



DIARY OF TRIP TO GRAND MANAN (ST. JOHN)

August 19, 1880 - August 30 (?)

"This grand ocean excursion is composed of Stanley and Gaylord, both of New York City."

We left Narrangansett Pier at 7:15 a.m. and after a dusty ride reached Boston at 11:00. On our arrival we went directly to the Parker House, where we left our bags and got a room. Thence we went to Commercial Wharf and engaged a stateroom and got our tickets. The afternoon was spent loafing around the hotel, as we had "done" Boston two years ago and did not care to "do" it again.

Friday morning we got up at 7:00, went down in the hotel coach to the boat. Soon after embarking we got under way. The sail down Boston Harbor was very pretty, though the morning was not very pleasant. Towards noon it began to clear, and the rest of the day was fine. Neither of us was seasick though Stan had an attack of summer complaint and had to keep rather quiet in consequence.

We took dinner (such as it was, and it was decidedly "such") and about 4:30 P.M. reached Portland. We went immediately ashore and after wandering around, hit upon the Eastern R. R. restaurant where we had a very poor supper, though we preferred it to supping on board the boat in that close, smelly saloon. Then we came back to the boat, and found Mr. Gerrick looking for us, as we were for him. We had a very pleasant talk with him till about 6:30 when we thought the boat was going to start, so he left, but as it happened it didn't start for 15 minutes.

We sat out on the forward deck till we got out of the harbor which, by the way, is very beautiful, and then we summoned up the cheek to go up on the upper deck where there was a sign forbidding passengers to go. After we got up there we saw the captain and asked him if there was any objection to staying for a little while. He told us very pleasantly that we could stay till 10 o'clock, and also asked us to come up into the wheel house on the morrow if it was pleasant. Staying up on deck till 9:30 we went below and turned in (not inside out). I woke up once or twice during the night, when a heavy sea would strike the paddle box on our side of the steamer and jar her a good deal. Our stateroom was just "abaft" the starboard box.

Early this morning we ran into a heavy fog, which has held all day and rather put a damper on our sightseeing. It was quite a novel experience to come into Eastport in the fog, for we had to be careful not to run down the

vessels and small fishing boats, which were numerous. After a good deal of dodging and slow steaming we reached Eastport, which place we decided to spend Sunday at instead of at St. John. We are situated at a pleasant hotel, the Passamaquoddy House. I don't want to say anything of Eastport until I have seen it under more favorable aspects, for I am afraid I should give it away most awfully.

Sunday, August 22nd

I must take back all that I have said about Eastport, for, arriving in a fog, and having a slight headache, and all the rest of the day unpleasant, it is hardly any wonder that I should not be favorably impressed.

We went to the Episcopal church in the morning as there was no Presbyterian church, and afterwards took a walk out to see some redoubts built by the British in 1810. From these we obtained a most beautiful view of Passamaquoddy Bay and all its pretty little islands, with Grand Manan stretching out into the distance. We spent the rest of the day in short walks not going any distance as I had a headache. In the evening we went to the Unitarian Church and heard a good sermon from Matt. 24-13.

August 23rd, Monday

We left Eastport today at 1 o'clock and arrived at Flagg's Cove Grand Manan about 4:00 o'clock. We went directly to the Marble Ridge Hotel kept by James a Pettes. Grand Manan seems to be a very pretty place and we shall manage to enjoy ourselves. I forgot to say that on the Steamer "William Stroud" we met a young man by the name of George B. Myer. I don't know exactly what to think of him. We have a room in the Northeast corner on the ground floor. The weather does not seem to be very cold up here.

Tuesday, August 24th, 1880

This morning Stan, Myer and myself went down to Southern Head, which is about 17 miles distant. Also there is located a light house, and also there are perpendicular cliffs which rise directly from the water to a height of 300 feet. In one place is the "Southern Cross" where the rocks have taken the shape of a cross. It is very odd and beautiful.

We went down under the cliffs where, at one point, there is a rope put there on purpose to make the descent. It is quite steep and consequently not very hard going down if one hangs on, but the climb up is pretty hard and tiring. (Twas said that many ships were wrecked on these cliffs, and so strong were the artic gales

that the shipwrecked sailors could climb these cliffs with the force of the winds holding them against the rocks.) The view of the cliffs upwards well repays one for the exertion.

Our horse deserves mention, for he had the strange, not to say pleasant habit of stopping in the middle of a hill, seeming to prefer the short ones, and letting the wagon back gently downwards. The sensation was both novel and peculiar. Also we must mention that we found when getting home that the collar galled the horse, and hence the stops.

Wednesday, August 25th

This morning we went down to the harbor to see if we could have a sail, but found that it was both too rough and the old salt was busy. So we engaged the boat for the afternoon. We then went out with this old man, named Dick Harrington who took us on a nice sail out to Long Island and back. We took in a good deal of water and got pretty wet.

The evenings pass slowly up here since we do not know anyone. This morning we walked around from near Fisher's Head to Swallowtail Light. We were under the cliffs most of the way. We went up to the light. It is a fixed light. We also made the acquaintance of the small son of the lighthouse keeper. He informed us that his name was Howard Kent, and that Harriet was his big sister who played the organ and sings.

Thursday, August 26th

This morning I took a long walk under the cliffs coming out by Whale Cove. This afternoon we drove over to see the Indians on the northwest shore where they camp. A young man, Mr. John Ingham of Pennsylvania, was going out in a canoe. He went with us, or rather we went with him for he had hired the wagon and we only went to drive it back. We saw the Indians skin and try out porpoises whereby they got some oil which is supposed to be very good. They come here every summer for three weeks for the porpoise hunting. It was interesting to watch them. On the way back we stopped and got some birch bark and Stanley cut two canes.

Friday, August 28th

Here we are at last on our homeward way. We left Grand Manan at 9:00 this a.m. on the "Wm. Stroud" and after four hours sail reached Eastport. There we took dinner and then went down to the boat. We were fortunate in getting a stateroom as not one was to be had this day. We had engaged ours last Monday and

then it was the last one from the Eastport agent. The steamer is very crowded, indeed one of the stewards said there were over 400 people on board and a great deal of freight. Inham Arnold (a fellow we met last Sunday at Eastport) and Myer are on board with us, and as they were unable to get staterooms we asked them to bunk with us. Ingham accepted and will have to sleep on the floor. Tonight as we were going to turn in as our stateroom is way up forward, we had to step over the women who could not get staterooms and had mattresses in the saloon. While I was slowly making my way up to our room, followed by Stanley and Ingham, when I had gotten half of the way up I had to step completely over one woman, and just as I was in the act of looking where to put my lifted foot the steamer gave a big lurch and over I went down upon another woman. I was up in a minute, making the most profuse apologies. She turned out to be a real old Irish biddie, and was more probably provoked at being awakened out of a sound sleep in such a manner than injured, as I inferred from the way she expressed herself. She called for the captain and the head steward and also branded the whole set of "yees as big divils," and swore she would never come on the boat no more. It was very rough during the night, with a high sea. Many were seasick, not more than 100 came up for breakfast.

Saturday, August 28th

This morning coming out of our stateroom we learned that the steamer had not reached Portland on time - it was now 7:30 - and she should have made it, if on time, at 4:30. We also found out she could not make Boston until 10 p.m. and therefore that we could get a ticket to Boston by rail from Portland for \$1.50. Our ticket from the S.S. company we would have exchanged, or rather, we didn't for they gave us back our S.S. tickets for through some mistake they had not been properly punched. We took the 8:40 a.m. train from Portland intending to connect at Boston at 2:00 p.m. for the Pier, but our train was three-quarters of an hour late and we were obliged to wait in Boston until 5:30 p.m. We took dinner and soon afterwards the train, and about quarter after 9:00 p.m. found ourselves once more at the Pier, and among friends. I found out two things on this trip which made me extremely happy. The first is that I was not at all sea sick and don't think it is the nature of this beast. The second is that I can keep an account correctly.

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ACCOUNTS

Account book	\$.10	Fixing lamp	\$.15
Stateroom	1.00	Expressman	.40
Times	.06	Pears	.10
Novel	.15	Stage fare	.10
Stamps, paper	.26	Ammonia, vichy	.10
Ticket to Boston	2.30	To Mother	.25
Boat to St. Johns	8.50	Cake	.10
Telegram	.25	Warm air	.40
Supper	.40 and .20	Chiropodist	1.50
Dinner	.75	Milk	.10
Porter	.10	Baggage	.50
Cards	.20		
Blacking boots	.10	<u>PRIVATE</u>	
Porter	.12	Candy	\$1.00
Collection	.10	Carriage	.10
Blacking boots	.10	Tennis ball	.50
Small boy	.05	Mother	.80
Fee to waiter	.12	Nectie	.65
Novel at Portland	.10	Seidlitz powder	.05
Children	.05	Nectie	.50
Soda water	.10	Ice cream	.50
Carriage	.25	Ammonia, vichy	.10
Collection	.50		
Carriage	.45	Price of Racine, Wis. boat:	
Pool (rainy day) .40, .40	.25	13½' long, 28" wide, depth 11½"	
Carriage	1.25	\$75.00	(amidship)
Drawing room seats	7.00		
Picture	.50		
Soda	.15		

