

AN ISLEBORO SKETCH

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An Isleboro Sketch by Joel Cook & Louis K. Harlow

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JOEL COOK & LOUIS K. HARLOW

**AN ISLEBORO
SKETCH**



ENTRANCE TO DARK HARBOR.

AN ISLESBORO SKETCH

By JOEL COOK.



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LOUIS K. HARLOW.

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PENOBSCOT BAY.

From gray sea fog, from icy drift,
From peril and from pain,
The home-bound fisher greets thy lights,
O hundred-harbored Maine!

WHITTIER.



SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN, the intrepid French explorer and religious enthusiast, is believed to have been the first white man who sailed upon Penobscot Bay. Captain George Waymouth, who came after him in 1605, took possession for England and set up a cross upon its shores near where is now the city of Belfast. Waymouth marvelled at the magnificence of this wonderful bay with its broad, deep waters and great river, writing home that "many who had been travellers in sundry countries and in most famous rivers, affirmed them not comparable to this — the most beautiful, rich, large, secure harboring river that the world affordeth."

In those early days the region of the Penobscot was the semi-fabulous Norumbega, the Europeans knowing no river that was its equal, and no bay with such extensive surface and enormous tidal flow. Many were then the wondrous tales of weird Norumbega. The Penobscot is the greatest bay on the Maine coast, which in many respects is the most remarkable sea-coast in this country. Its jagged and uneven contour is scamed with deep inlets and serrated by craggy headlands projecting far out into the ocean, while between are hundreds of rocky and romantic islands. This grandest of Maine harbors, with its stern headlands and green archipelagoes, conducts to the ocean the largest of Maine's rivers.

The noble Penobscot was in early times the home of the war-like Tarratines, whose fame also went abroad as the remarkable people of this wonderful Norumbega. From its sources to the sea this river, which bears on its bosom the vast products of Maine's forests, is 175 miles long. Its embouchure broadens out into the enormous bay filled with islands, and the wedge shape of the lower river, by gathering such a vast flow of waters suddenly compressed at the Bucksport Narrows below Bangor, makes a rapidly rushing tide and an ebb and flow rising seventeen feet at Bangor.

The shores of this grand bay and river were part of the French Acadia, for the Frenchmen soon took this region away from England, and the powerful Tarratines became their firm friends through the influence of the Jesuit missionaries sent among them from Canada. These Indians named it Penobscot, meaning "where the land is covered with rocks," and their town on a narrow jutting peninsula on the eastern shore, was Pentagoet, or "the stream



"A FISHERMAN'S COTT"
Coomes's Bazaar, No. 15, London.



ON COOMB'S BLUFF. No. ISLESBORO.

where there are rapids." The Plymouth Company first established here an English trading post controlled from Massachusetts. Then the French captured it and built Fort Pentagoet, long one of their strongholds. The Dutch from New York took it; the French recaptured it; and then becoming the noted town of Castine, the English plundered and finally held it. This fortress of the Penobscot, abounding with relics and scarred by repeated wars, is now vegetating in the peaceful splendor of a popular watering place.

The islands and shores of this extensive bay are covered with forests—one of the crowning adornments of "hundred-harbored Maine." The head-waters of the Penobscot traverse an immense territory abounding with miles upon miles of the finest pine, spruce and hemlock. Through these great woods of the primeval forest