]

Hadlock's Upper Pond - Eastern Shore  
from near the Bridge at the outlet.





Hadlock's Upper Pond. [N.E. shore, with  
from near the bridge Sargent's Mountain]  
at the outlet.

[photo]

Hadlock's Upper Pond [N.E. shore, with  
from near the bridge Sargent's Mountain]  
at the outlet.



Jordan's Pond and "the Bubbles."  
from the path to the South shore.

[photo]

Jordan's Pond and "the Bubbles."  
from the path to the South shore.





"The Shore road:" Eastern shore of  
N.E. Harbor.

[photo]

"The Shore road:" Eastern shore of  
N.E. Harbor.



A bit of the mtn. road in the woods of  
"The Pass."  
Looking downhill to the Northward.

[photo]

A bit of the mtn. road in the woods of  
"The Pass."  
Looking downhill to the Northward.