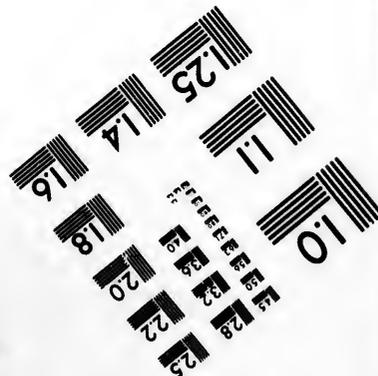
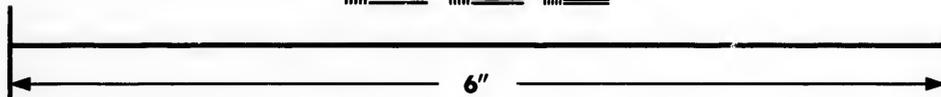
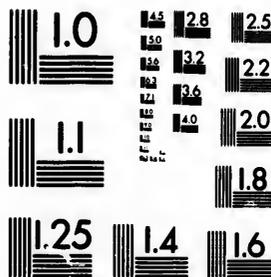


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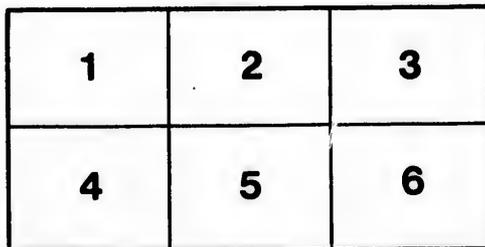
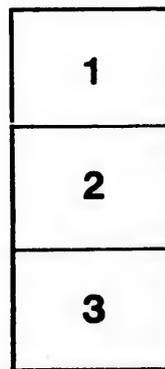
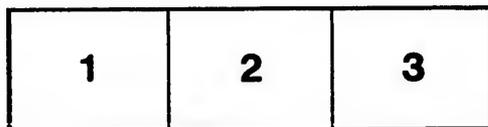
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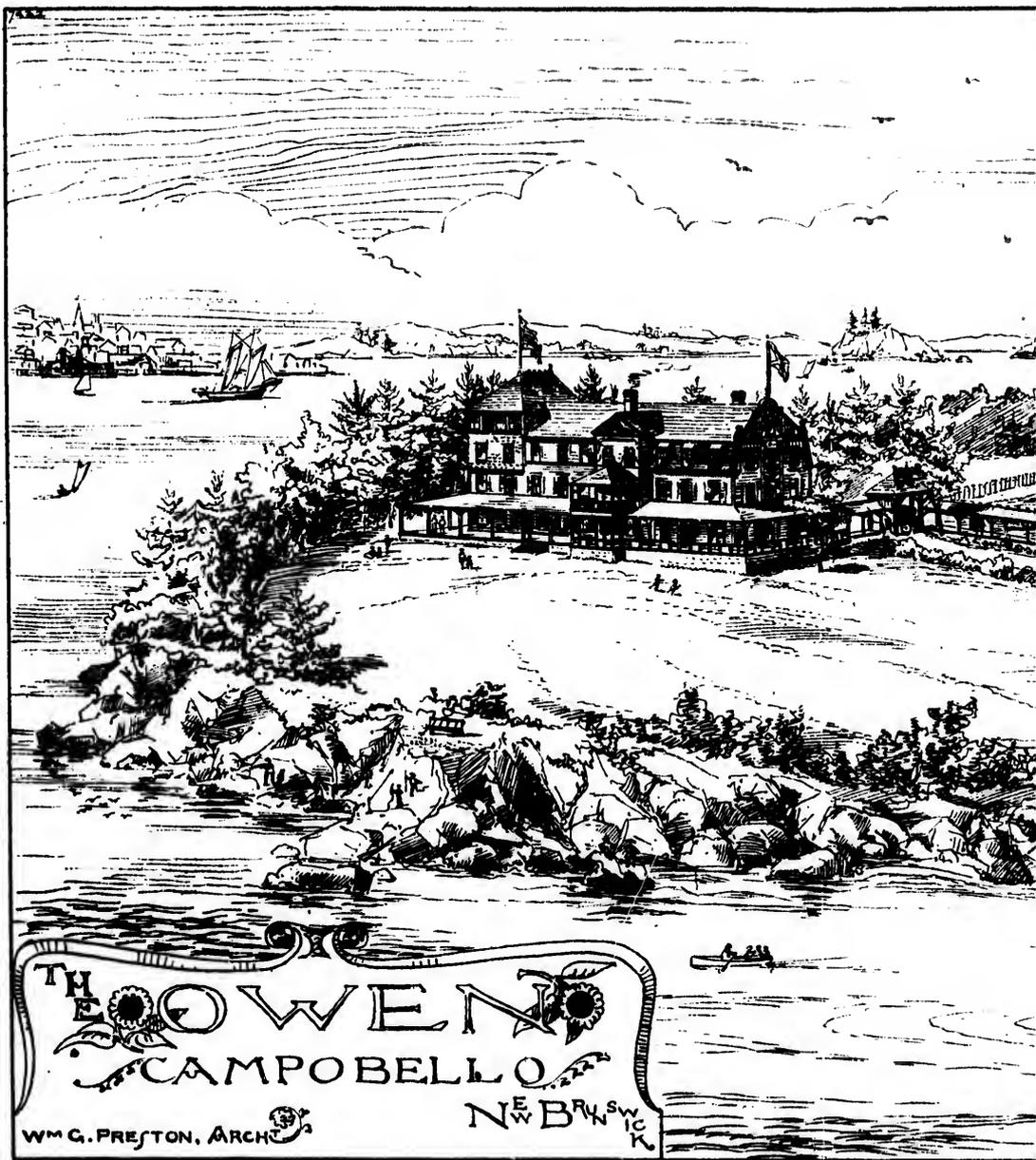
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THE GOWEN
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CAMPOBELLO ISLAND.

THE island of Campobello lies in Passamaquoddy Bay, about seventy miles north-east of Mount Desert, and is distant about three miles from Eastport in the State of Maine. It is about ten miles long, from two to three miles wide, and has an area of upwards of twenty square miles, and a circumference of thirty miles. To the south-east lies the open ocean, only here and there broken by islands and reefs; while to the north lie the embayed waters of Passamaquoddy, thickly sown with islands of great and varied beauty. Beyond these islands the eye ranges away over the rounded hills of Maine and New Brunswick.

The island is irregular in shape, and its shores abound in exquisite details of scenery. There are coves, beaches, chasms, and deep inlets. The shores are rock-bound, and giant cliffs overhang the sea for many miles.

Campobello Island.

The surface of the island is broken; and the hills, many of them very abrupt, are covered with a dense growth of firs and larches, and are interesting and picturesque.

The roads, for the most part, are smooth and pleasant. More than thirty miles have been built; and the drives in every direction are delightful.

Since the year 1767 to the present time the property has been in the hands of an English family. It has been treated as an English estate, the land being leased to tenants, chiefly fishermen and farmers, who have built their own dwellings, and pay a ground-rent annually. There are about thirteen hundred tenants, most of them industrious and thrifty.

In June, 1881, the island was purchased by a few New York and Boston gentlemen, who organized the Campobello Company, with a capital of one million dollars. The organization of the company is as follows: viz., —

Incorporators. — QUINCY A. SHAW, HENRY L. HIGGINSON, FRANCIS B. BEAUMONT, ALEXANDER S. PORTER, EDWARD C. PIKE.

Campobello Island.

3

President. — SAMUEL WELLS.

Treasurer. — FRANCIS B. BEAUMONT.

General Manager. — ALEXANDER S. PORTER.

Directors. — SAMUEL WELLS of Boston, FRANCIS B. BEAUMONT of Boston, GEORGE A. GODDARD of Boston, ALEXANDER S. PORTER of Boston, EDWARD E. CHASE of New York.

As soon as the property was acquired, a new hotel called "The Owen" was built; and, though not opened till the latter part of August, there were four hundred guests registered when the house was closed Oct. 1.

"The Owen" was built upon the site of the residence of Admiral Owen, — the former owner of the island, — from plans drawn by William G. Preston of Boston. It stands, but a short distance from the water's edge, upon a thickly wooded headland jutting out into the bay; and the views in every direction are enticing. The plan of this pretty little inn is essentially Swiss, complete in all its appointments, and attractive to the eye both in interior and exterior.

Many new roads have been opened, a pier has been built, and many other minor improvements made.

A new and attractive house, to be called Tyn-y-coed, — meaning, in Welsh, “House in the Woods,” — is being erected, to be finished and ready for boarders June 1. It is pleasantly situated near the water’s edge on an eminence seventy-five feet above the level of the sea. It was planned by Messrs. Cummings and Sears of Boston, contains sixty sleeping-rooms, and is provided with all the comforts of a refined home. It will be supplied with an abundance of clear spring-water, and generous open fireplaces abound in profusion. On the first floor may be found a large parlor, dining-hall, and some cosy little card-rooms, beside numerous sleeping-rooms, and the housekeeper’s reception-room, all opening out upon broad piazzas, which almost surround the house.

The views from Tyn-y-coed are enchanting; and no one who has a sense of the beautiful in nature can fail to be deeply impressed.

The Campobello Company is in no sense a hotel-company. Its aim is rather to introduce this beautiful island — hitherto forbidden ground — to the world. Its first effort



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is necessarily to provide comfortable dormitories for those who come to explore the island. These dormitories are not unsightly and uncomfortable caravansaries, but, as has already been said, attractive, picturesque, and refined in all their appointments, — in fact, *homelike*; so that one may enjoy all the freedom of a wild, out-door, camping-out life, and yet, after a day of exploration or rock-climbing, come back to a *home*, and a good supper well cooked and well served.

It is the hope and aim of the Campobello Company to inaugurate a social cottage-life, where those who come to pass the summer may enjoy a quiet and retired life, made wholesome by the soft yet bracing air, never too hot, and seldom too cool.

A reservation of some eight hundred acres of fertile land near Tyn-y-coed has been carefully laid out by Professor F. W. Dean of Harvard College into areas of from two to six acres. All the improvements contemplated by the company will be on a liberal and comprehensive plan. Good drainage and an abundant supply of pure water are regarded as the first requisites. But nature has so asserted herself

here on every side, that every effort will be made to preserve the wild effects so lavishly bestowed.

Excursions, both near and remote, are too numerous to name; and weeks may be profitably passed in making explorations without having covered half the ground. The boating on the bay is unequalled. One may sail up the beautiful St. Croix, or again up the Denny, both of which rivers flow into the Passamaquoddy opposite Campobello. The charming Bay of St. Andrew's, and the Indian encampment at Pleasant Point, a few miles up the St. Croix, and the beautiful falls of the Denny River, are all points of intense interest. One may go to Grand Menan, ten miles distant, and explore its mighty cliffs, or sail to the Wolves, a few miles north-east of the island.

By steamer one may go to Mount Desert, St. Stephen, St. Andrew's, or St. John. Various lines of steamers centre at Eastport; and all points of interest in this wonderfully picturesque neighborhood are easily accessible.

The survey of the island was made last summer by Professors Shaler and Dean of Harvard University. Various subdivisions are now being made; and reduced copies of

the plans may be had at the office of the General Manager, Mr. Alexander S. Porter, No. 27 State Street, Boston, or at the company's office, Campobello, N.B.

The company is now prepared to offer land for sale ; and, as the whole property is to be laid out on one comprehensive system, suitable restrictions for the benefit of all will be placed upon each lot.

Floor-plans of "The Owen" and "Tyn-y-coed" may also be had of the general manager ; and application may be made to him for accommodations for the season. "The Owen" will admit of transient as well as permanent guests, while "Tyn-y-coed" will be reserved for those who wish to stay one week or more. Both these houses will be managed by competent persons, who will have at their command ample corps of well-trained servants.

Access may be had to Campobello by the steamers of the International Steamship Company, whose vessels make four or more trips per week during the summer season. They leave Commercial Wharf, Boston, at eight A.M. ; Portland, at six P.M. of the same days ; arriving at Eastport at nine A.M. the following mornings. By taking the 12.30

P.M. train *viâ* either the Eastern or the Boston and Maine Railroad, one arrives at Portland in ample time to connect with the steamer there.

By rail, go *viâ* Boston and Maine or Eastern Railroad to St. Stephen; thence by steamer down the St. Croix River to Eastport, or by carriage, a distance of twenty-eight miles. The route by steamer is preferable.

It is a well-known fact that Passamaquoddy Bay is remarkably free from fog. It is the mariner's paradise; and while a fog may be hanging over the Bay of Fundy, outside of the island, Passamaquoddy will be entirely free. It is a matter of record at the Signal Service Bureau that there is less fog at Campobello than at any other point east of the Penobscot.

It will no doubt be a matter of interest to many people to know that at Campobello one may find absolute relief from **HAY FEVER**. Ample evidence is at hand to prove it beyond question. This subject might be enlarged upon to an unlimited extent; and the manager is prepared to furnish all desired information.

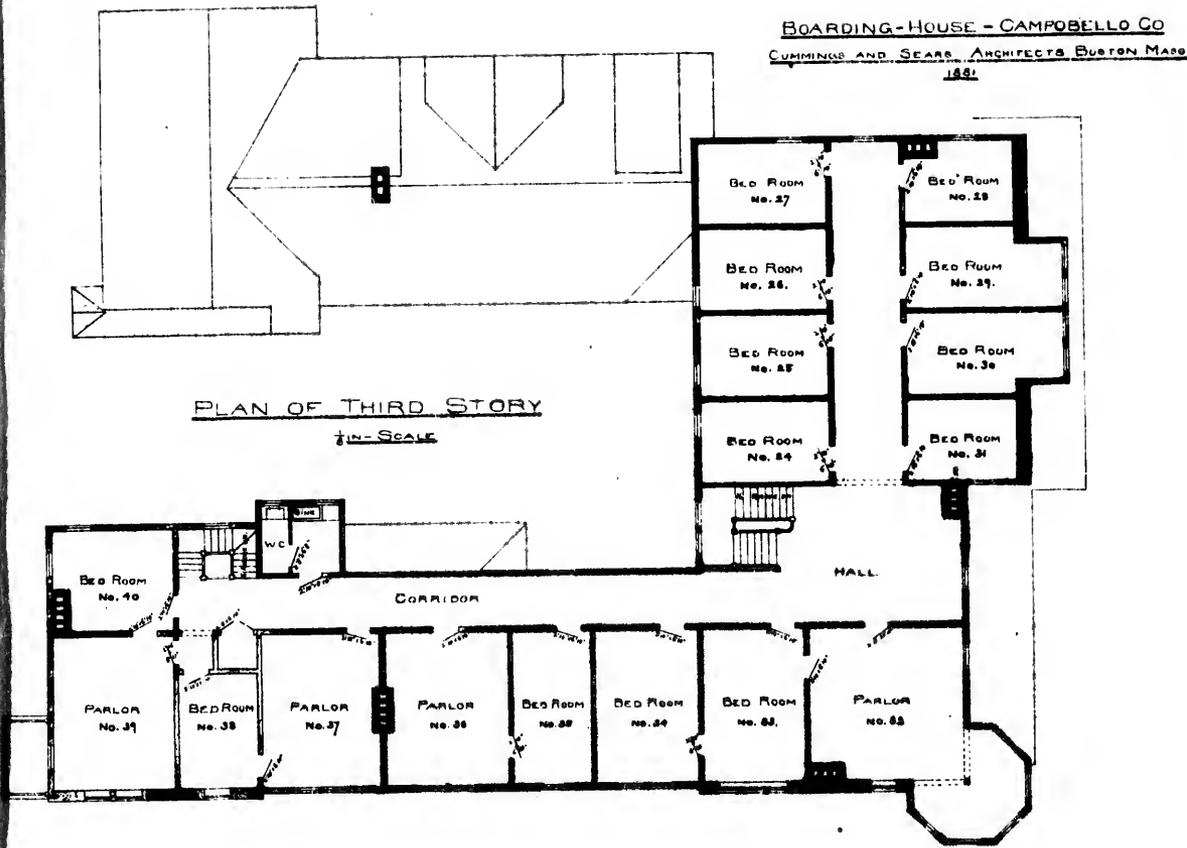
A cable has been laid to Eastport, and telegraphic communication may be had with all parts of the world.

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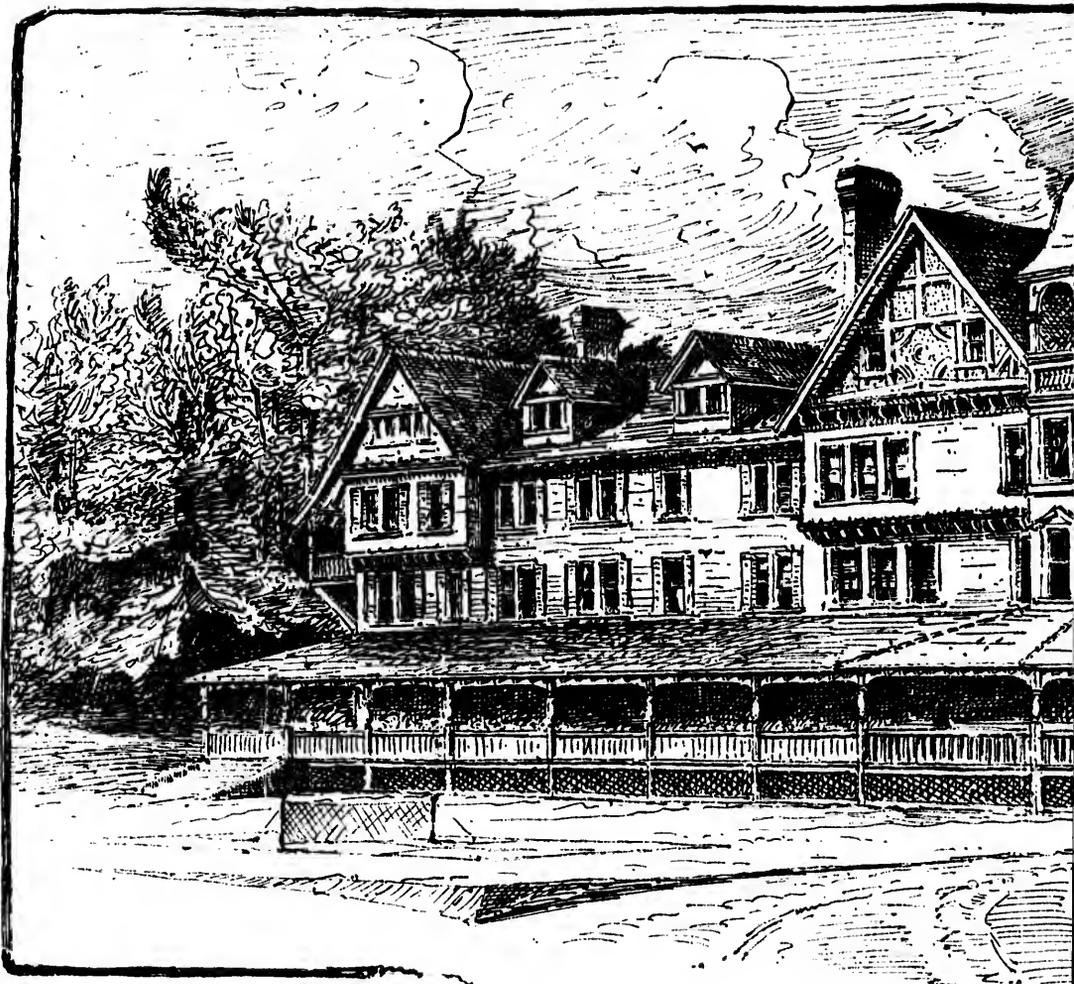
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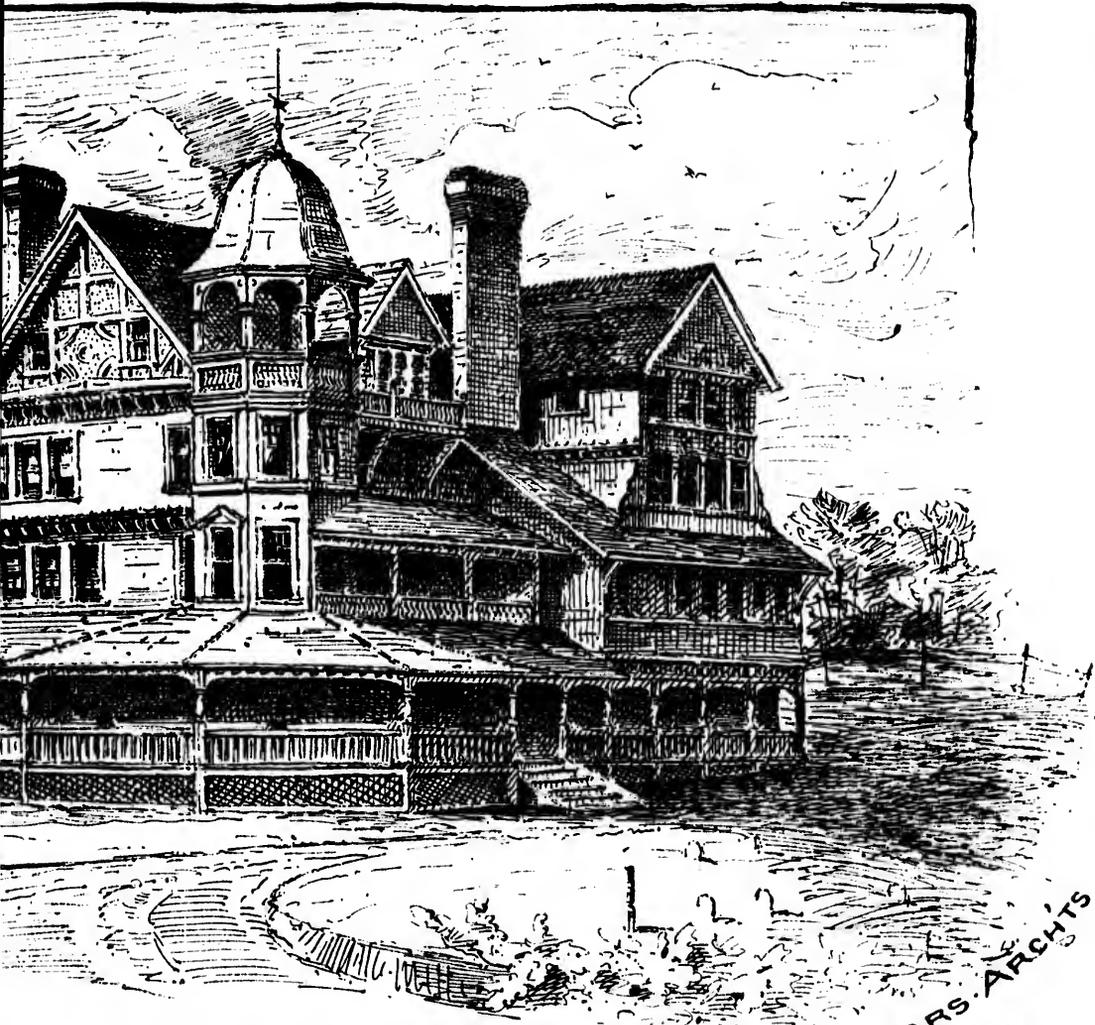


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In his "Impressions of Campobello," Mr. EDWARD A. SILSBEE says, —

"Instinct of race bends the American people to the Eastern shore. Here is moist air and repose. The dryness which parches and thins, is arrested. Excitement gives place to sedative and sympathetic air. Our people live at high pressure. Here is the sanitarium, the corrective. Baths of fog are as needful to the senses and the skin as the sun. They leave us with soothing sensations. One feels dipped in the sea, after these days, albeit it is too cold to bathe in, though they mean to use an inlet for that purpose. Here is the jumping-off place. We plunge into provincial quiet, gentle restorative to an overstrung race. We leave the United States. We travel.

"The Owen family held possession of Campobello for a hundred years, and left their traces in fine roads which cross the island, an old mansion-house, softened manners

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

grassy knolls and a sloping vale like Crusoe's, or Rasselas' land full of sylvan beauty.

“At hand lies the southern coast, one frowning mass of rock stretched facing the ocean, where the Atlantic wave has hollowed out many a picturesque chamber. The cheerful eminences are numerous. One winds and curves in the little domain ever on this green turf like a fairy, bordered by the rugged forest. It is a charm to view its picturesque wildness. One feels, not oppressed by nature, but drawn to her socially; for there is every variety of cove and field, hollow and dingle.

“The great tides rush against this island, and recede, leaving great masses of magnificent seaweeds, as if the ocean combed its hair there, and set its locks to dry. Grand spectacle is it to see the sea laid bare, its depths revealed, — to feel the salt brine seasoning every sense.

“The plan is to keep this island refined for healthful, simple living, a home of cottages and neighborly life, in the woods, on the bays along the shores, with their bold frontage on the sea.

“This tendency to Maine, therefore, and Nova Scotia,

has a reason deeper than caprice. The American people are coming to the ocean for moist air : otherwise they would become nervous, excited, and blow away. It is a sanitarium to the inland and to the coast itself, and unique on our border. Here we have a touch of dampness which we need, and an air like England or Norway, which made the old sea-kings, and nursed English history, of which we are the divided root. Our people are coming to the coast as naturally as birds migrate with the season. Instinct has led them there for health and recreation. Nor will there be a reflux tide ; for the inland needs the sea, which has always broadened and braced mankind, and made it great. Its motion is native to man, to kindle in him kindred emotions, and spur. He lives by its breath, and, if the great German people could have it, they would be greater than they are, and free. It is the element in man's progress, and feeds his imagination. Three-quarters of the globe are not to be left unploughed by him. Here we get its whiff, its depth, its motion, the majestic tides, the study of its hidden life, its genius, in perfection. We seem in a little camp, to be outside the rim, midway, ready to embark

for any region, material or immaterial, the impulse in us is so moving and so fresh, so vital is the air. A lover of nature, which is the modern religion, is left here to her caresses. He feels the sky, the sea, the woods, the land.

“An island is an inspiration: it is the stimulant of genius. Shakspeare felt it in ‘The Tempest,’ Defoe in ‘Crusoe,’ Plato in ‘Atlantis.’ We are taken up into the elements, and regain our own.

“We cast adrift from dull continents, embarked for some ethereal sphere. The sea surrounding is like a new atmosphere. It stimulates adventure in our very blood and bones, and runs along the current of our souls and thoughts. We are one with the world, the land under us, and sea and air wrapping us about. The most elemental poet that ever was, Shelley, was inspired by islands, and embarked on his world-surrounding verse.

“Sanitarium of sanitariums, the drift will continue; and, like the birds, the people will come, driven out from the interior, to settle on the shore. Planted in the sea, it breathes its air untainted, and all the Atlantic and the breath of the Gulf Stream make it sweet.”

MISS KATE HILLARD, in "The New York Tribune," says, —

"If the man who invents a new dish deserves the thanks of humanity, we should surely bestow a still larger measure of gratitude on the genius who discovers a new summer resort. To the veteran pleasure-seeker the old places soon become hackneyed. Newport and Saratoga are the city over again, whisked away on a magic carpet to a new location; the White Mountains and Mount Desert are too crowded with cockneyed tourists; even the Adirondacks have become stale. We long for fresh pastures, and we find them in Campobello, where every prospect pleases, and where even man is not as vile as usual. A steamer leaving Portland at six P.M. will bring you to Eastport about ten the next morning; and, as you sail up the beautiful Passamaquoddy Bay, the island of Campobello stretches away on your right, while far beyond you see the cliffs

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of Grand Menan. A little steamer takes you across to Welchpool in a few moments, and you are set down at the gates of what was until lately the estate of the Owen family, but is now owned by the Campobello Company, a party of Boston and New York gentlemen, who are building a hotel, laying out roads, and improving the advantages already provided by nature for making Campobello one of the most charming watering-places in the world. It has every thing a watering-place should have, including a history, not to mention legends of pirates and their hidden treasures.

“One of the earliest maps of the region was made by Cypnase Southac, said to be an English sea-captain, though his name would not indicate it; and in 1764 Sir Francis Bernard, governor of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, sent John Mitchell out to survey the St. Croix River by the aid of this map. Campobello was then called Passamaquoddy Island, and was granted to Captain William Owen of the Royal Navy in 1767. The Owen family have held it ever since, and they gave it the pretty and appropriate title it still bears. Two admirals adorned the

family tree; and a son-in-law of Admiral William Fitzwilliam Owen—Captain Robinson Owen, who took his wife's name—was the last British owner of Campobello. It formerly belonged to the jurisdiction of Nova Scotia, but passed under that of New Brunswick when the latter was established as a province. So much for its history; and, as for its legends, only the oldest inhabitant can do full justice to them. One of them tells of a strange wreck, lying far up in a little cove where no ship could be stranded now. The rotting timbers were old a century ago, and, strangest of all, there was no trace of iron in their fastenings. Thirty or forty tons was the capacity of the little vessel; and one cannot help wondering whether she were not one of the ships that bore the Northmen hither, and whether the 'Skeleton in Armor' might not, as a living warrior, have paced her storm-washed decks. More than fifty years ago men who claimed to be the descendants of buccaneers came over from Mount Desert, where their forefathers had settled, to dig on the shores of Campobello for a large iron chest full of Spanish doubloons, whose description and position had been carefully handed down

for generations. Old Admiral Owen found them at work, and they promised him a third of the treasure when they should find it, if he would allow them to continue their search. Years passed on, and they were still looking for the iron chest. The old admiral had passed away, and his son-in-law was watching their labors. One day he rode across the island to see how they were getting on, and they had gone. Only a deep excavation was left, at the bottom of which, said Captain Robinson Owen, was plainly to be seen the outlines of a large iron chest, marked out by the rust that had covered its sides. But the treasure was gone, and the pirates' sons and grandsons came no more to Herring Cove. Now only curiously colored pebbles are to be picked up on its shingly beach, rainbow-tinted or marked with singular lines and streaks.

“ You drive to Herring Cove through miles of spruce and fir woods, the trees standing in serried rows like an army under review, and the air so loaded with their spicy fragrance that it pervades the whole island and drowns the smell of the sea. Over the springy turf and under the dark green arches, and among the sunny avenues of the

younger trees, one drives on to Lake Glensevern, a pretty little pond about a mile long, winding its sinuous length just inside the pebbles of the beach, and bright with the reflections of the purple iris nodding on its banks. Or you may go to Friar's Head, a bold headland jutting out into the bay, where under the shadow of the cliffs a single pillar of stone stands on the beach. This is the 'Friar,' and, from the top of the hill above, one of the most beautiful views in the world stretches away in every direction. Passamaquoddy Bay, with all its lovely islands, beautiful and varied as Lake George, which it strongly resembles, lies at your feet, smooth as a mirror, and glowing with the rich colors of the sunset sky. On either hand stretch the deeply indented shores of the island, forming everywhere pretty coves and bays; and behind you, as you face the brilliant sky and the bright little towns of Eastport and Lubec, the distant shores of Grand Menan loom up out of the Bay of Fundy. The surface of the island is charmingly diversified: hill and dale, deep woods and blossoming fields, high rocks and pebbly beaches, quaint little homesteads and barren wildernesses afford every variety that the fancy may

desire. Its chief peculiarity is in the multitude of peninsulas and outlying islands that diversify the water view, and make it so picturesque and beautiful. For a yachting station it would be unequalled. There are stretches of ten to twenty miles within the bay, between the various islands, besides cruising ground extending up the St. Croix some twenty miles farther, or up the waters of the Denny River on the other side of Eastport. In fact, the possibilities of excursions by water are endless. The local atmosphere is intensely British, and the shores of the island are strewn with the dropped *h*'s of the inhabitants. The queen's birthday and "Dominion Day" (July 1) are the national holidays, and a queer little 'custom-house' stares you in the face near the landing, and reminds you that you are in a foreign country, and instantly suggests smuggling to every true-born citizen of the United States."

Professor N. S. SHALER, in his Preliminary Report, says, —

“The greater part of the land on the island is very fertile. The gardens of the natives, though carelessly tilled, show the great capacities of the soil. All of the common field and garden plants will flourish there. The cleared ground springs up in a rich grass that affords an admirable pasturage for horned cattle and sheep.

“The island is well watered: there are several running brooks, one or two large enough for trout-streams, and the deep layer of drift gravel affords excellent well-water at almost all points.

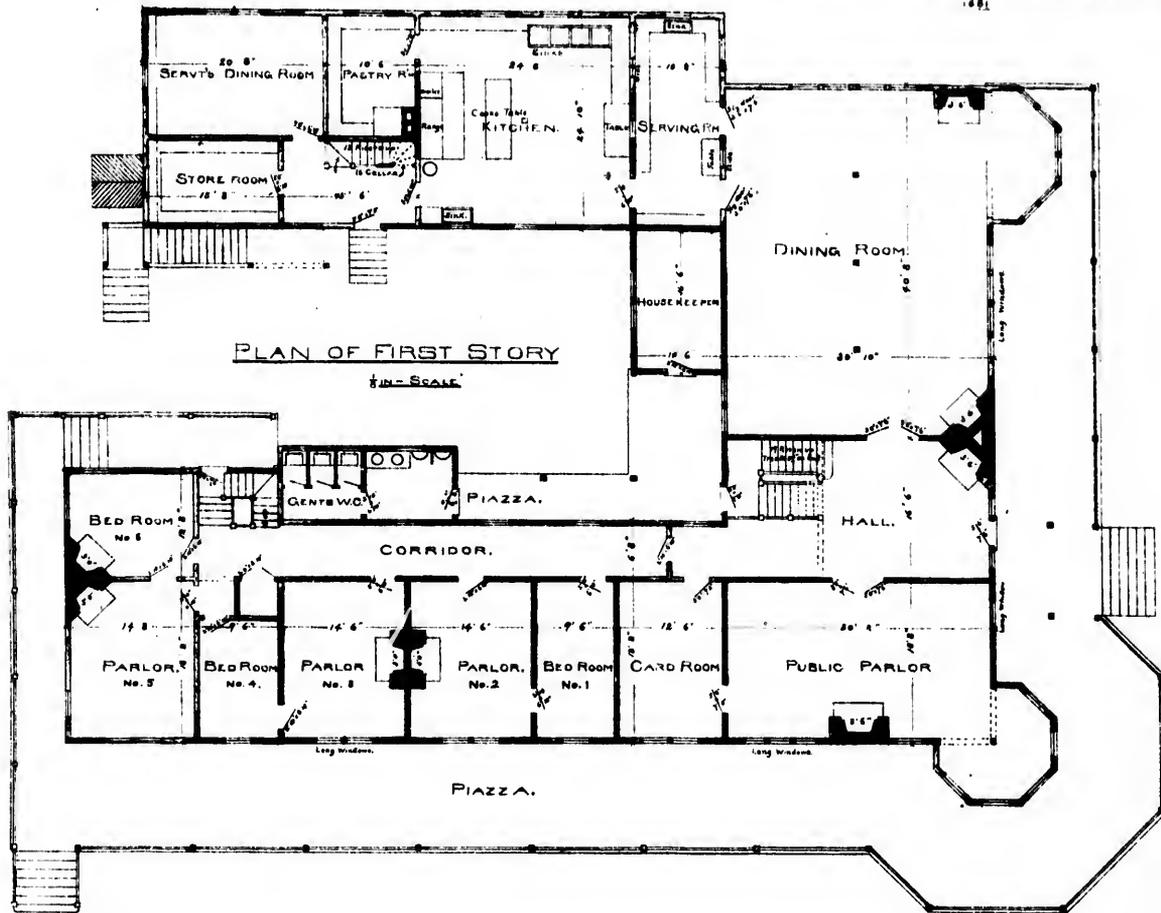
“The climate of the island is the most important of its features. Its position is such as to assure it an absolute immunity from the excessive heats of summer, while its insulated position, and the strong currents of water that sweep around it, make its winter climate less rigorous than

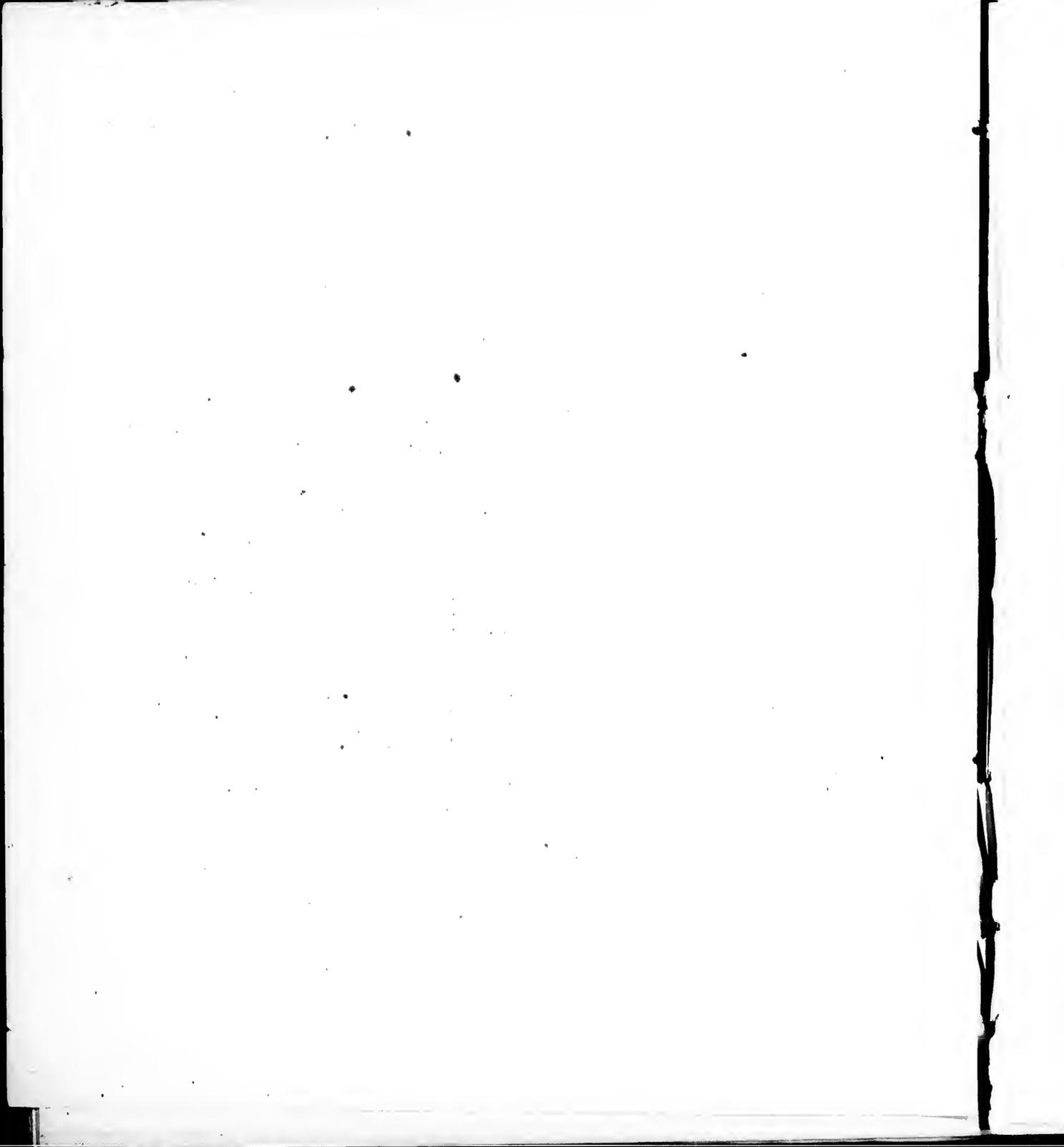
that of the neighboring mainland. In the summer time the resident is sure of a cool, rather moist climate. As along all this shore, from Boston northward, there is, during the presence of seaward winds, a liability to fog. These mists are, however, not unfavorable to health. The extensive forests of balsamic firs seem to affect the atmosphere of this region, causing a quiet of the nervous system, and inviting to sleep. The summer season begins about a month later than in Southern New England, and the period of frost comes a little earlier. Thus the extreme period of summer heat is so far shortened that we may almost say that the summer time here consists of a lengthened spring time and an earlier autumn.

“The best evidence of the goodness of the climate is to be found in the general condition of the present population of the island,—a population that has been upon the soil for several generations. This folk has had the disadvantages arising from the rude and tasking life of fishermen, which gives hard labor and a scanty diet. Yet they are the best conditioned people that I have ever seen: the children especially are models of vigor and health.

“The island is singularly well placed for the summer resident in that it affords excellent opportunities for an out-door life. Passamaquoddy Bay, as before remarked, has several hundred miles of inland waters connected with it, that are safely navigable in small boats. The shores of these waters are very attractive, many excellent trout and salmon streams flow into them, and the waters of the bay and its inlets afford the widest range of sea-fishing.

“It has been my good fortune to see in a careful way the eastern coast of North America from Georgia to Labrador. There are few persons who have had such opportunities for knowing the relative advantages of the several parts of this coast. Every one of my many visits to Passamaquoddy Bay has served to re-affirm my conviction that this region presents the best combination of desirable features to those who seek a place for a summer resort. The island of Campobello is not only the best placed of all the islands in this bay, but the plan of administration that has been adopted will certainly make it the most attractive resort on the Atlantic coast.”

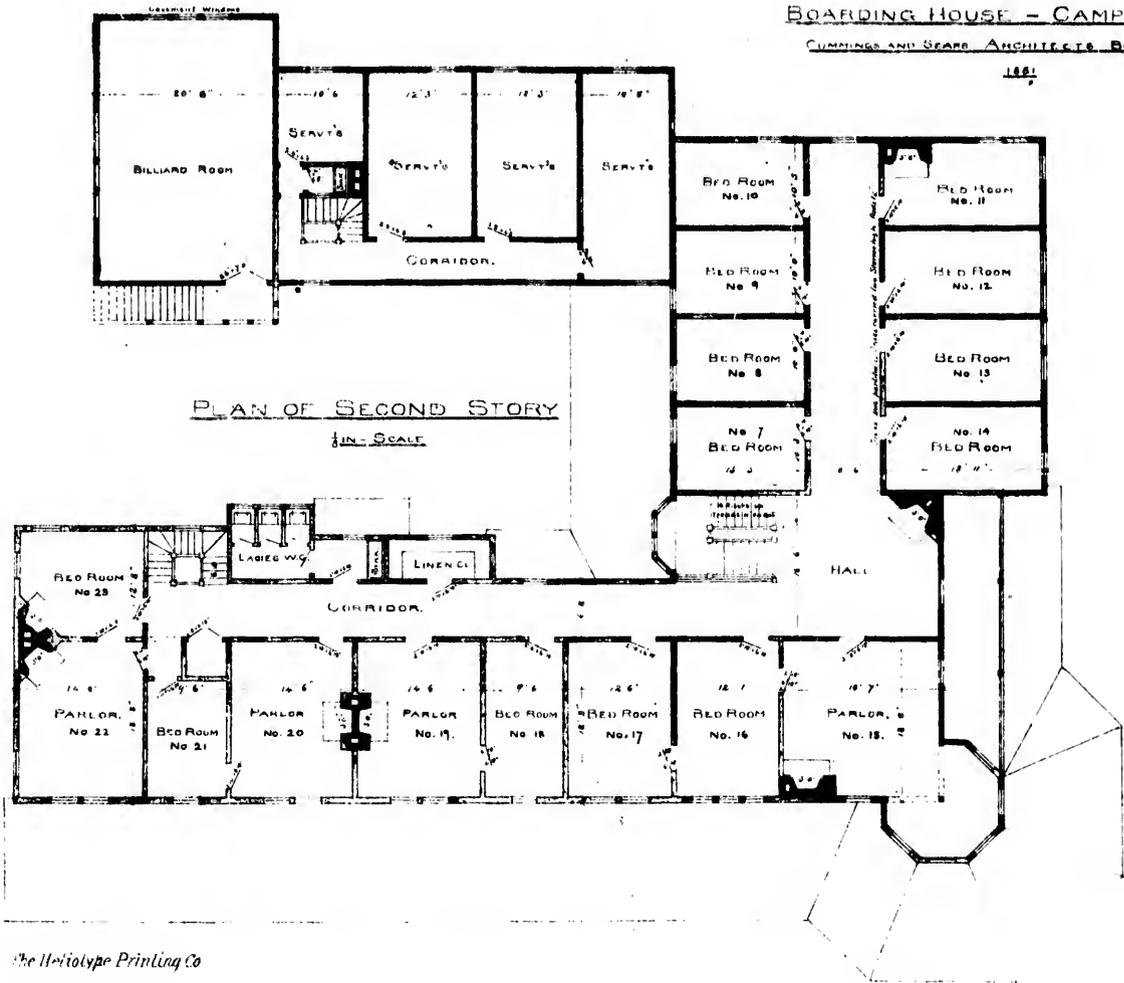


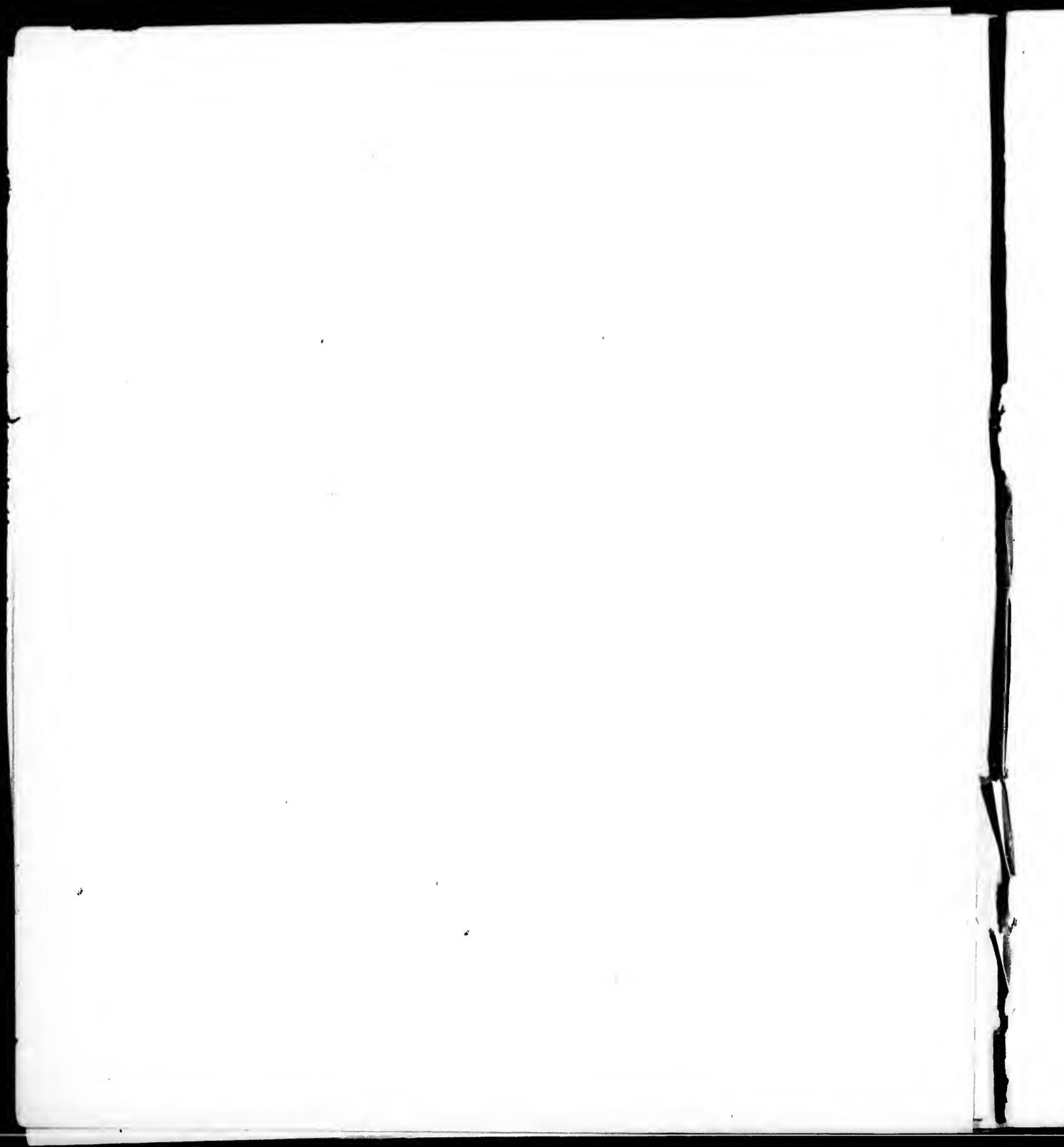


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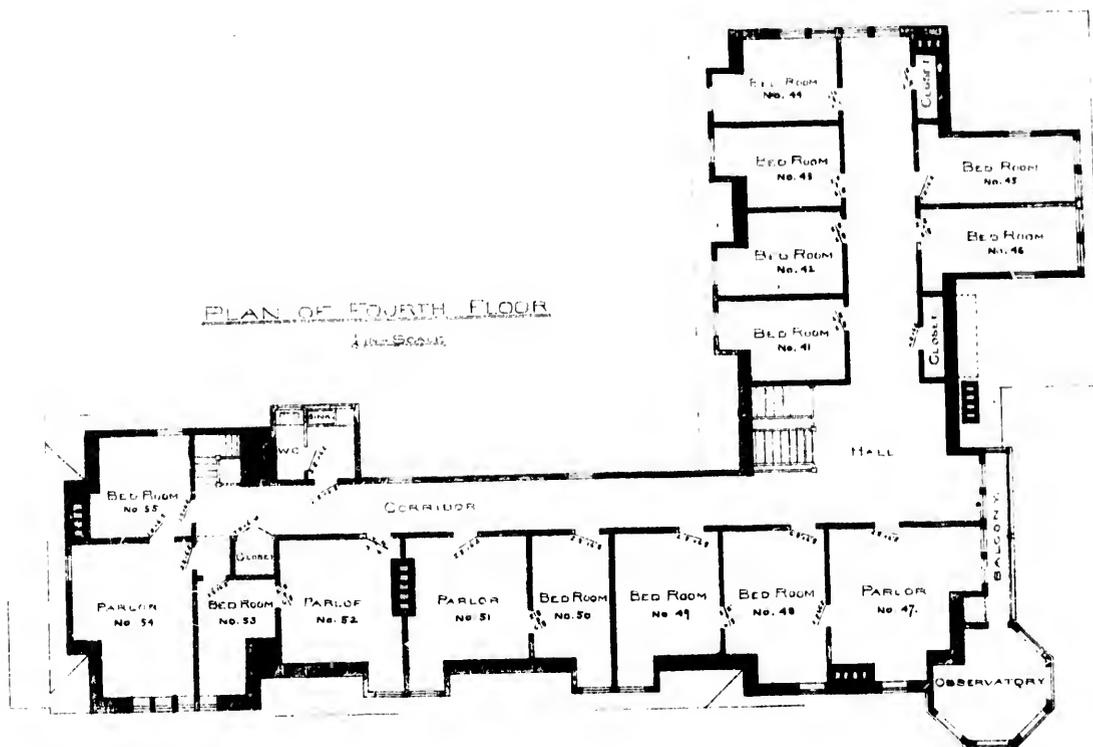
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