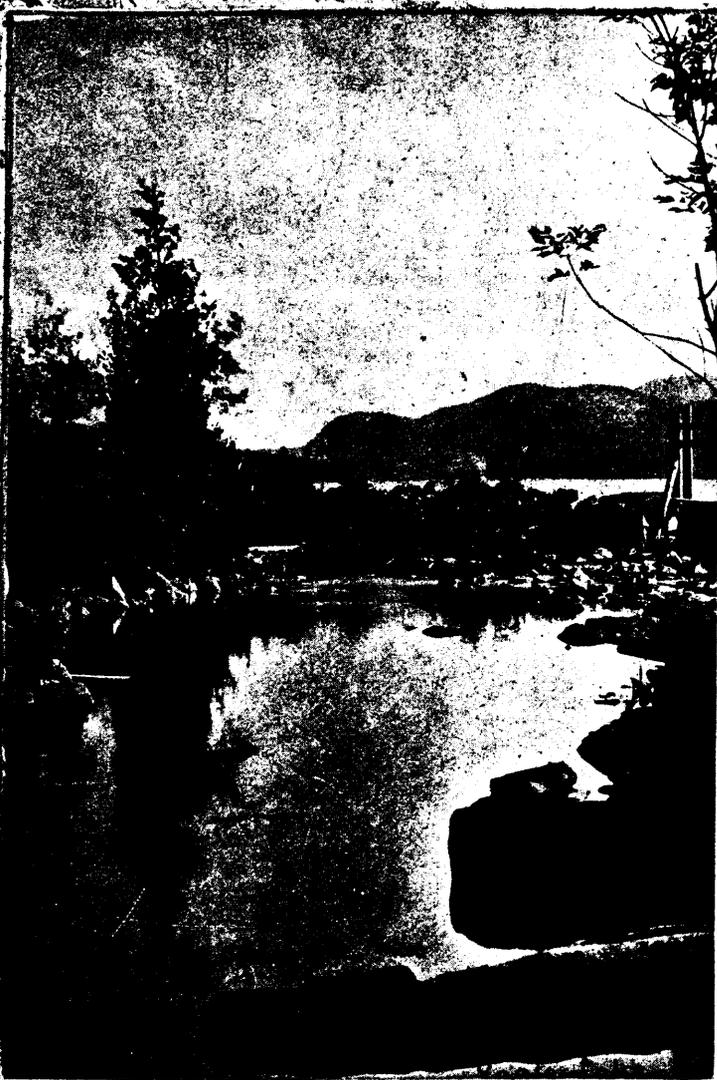


RED AND BLUE PENCIL

CHERRYFIELD, Sept. 11th, 1891.

DEAR DOMINION,—

To cultivate and keep a wise good fellowship is part of our proper concern; Maine, New Brunswick, Quebec—in fact Canada, touch; therefore they should not be touchy.



EAGLE LAKE

led distance of the sea, so caressingly balmy the closing of ripple on the beach, we felt as much exhilaration as was consistent with wakefulness. We did not notice, as the *Sapho* glided toward the Island City, that all signs portended the coming of a spirit more comfortable in his approach than in his presence. But when the morning broke, from his bald crown down to the seaward margin, "*L'Isle de Monts Deserts*" was capped with sea-fog and swathed with rain; and we were obliged to forego the pleasures of rustication, leaving to some selecter season the eyrie of Flying Mountain, and the romantic glen of Duck Brook.

After all, the chief spell this witching place exercised upon us was from afar. The sorcery vanished at touch of that word whose countervailing splendours are focussed at Bar Harbor. It was on that glorified Tuesday of our return, when skirting the beautiful Sullivan shore—by that road which, before it plunges suddenly into the woods, holds a fascinating bewilderment of sea and land in prospect,—that we saw it bathed in that peculiar radiance that comes when and whence we

He wondered at the land I loved,
And planned the social trip with me
Home to my native Acadie.

But when the panorama had glided by, and the forest had closed about us, we fell—my muse and I—into the following metrical quantity:

MOUNT DESERT.

For a smack of the wave and a breath of the forest,
For the laugh of the stream and the sheen of the sea,
I turn, Mountain Isle, where thou shinest and soarest,
And find all of grandeur and beauty in thee!
Break, break on her cliffs, all ye surges of ocean!
Ye cloudy piles, sweep o'er her turrets of stone!
Ah, how can I stand without awe or emotion,
Where Nature has builded her palace and throne!

Thou tarn of the eagle, mid mountains uplying;
Thou organ of Neptune—Anemone Cave;
Thou Mount of the Winds, where the torn mist is flying.
For me your delights and austerities save!
The changelings of folly, O how can they know thee!
Thou frownest, encroached on by fopling and flirt;
But the wise shall the wreath of their praises bestow thee,
And ring out thy glories, O wild Mount Desert!

This may do for a song, rough-hewn; but who can retire satisfied who has not at the least attempted a sonnet?

CHANGE ON MOUNT DESERT.

How changed since Cartier knew thee, since
Thy shores beheld Champlain!—*Roberts.*

How changed the scene, where this majestic isle,—
Fondled of ocean, greets th' presiding sky,
With firm-built wall and mountain dome on high,
And turrets as of some cathedral pile,
Lit up by sun and sea and summer's smile,—
Since first it won Champlain's adventurous eye;
Or Argall's murderous caraval drew nigh
This Eden* o' th' woods with blood t' defile.
Here,—where are reared the homes of Wealth and Pride,
Where Fashion leads abroad her glittering train,
And Care seeks solace of the summer seas,—
The Jesuit Fathers came at eventide,
Waking these wilds with prayer and chanted strain,—
Charmed by the waves' perpetual litanies.

But Fathers Biard and Massé, except as "blessed ghosts," are not now wanted here. La Saussaye might retire farther into the woods than when Argall was upon him; and Quentin or Du Thet must look with wondering eyes on this "Pride of the Summer Sea," with its two hundred costly palaces; its 40,000 visitors; its eighteen great hotels; its homes, marts, churches and pleasure houses; its bay dotted with fleets and navies. The past is well buried under the present, and it requires a poet to breathe the wish:

Fall softly, blossoms of the Century-tree!
Long would we keep our Isle's historic fame;
Teach thy blue waves to whisper, faithful sea,
St. Savior's ancient name?

OPINIONS.

He said: "The opinions of everybody used to engage a great deal of my credulous attention. Tom and Dick and Harry, were Thales and Solon and Solomon, to me. Dullness, conceit, presumption and ignorance stood transfigured in my estimation. Did he not say so? Was not the assertion broadly made? Has he not the confidence of his opinion? I am being gradually weaned away from these precious follies of my youth, and the former condition of my mind is wearing from me, since I have found it erring and unprofitable. "*Vox Populi*" is now growing to be the voice of people worth listening to, whose intrinsic thoughts commend themselves, whether from known or unknown; and "*Vox Dei*" is in no other case the voice of the people than as it is the voice of such people, thinking and feeling rightly, and speaking because they strongly think or deeply feel. As for opinions, myself, of course, shall be judge as to their worth and validity to me. Can any one else do other than help me to judge?"

He said so!

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he hath obtained this independent wisdom, this competency of judgment?

The same man also said of our vocations: "Depend upon it, my friends, our work is, in the manner of its accomplishment, an exposition of ourselves. The thing done, and the manner of doing it, must appear as a record of character, eloquently proclaiming what manner of men we are. It tells us whether it was for love we wrought, or for pay. And if into what we do, be it in itself ever so

* Eden is the name of the town, or township, of which Bar Harbor is the all-attractive centre.

know not,—"the consecration and the poet's dream." We wondered if ever the Norsemen were indeed there; and what the old voyager, whose name is so inexpungably written on this continent, would say now, could he sail hither. We loitered, in thought, about the dewy vale of St. Sauveur, where first the Cross was planted and the Frankish lilies waved, and breathed our ineffectual malediction on the brutal Argall, by whose murderous fire,—

"Beneath his shattered cross,
Du Thet, the gallant, sleeps."

We mused of our friend by the Pennamaquan, who counted the Lamoine and Eden coasts a Paradise without the snake:

He praised Mount Desert's craggy shores,
Her woody vales and leaf-hid rills;
I matched Somes' Sound with the Bras d'Ors,
And Kebo with the Ardoise Hills,—
Till, with a kindred ardor moved,

MOUNT DESERT.

Last week we set foot on the craggy shore of the Desert Isle,—which, for a solitary place, is still well populated. Our coming was ill-timed for the tourist's purpose,—for we were there on duty,—but we picked up such sweet crumbs as fall by the wayside as we went along. And, mark you, there is manna falling in every desert. We went thither in a sort of golden haze, and by a coast of enchantment. So strong was the air with the odor of pine, so clear and resonant was it, so sheeny the enamel-