

lands, and soon approached the promontory of Bass Head, the southern point of Mount Desert. We sailed past it, into Southwest Harbour for the superb view, and saw the Mount Desert Hills rising grandly before us, while Some's Sound, that wonderfully pretty sheet of water, its calm clear blue contrasting with the "tumultuous sea" outside—"the rough green plain that no man reaps,"—ran, straight and narrow, far into the island between bold, high cliffs, like a Norwegian fiord, we who have never seen a fiord confidently assert.

Passed between the Cranberry Islands and Bear Island Light.

Made Bar Harbour at 5 P. M., and were speedily visited by troops of friends. The historiographer would gracefully excuse himself from a description of the magnificent scenery of Mount Desert. For information which he has the discretion to omit, he would refer future perusers of this Log to artists known to fame and many authors of repute.

He is aware that he has omitted to mention various points of interest along this attractive Maine coast, and he would say, in apology, that but nineteen summers have passed over his head, and that he has been too much interested in playing piquet with Miss. Doane, to tear him away from that charming amusement, and devote himself to the dreary labour of making nautical and geographical observations.

The voyage has been all sunshine and gladness.

We do not design to exhibit the swiftness of our craft, as the sailing powers of the Idlewild have long since been proven, but have wished merely to sail here and there at the will of our fair passengers. That our return voyage may be as happy, is our devout hope.

In conclusion, it may be well to mention that there has been an entire immunity from sea-sickness, although Mr. Richard Morton dined one day upon deck, making an entire repast upon one lemon.