

and an interesting population, above the average. The fisherman's stakes, boats, weirs, and nets, and themselves included, form picturesque objects, skirting the bays and coves where their comfortable houses are built. The green untrodden roads—so unpeopled is the place—are inexpressibly delightful. They cross to charming points of view, where we look out at the sea stretching distantly, gaze at Grand Menan, or see the indented shore lying prettily like a map at our feet. The stretches are noble. To the north, by Wilson's Reserve, a broad sound shows like a mighty river. From Friar's Head—a bold point jutting out into the inland waters—we see two broad sheets going up into the mainland, intersected by Eastport and islets of secluded aspect with old houses, the fine town of Lubec nobly seated at the narrows.

“But the charm is in the seclusion, cheerfulness, the mild ocean air which surrounds this attractive island.

“Numberless rocky headlands of picturesque form and bold heights enclose beaches and caves, and inlets deep embayed bisect the land. There are deciduous trees at Bunker Hill, beneath which it is delightful to wander, and